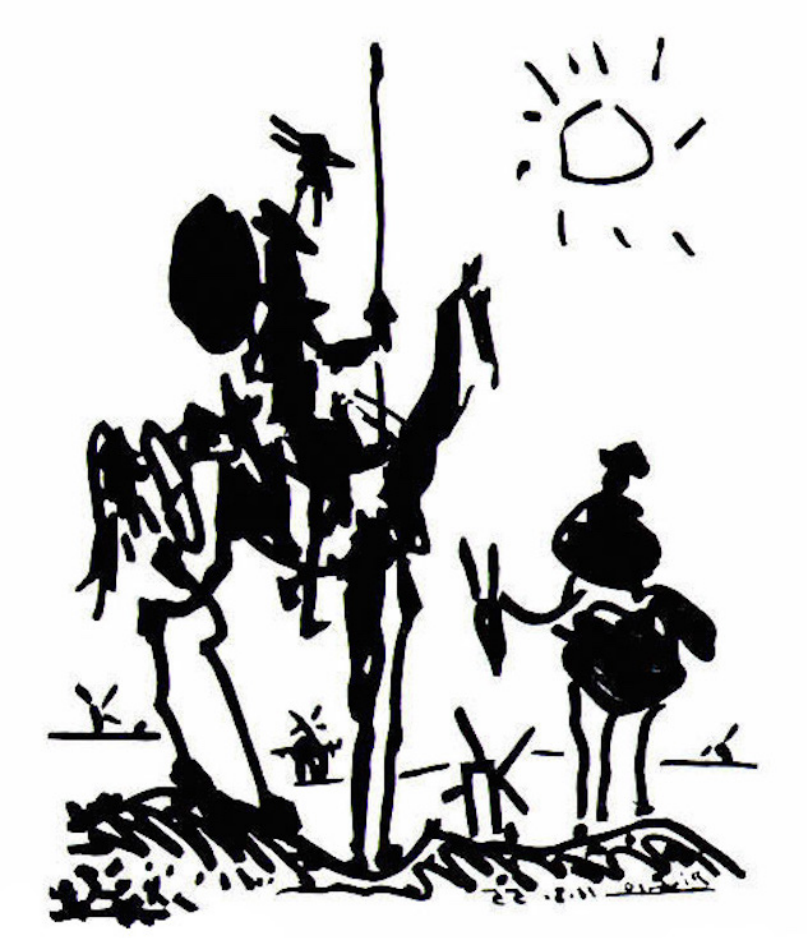
The Return to Wonder

Field Notes From the Unknown



MICHAEL J. HOLSHOUSER

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes From the Unknown
http://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
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Pronunciation: Holtzhowzer

All have the express written encouragement
To distribute this creation freely to any and all
Who have the eyes to see and the ears to hear
The mystery in which each and every one
Equally participates in so many ways

A compendium of field notes from the unknown,
Dedicated to all those destined to ponder the mystery,
From which all things small to great, are indivisibly created.

A Poem for Michael

His goals are few,
with no worries to pursue.
A life well-stirred,
as variety is to stew.
Branching from his native view,
He's learned a thing or two:
How to handle a machine that spews,
Managing a newspaper crew,
How a lens can capture You,
Writing philosophy of the zoo,
Even joined a staff or two,
To teach others what to do.
Now he speaks with a clue,
Of how he's gained his world-view.
There's nothing left to misconstrue,
He's living life impromptu!

Rhonda Allen, 2002

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!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
IMPORTANT NOTE
!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

This document, The Return to Wonder, is pretty much a mess at this writing. Material that has been edited is colored-coded. Leftovers are green and Soundbites are blue

Stylistically, there should be some punctuation at the end of every line (period, comma, semi-colon, colon, question mark, or exclamation mark)

Lavendar-colored font is for titled ditties already in 'Michael's Rabbit Hole'

Green-colored font is for ditties ready to transfer to *The Full Monty: The Return to Wonder Leftovers (Major Edit – Untitled)* in 'Michael's Rabbit Hole'

Chapters with only blue-colored font are ditties from an earlier edit, that is getting a 'green/blue' make-over, if I get to it.

Regular-colored font has not been edited since the first draft, from all the notebooks and index cards, and most likely will never happen.

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* * * *

A Poem for Michael
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Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!

Preface

Greetings,

This is the compendium of aphorisms that began gushing out in 1989, as I was departing a teaching job at Oak Grove School in Ojai for a decade of mystical revelry in Chico, both in California. It was the source of the thus far, first and only published-for-sale work: The Stillness Before Time, Reflections from a Fellow Sojourner.

It is undergoing a likely-never-to-be-finished, much-needed edit; edited copy is colored blue. It was originally intended to be three hundred chapters, ten pages each, but a font change from Helvetica to Times New Roman, and other things I can barely recall, blew that out a few windows. The Breadcrumbs series took up the banner sometime post-2010, with Breadcrumbs 2015 the first issue. Lots of work to be done to get it up to par, and likely not enough time left in the scribe's countdown to oblivion to get to it. So it goes.

Dedicated to all those destined to ponder the mystery from which all things small to great are indivisibly created.

The very original, very un-edited copy, is blogged for online viewing. Lots of changes in the copy below.

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes From the Unknown
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com/

Writing has been an enjoyable process ever since I first began toying with prose; scribbling poetry, keeping journals, corresponding with friends and acquaintances during the college daze. The philosophical/mystical/whatever-you-want-to-call-them thoughts, that have been popping into mind since 1989, have always been very out-of-the-blue spontaneous. Nothing planned or forced about them. They are being shared on the off chance that others may find them of interest, though, quite frankly, it really does not matter if no one else ever even reads them, for I am, first and foremost, my own audience. I got mine, so to speak. I played my little part. I had my share of fun. And it is, as it has ever been, up to each to discern their own, on their own.

There are really no followers in this Don Quixote quest; only earnest seekers, who waylay their desires and fears and dreads, enough to discern that which is the end to doubt, the end to dueling with windmills. "Yay" if it is your fate to figure it out. "Oh well" if it is not. And "so it goes" either way, really. Ecclesiastes 1:2 is always a good reminder: "Vanity of vanities," saith the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities. All is vanity." Awareness can only, with great effort, regain control, regain sovereignty, from the usurper, imagination, creator of all that is time, creator of all that is space. Creator of all that is illusion, has never been anything more than illusion, will never be anything more than illusion. Only as real as the given moment.

"The Stillness Before Time" is the original work that came together in 1992, including mostly aphorisms, an essay, a newspaper question-and-answer, ten reflections, and lists of both movies and books. Though an early self-published version, long since edited and expanded, can be purchased at major booksellers, a downloadable copy is available, no charge, at the link below. There are also links to a variety of blogs of other creations by me, along with links to many writings of a similar nature, by thinkers and seers from

across all times, across all geographies. "The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim" is the second published book, and is both blogged and available as a PDF download.

The “Breadcrumbs” titles, published annually since 2015, all include the core chapters: Leftovers, Soundbites, Breadcrumbs. In the Breadcrumbs chapters, I unleash thoughts of a more personal nature than in the other two. All just to show I was ensconced in a living, breathing, relativity mundane, oftentimes foolish, mortal mind-body. An actor playing the hand that was dealt; same as everyone else, vain as everyone else. No need to sculpt me into more than I was. No need for myths, nor legends, nor fables, nor miracles, nor cult followings, nor any other fictions, any other absurdities, over to which the human mind, and all its imaginary history, has so often given itself. The Breadcrumbs chapters prove me again and again to be yet another Shakespearian player, as full of the limited and arbitrary as anyone else born into this dream of space and time. So please be sure not to shape me, or these many random thoughts, into some dogmatic absurdity. Use them as a launchpad, not an orbit.

“The Return to Wonder” blog is a compendium of aphorisms not included in the three other works: The Stillness Before Time, The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim, and Breadcrumbs. It originally totaled 3,000 pages formatted in 300 ten-page chapters written since 1990-ish. A gradual editing that will likely never be completed, is changing that dynamic into something of a mishmash.

Please note that this sort of wordplay is very haphazard, way too much work to put into any order. Probably best read it in bits and pieces in the here and there. One of those open-to-any-page works. Especially well-suited for coffee shops, coffee tables, and porcelain thrones.

Also note that all writings are always subject to updates and editing, so if You are interested in the most current version – before this house of cards comes tumbling down, and the world grows large again – downloading PDF copies every once and a while might be a reasonable discipline. This applies especially to the current year of Breadcrumbs, which could well be an annual project until the last wheezing breath, though frankly, the temptation to stop writing entirely is not off the table. It is a pleasant way to pass some of the countdown remaining, but it is unlikely there is much ground that has not been wandered by this frame of reference far more than enough already. No matter how many times Sisyphus rolls the boulder up the mountain, it is more than a little doubtful that the blind men and their true-believer followers, will ever discern, ever realize, ever embrace, the elephant in the middle of the room, without fabricating some new form of absurdity. It is the way we roll, it is the way we have always rolled, it is the way we will, far more than probably, always roll. Every species has its limitations, and we have in this mind’s eye, far-exceeded ours.

That said, if You do find these many thoughts at all worth preserving, for whatever times are ahead for this world and all its life forms, please feel free to share them with others who might also appreciate them. Else they may well swiftly slip back into the timeless oblivion from whence they came.

So it goes, either way. I played my part, I said my piece, I had my fun.

All the best,

M

P.S. For best viewing online, using the largest screen You have available to explore my little theme park, is suggested. Scrolling down and down on a phone screen is just not going to give You the same entrée.

P.P.S. Regarding the name Yaj Ekim ... It is just a reverse spelling of the first and middle names ... Michael Jay Holshouser ... Mike Jay ... Yaj Ekim.

P.P.P.S. Coincidently, make of it whatever You will, or will not, Yaj is an Indian boy's name meaning worshipper, sacrifice, another name for Shiva, a sage. And Ekim is a Turkish name for October meaning "sowing" (of seeds). All kinds of absurdity can be read into that by the many so-inclined – none of which was in mind when I came up with the idea to reverse the letters to my name. See P.P.S. for details.

P.P.P.P.S. Yes, I am Shiva. And so are You. No, I am not Shiva. And neither are You. Irony and paradox rule.

The Stillness Before Time

Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner

There is really only one Way.
It is without division or boundary.
It is without name or theology.
Awareness is its scripture.
Here now, its venue.
You, its witness.
Your life, the journey.

Website
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com

Blog
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com

PDF
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

The Original Works

The Stillness Before Time,
Reflections From a Fellow Sojourner
https://thestillnessbeforetime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestillnessbeforetime.pdf

Including:
Of the Human Journey
Got God?
Ten Reflections

The Ponderings of Yaj Ekim
https://theponderingsofyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/theponderingsofyajekim.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2015
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
https://breadcrumbs2015.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2015.pdf

Breadcrumbs 2018
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Breadcrumbs 2019
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Breadcrumbs 2021
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Breadcrumbs 2022
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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Breadcrumbs 2023 & Beyond
Bits and Pieces From a Dream of Time
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/breadcrumbs2023.pdf

The Return to Wonder
Field Notes from the Unknown
(Major edit underway – New copy colored blue and green)
https://thereturntowonder.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thereturntowonder.pdf

The Derivative Collection

Aftershocks Autumn 2024
https://aftershocksautumn2024.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/aftershocks2024.pdf

Frames of Reference
Peering Through the Windows of Perception
https://framesofreferenceperception.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/framesofreference.pdf

Imagination: The Great Usurper
https://imaginationthegreatusurper.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/imaginationthegreatusurper.pdf

Jesus on Prophets
What Any Seer Likely Faces Returning to the Cave of Origin
https://jesusonprophets.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/jesusonprophets.pdf

Lost in Translation
The Human Paradigm's Linguistic Muddle
https://lostintranslationyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/lostintranslation.pdf

Michael's Rabbit Hole
A Selection of Breadcrumbs & Other Aphorisms
https://michaelsrabbithole.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/michaelsrabbithole.pdf

Of Meaning & Purpose
Ponderings About the Futility of It All
https://ofmeaningandpurpose.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofmeaningandpurpose.pdf

Of Noise & Silence
Contemplations on the Vibrations of Consciousness
https://ofnoiseandsilence.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/ofnoiseandsilence.pdf

Standouts From the Return to Wonder Edit
Selections From the First Sixteen Chapters
https://standoutsfromthereturntowonderedit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/standouts.pdf

The Call of the Eternal
A Conversation With My Self
https://thecalloftheeternal.blogspot.com
https://www.thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecalloftheeternal.pdf

The Gordian Knot of Ethical Thinking
https://thegordianknotofethicalthinking.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thegordianknotofethicalthinking.pdf

The 'And More' Collection

Doubt, Doubt & More Doubt
https://doubtdoubtandmoredoubt.blogspot.com
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Grubs, Grubs & More Grubs
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Imagination, Imagination & More Imagination
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Science, Science & More Science
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Of the Human Journey
Along with 'Got God?' and 'Ten Reflections'
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The Mystery of the Mystery
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https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/themysteryofthemysteryseries.pdf

The Real is Discovering
https://therealisdiscoveringseries.blogspot.com
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To Be, or Not to Be
https://thetobeornottobeseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thetobeornottobeseries.pdf

Who Was the First?
https://thewhowasthefirstseries.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thewhowasthefirstseries.pdf

The Sidebar Collection

A Short List of Books for the Up and Coming
Some Written Works That May Help Get the Young Up to Speed
https://listofbooksfortheupandcoming.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/ashortlistofbooksfortheupandcoming.pdf

Breadcrumbs: The Original Blog
https://michaelsbreadcrumbs.blogspot.com/2015/01/under-construction_28.html

Conversations
A Variety of Letters, Emails, Texts, & Sundry Odds 'n Ends
https://conversationsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/conversations.pdf

Definitions
An Incomplete Selection of Contemplative Definitions
https://definitionsyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/definitions.pdf

Ditties for the Bluegrass Pyre
https://dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/dittiesforthebluegrasspyre.pdf

Jester Amok
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.10212852298760058&type=3
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311100495387&type=3

My (Not Quite) Haiku
https://mynotquitehaiku.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/mynotquitehaiku.pdf

Once Upon a Christmas
https://onceuponchristmas.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/onceuponachristmas.pdf

Possible Last Words & Epitaphs
https://possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/possiblelastwordsandepitaphs.pdf

Sketches of the Once Upon a Time
A Few Epiphanies and Other Hallmark Moments
https://sketchesoftheonceuponatime.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/sketchesoftheonceuponatime.pdf

Spam Responses (a.k.a., WTF Is This Shit!?)
https://spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/spamresponsesakawtfisthisshit.pdf

The Corollaries of Yaj Ekim
https://corollariesyajekim.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thecorollariesofyajekim.pdf

The Standard Ripostes
The Scribe's Go-to Responses to This and That in the Day-To-Day
https://thestandardripostes.blogspot.com
https://thestillnessbeforetime.com/thestandardripostes.pdf

Uncle Sam Says
https://whatunclesamsays.blogspot.com
https://www.facebook.com/media/set/?set=a.1311088415085&type=3

(Please note all writings are subject to annual updates and editing,
so downloading current PDF copies every once and a while,
might be a good idea if You want the most current version)

Copy Already in Michael's Rabbit Hole

The Matrix

Another aphoristic journey,
For those who see, hear, feel, and breathe,
A mystery which can never be, but what it has ever been.
An array of thoughts on what is known, and what will ever be unknown.
Reflections from a mirror given over to the sojourn of sages and the fools they become.
For the dancers and singers who chuckle at the theater of imagination.
Those who seek to tread immortal waters, fearless.

The Stillness Before Time Website, 2000

Embracing Your Totality

You can only observe the theater of manifestation,
And intuit its ultimate, absolute nature.
There is nothing to be changed.
Nothing to be done.
Nothing which can be done,
Except to freely embrace your totality.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, One

Birth

Male and female merge in the pinnacle of sexual ecstasy.
In the quiet tempest of goo, two fertile eggs unite.
In the mystery of the woman's fertile womb,
In the eternal absoluteness before time,
The seed grows, forms into life.
Out comes an organism,
Wired for a fate yet unknown,
Into a universe of its own conception.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, One

The Immutability of Awareness

The senses tease and taunt You.
They are lies of the illusional mind.

You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And discern with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the immutability of awareness,
Are You as real as real allows.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, II

The Burden of Consciousness

The kaleidoscoping play of dreamtime illusion,
Offers an infinity of pleasures and pains.
Fearing the loss of all You cling to,
All that You believe You know,
You choose the continuity of identity,
And thus suffer the burden of consciousness.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, III

The Choiceless You

When You truly discern none of it ultimately real,
You will find desire and fear no longer govern the day to day.
That the reality of the awareness in consciousness is timeless, changeless.
The You immersed in myriad limitations born of conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn, choiceless You,
That which is prior to all creation.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, IV

False Expectations

If You expect someone who abides in a boundless state,
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion,
And You may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, seething, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing groupthink,
Another meaningless bottleneck born of imagination.
Is it any wonder some of use end up in caves,
Very much alone, very much at home.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, V

The Ocean Within

As You awaken, it becomes increasingly apparent
That your existence is not really yours to own.
Fabrications begin to gradually fall away.
That once self-absorbed persona dissipates,
Giving way as impenetrable mist does to the sun.
Eventually it becomes apparent that nothing can persevere,
Except this ungraspable sense of abiding awareness,
Which pervades every element of your being,
As drops of indivisibility do the ocean.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VI

Formlessness

Is there anything not made stronger,
When fashioned by a certain amount of challenge,
A certain amount of adversity, a certain amount of pain and suffering.
Of the qualities needed for survival in this manifest world,
Formlessness is likely only rarely included.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VI

Have You Ever Seen Your Face?

What might it have been like to have never seen your face, or even thought of it?
To have never gazed at your reflection in a puddle of water, or a mirror.
To have never had an illustration painted, or a photograph taken.
To have abided only in the many reflections of others,
As You wandered about your perceived world.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VIII

Hard Paths

Assumptions can take one down many hard paths.
Be careful to choose as shrewdly as possible,
In whatever impetuous spirals You take.
Else the wind will be only too happy,
To cast You willy-nilly, this way, and that.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, VIII

The Constraints of Language

All explanations of the inexplicable mystery in any mythos,
Are limited by the conceptual constraints of the given language,
And the expansive or contracted vision to which it aspires.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, IX

Naught But a Tentative Perception

That moment You just zippity-whizzed through,
What was it but a tentative perception?
How can You ever prove it ever really happened,
But through subjective, arbitrary, skewed, unverifiable assertion?
Even if a crowd witnessed the same moment, could anyone have seen it the same?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, IX

Why So Gullible?

Humanity has devised every sort of mythology
To explain that which is indivisibly, indelibly ineffable,
Yet pain and suffering and angst continue unabated in every venue.
Organized religions, priests, sages, shamans, channelers, shysters, and charlatans,
Have failed to bring about any lucid, elemental commonality.
Why do You continue to be so gullible?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, IX

The Critical Eye

Always examine, always question, anything and everything, closely, for your Self.
To blindly accept another's outlook as truth, without a critical eye,
Is a dark and wayward road, down which the mob,
Has traveled times beyond counting.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, IX

The Unnamable Upwelling

The clayness abides any and every shape:
Animal, plant, insect, fish, earth, water, air and fire.
But can never peer beyond the enticing veil of manifest form,
For more than momentary, intuitive glimpses, of its unnamable upwelling.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, IX

The Ageless-Faceless Awareness

What was the face of God before You were born, what will it be after You die,
But the same faceless, still awareness, it has always been,
In every ageless here now,
Since long before the advent of stardust.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, X

The Indivisible Eternal Moment

Using some confining, dogmatic, pointlessly hollow concept of God,
To endure, to stomach, the day-to-day time-bound mundane,
Does not make anyone more spiritual or transcendent,
Than they and everyone and everything else,
Every indivisible eternal moment already is, and is not.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, X

Behind the Shrouded Wall

Awakening is like going to a big screen movie theater.
At first You observe only the plot upon the screen.
At some point You see there must be more to it,
That light passes through a lens on a projector.
The bulb and film seem to be the source of it all,
Until You find the electrical cord plugged into the wall.
And where that leads to, what it comes from, is anybody's guess.
So, enjoy the movie, realize it is not as real as You thought,
That what You really are, is shrouded behind the wall.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, X

A Paradigm Stew

Once You own any thought, any concept, any impression,
Once any perception is added to the dynamic of your frame of reference,
The insights it reveals, mix-and-match-new-and-unique,
Double-double-toil-and-trouble meld,
Into the witch's brew of your paradigm stew.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, X

The Message in a Bottle

Submerge a bottle of water beneath the ocean's surface.
All that sets it apart, all that differentiates it, is the periphery of the container,
But once the bottle is undone, once the vessel walls disintegrate,
When was it never not that which it so apparently is?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, XXI

Not Much Bigger Than Ants

Humankind, not really much bigger than ants,
Wanders about, feeds and clothes the body, completes tasks,
Builds dwellings and pathways, exercises traditions and mating rituals and wars,
All the while believing itself so important to the welfare of the universe.
Some deity will surely save us, for we are more than worthy,
Of a better destiny than we have chosen to create.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, XXI

The Entitlements of These Modern Times

Of the billions of human beings, who have come and gone, in this mystery dreamtime,
How many have had the luxury of never knowing hunger, of never knowing deprivation,
Or the lack of a safe bed, clothing for any occasion, and material wealth beyond all need?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, XXI

Real Religion

Real religion is a dance with mortality.
It is every aspect of daily living as each of us knows it.
Physical manifestation is both grand and mundane, joyful and sorrowful.
It is eternity's means to understand and embrace, to whatever capacity You are inclined.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, XXI

The Return to Tabula Rasa

You are the tabula rasa, the blank tablet,
Through which all is said and done.
Allow emptiness to envelop You in its stillness.
Totally negate your identification with any movement of mind.
The awareness that is timelessly, changelessly ever-present, is the real You.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, XXII

Rediscovering True Self

When an infant is born, it is all the potentials of pure awareness.
Its senses perceive, but no conscious deliberation is attached.
No identity, no personality, has yet been by conditioning sculpted.
Your challenge is to rediscover that eternal state of unworldly emptiness.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, XXII

Maya's Limitless Bag of Tricks

Promises of angelic solace and heavenly reward,
Manifest from Maya's limitless bag of imaginary tricks.
They play upon, prey upon, fearful gullibility and superstition,
The craving for happiness and continuity, and the dread of mortality.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, XXII

The Gaze of Surrendered Eyes

Genetic impulses, and the patternings of circumstance,
Boil and bubble within each and every one of us.
To step out of one's individual manifest form,
To look beyond all manifestation to totality,
To gaze at all things through surrendered eyes,
That is the challenge set before all who are called.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, XXVIII

The Burden of History

When You were a child, You did not give diddly-squat,
What anyone thought, and history was not near the burden it is now.
How naturally sovereign You were, until the conditioning,
Began to restrain, to domesticate, its beingness.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CXIV

From Indivisibility to Duality

As a newborn You were all potentials,
The eternal faceless nature, mysteriously perfect,
Totally vulnerable to the world into which You had sprung,
Cast from oneness into separation, into a timebound fate yet to unfold,
A fate both cruel and kind, merciless and compassionate in an infinity of flavors.
An uncarved immortal innocently thrust into the struggle of life and death,
In which your choice in the matter remains at best idle speculation.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CXIV

The Dream of Self

You have created and destroyed,
In every temporal manner imaginable,
That mystery that has ever been your Self.
You are the sojourner of all appearances,
Lord of all the five senses fabricate,
Witness to a dream whose origin,
None but You can discern.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CXIV

The Idolatry of False Gods

The irony is that so many believe,
Their worship of some deity is really holy union,
When in reality they are drifting away from the Self they truly are,
Continuing the imaginary, dualistic, isolating idolatry, to which they were conditioned.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLVIII

The Great Fall

Why so many even bother pretending,
That human avarice, negligence, delusion, foolishness,
Can somehow avoid a beyond-all-pales collapse, is well beyond laughable.
All the words, all the efforts, mean diddly-squat.
Pity the future.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLVIII

Perceiving the Immortal

Count and guard your money,
Organize and polish your possessions,
Act out your existence for the vanity life offers,
And cultivate the agony of mortality to its graveside end.
Who are the rare who distinguish the seed's root,
And perceive that which is immortal?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXVIII

A Very Unassuming Mystery

You are but a relatively brief expression of the mystery.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
And so is everything else.
Despite all assertions to the contrary,
At the quantum level, everything is all quite equal.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Hearsay of Martyrdom

The reason You believe a messiah will return to save You,
Is because what was taught in that martyred chapter was not understood.
And because so many since have stage-managed the hearsay,
To such a blatantly, pathetically absurd degree.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

A Fleeting Affliction

Try not to torture yourself, for being forced to play out pretending You are a human being.
It is really only a fleeting affliction; from first breath to last, from womb to grave.
The challenge is to make the best of whatever fate You have been cast.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

Reality v. Idealistic Notion

Life is often not what You would prefer it to be.
How You meet the gap between reality and your ideals,
Is the measure of your capacity for suffering.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Vagueness of Liberation

As You surrender yourself over to it,
As the block regains its uncarved origin,
You will likely become more and more vague,
About the identification and purpose,
Of which others seem so sure.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Road to Extinction

For humanity to believe itself superior,
To the eternal patterning is a road to extinction.
We weave ourselves out of the weaving,
Through an exit of our own making.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

Imagination and the Dream It Weaves

But for the many thoughts You give it,
There would be no universe,
No world, no theater,
For vanity's ceaseless dramas.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Great Unfathomability

That Self which perceives all, knows all, is all;
That You in the most mysterious sense;
How incomprehensible it truly is.
No mind will ever fathom its infinite reaches.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

A Quagmire of Epic Proportion

Our ability to communicate,
To share our visions with each other,
Has turned out to be both a blessing and a curse.
We have achieved an amazing ability to manipulate our world,
Yet increasingly stagger in an exponential quagmire,
To which the inevitable conclusion will be,
Complete and utter annihilation.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Harvest of the Human Paradigm

How many ominous ways,
Destruction is gathering forces,
On the swiftly approaching horizon.
How many, how few, are capable of seeing,
The punitive harvest of the seeds we all have sown.
Such discouraging thoughts are not easily received by most,
But to leave them unspoken only permits the delusion,
To continue its irrational rampage, unchallenged.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Deceptions of Mind-Made Limits

How can anyone possibly believe that the grand totality would ever be confined,
By any set of scriptures, any set of symbols, any cultural mindset, any ethnic or gender preference,
Any costume or geography or behavior, or dogmatic or political assertion, whatsoever.
Why believe the mystery could ever be bound by any mind-made limitation?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Wonder and the Bother

You need feel neither guilt nor sorrow,
Over having been spawned as a human being.
It is both a gift and a curse, both a wonder and a bother.
Perhaps one of the greater trials, perhaps one of the greater potentials,
This remarkable little spinning ball-of-dust stage can offer.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

The Equality of All

Humility is not the artificial arrogance so many practice.
It is a quiet understanding of one's equal standing,
With every form ever concocted in any realm,
Of this divine mirage of heaven and hell.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXVII

Where Is the Mind?

Where is the mind free of craving?
Free of gain and loss?
Free of the desire for security?
Residing in the indescribable oneness,
Prior to the hellish confines of space and time.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXXVI

Pride v. Humility

Many seem so sure on one thing or another in this world.
They strive and measure from dawn till dusk,
And in their dreams as well.
But others want little,
From this mortal existence,
And doubting all they sense, approach,
With dust-like humility, that which erases all doubt,
Eventually disappearing back into the oblivion, anonymous and free.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXXVI

Who? Who? Who?

Who craves experience as if it really matters?
Who dwells in time's play of space?
Who dreams the dream,
Scripts the play,
Creates the set,
Delivers the dialogue,
And sallies toward vain conclusion?
Who is the weaver of this imaginary concoction?
You.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXXVI

The Call to Service

If You are one who asks how to serve this needy world,
Pause, be silent, be patient, be attentive, to the given moment.
What is required, will mindfully, effortlessly, compassionately, unfold.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CLXXXVI

The Casino of Mystery

How does evolution play its Self out,
But through the haphazardness of genetic mutation?
Every life form is but a whimsical outcome of a ceaseless throw of the dice,
Playing out since the eternal genesis of space and time.
Each of us is but a momentary figment,
In the casino of mystery.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCV

Human Vanity

Dump poison into the earth.
Spew clouds of venom into the air.
Pour rivers of toxic waste into the water.
Torment any given life form any way imaginable.
And then annihilate whatever still survives any way possible.

If that is what it takes for human vanity to awaken,
To what is really ruling the show here,
So it goes, with a shrug.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXXV

Whatever the Moment Calls

So, relax, do with your time,
Whatever the given moment calls.
Sit quietly, walk calmly, sprint boldly.
Dance with irreverent abandon.
Speak clearly, confidently.
Breathe in, breathe out.
Be That which You truly are,
Have always been, and will ever be.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXXX

If You Cannot Think for Your Self

If You cannot really think for your Self,
If You cannot question or doubt,
Then You are little more than a recording,
Playing over and over and over and over and . . .
Until the last meaningless, single-minded breath wheezes out.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXXXVII

The Mystery's Yearning

From mystery, burst forth the dust storm of singularity,
And from that dust storm, countless forms sculpted into all potentials,
And in those many forms, the dream of consciousness evolved,
And in that consciousness, arose the yearning for union,
And in that union, quantum discerned its mystery.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXXXVII

To Realize the Mystery

To seek that which is unborn-undying,

Has no relation to the malevolent concoctions,
Set into scripture by so many dread-ridden paradigms.
Threats of the fire and ice of eternal damnation are meaningless.
The unborn-undying actuality is the singularity prior to all manifestation.
It is the mystery, which experiences neither birth nor death,
Nor any beginning, nor any ending, whatsoever.
To realize the mystery, is to be it.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXXXVII

The Lasting Solution

If You imagine You are not suffering,
Perhaps You are not paying attention to the angst,
Your day-to-day consciousness has become too numb to feel.
The pure mind is corrupted by day-to-day divisiveness,
Deteriorated by excessive, self-serving passions,
To which the dissolution of all identification,
Is the only authentic, lasting solution.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXXXVII

The Awareness in All

Your body, your persona, are doomed; You are but a slab of meat in another's belly.
It is only the awareness that indivisibly dwells in all things that perseveres.
The other is merely theater; an array of distracting bells and whistles.
You are the awareness, in which all manifestation is created.
The awareness, in which all stages are assembled.
The awareness, in which all plays are played.
The awareness, in which all dreams are dreamed.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLI

The Great Deceiver

Any given point of this dreaming of awareness You call your life,
Is only connected by the reincarnation of imagination.
The neuron trail of the brain deceives us all.
Every moment is a new and ever-changing beginning,
If You are able and willing to detach from those so many memories.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLI

The Moment-to Moment Challenge

To be content, to be serene, to free one's Self,
From the endless wavering of the mind,
Is a moment-to-moment challenge.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLI

From Parts to Whole

Seven blind men touch different parts of an elephant.
One designates the head Christianity.
Another calls the ear Judaism.
The tusk is named Islam.
The trunk, Buddhism.
The body, Taoism.
The foot, Hinduism.
And the back, the tail, the tail's tip,
Are each cloaked in one assumption or another, as well.
Soon the blind men are arguing over which speculation is truly the elephant.
How can anyone ever discern the whole if they cannot,
Extrapolate beyond the parts?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLIV

Of Subjects and Objects

The sense of separation created by the senses – sight, sound, smell, taste, touch –
Has been the underpinning of languages across the world, across time.
The subject-object attributes of me, of You, of we, of they, of it,
Have fashioned a dualistic dynamic of every imaginable reckoning.
The indelible indivisibility from which this three-dimensional dream has risen,
Is a fact few minds are capable of discerning, and even they must abide the day-to-day.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLX

Here You Are

Here You are …
Sitting, standing, walking, running,
Drinking, chewing, watching, thinking, speaking, sleeping,
Ever the indivisible, indelible, ineffable mystery within and without … here You are …

Timelessly witnessing a kaleidoscoping, three-dimensional theater in time.
From one instant to the next … to the next … to the next …
… to the next … to the next … to the next …
Ever You are, right here, right now.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXV

The Source

The source is momentary, inscrutable, unfathomable, incomprehensible,
Inexplicable, mysterious, impenetrable, imperceptible, paradoxical,
Primal, potential, dynamic, untraceable, amoral, intractable,
Infinite, infinitesimal, unbound, integrated, transient,
Detached, indecipherable, vexing, imperturbable,
Undiscoverable, ironic, ethereal, anonymous,
Seamless, puzzling, immaculate, cryptic,
Unaccountable, dynamic, holistic, holographic,
Unknowable, iconoclastic, indefinable, intractable,
Intricate, incongruous, coincidental, abstract, universal,
Inexhaustible, concealed, ambiguous, enigmatic, intangible,
Implausible, unexplainable, arbitrary, esoteric, literal, figurative,
Indistinguishable, polymorphous, serendipitous, unblemished, arcane,
Capricious, vaporous, indivisible, unassailable, total, complete,
Absolute, inextinguishable, sovereign, immortal, eternal,
And, of course … all, some, and none of the above.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXV

Questions of a Thousand Dreams

Who is the who, that is who-ing?
What is the what, that is what-ing?
Where is the where, that is where-ing?
When is the when, that is when-ing?
Why is the why, that is why-ing?
How is the how, that is how-ing?
Questions, never to be answered,
Asked over and over, ever over again.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXV

Prior To All Dreams

Are You this earthly, temporal, finite, mortal body?
Are You that of which this body is made?

Or are You that which is prior to all form and context,
Prior to consciousness and its innumerable channels of speculation.
Prior even to that inexplicable awareness by which all dreams of time are perceived.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVI

An Ineffable Mystery

Everything is indivisibly connected at the quantum level,
And it is in that very still, momentary awareness,
That those rare few who earnestly quest,
Will discern that essence, which many call God,
Or Brahman, or Tao, or Yahweh, or Allah, or Great Spirit,
Or whatever other sound it has been given, or will someday be given.
In truth, it is an ineffable mystery, to which all names are meaningless and absurd.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVII

The Mortal Game

The collusion of continuity maintains the human condition.
Everyone pretends they are the same person they were way back when.
How challenging to discern everything dies every moment,
And it is only the concoctions of consciousness,
That keep the mortal game afoot.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVII

Original Sin

It is through the sensory weaving,
Of the given heredity, the given environment,
That the untarnished consciousness of any given newborn,
Is channeled into the movement of dualistic notion.
Call it original sin, or whatever else You will,
But, in truth, it is merely the beginning
Of a lifelong, time-bound struggle,
Through the relentless blend,
Of one pleasure or pain,
One agony or ecstasy, or another.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXVII

But, But, But, But, But …

We can kill and maim and destroy all we please.
There is nothing that really matters on the ultimate scale.
But, but, but, but, but …
Would it not be kind of a pleasant change of pace,
If we could really truly put aside all our differences, and … perchance get along?
Do a little more healing, a little more creating, a little more preserving.
We can squander away this magical garden as we like.
Mother Nature does not care one iota,
Whether or not this planet is layered with human beings,
Or dinosaurs or insects or vegetation … or by complete and utter desolation.
That is The Way, and we as a species can either figure it out,
Or continue driving on madly toward extinction.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXVI

What Will We Do With Ourselves?

What on earth will we do with ourselves,
After all there is to undo has been undone?
After all there is to pillage has been pillaged?
After all there is to ravished has been ravished?
After all there is to annihilated has been annihilated?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXIX

Ever You

Sometimes You sleeps, sometimes You wakes,
Sometimes You sits, sometimes You wanders.
Sometime You attends, sometimes You ponders.
And the ever-present moment, ever You,
However imagination frolics.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXXIII

The Questions

Who is who?
What is what?
Where is where?
When is when?

Why is why?
How is how?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCLXXXVI

No Sanction Required

Why would You ever need another to tell You that You are remarkable?
Why would You ever need another to tell You they valued You?
Why would You ever need another to tell You anything,
When what You really are requires no sanction.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCII

The Key to Eternal Salvation

Are You weary of this mundane insane asylum, and its relentless absurdities?
Are You so awash in experience, You sometimes feel like exploding?
Have You yet discerned a point, a purpose, worthy your time?
Does this field of dreams offer You the home You seek?
Or are You serene, content beyond all knowing?
Have You discerned the source all facades conceal?
Only You know the answers to these and other questions.
Only You hold the key to eternal salvation, every moment offers.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCII

The Motionless Witness

Experiences stream by,
Thoughts whizz to and fro,
And all the while, the witness,
The one and only observer,
Motionless in their midst.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVI

This Dreary Little Paradigm

What is absurdly interesting is the ceaselessly vain notion,
That we all should be, could be, of the same ilk.
Certainly not as we now orchestrate,

This dreary little paradigm.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Of Order and Confusion

In the topsy-turvy of all things vainly absurd,
One topsys, the other turvys; one turvys, the other topsys.
One man's confusion is another's order; one's order, another's confusion.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

True Self

How could That which is immortal and meaningless and insignificant,
Ever even more than momentarily imagine its true Self,
Mortal and meaningful and significant?

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Of Enlightenment and Liberation

Enlightenment is merely
A mind that has gone irrational,
Finally discerning the riddle of existence.
But even more challenging is achieving liberation,
Within the clarity of eternal awareness,
In the momentary nowness,
Of the day-to-day.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

The Space of Awareness

As ceaselessly challenging as it is to discern,
You are not the container, nor are You the mind.
You are the flawless, absolute space of awareness,
Upon which, in which, all creation is founded.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Food for Worms

You are not the body; it is but a temporary vehicle,
Ultimately no more than food for worms,
Or kindling for a funeral pyre.
Dust waiting to happen.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

The Winds of Time

Any given personality,
Is no more than a survival strategy,
Fashioned to cope with the post-traumatic stress,
That the winds of nature and nurture,
Inflict upon the mind-body.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVII

Mere Persuasion, Mere Belief

How can You ever convince others,
That what is inside is outside, and outside, inside,
And that the truth of eternity is not subject,
To mere persuasion, to mere belief.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

There is No Other

There is nothing upon which to hold, to cling, to stick, to attach, to hang.
The clear, immaculate space of awareness, is without bounds.
Space and time are without meaning, without purpose.
There is no other, never was, will never be.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

What You Truly Are

What You are, truly, is awareness.
Life is but a temporal, dreamy mirage,
The fleeting enchantment of imagination.

Only imaginary consciousness is born.
Only imaginary consciousness dies.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

A Kaleidoscoping Illusion

There is no other, You are totally alone.
The world offers every form of distraction,
But it is no more than a kaleidoscoping illusion,
No matter how much You wish to believe it otherwise.
Face the fact, detach from imagination, dive into eternal life.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCVIII

Truth

Any belief about truth,
Pales in the light of experiencing truth.
That which is true is neither attached to, nor bound by,
Any thought, concocted by any mind.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCIX

An Eternal Infinity

The corporeal container,
Is but a temporary means,
To witness a flowing theater,
Full to the brim with distraction,
To one inescapable end or another,
All played out within an eternal infinity,
That discerns neither beginning nor end.

The Return to Wonder, 2009, CCXCIX

One

Male and female merge in the pinnacle of sexual ecstasy.
In the quiet tempest of goo, two fertile eggs unite.
In the mystery of the woman's fertile womb,
In the eternal absoluteness before time,
The seed grows, forms into life.
Out comes an organism,
Wired for a fate yet unknown,
Into a universe of its own conception.

* * * *

You can only observe the theater of manifestation,
And intuit its ultimate, absolute nature.
There is nothing to be changed.
Nothing to be done.
Nothing which can be done,
Except to freely embrace your totality.

* * * *

Here You are, a drop of the grand mystery,
Weighing in as best You can, with what tools You have,
Still unable to fathom any who-what-where-when-why-how to it.
What can You do, but be here, be now, temporal witness, to a dream of time.

* * * *

If it is your calling, your fortune, your kismet, your fate, your destiny,
You will clearly discern the Me within You, the You within Me, the same Me.
The same awareness, the same moment, within and between all things small to great.

* * * *

The cosmos has been spontaneously, mysteriously crafted,
That You might penetrate this menagerie in time;
Conscious witness to the grand theater.
The price of the ticket: ecstasy, agony, death.

* * * *

You can only witness the theater of manifestation,
And intuit its ultimate, absolute nature.
There is nothing to be changed.
Nothing to be done.
Nothing which can be done,
Except to freely embrace the totality.

* * * *

Duality is temporal illusion.
There truly is no other, nor was there ever a second.
The real You, ever is, has always been, and will ever be, the one and only One.

* * * *

How can You believe You have accomplished anything, if You have yet to discern the unconditional?

* * * *

Other than the endlessly wearing reality,
That two-legged existence is politics from the get-go,
Why would it matter, even one iota, what any other thinks of You?
Forever alone, You must pretend, make-believe, perform, chameleon, You are not.

* * * *

The world, the universe, the hologram, the matrix, the quantum, call it what You will,
Is in a relentless state of consumption, a constant state of fluctuation,
Unscathed, unchanged, uncaring, all the while.

* * * *

To gain the perfect edge, the sword must withstand the forge many times.

* * * *

The manifest universe is only real, because You believe it real.

* * * *

When craving becomes a mouthful of sawdust,
Realization is potentially just off stage,
And liberation not far behind.

* * * *

Mystery creates and permeates Maya.
Maya manifests the kaleidoscoping dreamtime.
The mystery, through its awareness, dances every dance.
Discern your sentience, your eye, your Self, the trickster's source.

* * * *

When You own this, identity cascades away inwardly; the remnants but a cloak others create.

* * * *

The mind's potential is as a receiver,
Not a fabricated, limited, personal identity.
The raison d'être is to tune directly to your channel.
No intermediaries, no middlemen, no toll booths, required.

* * * *

You cannot expect, or even hope,
That many will even begin to comprehend,
This inward journey, You are compelled to wander.
It is a lifetime sojourn into the utter aloneness of true nature.
It is a many-are-called-few-are-chosen-fewer-still-volunteer kind of thing.

* * * *

Neither resistance nor acceptance will connect You to the ultimate state of awareness.
You must be, allow, embrace, every aspect of consciousness as a whole,
If You are to rediscover the unbound state of the newborn.

* * * *

Why do You endure all the ecstasies and agonies of this dance?
Perhaps for the sheer absurdity of the grand theater, and the meander home.
How else could the mystery pretend to discern its Self, but through Maya's playful veil?

* * * *

There is really no You or yours, only awareness of a relatively brief dream.

* * * *

The desire to continue in time has created all this suffering and angst.

* * * *

To discern what You are, ends what You are not.

* * * *

Suffering is the teacher and the teaching.

* * * *

Surrender that which was never yours; your fate can be serendipitously eternal.

* * * *

When its simplicity is understood,
Understanding is no longer required,
And simplicity remains, alone and free.

* * * *

Consistency is the binding realm of ignorance.

* * * *

Wander with an empty cup,
Always an apprentice, always a beginner.
Eventually, perhaps You will even do away with the cup.

* * * *

Non-attachment, surrender, liberation, all require momentary practice.

* * * *

You are nothing but a dream of the absolute, to fathom its eternal fathomlessness.

* * * *

One's fear of not existing must end, for this releasing to blossom and flower.

* * * *

Be wary of Maya's infinite ability to entice your desire for continuity.

* * * *

Until one sees it all, as an illusory, kaleidoscoping quantum theater,
Pleasure and pain, the vexation that consciousness can be,
Will continue, oblivious to the timeless at hand.

* * * *

At some point, playing a prescribed identity,
And participating in the collusion,
Becomes so insufferable,
That seeking release is not a choice.

* * * *

There can be no freedom in dualistic notion.

* * * *

When experiences lose flavor,
When a disinterest for them sets in,
There comes an unquenchable thirst,
To drink fully of the eternal cup.

* * * *

No point waiting for everyone else to wake up; the only way earth will join heaven is if You do.

* * * *

What is inward simplicity?
Neither something cultivated nor forced,
But something so tentative, so momentary, so liberating,
All but the most astute dream right through it, like clouds through the sky.
Oblivious to its beyond-boggling, ageless mystery,
The mystery they are.

* * * *

Love fabricated by desire is not that which is unconditional, freeing, real, true, agape.

* * * *

Believe only your own experiencing; then work on throwing that away, too.

* * * *

The merest trace of arrogance blinds You to your essential nature.

* * * *

There is nothing You can protect, or save, or hold on to.
All manifestation is timelessly vulnerable to constant change.

* * * *

That which is liberation, sometimes called heaven, awaits your attention in each and every breath.

* * * *

Your dream, your reverie, your contemplation, your world, is a reflection of your awareness.

* * * *

Manifestation is simply mask after mask,
Disguising an artful, mischievous trickster,
Playing a timeless game of hide-and-seek.

* * * *

What is the point? What is the purpose?
The point is, the purpose is: Here You are, right now; it is all You.
Breathe in the moment, breathe out the moment.

* * * *

Surrender yourself to that which You really truly are.
There is nothing else worth groping for or clinging to.

* * * *

Only when desire ends, for Maya's infinite bag of temptations,
Can one begin to fathom the ever-present return to absoluteness.

* * * *

Consume whatever You will, however You will,
But always hold the mind-body to a moderate course,
As You ride the mad bull through all its potential consequences.
You can do pretty much anything, once and awhile,
But You cannot anything all the time.

* * * *

One day, if You are persistent, your identity evaporates into the awareness You truly are.

* * * *

The emancipation of liberation is simple beingness – humble, guileless, plain, austere.
It is adroitly playing the spectrum of consciousness from sage to fool,
Without identification or trepidation or attachment.
It is union with the eternal.
A walkabout in the essential nature.

* * * *

You know only what has been agreed upon within the given cultural blend.
Beyond the echoing collusion of any mythological set,
You can really know nothing.

* * * *

You may use a variety of drugs,
To understand the relativity of consciousness,
But remember they are but tools to be consumed in moderation,

That it is the essential nature, not the medicine,
Which is being explored.

* * * *

Mind is illusion: Ignorance, knowledge, vanity, gratification, delusion, vexation, suffering, and on and on.

* * * *

To fathom the quantum nature, requires an inward watchfulness, an inward discernment.
It is so subtle, so obscure, so arduous, only the rare and most determined doubters grasp it.

* * * *

Traditions and dogmas and rituals and symbols,
Are nothing more than distracting, empty encumbrances,
For those yearning to recuperate their essential, absolute birthright.

* * * *

You have always been, everyone has always been,
The one and only sovereign Numero Uno, Number One.
Only the mind-body, with its five sensory inputs,
Has tricked You into believing duality real.

* * * *

In the ceaseless quest for experiences, You often miss the serenity of just being.

* * * *

Remember always, that You are the perceiver-witness-creator of your quantum illusion.
When You surrender and journey timelessly prior and beyond birth and death,
There sprouts a subtle awareness of the absolute's infinite potential.
A time to be even more wary of Maya's enticing games.

* * * *

You speak of this experience or that, but are You really any experience,
Or simply timeless dreamer experiencing the eternal right-here-right-now?

* * * *

You must be absolutely fearless, absolutely desireless,
To reside like a lotus in the timeless, unbounded moment.

* * * *

Any sense of separation is delusion; absolutely nothing is other than You.

* * * *

Drop your identity, discern reality.

* * * *

Until your desire for the liberation of awareness,
Cannot be contained, limited, covered, checked, confined, even by death,
You will not own the true sweetness of the beingness.

* * * *

When You no longer crave sensory experience, You are staged to discover your essential reality.

* * * *

The identity, the persona, the individual,
Engineered by the illusory perceptions of the senses,
Is a blinding manifestation of separation, of artificial boundaries.
Your uninhibited, essential, absolute, true quantum nature,
Is, ever was, will ever be, the grace of indivisibility.

* * * *

Doubt everything You have been told; discern for your Self what is true.

* * * *

Personality worship of those who own this, only impedes your own awakening and liberation.

* * * *

It is identification with the manifest that limits your infinity,
And blinds You to the suffering of delusional dualistic notion.

* * * *

Knowledge of reality can be a great impediment to the emancipating surrender to reality.

* * * *

Saint or sinner, not an iota of difference to the dispassionate, faceless witness.

* * * *

You can never know what this inscrutable mystery is; only what it is not.

* * * *

You are the gold; not the jewelry into which it is made.

* * * *

Limitation is contrary to your natural state.

* * * *

Consciousness will just play You out, once You are no longer attached, to its temporal, dualistic nature.

* * * *

None of it is what it appears to be.

* * * *

It is consciousness, imagination, that suffers; not You.

* * * *

Believe whatever You choose; it is all the same.

* * * *

The You, that is in reality Me, ever imagining your Self, to be more real than You can ever be.

* * * *

Beneath the facade of manifestation, it is all equally unmanifest.

* * * *

The understanding of insight requires no knowledge; isness less than that.

* * * *

Freedom cannot be, except in fearlessness, which cannot be, except in desirelessness.

* * * *

In the unmanifest essence of all manifestation, we are forever bound, eternally one.

* * * *

The mind-body is nothing more than a finite vehicle; not an end in itself.
Catering to the many ists and isms of ignorance, delusion, and all its illusions,
Are contrary and binding and debilitating, to your natural, essential, infinite reality.

* * * *

Judgment Day assumes, of course, that there will someday be an end,
Or even a demarcation of one distraction, one agitation, or another.
But how can there be an end, when there was never a beginning?
And what need to judge that which never existed in the first place?
What need to draw lines in sand that shifts every streaming moment?

* * * *

Discern your absoluteness, realize it has never not been there.

* * * *

Nothing wrought of this quantum genesis is ultimately real.
Everything is imagined, everything is dreamily timeless.
All indivisibly appearing, all indivisibly disappearing,
Within and without the eternal matrix of awareness.

* * * *

That I Am be You; That I Amness be Youness.

* * * *

Supreme being, or supreme beingness?

* * * *

Challenging to own up,
To one's personal responsibility,
For that which is, in each and every moment,
Created and preserved and destroyed.

* * * *

The absolute is without ideals or principles or laws.
What You choose to believe is the realm of delusion.

* * * *

Light gets in your eye; sound, in your ear; taste, in your mouth;
Touch, in your flesh; smell in your nose; a universe in your mind.

* * * *

Just be, anonymous, without identity, and awareness will manifest right action.

* * * *

Even the most basic urge to exist causes the suffering of time-bound separation.

* * * *

To all who caste themselves upon high, who herald themselves greater,
Know well there are many who reside on the level playing field,
Who do not, and will never, subscribe to hollow pretense.
Might may make right, but it does not make true.

* * * *

True friends will not let You assume false airs.

* * * *

All play a part in the indivisibility of every awakening.

* * * *

Informal communities are a little more relaxed,
A little more cordial, a little more civil, little less disheartening,
Than the more organized, teeming, frenzied variety.
Embracing civility, allowing civility.
Being and allowing.
Much easier said than done.

* * * *

Unless You have managed to achieve the higher percentiles,
Best to be practical and frugal, best to live within your means.
Exorbitant debt can get unmanageably ugly way too very quickly.

* * * *

How can anyone play out an entire existence,
And never inquire earnestly, with great veracity, at least occasionally,
Into this vast mystery, from which all things spring.

* * * *

The other creates opportunity for reflection,
Something to which many throughout space and time,
Have given their lives over, most often willingly, sometime not.

It is a creative enterprise, the pleasure of which, sustains beyond measure.

II

The senses tease and taunt You.
They are lies of the illusional mind.
You must ascertain the witness within,
Discriminate the freedom that they cannot,
And discern with every particle of your beingness,
That only in the immutability of awareness,
Are You as real as quantum allows.

* * * *

You have been filled to the brim with countless vain distractions,
That are ultimately nothing more than deceptions formed of sensory illusion.
Attributes spun of random, arbitrary, evolutionary happenstance.
Nothing more than nothingness playing its Self real.

* * * *

All manifestation in consciousness is witnessed by You and You alone.
Explore anything and everything; discern the absoluteness of You in all.

* * * *

There are many ways to rediscover your original state; the basic ingredients are doubt and discrimination.

* * * *

In the process of discovering the source,
You learn to yield to the path of least resistance.
It is really nothing more than child's play.

* * * *

Values, ethics, morality, good and evil,
Are all fabrications born of limited thinking.
Bondage without anchor in the indivisible reality.

* * * *

The eternal quest for understanding,
For emancipation from that which is known,
Is a convoluted, subtle, puzzling, chess-like maze,
A timeless game of strategic and tactical finesse,
Which only the most earnest discern and mate.

* * * *

You need not each and every moment,
Hold on to all the psychological and physical pains,
Manifested in your brief mortal fling in this garden of good and evil.
Discern the key to immortality – Physician, heal thy Self.

* * * *

In every destiny, there is an executioner, an assassin, a slayer,
Ever formed of the earth-air-water-fire of all things here-now ether.
There is no escape for the awareness You are, only an abiding endurance.
Spurn the Fates, they cannot touch You once the shadow of karma loses its hold.

* * * *

Every moment streaming simultaneously anew within the indivisible quantum matrix.
All its concoctions, all its innumerable forms, ever the same source,
Ever the same awareness, ever the same You-ness,
Ever the same boggling mystery.
How astounding this indelible Song of Mystery,
This eternal eye gazing out the masks and veils of manifestation.

* * * *

You cannot find true contentment in the transience of materialism,
Only the intertwining, sticky web of pleasure and pain,
The bondage of suffering in consciousness.
Only in the moment, can serenity blossom fully.

* * * *

When thought stills, when time ends, when awareness is,
When the waves of desire and fear and anger subside,
The space is filled with a tranquil, simple serenity.

* * * *

Who owns it? Only those who surrender to it.

* * * *

Master your passionate mind.
Know that You need not be slave,
To its mundane, whimsical disposition.

* * * *

You may practice in the world,
Or pretend to remove yourself from it,
But until each and every inseparable moment,
Is seen purely through the eyes of timeless awareness,
You will perform the penance of continuity.

* * * *

You reclaim your freedom, your birthright, your entitlement,
Only when the discontent with the insufferable bondage of suffering,
Takes You to, and through, and beyond, death's indivisible door.

* * * *

If all sentient beings were to awaken at once,
Consciousness would not be, could not be, the mad adventure it is.
So, the relentless, gnashing, grinding, kaleidoscoping wheel of bondage and suffering,

Spins on and on, in its mysterious, unfolding dreamtime destiny.

* * * *

Once fully unleashed, there is nothing that can long appease or impede,
This quest for emancipation, this hunger to discover what one truly is,
But complete abandonment to the timeless source of all beingness.

* * * *

Experience in time is painful and binding,
Because of separation from one's ultimate, unborn nature.
Only timeless experiencing without attachment,
Can be pathless, serene, joyful.

* * * *

You have only temporarily lost sight,
Of the intangible nature that You truly are.
Do not wait for your dying breath,
To realize your birthright.

* * * *

When one sees the source of all things,
The true nature of all manifestation,
There is malleable compassion,
For those oh so many, so alone,
Suffering, the bondage of ignorance.

* * * *

It is a nice ideal, but to love all manifestation in agape fashion,
To crave nothing in the daily passing, is a great challenge for anyone.
Likely even the heralded Buddha still tingled occasionally at a passing sari.

* * * *

That little gratification, that little pleasure,
That little satisfaction, that little amusement, that little enjoyment,
That little hedonistic longing, that little decadent inclination, that little narcissistic notion,
How much do You really need it? How important is it, really?

* * * *

When You realize your faceless state, the manifest world becomes but a sensory dream.

* * * *

The challenge is to pay very close attention to everything both without and within.

* * * *

The dreamtime of organized religion is losing its sway over many.
Each must discern alone what is real, what is true.
The quest harbors no intermediary.
We are all walking the same stage, all alone, together.

* * * *

The identity, the persona, the ego, the self, however it is labeled,
Is but a temporal, mortal, fabrication of mind and senses,
And their weaving with the culture, the mythology,
Of the space and time, in which it sets sail.

* * * *

Operating as persona can be confining, temporary, painful.
Once discerned, how can anyone long for anything,
But the return to unadulterated awareness?

* * * *

But for the cycles of sun, moon, and seasons,
Would the perception, the conception, the whimsy, of time,
Have ever been imagined, ever been invented.

* * * *

To know life is to know death; one is not without the other.

* * * *

Attachment to mind and body is the fountainhead of suffering.

* * * *

To see the many others, yet see no other, that is the razor's edge,
Upon which You timelessly traverse this reverie both real and unreal.

* * * *

To discover your essential birthright, You must disregard the senses,
And all resulting experiences, knowledge, identifications and conclusions.
You are far less, far more, than consciousness bound in time can ever perceive.

* * * *

To see, to know, to own, that You are the absolute, manifest, is beyond all imagining.

* * * *

Peace is a quality of consciousness, not some unattainable, divisible ideal.

* * * *

Returning to oneness, desirelessness, the breath is naturally fearless.

* * * *

There is nothing that is not community at one level or another.

* * * *

How attached are You to the movement of thought?
The door to freedom opens as the waves are discerned,
As the cosmic ocean from whence they rise and fall.

* * * *

Even those who, given a choice, would rather not,
Must play out their part in this eternal tapestry.
All are observers, some realized, most not.
Those who see the play weaving within;
It is they who return to absoluteness.

* * * *

All You know is what the dreamtime presents.
All knowledge is of the kaleidoscoping.
The source can never be known.

* * * *

The universe within is the universe without.

* * * *

Wisdom is not something one attains or owns.
It just sort of happens as You unfold into clarity.

* * * *

The releasing discernment of the absoluteness within,
Is the fulfillment of every so-called scripture ever written.

* * * *

True loving, is without preference, without attachment.
Anything less than everything, anything less than agape, cannot be love.
It is without any imaginary notion, it is without any fictional conception, whatsoever.

* * * *

The sojourn ends, or perhaps really begins, when You freely blossom into serenity.

* * * *

Why should it matter what another thinks of You when there is no other?

* * * *

Without the word, what could there be? Even with it, what is there?

* * * *

The quest for eternal freedom requires great courage.
The oblivion of identity, simple as it is,
Is not easily realized.

* * * *

Pleasure alone can never bring lasting peace.

* * * *

Insight is effortless direct perception.

* * * *

Identity is the attachment.

* * * *

Otherness is the illusion.

* * * *

Your true residence is the eternal.

* * * *

The wisest, happiest fools are students of death.

* * * *

Hell and heaven are born of the same timeless moment.

* * * *

See the infinity within your Self, and know that it resides in all things.

* * * *

Nothing is lost, nothing is forgotten.
Each alone must search for it, each alone must discern it.
Each alone must let go of all that is known – release all that is held near and dear –
To realize the eternal truth, fated to forever remain unknown.

* * * *

Peace, contentment, serenity, joy, bliss, can only be when desire for continuity is not.

* * * *

Travel beyond knowledge into the realm of wisdom, and beyond that, stillness.

* * * *

Liberation can unfold only when everything mind concocts is disengaged.

* * * *

Yield, surrender, resign, let the spring of sweetness bubble within.

* * * *

You are already perfection; all You need do is discern it.

* * * *

Whatever You think You are, You are not all the while.

* * * *

When one surrenders to insight, eternity emerges:
Infinite, timeless, pathless, unencumbered, serene.

* * * *

Illumination is living each moment in total freedom.

* * * *

No matter how many drops rain down from the clouds,
There is, has ever been, and will ever be but one ocean.

* * * *

Absoluteness does not require the carnival sideshows
Of saviors, priests, gurus, magicians, and other charlatans.

* * * *

In the beginning there was the word, but before that, who can say?

* * * *

All are of the original nature, but each must quest alone that essential state.
It is a journey relatively few, feel strongly enough begin, much less complete.

* * * *

In your quest for liberation, You must even journey past the desire to know some deity.

* * * *

You can only know the binding play of illusion, which means You really very little.

* * * *

You must cultivate the discerning, disciplined scrutiny of the scientific mind,
To discover the original nature, which abides within all dreams small to great.

* * * *

The sojourn through the maze of delusion may be prolonged or swift.
You will achieve the crossroad of surrender at your own reckoning.

* * * *

There are many teachers and many teachings.
Search for those who encourage discovery of the unconditional,
Those who teach You to fish for the source of all.

* * * *

Release every thought,
Every concept manufactured by the limitations of mind.
They are not the real You.

* * * *

To discern all manifestation with the one eye,
To covet no thing, to covet no other,
Is the road to emancipation.

* * * *

When all cravings fall away,

When only serenity flowers within,
Then You become that beingness, which is,
Completely full, eternal, supreme, total, absolute.

* * * *

Let your identity go.
Put aside the bondage of thought.
You know nothing other than what is imagined.

* * * *

You are it, it is You, there is no other.
There is no second, there is no third, no fourth,
Nor even tens of thousands, nor countless gazillions more.

* * * *

The mind must surrender to insecurity to discover the harmony of totality.

* * * *

Only when You are done with all light shows will You return to your natural state.

* * * *

Who can say whether it is all or nothing, for they are one in the same.

* * * *

To one unfettered in consciousness, all experiencing is equal.
Both seeking and avoiding are but sure routes to suffering.

* * * *

Through your eyes, through your mind, all creation passes.

* * * *

One day You will perhaps wonder that You ever doubted.

* * * *

Such a brief, mundane, meaningless reverie, any mortal existence.
And the skull that has contained those so many thoughts,
Is already turning into another layer of sediment,
Another handful of mulch, of compost,
For the dreams yet to come.

* * * *

To discover your Self, You must explore your self.

* * * *

What do You want so badly, that is worth all the fear, all the dread?

* * * *

You are the knowing; it is not loitering out there somewhere.

* * * *

Double-speakers calling the circle, square, and the square, circle.
And weary octagons forever on their own, ever out on limbs too far.

* * * *

Sweep away all identification; there is nothing oneness needs cling to.

* * * *

Indeed, there is so much to both like and dislike here; hard to stay, hard to leave.

* * * *

No matter how much You think You know, it is ever a mystery behind the veil.

* * * *

Do not surrender to anything but what You truly are, and then give it all.

* * * *

At some point the fevered monopoly game runs out of new ground,
And the worn and torn infrastructure turns to gravity for resolution.

* * * *

Identity is the mistaken belief that the awareness You truly are,
Is at all attached to the sundry attributes of the food-body,
Or the world of appearances, through which it renders.

* * * *

Consciousness is by its nature twisted, convoluted.
Some swirls upon the dusty stage are called good, others evil.
Since You are the ultimate source of your creation,
In reality, You are the only one judging.

* * * *

Call it what You will – Soul, Self, Cosmos, God, Brahman, whatever –
You are the awareness, You are the mystery, not a dream of consciousness.

* * * *

The pitter-patter of meandering thoughts,
Dancing across the mindscape offer so much distraction,
That one is hard-pressed not attend them.

* * * *

The make of a man is his word, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

What is thought, what is said, what is written,
Are but different means through which consciousness,
Plays out a relatively brief opportunity to explore all potentials.

III

The kaleidoscoping play of dreamtime illusion,
Offers an infinity of pleasures and pains.
Fearing the loss of all You cling to,
All that You believe You know,
You choose the continuity of identity,
And thus suffer the burden of consciousness.

* * * *

The individual, the mysterious You, has never really existed.
You are a seeker seeking, a weaver weaving, an image imagining,
A dreamer dreaming, a witness witnessing, a kaleidoscope kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

How arduous the humility to simply see, cease believing, and suffer bondage no more.

* * * *

Prior to all mythos, prior to all weavings of the mind, You are that.

* * * *

You who are alone, mislaid, confused, world-weary,
Will perhaps acquire the strength, the insight,
To distinguish the true nature of isness,
And the sovereignty, the peace,
Will welcome You home.

* * * *

Being what You so naturally are, is a challenge.
Allowing others the same sovereignty,
Can, indeed, be even greater.

* * * *

You are like cup of three-day old coffee.
All You need do is empty out the stale stuff,
And willingly accept a fresh-brewed refill.

* * * *

Some answers are too large for any questions.

* * * *

This awareness is prior to any distinctions:
Sex, color, race, culture, nation, creed, ad infinitum.
All mythos is meaningless distraction to any seeking liberation.

* * * *

If You are looking to be comfortable, truth is probably not your thing.

* * * *

You are the dreamer in the dream, the player in the play, the mystery in all questions.

* * * *

What do You want out of life? The seeds of your suffering are sown within the answer.

* * * *

The main difference between sage and fool is that one sees his foolishness.

* * * *

Discovering what is real takes great dissatisfaction, great doubt.

* * * *

Your Self; just a game You play.

* * * *

Enjoy in joy.

* * * *

Desire has no bounds.

* * * *

In all that is and is not, You are.

* * * *

Discerning the moment is a subtle contest.
Only when the fragments play out to their end,
When that which has been sought is at last found,
Does one fully comprehend the journey taken.

* * * *

If there is any attachment,
Any desire to be bound,
One cannot discover the ultimate.
Even the yearning to be liberated must cease.
You simply become what You are, what You have ever been.

* * * *

You may believe You own many things, but they are not yours, nor are You theirs.

* * * *

When You have really got it, when You are truly free of all constraints, You will know.

* * * *

You are already the absoluteness of the moment; shed your identity and expand into its mystery.

* * * *

Allow the monkey free reign, and it can play your mind like a jungle.

* * * *

Be a student of all, and a teacher to those prepared to learn.

* * * *

Freedom is dormant within; all You need do is rekindle the coals with an unquenchable longing.

* * * *

To discern what is really going on, that is the task.

* * * *

Why pretend it real once You see it is not?

* * * *

Maya is a rogue trickster, a sublime whore.
Few can serenely decline the plethora of temptations,
That will be offered in every mask and form,
Before your walkabout's end.

* * * *

The end of psychological suffering can only come about,
When You are completely detached, impersonal, indifferent,
To all attributes of this illusory dream of mortal existence.

* * * *

How can anyone be anything but agnostic; only pretenders pretend to know.

* * * *

If You truly accept nothing, not even yourself, reclaiming your birthright is within reach.

* * * *

Behind the facade of all appearances, what is really there, but You?

* * * *

Unity, contentment, harmony, serenity, joy; words only dancers of the unmanifest understand.

* * * *

Absoluteness neither requires nor gives credentials.

* * * *

All manifestation is subjective projection.

* * * *

Wisdom often appears foolish.
So, some morph to play the fool's role.
Mocking all they see, and themselves as well.

* * * *

Intuition, that subtle inner knowing, is the mysterious, voiceless voice, of the timeless mystery within.

* * * *

You do not exist in the way You think.

* * * *

Everything You believe You know, You have been told or experienced.
But who-what-when-where-why-how much do You really know?
Not enough to fill a thimble, of the indivisible infinity it is.

* * * *

There is no path, there is no definitive way,
In the quixotic pursuit of the freedom of one's truest nature.
Whether seen or not, your essential awareness, is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The desire for sensation does not bring about contentment.
Only brief tastes of pleasure, and predictable swings of sorrow.

* * * *

Liberation requires unconditional surrender of identity; there is no compromise.

* * * *

To attain liberation, to discover the original state, is life's only real purpose.

* * * *

Compassion and emotion are vastly different.
Emotion is little self's play of attachment and suffering.
Compassion is the big Self's unattached serenity.

* * * *

The duality of Maya so easily creates suffering.

* * * *

What else can You be but the isness, the mystery, the ineffable, in disguise?

* * * *

Playing an identity can be such a forlorn task.

* * * *

To see it all, and want it not.

* * * *

Though cloaked by passionate identity, the witness You are in reality, is the dispassionate absoluteness.

* * * *

Other than the insatiable hunger for more-more-more,

What can You possibly hope to get from an illusion?

* * * *

Consciousness identified with form, has lost touch with reality.

* * * *

Remember as often as need be, that what You really are, is the awareness, this moment.

* * * *

Are You able to perceive, without any attachment whatsoever, that which is perceived?

* * * *

Those who own this cannot say much to those unready to die to their personal mythos.

* * * *

If You for a moment believe those who awaken,
Must behave in some prescribed manner, guess again.
They make it up as they go, same as You and everyone else.
The only difference, is they do it with an altered quality of mind.

* * * *

Is there an individual who discerns, who sees, or simply the discernment, the seeing?

* * * *

You are that which is, and that which is, is You.

* * * *

It will be your voluntary destiny,
To reside in the kaleidoscope of bondage,
Until duality no longer suits You.

* * * *

Pleasure offers no serenity; desire is unquenchable.

* * * *

There are no limits to the havoc and pain,
Consciousness is fully able to wreak.
Only in non-attached beingness,
Can serenity be discerned.

* * * *

No one can really do more than speculate,
How this incredible mystery came into being.
It is impossible to know more than words pretend.

* * * *

Merely pandering to the senses is a sure road to suffering.

* * * *

There is nothing to become, only that which is to be undone,
The peeling away of layer after layer, as one would an onion.

* * * *

You manifest the experiences to which your attention is drawn

* * * *

Seeing, being, the nothingness; desire and fear dissipate.

* * * *

Avoid following or idolizing personalities,
And any sheeple groupthink mingling about them.
The quest for truth is a sojourn each must divine alone.

* * * *

Buddhas, christs, and other immortals,
Are only projected images of your longing.
Their realization of reality is within your grasp.

* * * *

Only the grateful dead know serenity.

* * * *

Evil touches only those who believe it real.

* * * *

The mind, with all its time-bound cravings, will perform any trick it can muster, to stave off contentment.

* * * *

Wisdom can be expressed in countless ways; there is no standard to which it must conform.

* * * *

Try holding even one breath, even one thought, and see clearly, the temporal nature of existence.

* * * *

Simple ignorance is the most valid state.
You can only know appearances and attributes,
Projections You in mind, in imagination, in time, create.
The unknown is ever cloaked in its indivisible, ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Why all this is happening, no one can more than speculate.

* * * *

Another dab of the usual pain and suffering, to be endured how much longer?

* * * *

Is there anything that cannot be twisted, usurped, by some other agenda?

* * * * *

There are those whose giving hearts earnestly unfurl in goodness,
And there are those twisted ones who do not.
Their loss, indeed.

* * * *

To fully comprehend these thoughts,
You must be able to transcend your personal view.
You must be able to examine anything, from an unaligned stance.

* * * *

You need not, cannot, explain or justify anything,
To those who do not comprehend.
You are your own law.

* * * *

Right here, right now; it is what it is.

* * * *

Identity is like a heavy coat, which will someday come off, and never be worn again.

* * * *

What is the quality of consciousness,
Unburdened by desire and fear and dread and anger and any other passion?
Unfragmented, full, complete, whole, one.

* * * *

Rediscover that heartfelt laughter … if You are able.

* * * *

Still looking for that Hollywood/Bollywood ending? Hah! Good luck with that.

* * * *

For consciousness to examine itself, for awareness to become aware of itself,
For the mystery to gaze into the indivisible depths of its mystery,
Is not this the ultimate raison d'être for all creation?
At least, in this ephemeral mind's eye.

* * * *

All your life, You have been trying to figure out what You wanted to do; guess this is it.

* * * *

In the ultimate eternal infinity of reality, each of us is our own law.
In the club and fang of this mortal garden, however,
That is entirely a relative matter,

* * * *

Best deal with the fact that relatively very, very few,
Really give a rat's ass about your existence,
At any relatively meaningful level.

* * * *

All seeds are merely inherited genetic blueprints, dutifully playing out their design; no brag, just fact.

* * * *

Drip … drip … drip … drip …

* * * *

Nothing to win, nothing to lose.

* * * *

Can You take all the pain upon which You dwell, and cast it away in one mighty knock-down toss?

* * * *

Through all creation, through all preservation, through all destruction,
The indivisible nothingness of momentary awareness reigns absolute.

* * * *

It is perhaps your destiny to awaken,
And unravel the manifest existence that seemed so real,
Into yet another journey into the only reality there is, ever was, will ever be.
The only reality that is not, never was, will never be.

* * * *

Without all the many passions, You would more clearly discern, the You that really is.

* * * *

Erase all boundaries, burn all flags, discern the common ground of awareness,
And wander your universe unburdened by the differences born of imagination.

* * * *

The cosmos exists, because the indivisibility cannot do it all, but through the many.
Truth is, who would ever want to revel in every ecstasy, much less endure every agony?

* * * *

How ridiculous it is to believe anyone individual can save anything or anyone,
When, in the reality of this kaleidoscoping dream, there is nothing to save.
And even if there were, it would be the matrix-level synergy doing it;
Not some illusory persona, swaddled in inflated self-absorption.

* * * *

When the ebbing and flowing of the essence, the quantum fever, subsides;
When foreword is no longer forward, when backward is no longer backward;
When the singular awareness transcends the ever-moving tides of thought;

Where is the me-myself-and-I that believed its imaginary realm so real?

* * * *

If You are still looking, still seeking something, try turning your mind inside out.
Look to nothing, see what it is, see what it is not, and that it is the just and final reward.

* * * *

Water flows, plants grow, birds fly, tigers roar, universes bang, universes crunch.
Only in the mind You imagine You, is there ceaseless struggle to be more, to be less.

* * * *

You are but a dream in everyone else's awareness, and they a dream in yours.
We are all alone, together, from this shore, to the farthest reaches, and beyond.

* * * *

Everything is possible in the infinite array of the grand play.
It is not about good or evil, black or white, or any imaginary this or that,
It is simply the make-believe of imagination, playing out the dream of consciousness.

* * * *

What is the Bible but a rambling historical narrative, laced with smatterings of wisdom.
Certainly, no greater than any other so-called scripture scribed across this temporal orb.

IV

When You truly discern none of it ultimately real,
You will find desire and fear no longer govern the day to day.
That the reality of the awareness in consciousness is timeless, changeless.
The You immersed in myriad limitations born of conditioning,
Becomes the indivisible, unborn, choiceless You,
That which is prior to all creation.

* * * *

The ground of your being cannot be named or touched.
Even intuition at best only scratches its ultimate nature.

* * * *

It is real, You are real.
It is illusion, You are illusion.
Irony and paradox, ever and always.

* * * *

You suffer the linear continuity of space and time,
Because your view of awareness is locked,
Into a constricted conscious identity,
That is not, has never been, will never be, real.

* * * *

The mind has made a habit of believing it is an identity.

* * * *

Real discipline is not suppression, resistance, forced, denial.
It is an effortless, spontaneous, meet-the-moment, stoic mindset.

* * * *

So much emphasis is placed on differences; instead, look to the similarities.

* * * *

In the web of delusion's illusion, Maya weaves no desire unstrung.

* * * *

That there is continuity, is perhaps the greatest illusion.

* * * *

What You truly are is the faceless, the nameless, the blameless.
Your identity is superimposed by the dream about You.
It continues only because You accept it as real.

* * * *

The ultimate freedom is prior to all constructs.

It is neither free of, nor free from.
It is simply being.

* * * *

When thought, when imagination, is understood to be vibration,
There is the potential to perceive, the potential to discern,
That the movement need not translate into identity.

* * * *

When You discern what You truly are, and are not.
When You resume being but the clay of mystery,
The pretense, with all its delusion-filled anguish,
Becomes an ever-kaleidoscoping, surreal reverie.

* * * *

Exist as harmlessly as possible.
Exude your true nature,
Neither taking or giving offense,
As You meander, savoring the beingness.

* * * *

You are in reality your own teacher.
Someone or another, may point out this or that,
But it is You who must decipher it, You who must absorb it.

* * * *

When You journey prior to all mythos, You are free to believe nothing.

* * * *

All distinctions, though seemingly real, are ultimately illusory,
A vast eternal play of light and shadow imagining it all,
On the kaleidoscoping dream of consciousness.

* * * *

What You fear is the product your own desire.

* * * *

Discern the common denominator.

* * * *

We all create our own meaning and purpose.
All are equally valid, and all just as equally invalid.
Play whatever theater fate calls; none are ultimately real.

* * * *

Awareness is a state no word can touch.

* * * *

Insight and intuition operate in a far different field, a far different realm,
Than the unending notions of the persona, of the ego-identity, the character.
They are woven into the indivisibility, the ineffability, of the source itself.

* * * *

There is no mental energy,
Or physical energy or sexual energy.
Chakric distinctions are conceptual fabrications.
The quantum is but one force manifesting all appearances.
And whether it even exists, is itself but the endless mire of speculation.

* * * *

Even if Armageddon does come to pass, it will just be another round of vanity.

.

* * * *

Until your only craving is total freedom, You cannot discern and reside in the timeless.

* * * *

Without You as witness, the mystery could not be known.

* * * *

Agape, without desire, is total, unconditional, freeing.

* * * *

How challenging to be on this small dust ball world, playing a limited role, others believe so real.

* * * *

That which can be done can be undone.
Only in that which neither begins nor ends,
Only that which is unborn and undying, is real.

* * * *

The temporal nature of desire, is but gratification of imagination.
Without the senses, without even a breath, what is there to want?

* * * *

Because one piece of fruit is ripe, ready to fall,
And another is small, green and tasteless,
Does not make it superior in any way.
All manifest forms are equally absolute,
Equally created of the same indivisible force.

* * * *

Few can own the ineffable freedom,
Without passing through wave after wave,
Of the perdition of imagination's dualistic notions.
In discovery of what never was, what will never be, it is.

* * * *

Do whatever You feel You must, as often as You feel the need.
One day in some future past, You will perhaps realize,
It quietly fell to some long-forgotten wayside.

* * * *

Taking life personally is a sure way to great ecstasies, and even greater agonies.

* * * *

Your identity is ultimately no more real than a reflection in a mirror.

* * * *

The more indifferent You are to this experiencing or that,
To the comings and goings of ecstasies and agonies,
The nearer You are to the original, natural state,
The ever-present beingness in which all-ness abides.

* * * *

Reality can never be known, never be possessed.
An ethereal inkling is about as close as You can get.

* * * *

Whether You reclaim your birthright or not, the weaving spins on.

* * * *

It is the timeless awareness, that is, for lack of a better word, divine;
Not that worthless, wretched, self-absorbed, imaginary ego-identity.

* * * *

The quest for eternal freedom, takes those who see, those who hear,
To an arena, few have the doubt or discernment or courage, to explore.

* * * *

Circumstance frames each of us to play out one identity or another.
In discerning this deception, the clarity can be rediscovered,
And in that timelessness, eternal life, eternal freedom.

* * * *

Observe and listen and taste and smell and feel it all with great attention, but believe nothing.

* * * *

The mystery can never be known or possessed, only intuited.

* * * *

Personality is the mind's fabrication.
Nothing You think, nothing You believe You are,
Exists in the reality of absoluteness, of that which is eternal.

* * * *

Detachment comes with understanding; illumination with the eternity's liberation.

* * * *

The screen of consciousness,
Plays out this dream,
But is it really-truly happening?
Doubt it more and more, each and every moment.

* * * *

Never easy to straddle the river.

* * * *

Neither birth nor death can touch what is real.

* * * *

That which is prior to all, cannot be bound by any limitation.

* * * *

The pursuit of reality, is the most arduous, consuming work of all.

* * * *

Only in complete detachment, can the agony and ecstasy of passion reach its end.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how are You, without the fabrications of imagination?

* * * *

Bodily needs are relatively minimal, but the many desires born of mind,
Which creates all mythos, all sense of separation, is insatiable.
One must move beyond craving to attain liberation.

* * * *

All exists in consciousness, but where exactly does consciousness exist?

* * * *

As long as You believe it real, You will enjoy, You will suffer.

* * * *

Without mind and senses, what would exist?

* * * *

Allow no other to daunt your vision.

* * * *

Nothing remains as it is.
Continuity is a tempting illusion,
A kaleidoscoping dreamtime without reality.

Imagination is its own contagion.

* * * *

Consciousness fabricates space-time, but is not what You really are, nor what You are really not.

* * * *

To deeply realize, that You really do not know anything, offers the release into absoluteness.

* * * *

To journey prior to consciousness requires a discerning courage.

* * * *

Continuity is illusion, a subtle trick of memory, of imagination.
The waveless waves of perception timelessly break ever anew.

* * * *

Life is a dreaming, and but for memory,
And all the illusions and delusions it inspires,
The dreamer would have never existed.

* * * *

Is there mind without mythos?

* * * *

Heal the schism within and without; You are physician to your slice of Soul.

* * * *

So much emphasis on differences,
That it would not be possible for even one conclusion,
To mollify, much less satisfy, everyone.

* * * *

But for the claims of your cultural mythos,
What would possibly make You think, make You believe,
There was ever a time when You were not?

* * * *

Can the agony and ecstasy of illusory existence ever end?
Only the simplicity of a mind free of delusion,
Will still the craving for continuity.

* * * *

All identity is but a temporary fabrication, a one-time show.

* * * *

We all see the given world that we are prepared to see, tinted by what we want to see.

* * * *

He who lacks doubt is but a fool; he who has too much may be, as well.

* * * *

Herein You are offered nothing, and given everything.

* * * *

Attention, give it You must, to be.

* * * *

What a boggling infinite mystery,
This prosaic dream of consciousness,
That we each partake piecemeal,
In our individual, egocentric,
Singularity sort of way.

* * * *

Shhh, s/he really believes his/her little role.
Better to let sleeping souls lie.
Not!
Wake up!

* * * *

All there is to remember … Oy vey, what a load in that head of yours!

* * * *

Yes, even the most notorious serial killer has a mother,
Who may well, still deeply love and believe in her little boy.

* * * *

Move beyond being merely a corporeal, temporal entity.
You are not a human being, You are not bound by any form.

* * * *

The senses daily pull You into believing the dream real.
To greet every moment as nothing is, indeed, a challenge.

* * * *

Words are merely sounds to which we each formulate varying degrees of attachment.

* * * *

Whether intentional or not, those who have, those who can,
Often enslave those who do not have, those who cannot.

* * * *

Perhaps rather than calling it a redistribution of wealth,
It should be called a redistribution of compassion.

* * * *

Stand sovereign, as tall as your mortal height will allow.

* * * *

Earth, wind, water, fire,
Kaleidoscoping through the eternal ether.
That is all that all of this grand quantum mystery truly is.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Awareness is a very nothing-but-Youness; what is there to think about, really?

* * * *

Forget everything.
Be everything.
Be nothing.

* * * *

How many dimensions might there be?
Well, how many ways can You cut any pie?

V

If You expect someone who abides in a boundless state,
To behave in some prescribed manner, some ordained fashion,
That is your own assumption, your own projection, your own delusion,
And You may well be disappointed, frustrated, annoyed, seething, even enraged,
Or worse yet, succumb to yet another mesmerizing groupthink,
Another meaningless bottleneck born of imagination.
Is it any wonder some of use end up in caves,
Very much alone, very much at home.

* * * *

The imaginary you, is not what You truly are.
Discern the indivisible You, surrender to the isness.
The solitary walkabout, to realize the unconditional actuality,
Is for You, the raison d'être of this kaleidescoping quantum dreamtime.
All else is nothing more than absorbing, distracting mindgorp.

* * * *

The mind-body experience, all the ravenous weavings of sensory craving,
Combine in countless ways to impart the awareness of reality,
To those rare few discriminating enough to see it.

* * * *

The mind can create every sort of heaven or hell.
Surrender or suffer, the choiceless born of free will.

* * * *

Every part and particle is an indivisible holograph of the essential oneness.

* * * *

Within all manifestation is the potency of absoluteness.

* * * *

When will dissolves into awareness, pure consciousness is all that remains.

* * * *

It is revolution in its most earnest, purest form.
It is the inquiry into the end of personal consciousness.
It is the unqualified capitulation to harmony within and without.

* * * *

Words can only feebly point out the one and only way.
The discernment of their meaning is prior to all concept.

* * * *

The concept of karma plays out its illusory hand,

Only when there is unutterable surrender,
To the awareness prior to mythos.

* * * *

No pleasure or pain can ever touch what You really are.
Even in the face of torturous physical suffering,
Detached awareness is quiet witness.

* * * *

Which is more infinite, more infinitesimal, more magnificent,
The apparent universe, or the source of it all within and without?

* * * *

The inward exploration of the mystery is the ultimate frontier of this manifest dream.

* * * *

Every fiber of your being must be in total revolution to own your sovereignty.

* * * *

Be content to play your little part, to be a drop in the ocean of isness.

* * * *

You are like a caterpillar, at some point chrysalis,
Evolving into that moment when your insatiable desire to fly,
Will take You into the consuming fires of totality.
And melt your wax wings forever.

* * * *

Any journey begins with each step, eternity with each moment.

* * * *

When You are sovereign,
Desire can be attended, brushed aside,
Or passed only just noticed.

* * * *

What is the cosmos but a community born of oneness.

* * * *

Real maturity is discovering your natural state.
Few ever get past what they call being grown up.

* * * *

You as personality, as identity,
Must become very still inwardly,
To discern what You truly are.

* * * *

No hope, no meaning, no solace, is offered here,
Only complete and absolute annihilation of imagined identity,
The pure awareness of mystery consciously manifest.

* * * *

When beingness is all there is, when You are content to merely be,
Then birth and death, the dreams of becoming or that, touch You not.

* * * *

The blessing of giving yourself back to the awareness of isness is beyond measure.

* * * *

Take what is beautiful and what is not beautiful as You would specks of dust.

* * * *

The personality worship of so-called spiritual teachers,
Is an unmitigated misunderstanding of the ultimate state.

* * * *

To call the isness "love" is to give it a meaning,
The emotionally attached will never understand.

* * * *

To realize with every thread of your cloth,
That You are the aloneness of totality's quantum fabric,
Offers mind an unimaginable equanimity.

* * * *

Unity is prior to all appearances.

* * * *

Nothing is yours to own.

* * * *

What a veneer all manifestation.

* * * *

These words are solely to dispel the delusion,
That You truly exist as anything other than the entirety.
And how does one whole being treat any other?
Perhaps a little more compassionately,
Than history has thus far noted.

* * * *

To criticize, to judge, to condemn, any other,
Is to throw stones at all the iniquities You may well have committed,
Times beyond counting, in mind, if not deed.

* * * *

When craving for the temporal world finally lessens,
When the absoluteness of awareness is all that remains,
The unfathomable unicity of isness spreads its eternal wings.

* * * *

Beneath the blissful half-smiles of the Buddhas of paper and stone,
Are sharp fangs that will rip and tear your delusional reality to shreds.

* * * *

The spiritual quest can easily be weighed down with hypocrisies.
Try to be as discerning and candid with your Self about your own.

* * * *

If these thoughts are already in mind,
Pass cheerfully and peacefully on your journey.
If not, well, they are yours to own if they in any way suit You.

* * * *

Discerning this is very much a scientific exploration.
You will find the results duplicate the many observations,
Throughout humankind's walkabout in consciousness.

* * * *

Notions of exclusive love are fanciful and romantic,
But are they real, are they authentic, are they enduring?

* * * *

The urge of the mind-body to believe itself significant,
To believe itself vital and real, is an enticing play of imagination,
But when it inevitably falls away, all that will remain,
Will be the only You it has ever truly been.

* * * *

Where exactly are You in that mind-body?
Where is the elusive center You imagine You are?
Is it in the brain, is it in the heart, or some other body part?
An unyielding, unrelenting, unfaltering, discriminating, quest for it,
Discloses the absolute nature of any dream of existence.

* * * *

The quest for your natural state will leave You in a heap of ashes.
And from these ashes, what remains blossoms into unfettered clarity.

* * * *

Real revolution is not reaction to the cause and effect of outward stimulus.
It is tuning within, and following the insights born of your own awareness.

* * * *

The You that your mythos attempts to mold for its own divisive ends,
Is pleasure-seeking, busy-busy, calculating, ambitious,
None of which You really are naturally.

* * * *

What would You be if there were no culture,
Impinging its mythology on your given natural state?
That is all enlightenment and liberation and transcendence are.
To abide in that ever-present entirely is illumination.

* * * *

No experience is more spiritual than another.
Every passing timeless moment is shrouded in mystery.
Picking your nose is in truth just as astounding,
As raising someone from the grave.

* * * *

Quietly accept what is offered.
Do not seek anything requiring extremes.
Travel a path of moderation.

* * * *

All fear is the outcome of one desire or another.

* * * *

You can only know what You are conditioned to believe,
Or what You garner through your own experience.
Be free, be content, to know nothing, as well.

* * * *

When thought stills naturally,
Only the most basic bodily urges remain.
The sexual cravings are bound to vivid imagination.
The body itself is not attached to the mind's insatiable hungers.

* * * *

You experience the experiences You pursue.
If You seek none in particular, You will find life a timeless stage,
Which You spontaneously wander with a minimum of effort, a minimum of attachment.

* * * *

The ethereal beings of all the religions and mythologies, across time, across space,
Are only metaphors to be used as the means, to discern the state before You were born.

* * * *

Could You really endure immutable freedom? It leaves You with nothing.

* * * *

You seek happiness, joy, through one experience or another,
But time after time, You endure the dance with pain and suffering.
Only when the search, the quest, the journey, the pursuit, takes You prior,
To what is seen, what is heard, what is tasted, what is smelled, what is touched,
Can You begin to comprehend, begin to own, your eternal birthright.

* * * *

Fooling your Self again?

* * * *

What an eternity a lifetime seems.
How much more eternity truly is, and is not,
Is what transports mystical seers to ecstatic renewal.

* * * *

The patterns of personality and identity remain,
But they are as a coat worn without concern,
Gradually washing away as stagnancy does,
From a pool, no longer separate from the river.

* * * *

What is spiritual materialism but the vain ego-identity,
Continuing its ongoing flight of fallacy with illusion.

* * * *

Your natural state is unburdened, carefree, unchanging.
Many so-called civilized people will label it,
Indolent, irresponsible, unproductive, even revolutionary.
It will be a long road in this purgatory before more than a few understand.

* * * *

The suffering of ego-identity,
With its isolating passions born of desire and fear,
Require the maintenance of interminable imaginary, often debilitating, effort.
Residing in the awareness of your true nature is effortless.

* * * *

The movements of earth, water, fire, air,
Are powerful teachers of change in this manifest existence.
Discern that the ground of their many forms, is no different than your own.

* * * *

The absolute nature is the common denominator, the essential core of all manifestation.
Even if there someday proves to be a supreme being, it is fashioned of the same source.

* * * *

The flowering freedom of the natural state blossoms alone in simple ground.

Many may come to witness and admire and even worship it,
But few ever discriminate their own potency.

* * * *

Neither your mind-body identity, nor your actions, are your perfection.

* * * *

Illumination is seeing, but not necessarily bothering to remember.

* * * *

Thoughts are like ocean waves,
Lapping softly, crashing fiercely,
On the many reaches of awareness.

* * * *

But for your desire for stimulation,
And your fearful dread of its coming to an end,
What would You really want to be continued over and over?

* * * *

There is no detachment in either attraction or revulsion.

* * * *

Spiritual legalisms cannot touch your unfathomable lawlessness.

* * * *

To awaken to its inexplicable, timeless, indivisibly absolute awareness,
Would surely the ultimate point and purpose of this manifest quantum paradigm.
If such a thing as point and purpose has ever been a goal,
In eternity's magical mystery tour.

* * * *

As long as You believe it all real and true, as long as You fabricate cause and effect,
You will endure, You will suffer, the countless heavens and hells, born of continuity.

* * * *

Travel to the limits of the cosmos, or into the smallest atomic particle,
It is still but the imaginary temporal projection of manifest limitation.

* * * *

Who else could You possibly be but the every thing and the no thing.

* * * *

Doubt paves the road of those destined to discern the ultimate reality.
Its end is enlightenment, samadhi, nirvana, bliss, joy, liberation,
Or whatever arbitrary sound You might choose to name it.

* * * *

You are not required to go out,
And play any of the games the world offers.
It is only through your own imagination, your own volition,
Your own inner blending of desire and fear that You choose to participate,
In whatever way You are consciously or unconsciously drawn.

* * * *

Are You not more than a little weary of caring about, so many things that have never really mattered?

* * * *

Alone in the zone, no attachment known.

* * * *

Awareness is prior to all mythos.

* * * *

Jesus may have suffered and died for You and me,
But it might well have been better, as far as history goes,
If he had, instead, endured a bit longer for himself.
What meaningless, hollow vanity, martyrdom.

* * * *

Could we have done it any differently? Probably not.

* * * *

Once You see past all the idolatry, what is there but You, the real You.

* * * *

Without everything preceding this moment, how would You be here right now?

* * * *

The one mind discerns the one in all, the one mind discerns there is no other.
What point to anything but compassion, even for the most abominable.
We are all just visitors here, prisoners here, of our own device.

* * * *

The Seven Deadlies: Pride, Envy, Gluttony, Lust, Wrath, Greed, Sloth.
The cornerstone for any narcissistic, hedonistic, Sybarite.
The perdition of any of monastic design.

* * * *

The quantum matrix kaleidoscopes seamlessly through the eternal moment.
While the sensory mind-body consumes it, metabolizes it, weaves it,
Into a perception of dreamtime, that only imagination knows.

* * * *

You are the only one, You are not the only one.

* * * *

How is it that You ever imagined,
That your origin was ever any different,
Than anyone or anything else's?

* * * *

Filling the illusion with another round of nothing?
Or filling another nothing with a round of illusion?

* * * *

It is what it is, and nothing anyone thinks or does,
Has ever mattered, even one iota of diddley-squat.

* * * *

Nobody really knows what is going on around any given corner,
How could they possibly know is happening across the universe?
Or who-what-why-where-when-how it all started in the first place?
No one knows, no one has ever known, no one ever will know,
How this indivisible, indelible, eternal mystery, came to be.

* * * *

What is the universe?
And what makes You believe it has ever existed,
In any which-way, the senses have deceived your mind into daily believing?

* * * *

History is whatever each of us thinks it is, and much of it, trivial pursuit.
Time always boils down to, be right here, be right now.
And enjoy or endure it, as best ye may.

Believe no one, accept nothing.
This must be entirely your discovery, your breakthrough.
You must let go everything and everyone, if You are to discern that which You truly are.

* * * *

The divisiveness of consciousness, inspired by sensory otherness, is the suffering.

* * * *

Seeing the unseen, the unknown, there is really nothing more to see.

* * * *

These many thoughts are ultimately about simplicity itself.
You will not hear them, understand them, clearly,
Until You are inwardly simple enough,
To comprehend the mystery, they are in You.

* * * *

As You awaken, it becomes increasingly apparent,
That your existence is not really yours to own.
Fabrications begin to gradually fall away.
That once self-absorbed persona dissipates,
Giving way as impenetrable mist does to the sun.
Eventually it becomes apparent that nothing can persevere,
Except this ungraspable sense of abiding awareness,
Which pervades every element of your being,
As drops of indivisibility do the ocean.

* * * *

Behind all masks resides the same puppeteer.

* * * *

To maintain any one path most true,
To insist on duality, in any way, any shape, any form,
Is to completely misapprehend the relativity of this dreamtime illusion.

* * * *

The first and last error is believing this mysterious awareness,
Somehow belongs to You as an individual, somehow belongs to You as a distinct soul.
That all the thoughts You have about your mind-body and your universe,
Are somehow real, are somehow true, somehow important.

* * * *

When identity fades in importance,
What remains is the awareness of awareness.
Reality resides in this moment-to-moment functioning.

Nothing more is necessary.

* * * *

Love, joy, bliss, compassion, are pleasant ideals,
Words which sound conceptually true and ultimately real,
But what is their reality in your beingness right now?

* * * *

If You desire a solution to this frail mortal drama,
Then You must wake up to your mind,
And that which is prior.

* * * *

Most seek comfort more than truth.
In not requiring freedom at the bottom line,
They continue sentencing themselves in space-time,
To the unending bondage of identification.

* * * *

From attachment, detach.
From detachment, detach.
Nothing is as anyone thinks.

* * * *

Intuit the mystery; it is You.

* * * *

All dreams are equal.

* * * *

Venerate your Self to own this.

* * * *

What blade can pierce that which was never born?

* * * *

Do not subscribe to any ists, any isms.
Use all teachings only as tools to discern for your Self,
The absolute, any true seer, any true mystic, brings into consciousness.

* * * *

Try not to make the spiritual quest for union more complicated than it is.
It is so very logically, rationally, obviously, happily simple.
It is something to be realized, not believed in.

* * * *

Avoid being enticed by meaningless speculation.
Attempting to know the unknowable is vexing and futile.

All You can ever know is what your mind projects.

* * * *

There is no form, no world, no cosmos, no god.
Only the fabrications of manifest consciousness.

* * * *

Good turns into evil and evil into good.
Just where is the imagined division,
But the limitation in your vision?

* * * *

Integrity is not a moral concept.

* * * *

In the mind, from the heart, want not.

* * * *

There is nothing You need do.
There is nothing You must change.
All is as it has ever been, will ever be.
The challenge is to evaporate back into it.

* * * *

So subtle this illusive play,
Only the most humble,
The most simple, can even begin,
To perceive, to discern, to distill, to wonder,
How unknowable, how indivisible, how indelible, it truly is.

* * * *

Abide where desire and fear have no hold.
The natural state prior to all the temporal manifestation.
The unnamable, unknowable source, from which all genesis is spawned.

* * * *

Do You have the courage and simplicity to be, without question?

* * * *

Real relationship is freeing, allowing, without ulterior motive.

* * * *

Whether there is just one life or trillions,
You have never possessed or been anything more,
Than the pure awareness You right now are.

* * * *

Any personal deity is your self-created illusion; You are the only thing personal about mystery.

* * * *

The garden exists when You as knower do not.

* * * *

Why burden yourself with any belief?

* * * *

Meditation is liberation from identity.

* * * *

Living in the freedom of original state,
Requires no symbolic forms whatsoever.
Only the complacent tarry in tangibles.

* * * *

Your eyes, when seen impersonally,
Are just one set of those beyond number,
In eternity's well-trod, ever-present witnessing.

* * * *

The ceaseless arrays of suffering,
Personalities locked into consciousness,
Have no real meaning to the ultimate nature.
There is nothing which will save You as an identity,
Nothing from which You or anything else need be saved.

* * * *

Every groupthink plants its seeds of illusion,
But as You awaken and stretch into your original nature,
Less and less will the perpetual prattle have any overriding meaning.

* * * *

If You are nothing more than timeless, spaceless, momentary awareness.
If there is in reality no entity, no existence, what can possible reincarnate?

* * * *

The personality is merely a complex interaction of patterns.
Thoughts and emotions playing out the mind-body theater.

* * * *

Insight into this offers no wages, no security whatsoever,
Yet is the most profound taskmaster this mystery has in store.

* * * *

Suffering can only end when You choose to be free.

* * * *

Consciousness through the senses creates duality.
Duality fabricates the illusory concept.
Concept believes itself real.

* * * *

No one observing You will ever see much.
You function and interact habitually,
Completing all required tasks,
In much the same mode as before.
It is only within, out of exterior viewing,
That the absoluteness disclosures its handiwork,
The ineffable nature of its eternally timeless moment.

* * * *

The worship of tangibles will not get You home.

* * * *

Discover the timeless awareness of the here-nowness,
Wherein the passions of consciousness have no domain.

* * * *

To discern reality clearly, to surrender to it absolutely, agnostically,
Is to have no more questions, and a dwindling number of concerns.

* * * *

How odd that so many insist on duality, when reality knows neither division nor bounds.

* * * *

What are You, what is any deity, but the same Youness, the same absoluteness.

* * * *

When it is all the same clay, how can any thing be considered different?

* * * *

You as identity may die, but the essential You is eternal.

* * * *

If there is any struggle to meditate, to contemplate,
Then it is not the authentic freedom of true surrender.
All effort is of the ego ever imagining itself genuine.

* * * *

Putting anyone, putting anything, on a pedestal,
Only puts off discerning your own emancipation.

* * * *

What is awareness, what is this original state,
But a tranquility that words ever fail to describe.

* * * *

The manifest theater is like a sandbox,
In which the mischievous isness plays out,
A timeless, challenging game of hide-and-seek.

* * * *

Transcendence, enlightenment, illumination, discernment, awareness,
Are simply catchwords for living naturally, logically, rationally,
In the immaculate awareness prior to concept or concern.

* * * *

What is there to believe? What is there to know?
How can You be in any state but contemplative wonder,
At the stillness, the awareness, from whence it every moment sparks.

* * * *

Reality will ever be,
But the dreamtime of humankind,
Is on a collision course with an unforgiving force,
And those who survive the great fall, if any, will face a new world,
Bounded by the remnants, the scar tissue, of the one we distorted beyond all pales.

* * * *

What You are cannot be discerned until the craving for experience in time ends.

* * * *

In existing for pleasure, You must abide the inevitable pain.
To give weight to neither, is a discernment challenging to master.

* * * *

Any given personal mythos ever remains a dreamy fabrication.

* * * *

Surrender to the natural state must be unconditional.

* * * *

Nothing taints the knower of isness.

* * * *

You only see what You are primed to see.

* * * *

In rigidity there is weakness, in flexibility, strength.

* * * *

Ignorance of the first and last state,
Denial of the unconditional nature of aloneness,

Only regenerate the suffering of time-bound consciousness.

* * * *

Anyone claiming to be the key, the middleman to the answer.
Is setting You up for one of the best scams history ever devised.

* * * *

The fundamental delusion, is that anyone can ever really know anything.
Pretending to 'know' is nothing more than its own rendering of arrogance.
The vanity, the pride, of ego, given over to the fabrications of imagination.

* * * *

All manifestation is subject to the patterning,
While the source to which all patterns essentially subscribe,
Remains timelessly inexplicable, timelessly inscrutable, forever unknowable.

* * * *

The awareness that You truly are, call it whatever You will,
Is prior to all the suffering, prior to all the torments of consciousness.
Unconditional, indifferent, desireless, birthless, deathless, indivisibly timeless.

* * * *

You are the totality, witness to the mystery, absoluteness observing its creation unfold.

* * * *

Discern the aware, non-knowing state that the senses can never sense.

* * * *

The mind marinated in the theater of space and time can never be secure.
Only in complete capitulation to the vulnerability of the natural state,
Can there be any real clarity, any real calmness, any real peace.

* * * *

Do those who are religious think themselves religious?
Yet another all-but-inevitable snare of consciousness.

* * * *

Maya manifests an infinity of veiled facets.
Once the original nature is discerned and fathomed,
How can You not own each and every one.

* * * *

This insight into the enigma cannot be explained,
Or agreed upon or persuaded or held onto,
In any way, any shape, any form.

* * * *

Turn the eye to the heart of awareness,

And the mind will melt into right relationship,
A transcendent union without compare.

* * * *

Give no thought to where thought cannot tread.

* * * *

When exactly will You be ready to die, of not now?

* * * *

Do not be blinded by the ever-playful lila of the senses.
They read only the vibratory theater of light and sound.

* * * *

Once You clearly discern the weaving,
Of desire and fear and dread, and all the passions,
How they patterned your temporal character becomes apparent.

* * * *

The mind-body is but a limited, partial receiver,
Discerning but a mere sliver of the all-but-infinite potential,
Of the electromagnetic spectrum, in this unfathomable hologram matrix.

* * * *

Explore love as much as You might with all your beingness,
It is the awareness within all, that is its unfathomable cradle.

* * * *

No need to be timid or bashful about it anymore.
No need to hesitate when asked who You are anymore.
No need to deny the ultimate truth of it anymore.
Unfurl into what You have the vision to see.

* * * *

Through the endless pain and suffering caused by extremes,
The moderation, the stability, of the middle path is fathomed.

* * * *

Light and sound are only discerned through the ether of awareness,
And awareness, only discerned through manifestation,
In one form, one dimension, or another.
The possibilities are infinite,
But there is but one source to all.

* * * *

In all things, discern your Self.

* * * *

Disaster is written all over it.

* * * *

In the ultimate state, no thing exists.

* * * *

It is a dream, this Maya, this Lila, so take it as one.

* * * *

You are the awareness of beingness, prior to all mythos.

* * * *

It is all one rut, one groove, or another, some more fortunate than others.

* * * *

Death is but a drop that never was, evaporating into the quantum dust yet again.

* * * *

You are the journey from beginning to end, and prior and after, as well.

* * * *

Do good and evil exist anywhere but in imagination?

* * * *

It is generally an error to blame others for your shit.

* * * *

What attachment can awareness have to anything?
Only the winds of consciousness fabricates attributes,
Of every form, of every hue, of every shade of gray.

* * * *

Trapped again in a guise of your own fabrication.

* * * *

When there is no longer any vain craving for separation,
You will merge into the infinite ocean of oblivion,
Never to return to the pretensions of form.

* * * *

Stop pretending to know.
You do not, never did, never will,
And no one else does, did, nor will, either.
Agnostic is the only frank assertion under any sun.

* * * *

Contemplation and meditation, what a one-two tag team.

* * * *

Surrender completely and journey alone into the indivisibility of Self.

* * * *

Is there anything not made stronger
When fashioned by a certain amount of challenge,
A certain amount of adversity, a certain amount of pain and suffering.
Of the qualities needed for survival in this manifest world,
Formlessness is likely only rarely included.

VII

Once upon a moment, all things small to great abided in natural harmony.
And then knowledge was plucked, identification was rendered,
And the garden was enslaved by consciousness.

* * * *

At some point in your investigation of this unborn-undying mystery,
You must set aside all teachers, set aside all teachings,
And fish with your own mind's eye.

* * * *

Maya is a spider, and the web is your mind.

* * * *

To realize that You are the song of isness,
Is life's ultimate raison d'être.
The rest is fluff.

* * * *

Why force yourself?

* * * *

Imagination can have it all.

* * * *

Best to avoid using the word love,
Unless You have the wit and wisdom,
To baptize it in the purity of agape.

* * * *

The point of these words,
Is to fan the fire of absoluteness,
The hidden reality, and all You truly are,
Until sovereignty razes your identity into ashes,
And the phoenix of vibrant awareness is all that remains.

* * * *

How passionately so many deluded souls believe the outward world,
The world of wealth, power, status, knowledge, possessions, bring about happiness,
When right relationship with one's Self, is its one and only true way, to eternal salvation and bliss.

* * * *

Pure awareness does not differentiate sex, race, color, culture, creed, nationality.
That is nothing more than the capricious theater of manifest human consciousness.

* * * *

If You spend your time debating whether this or that religion,
Whether this or that philosophy, is good or bad, right or wrong, best or worst,
Then You have really missed the essential point and purpose,
And own nothing but a mind of empty sounds.

* * * *

Anyone claiming to be an intermediary of truth is a fraud.
All are portals, all have free and equal access,
To the source of their beingness.

* * * *

It is the ever-evolving comprehension,
Of what complete surrender of identity signifies,
That will get You as near as any mind can,
To still pool of awareness, You are.

* * * *

Differentiation and separation and judgment, are for those on illusory paths to glory.

* * * *

Real freedom is not of a political nature; no mythos will ever free You.

* * * *

Regarding the assorted voices,
And lightshows of ethereal entities,
There comes a point when You discern,
They also are just illusions of the same dream.

* * * *

Embrace it or deny it, You are connected to all that is.
Whether You love, hate, or are indifferent to it, it is all You,
And You are here now, for as long as the given container allows.

* * * *

What to do with history and its countless mythologies born of time and circumstance.
Every language, every tradition, every ceremony, every symbol, imaginable.
The freest spirits throw off the yoke of even being a human being.

* * * *

Cut a pie into however many pieces You might, the slices will ever total one.

* * * *

All notions, all fabrications, of the imaginary me, myself, and I,
Whether as an individual, a couple, a family, a tribe, or a nation-state,
Are constant companions, stalwart allies, of desire and fear,
Shadow-dancing toward some illusory security.

* * * *

Is there even one ephemeral moment, one instantaneous here-now,
That can ever be truly experienced as anything more,
Than a time-bound perception?

* * * *

Drugs in themselves are really not the problem.
Using them moderately, for right purpose, is the key.

* * * *

If You try to make these words into law,
You do yourself and others great disservice.
They should be used merely to unlock your own.

* * * *

Any attempt to fill the void is futile,
And only prolongs unnecessary suffering.
Aloneness should be savored like premium wine.
Learning to waft in your eternal vintage is the challenge.

* * * *

You were the original nature before your manifest genesis.
Since then, the conditioning of geographic collusions,
Have denied You the awareness of that impersonal reality.
It is a challenging calling to discern and return to your birthright.

* * * *

Who is the knower who knows? Who is the dreamer who dreams?
Who else can it be, but the one and only You,
In whom all who's who.

* * * *

So many try to change themselves into someone else's ideal.
See the complete falseness of trying to duplicate anyone else's journey.
This discernment of the awareness, this insight into the eternal, cannot be imitated.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of discerning courage,
To be vulnerable, unconditional, intelligent, content, total,
To allow no phenomena to deter opening your mind and heart to eternity.

* * * *

Words are only concepts, and concepts have no ultimate reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

There is really no river to cross, nor ocean into which to merge.
The original nature is on both banks, and all shores,
And above and below, within and without,
Each and every point, as well.

The quantum matrix knows no other.

* * * *

Call it what You will, do with it what You will,
All any seeker can really do in this immeasurable mystery,
Is grapple with imagination's endless permutations,
Until they become aware of the awareness,
And at long last set themselves free.

* * * *

Travel as far as the farthest reaches allow,
That which is absolute, that which is eternal,
Is ever the space prior to all imaginary pursuit.

* * * *

In the pursuit of your eternal nature,
There is no good-old-boy authority network.
You are the soul author of your dreamtime universe.

* * * *

Question everything.
Tear every assumption to pieces.
Only total revolution within can free your spirit,
From the conditioning, the training, the habituation, the taming,
This dreamtime world has chained You.

* * * *

To be ensnared in the web of identity is unequivocal misery.
To believe the temporal mind-body personality real and lasting,
What an arbitrary, confining impingement, upon the eternal spirit.

* * * *

Parables in most every tradition point to the ultimate absolute nature,
Yet most only hear the tale, and miss entirely the mystery of the lesson.

* * * *

To discern, to know, without doubt, that You are indivisibly one,
With all that is, all that has ever been, and all that will ever be,
Is not, if You have the judicious wit, something to be missed.

* * * *

Mind can be a torturous prison, or the wings to freedom.

* * * *

What is the truth?
Nothing You can ever know.
But whatever it may be, or may not be,
You are, as well.

* * * *

If You ever truly agape one thing,
Then You will agape it all.
It is not a choice.

* * * *

There is nothing to know.

* * * *

What a hoax all mythos is.

* * * *

To seek nothing, to want nothing, from this touchy-feely dreamtime,
To be serenely content to – merely, simply, purely, just – be it,
Is about as real as You can be in this quantum illusion.

* * * *

Do not abide the religious pharisees.
Listen and watch and learn only from those,
Who point back to You, and ask nothing in return.

* * * *

Dissatisfaction is encouraged, to ensure cultural continuity.
Would-could any society long survive if people were content?

* * * *

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they dwell in heaven's potential.

* * * *

To see the relativity of it all is an opportunity to abide in great serenity, even joy.

* * * *

Know that wherever You may go, whatever You may do, that You are unity manifest.

* * * *

Those entering their natural state follow no one: They are lights unto themselves.

* * * *

In the relativity of all manifestation, discern that thread of totality.

* * * *

You must die as identity to discern the essential nature.

* * * *

So much suffering caused by the fruit of knowledge,
Yet how much anyone can ever really know,
Makes a thimble look very large.

* * * *

In chaos there is order; in order, chaos.

* * * *

The youness You are, is as real as it gets.

* * * *

You are a bag of bones in appearance only.
Your reality is prior to all words and forms.

* * * *

Liberation awaits You in the sentient awareness,
Of the indivisible quantum state prior to all creation.

* * * *

A real teacher empowers You to do your own fishing.

* * * *

There is absolutely nothing You can really ever truly know,
Except the myriad assumptions the mind in space-time creates.

* * * *

There are no rewards in heaven but what You yourself fabricate.

* * * *

Do not doubt, the prior to consciousness, the prior to quantum, You truly are.
You are That I Am, there is no other, has never been another, will never be another.

* * * *

The world needs fewer messiahs and gurus,
And more pedestrians walking freely in the day-to-day mundane.
Wood-choppers and water-carriers, so to speak.

* * * *

The mind's greatest desire is to attain complete security,
And the endless craving to know unanswerable answers,
Is a perpetual, gnawing part of that vain and futile quest.

* * * *

Without that memory of past, that projection of future,
Without all those neuron trails, fabricating identity,
Where would all the suffering caper and cavort?

* * * *

Your eyes tell me that I am You and You are me.

* * * *

Your original state is absolutely free.
Are You absolute yet? Are You free yet?
When will You be, if not right here, right now?

* * * *

Love your Self, there is no other.

* * * *

You are a holograph of isness.
Everything isness is, everything it is not,
Is discernable within the awareness “You” truly are.

* * * *

When You own this pure awareness,
You can observe closely, any manifestation,
And fully grasp its patterning, its rhyme and reason.

* * * *

If You need approval or sanction from any authority figure,
Then, alas, alas, You still have a ways to go before You let go.

* * * *

Many across time, across space have freed themselves, but what of it, if You have not.

* * * *

Surrender all You think You are, and what is left is the harmony of eternity.

* * * *

You are the indivisible absoluteness prior to consciousness.
Detachment from mind and body is the means to liberation.

* * * *

There may or may not be a supreme being, a personal deity,
But even if there is, it is also of the same clay as You.
Absoluteness is the common denominator of all.

* * * *

Carnivore, omnivore, herbivore, are all equally absolute.

* * * *

To reside in the original nature is as simple as it gets.

* * * *

If You cannot soar outwardly, at least so do within.

* * * *

Imitating another's spaceless, timeless experience, is impossible.
You must witness your own imaginary fabrication entirely alone.

* * * *

The length, breadth, width of any given moment,
Is so infinite, so infinitesimal, as to have never been.
There could be at least a trillion trillions in any given blink.
If there were something to measure, something to quantify, that is.

* * * *

The countless masks of manifestation are difficult to disbelieve.

* * * *

The deity or deities the mind projects, are but fabrications of imagination.
The mystery is the awareness prior to all combobulations of consciousness.

* * * *

There is nothing before everything, nothing during everything, nothing after everything.

* * * *

You must be dragon enough to wrest the pearl of absoluteness from the dragon.

* * * *

Curious how the most obvious things are often the last to be seen.

* * * *

There is a serenity within all who allow their minds to grow still.

* * * *

Flickers of a fading dream, death on the looming horizon.

* * * *

One never knows what coal, what diamonds, will come their way,
In the ineffably indivisible serendipities, of any given day-to-day.

* * * *

You are already it, your only task, to discern it, to own it.

* * * *

From nothingness to nothingness,
The manifest journey between naught but imagination,
And death before dying the only release.

* * * *

Freedom is a function of the strength and courage of spirit.

* * * *

Discern that which is prior to all assumption, all speculation.

* * * *

It is the nature of ambition to make process a sacrifice to time.

* * * *

Whatever grabs your attention is the tether to the sensory play.

* * * *

Any given frame of the whirling kaleidoscope is the same as any other.

* * * *

As long as You depend on the sanction of others, You will never be truly free.

* * * *

In the destruction of Eden, we are all complicit in one way or another.

* * * *

Through consciousness, the awareness timelessly witnesses all.
Discern and surrender to the quantum essence,
That which You indivisibly are.

* * * *

What have You really given your child, if it does not include,
Discipline, fortitude, resourcefulness, capacity, gumption, grit?

* * * *

Evaporate the wind-blown clouds of consciousness,
That twirl and swirl through the awareness You truly are.

* * * *

Even nothing does not matter.

* * * *

Memes rule.

* * * *

There is no law but One.

* * * *

Be as Self-ish as You please.

* * * *

You are, indeed, a quantum fool.

* * * *

Without You to witness your version of the play,
How else, pray tell, would You entertain your Self?

* * * *

Best never to presume You know another's mind,

Without figuring out what is going on in yours first.

* * * *

If You know suffering, You know fear and dread and regret,
And what weaves misery, but the given mind-body,
That cleaves to its imaginary cosmos.

* * * *

You are in it, it is in You, the drop is not separate from the ocean.

VIII

What might it have been like to have never seen your face, or even thought of it?
To have never gazed at your reflection in a puddle of water, or a mirror.
To have never had an illustration painted, or a photograph taken.
To have abided only in the many reflections of others,
As You wandered about your perceived world.

* * * *

Assumptions can take one down many hard paths.
Be careful to choose as shrewdly as possible,
In whatever impetuous spirals You take.
Else the wind will be only too happy,
To cast You willy-nilly, this way, and that.

* * * *

Pierce the abscess, release the poison.

* * * *

Before enlightenment, suffering.
After enlightenment, suffering.
But perhaps, and just perhaps,
Without quite the same attachment.

* * * *

Sorrow is a function of time.

* * * *

Normal is the encasing ideal of culture.
It is the conditioning of tradition.
It is the denial of the lotus.

* * * *

Do You really believe it matters what You believe?

* * * *

What irony that those history anoints worthy of note,
Were so often callous liars, cheats, thieves, and murderers,
Who used the coin of their realms to acquire an illustrious image.

* * * *

Fascinating how so many of our species,
So energetically strive to be known, to be remembered.
Some sort of survival mechanism, deep within the genomic structure,
That histories across space and time well know, as the cause of many an absurdity.

* * * *

All this striving to become something, when in truth, You already are more than enough.

* * * *

Those aware of the awareness, neither need nor create nor foster,
Any belief, any tradition, any ritual, any symbol, any dogmatic hierarchy.
That is the entangling labyrinth, of those who are forever baffled,
Those who follow, those who imitate, those who recite.

* * * *

What unutterable vanity to believe that this timeless quantum mystery,
Needs to be, much less can be, systematized into any so-called religion.

* * * *

What does it mean, to think You are this body, that You are alive?
What makes You believe, You will someday cease to exist?
What makes You so sure You were ever even born?

* * * *

You are more than You know, less than You think.

* * * *

What is the use of worrying over anything?
The only problem is the maker of the problem,
The duality, the mind in separation creates.

* * * *

The dreamtime river is an ever-flowing quantum matrix.
Though mind may attempt to dam it, to channel it,
Or to encase it until it wallows in stagnation,
It ever remains unconstrained, eternal.

* * * *

By succumbing to knowledge and the experience of separate identity,
Consciousness weaves a sticky web of dualistic perception,
The reckoning to which, all who yearn freedom,
Must alone realize lock and key.

* * * *

All lives are played out in one pattern or another.
The mind habitually requires the order of purpose and meaning,
Yet all purpose and meaning, is nothing more than the make-believe of delusion.
Realization that You are but an unborn-undying dream,
Is the one and only salvation.

* * * *

At their outset, many religions (a.k.a., cults),
Were perhaps seeded with insightful, truthful wisdom,
But to all but the most discerning, to all but the least bewildered,

They have all too predictably, all too unsurprisingly, become nothing more,
Than hierarchical snares of dogmatic self-perpetuation.

* * * *

You are ultimately all alone in your eternal dream of space and time.
At best, another can only offer some hints, and urge You on.
You must pathless anew, in whatever way You will.

* * * *

To flow in the symphony of isness,
Is to know the serenity of eternity.
It is as guileless as the next breath.

* * * *

Time forgets all.

* * * *

Living as most manifest it,
Is little more than a life-long,
Unlearned lesson about vanity.

* * * *

Hesitation, guilt, shame, remorse,
Are the plight of the conditioned mind.
Live each moment fully, and regret nothing.

* * * *

Attach to no definitions, accept no labels.

* * * *

The mind-body as identity can never know true serenity.
It is a recorded etching of narcissism and hedonism.
A hollow product of manifest separation, bound in time.
The mind-body's ambition to become, is vested self-deception.

* * * *

When You came into this garden through your mother's womb,
You and all the other creatures knew only the concord of eternity.
You consumed the harvest of knowledge, and lost sight of its source.
Your fellow earthlings still reside in there, awaiting your timeless return.

* * * *

Thoughts such as these are dead in themselves.
Their intention is to assist the transcendence of consciousness,
Into discerning the spaceless, timeless, changeless, immutability of the natural state.
And whether or not they – resonate, succeed, flourish, triumph, prosper –
Is entirely up to, whatever eyes see, whatever ears hear.

* * * *

Whatever is done to another is ultimately done to your Self.

* * * *

Contour whatever dreamy illusion You will,
You are ever the clay of the ground,
And clay sees only clay.

* * * *

The whole point of all these thoughts,
Is to help You, to encourage You,
To sync with your eternal nature.
That all your vain divisions are illusory,
That your sense of duality is utterly fabricated.
Examine closely everything You have ever been told.
To own this vision, You must awaken to unadulterated doubt.

* * * *

Spiritual hierarchies are manufactured,
By those often quite willing to seize everything,
And leave your spirit desolate and flapping on a rocky shore.

* * * *

There are no chosen people.
All are equal in the quandary of oneness.
Those laying such claims only mislead themselves,
And anyone credulous enough, to believe someone on a pulpit.

* * * *

All that is, is of the patterning, but what resides prior to all patterns?
Who cares whether You exist once, or expire times beyond counting?
Every moment's kaleidoscoping dreamtime, is the story's true telling.

* * * *

Every culture creates an ethos to perpetuate its continuity.
Identification with any mindset, any tradition, is ultimately a quagmire.
To realize absolute nature, to become boundless, to unfurl into the cosmic dance,
Discern that all stories, all traditions, all cultures, are nothing more than arbitrary collusions.

* * * *

When graven images no longer entice You, just exit the building, and go home.

* * * *

These sundry thoughts are for those no longer enchanted, no longer distracted,
By the ever-kaleidescoping cacophony of this mind-made dreamtime.
Those called to realize that which is prior to consciousness.
Those inspired to reclaim the serenity of the garden,
In which our fellow earthlings still reside.

* * * *

There is such a huge gap between knowledge and understanding,
And neither have much in common with the source or their origin.

* * * *

The quantum matrix kaleidoscopes into human beings,
And they prone to imagining its mystery in their own image.

* * * *

Question every assumption; leave none unturned.

* * * *

Identity is a temporal figment of imagination.

* * * *

Undo the quest for continuity; reality bubbles in the moment.

* * * *

The most insidious desire is for continuity.

* * * *

You need not ‘try’ to become absolute supreme.
You already are that ultimate, effortless state.
Simply rid yourself of the forged sense of identity.
Still the mind, ignore the senses, wander in awareness.

* * * *

Until the momentary surrendering is attained,
Spiritual practices and methodologies only continue,
To strengthen and contort the mind’s fabricated personality.

* * * *

The indelible mystery, and those who discern it with a dollop of clarity,
Have always been misconstrued and desecrated by the vanities of ignorance.
Awakening to the illusory nature, challenging it in every way, is the prime directive.

* * * *

What is natural, what is synthetic, and do such rifts exist in the quantum matrix?

* * * *

You can speculate and argue about this mystery all You please,
But what You think makes absolutely no difference, whatsoever.

* * * *

Celibacy is a natural lack of craving, not denial or repression.

* * * *

All one can really do is live life in agnostic wonder.

* * * *

Maya is nothing but the dance of imagination.
To abide in serenity, to give freely, to agape joyfully,
Simply merge into that which was never born.

* * * *

Only in the ascetic stillness of aloneness,
The unwavering source of all manifest mystery,
Can any truly know their ultimate nature.

* * * *

You are the cotton candy spun of mystery.

* * * *

If You were to fall asleep, never to awaken,
Those remaining might notice, but would You?

* * * *

All are free to drink fully from the eternal reservoir.
How thirsty any are, is really the first and last question.

* * * *

To discover what You really are is to tap into a content serenity.

* * * *

Those already free cannot really help anyone; each must journey alone.

* * * *

Better to live moment-to-moment in freedom, than a lifetime of continuity in chains.

* * * *

Wisdom acknowledges and embraces ignorance so closely as to make it innocuous.

* * * *

As long as You abide the mind set in some concrete, arbitrary reality,
You cannot discern the fluid timelessness of its indivisible upwelling.

* * * *

In no way, shape or form is the mystery separate from You.

* * * *

Identity is nothing more than a collusion of memory.
Without it, You are truly no different than anything else.

* * * *

All those labels You abide by mean diddly-squat.

* * * *

When the inner voice, the ego, the little self,
Dissolves into the awareness, into the witness,
The fallacious conception of duality ceases.

* * * *

There is a time to sow, a time to reap.
There is a time to learn, a time to unlearn.
To abide all, with a sense of grace, is the task.

* * * *

In awareness, there is no time-space continuum.

* * * *

Maya is a time-bound, ever-present trickster.
Only simple, momentary faith, casts aside the veil.

* * * *

Ego must dissipate for this knowing to take up residence.

* * * *

Duality is created by mind and senses; it has no reality beyond delusion.

* * * *

Pretty amazing all the gibberish that comes about because of a few memory cells.

* * * *

You were born because You were told so; You will die for the same reason.

* * * *

Whether awake, asleep or waking, the witness is always ever-present.

* * * *

The awakened mind, wanders the pathless path of awareness,
In which, within every breath consciousness allots,
It repeatedly discerns, there is no other.

* * * *

To see this is to unfurl the sails in a rudderless voyage.

* * * *

Imagination is its own student, its own teacher.

* * * *

Check your mind at the door.

* * * *

The stillness before time, that is home.

* * * *

To discover that which is prior to mythos,
Is akin to a newborn blanketed in mystery,
Suckling contentedly at the mother's breast.

* * * *

To quaff at the trough of eternity without sharing,
Does not seem to be the nature of the unfathomable.

* * * *

There is really no difference between saint and demon.
Both are just masks disguising the same faceless nature.

* * * *

From beginning to end, in this dreamy manifest dimension,
All You think You are, is just food for worms and other critters.

* * * *

Those who cannot comprehend will constrict your efforts into labels,
In order to avoid the introspection that understanding would require.
Never allow your Self to be encased by Maya's countless limitations.

* * * *

Sensations that You like are pleasurable,
Sensations You do not like, are not pleasurable.
Both are equally the recreation of the sensory mind-body.
Discern That which is prior to all.

* * * *

Those who will not collude with the illusion,
They are the unborn-undying, prior to mind and senses.
Free of desire, fearless, absolute, timeless, serene, they wander alone.

* * * *

Thought as identity, as persona, is a yellow brick road,
Bent on every conceivable, every imaginable genre of experience.
Only in the tranquil stillness of the indivisible awareness,
Is there any prospect for genuine contentment.

* * * *

Are You Jew, Muslim, Christian, Buddhist, Taoist,
Existentialist, nihilist, ad infinitum?
Or none of the above?

* * * *

The quixotic seeker travels far and wide and long,

Until finally realizing home was always here now.

* * * *

The source of all is neither nothing nor everything.

* * * *

One day You will perhaps find craving,
Other than for the most essential necessities for survival,
Slowly, quietly, serenely, without fanfare, like a candle, just burns itself out.

* * * *

So many claims, so many lies, so many scams, so many illusions,
The so-called spiritual quest is not about power nor fame nor fortune.
It is about ascertaining the clarity, the serenity of your own eternal vision.

* * * *

Many a scientist has through microscope and telescope discovered,
What seers across space and time intuited long before history's origin.

* * * *

So many prophets and religions, so many philosophers and philosophies.
Curious how much more guileless truth is, than the countless thoughts about it.

* * * *

Those asserting they are keepers of any given belief system, any given story,
Can never be more than false prophets and sordid hypocrites.
Even That I Am cannot know its origin.

* * * *

When will You be free and clear?
When will You discern that which You already are?
Depends how long You persist in lugging around that busy-busy mind,
To which You so arbitrarily and tenaciously cling.

* * * *

Dispense with knowledge and the ever-present garden reappears.

* * * *

You cannot erase pain unless You deal with its cause, and that may or may not be possible.

* * * *

Whatever You do, whenever You do it,
Wherever You do, in whatever form You do it,
It will ever be nothing more than quantum dreamtime.

* * * *

There are the wolves, there are the sheep, and there are the sovereign aligned with neither.

* * * *

It may take a few billion years,
For all traces of humankind to be obliterated,
But eventually everything recycles in this quantum playground,
So, no worries, mate, earth will abide,
Until it does not.

* * * *

Through awareness of the other comes awareness of the no other.

* * * *

What we call knowledge is no less imaginary than any fairy tale.
Both are equal products, equal conscripts, of the time born of mind.

* * * *

At some point, it there really anything that You have to do ever again?
Seriously, how many times do You have to brush your teeth to get the gist?

IX

The eternal salvation so many claim,
Remains up to You to discover and recover.
Following some guide up an arduous mountain pass,
Still requires that You undertake the journey very much alone.

* * * *

How many seek out others who will support their delusion.

* * * *

Believe nothing, abide in ignorance, the profound reality.

* * * *

How unique relationship founded upon respect.

* * * *

You are a witness, not an identity.

* * * *

Be simple.

* * * *

Only wax wings melt.

* * * *

All patterning is limitation.

* * * *

Develop the humility of a lump of clay.

* * * *

Maya will steal your things,
Diminish and annihilate your body,
And play every sort of havoc with your mind,
But do not let it tame your spirit.

* * * *

That moment You just zippity-whizzed through,
What was it but a tentative perception?
How can You ever prove it ever really happened,
But through subjective, arbitrary, skewed, unverifiable assertion?
Even if a crowd witnessed the same moment, could anyone have seen it the same?

* * * *

Birth and death are concepts formed by cultures that often comprehend neither.

* * * *

Love, as much of humankind manifests it, can be a fairly hateful act.

* * * *

Imagine all those walking by as skeletons waiting to happen.

* * * *

Go to where even the greatest deity must return.

* * * *

Breathe in isness … Breathe out isness …

* * * *

So subtle this timeless passing.

* * * *

All your ambition to become,
All the conflicts You partake,
All the suffering You register,
Mean nothing, nada, zero-sum.

* * * *

So predictable as to be absolute perfection.

* * * *

Languages and mythoi are ever-changing in time,
But the wisdom expressed by each, is timeless in all.

* * * *

Every moment is birth and death, creation and destruction,
Appearing very different, yet ultimately very much the same.

* * * *

Words! Words! Words! Such wretched, distorting, incomplete distractions.

* * * *

Who cares if there is some sort of corporate hierarchy to an imaginary supreme deity?
Be content to be plebeian or gatekeeper or gardener or ferryman or charioteer,
Or whatever unpretentious role suits your ‘always a beginner’ nature.

* * * *

Wherever You sojourn, far and wide as it may appear, You are always here now.

* * * *

Mind is both the source of separation and the potential for reunification.

* * * *

Such a mysterious dream, and You, the mystery dreaming.

* * * *

You are the sojourner witnessing your own creation.

* * * *

Once You begin this solitary pilgrimage,
There will be endless distractions,
But there is no turning back,
For the genuine seeker.

* * * *

Discern that to which no label clings.

* * * *

Clinging to your life does not make it so.

* * * *

The soul-mating You seek is really to your Self.

* * * *

Rapture over the spectacles of the human paradigm,
Is akin to a domesticated animal raving about its cage.

* * * *

Vanity binds You again and again in the figment of your mind.

* * * *

Everything You see, hear, touch, taste, smell,
Every thought, every belief, everything known and intuited,
Is personal mythos, entirely of your own creation, your own imagination.

* * * *

Humanity has devised every sort of mythology,
To explain that which is indivisibly, indelibly ineffable,
Yet pain and suffering and angst continue unabated in every venue.
Organized religions, priests, sages, shamans, channelers, shysters, and charlatans,
Have failed to bring about any lucid, elemental commonality.
Why do You continue to be so gullible?

* * * *

The temporal world urges You to gather all You can, whenever You can,
But to discern the unborn, undying, spaceless, timeless truth,
You must, within and without, let everything go.

* * * *

All explanations of the inexplicable mystery in any mythos,
Are limited by the conceptual constraints of the given language,
And the expansive or contracted vision to which it aspires.

* * * *

Teaching is an excellent way to discover how little You know.

* * * *

Within all manifestation, the unmanifest witness is.

* * * *

Once You as identity are shattered,
The trick is not putting the shards together again.
Let Humpty-Dumpty rest in pieces.

* * * *

You are on your own.
The eternal is yours to tap.
The keys are your mind and heart,
And a sure unwillingness to settle for lies.

* * * *

Anger is the compressed resistance to reality.

* * * *

Do not give even one coin for all the lies your senses weave.

* * * *

So many just throw their minds, their lives away,
On the kaleidoscoping illusion of appearances and attributes,
Never grasping, it is the portal to the indivisible, unfathomable mystery.

* * * *

From your earliest moments, naming and defining began,
Desire was encouraged, innocence corrupted, and suffering derived.
Only the most unassuming, the most transparent, ascertain the eternal birthright.

* * * *

Transcending the doubt, merging into that which is intangible, indivisible,
Is an arduous journey, a profoundly mysterious inner quest,
The ending to which is timelessly the same.

* * * *

To discern heaven, You may well long and far traverse purgatory,
That which this temporal undertaking oftentimes appears to be,
Until, within and without, You awaken to its eternal reality.

* * * *

An enlightened parent's purpose in life is to empower a child,
Not to depend psychologically on them or their future.
Do not use the innocent to redeem your paucity.

* * * *

Most are satisfied with one mythos or another.
Few discriminate the indivisible foundation directly.
The maya of consciousness is a great distractor.

* * * *

Merge into the unicity of unmanifest beingness.
It is the origin, the source, of all manifestation.

* * * *

End the darkness, discern your own light.

* * * *

You can never more than pretend to know,
Who, what, when, why, where, how.
It being an intangible, ungraspable mystery,
All You can do is intuit, that You are it, and it is You.

* * * *

These thoughts have no existence of their own.
Their meaning – like all paradoxes and ironies and riddles –
Only those who perceive their own drum can hear.

* * * *

What have You discovered for yourself?
Is there some substance behind what You believe,
Or are You just regurgitating something You read or heard?
Unless You own your own mind, You will never perceive what is true.

* * * *

Identifying with any manifestation, any part, only perpetuates the web of delusion.

* * * *

Every flower has its time, and every one the compost for the next bloom.

* * * *

Who-what-when-where-why-how is any dreamtime of any life form,
But the same faceless witness beneath the mask none will never see.

* * * *

You have done and said and thought many things,
But all are merely a passing dream.
You are none of them.

* * * *

Though Maya pulls every magician's trick,
To convince You there are many,

In truth, there is only one.

* * * *

What is the point of living a life,
Merely to gratify the senses and pander the mind?
Surely there is more to it than that.

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, prior to the sensory theater,
The stillness before time is what You every moment are.

* * * *

Pleasure and pain attract and repel like fighters in the ring,
Yet few discern the causeless cause and effortless solution.

* * * *

We are all faking it, pretenders making it up as we go,
And all the while trying so hard to justify ourselves bona fide.
Stop, take a deep breath, and take the play and yourself less seriously.
Be right here, be right now, be the unborn-undying awareness, You truly are.

* * * *

Always examine, always question, anything and everything, closely, for your Self.
To blindly accept another's outlook as truth, without a critical eye,
Is a dark and wayward road, down which the mob,
Has traveled times beyond counting.

* * * *

Wherever You go, whatever You do, You are always here, You are always now.

* * * *

Because there is no other, there is no need to prove anything,
To all the others You spend your consciousness creating.
It is all You.

* * * *

Whatever bearing You take on this inexplicable mystery,
Whether the all-knowing many-faced version,
Or that all knowledge is fabricated,
What remains, when all is said and done?

* * * *

Prior to consciousness, You are that.
Nothing more, nothing less.
Simplicity its Self.

* * * *

Nothing will ever be the same.

* * * *

The dream is a field of gold.

* * * *

The truth spoken is not truth.

* * * *

All divisions are markers of ignorance.

* * * *

Do not encumber what is written here,
With the labels and assumptions of the intellect.
No concept treads in the arena of indivisible absoluteness.

* * * *

The clayness abides any and every shape:
Animal, plant, insect, fish, earth, water, air and fire.
But can never peer beyond the enticing veil of manifest form,
For more than momentary, intuitive glimpses, of its unnamable upwelling.

* * * *

What is the quality of mind when knowledge and experience add no further weight?

* * * *

Harmony is living effortlessly without the concerns and strains of identity.

* * * *

Ask not what isness can do for You, but what You can do in it.

* * * *

Your believing it real is a prison of your own design.

* * * *

Play the spiritual hierarchy game if it amuses You,
But ultimately totality, not the player,
Is your original nature.

* * * *

It is all just an endless load of crap.
Get over it and move on,
Ever alone.

* * * *

It is for You to say, for You to do.

* * * *

Your discontent is born of separation.

Surrender to the sovereignty of serenity.

* * * *

Awakening is for every one, yet not for everyone.
The many are called, few are chosen, conundrum.

* * * *

Your persona is doomed to complete and utter extinction,
And there is no other to save that which needs no saving.

* * * *

You are but another life form, another creature, another universe,
Ultimately as anonymous as any other, Mother Gaia has ever created.

* * * *

Whatever the witnessing, whether animate or inanimate, all is ever oneness.

* * * *

The arrogant suffer quite a shock then their ignorance becomes apparent.

* * * *

Play out the dream as You choose; all dancers and dances are equal.

* * * *

The essence of what You are, is unknowable, and ever out of reach.
Embracing an agnostic state of mind, makes for a very simple existence.

* * * *

Anything can take You there if You have the insight to see.

* * * *

Doubt includes the dread that You may be wrong; You are not.

* * * *

It is less about what any other thinks about You,
Than it is, what You think they think about You.

* * * *

It is your sandbox; do with it what You will.

* * * *

Nothing is a-happening all the timeless.

* * * *

Psychological dependency aborts sovereignty.

* * * *

Respect all manifestation as You would your Self.

* * * *

Identity is so painfully confining, so dreadfully mundane.
Why You continue to seek continuity is, indeed, a mystery.

* * * *

What to do, when the world and all its vanities, no longer moves You,
When thought subsides, and the mind is content to reside in awareness.

* * * *

Manifest life might get closer to being fair if everyone played by the same rules.

* * * *

Desire and fear and dread, all the passions,
Have conditioned your mind into imagining it all real.
Freedom in consciousness, is abiding in the momentary awareness.

* * * *

How vain to think your life and times are so vital to the universe.

* * * *

If You are here-now-ing in awareness, You are That I Am … No brag, just fact.

* * * *

The only difference between any given You and me,
Is the perceptions, the vanities, born of imagination.

* * * *

If You seek to attain the eternal quantum mind,
You must abandon your sense of dualistic notion.

* * * *

Those discerning reality can only feel compassion,
For the multitudes who tarry in ignorance and confusion.

* * * *

All the imagination in the cosmos,
Cannot project itself into either past or future.
This right here, this right now, is the only eternal moment,
There is, there has ever been, there will ever be.

* * * *

To settle for anything less,
Than the absolute sovereignty of awareness,
Is the same old confusion and folly that ignorance has ever been.

* * * *

Are psychological theories and therapies anything more than tools,

To engineer your continued conformity to the given cultural mindset?

* * * *

Do You seriously believe any supreme being,
Would not be bored to tears with human absurdity by now?
Likely less the absentee landlord, than the gone-fishing project manager.

* * * *

How much time have You dwelled on all the inanities of the human drama?
What do You need to prove, what can You prove, to any other anymore, really?

X

What was the face of God before You were born, what will it be after You die,
But the same faceless, still awareness, it has always been,
In every ageless here now,
Since long before the advent of stardust.

* * * *

Using some confining, dogmatic, pointlessly hollow concept of God,
To endure, to stomach, the day-to-day time-bound mundane,
Does not make anyone more spiritual or transcendent,
Than they and everyone and everything else,
Every indivisible eternal moment already is, and is not.

* * * *

Do not seek out christs, buddhas, and other sages,
Except as means to realize your own faceless nature.

* * * *

Accept nothing short of direct perception.
What point is there to anything less?

* * * *

Sorrow is a distraction You choose to play.

* * * *

Locked in identity, we are all vain outbursts.

* * * *

The quantum of humanity awakens at its own pace,
Into conscious action in routine daily living.
Do not wait for others to follow suit.

* * * *

Sometimes You end up at the right placed at the right time.
Other times at the wrong place at the right time.
But what is good and what is bad?
Looking back later,
Does it all not seem relative?

* * * *

Erase any and all doubt that You are indivisible quantum source.
Exist serenely in the ever-present, moment-to-moment, timeless reality.
Even in the midst of complete and utter chaos, You are the harmony that reigns.

* * * *

The dreams of cats, ants, fish, flowers and rocks are no less illusory than your own.

* * * *

The delusion of duality is for those to whom the pleasure of the senses is all.

* * * *

One by one, drop by drop, quantum by quantum,
Human consciousness must individually reconcile its indivisibility.
All resistance is imagined.

* * * *

Never disbelieve or deny another's experience.
Just because it has not yet been discerned within your realm,
Does not mean anything is not perhaps possible.
You are the eternal proof of that.

* * * *

When to say yes, when to say no,
When to say the maybe that does not mean yes,
Is a talent, a skillset, not easily mastered.

* * * *

To die for an idea is as vain as it gets.

* * * *

The dream passes in its own eternal way.

* * * *

Life's seeming meaninglessness,
Is a thin veneer disguising its purpose.
Rip off that mask and discern your real faceless.

* * * *

To peer through the dualistic sensory screen,
At the ceaseless diversity across this garden world,
And see only the unicity of awareness, is an arduous task.

* * * *

You are the eternal faceless nature; there has never been another.

* * * *

Is creation anything more than one big unfathomable quantum experiment?

* * * *

The only real sin You have ever committed was never being told of your original nature.

* * * *

Past and future are the imagined collusion of the monkey-mind.

* * * *

Knowing You are one with all manifestation,
Does not mean You should not exercise caution,
When petting tigers or sleeping with snakes.

* * * *

Separation from the source is purgatory.
Heaven is the born-again reunion within.

* * * *

The will of mystery manifests intuitively.

* * * *

When struggle and resistance end,
When surrender to what is, is complete,
You will be the awareness that is home to all.

* * * *

The hell of consciousness offers little peace.
Heaven is the stillness of absolute awareness.

* * * *

Most so-called higher states in life take practice.
Detachment, harmony, serenity, contentment, peace,
Are especially challenging leaders among them.

* * * *

As long as You believe your identity genuine,
As something more than the underlying awareness,
You will dread sickness and injury and aging and demise.

* * * *

Light and dark are but sensory perceptions of consciousness.
The reality of the indivisible absolute is prior to any and all notions.
To subscribe to any conceptions is merely the hollow game of imagination.

* * * *

Seek the path that suits your nature, but never believe it was the only one possible.

* * * *

God surely meant guardianship of the garden, not domination and destruction.

* * * *

Each must find their way alone as suits disposition, interest, capacity.
The mysterious givens of the manifest patterning that makes all unique.

* * * *

Somehow the mysterious glue of now holds together into the next.

* * * *

The journey home is fraught with demons of your own making.

* * * *

All mythos is a cruel hoax played upon the unborn.

* * * *

Sow the seed of mystery, and it will harvest You.

* * * *

Eternity begins, eternity ends, this moment, ever unborn, ever undying.
A birthright, a bequest, most are far-removed from ever knowing.
And only the rarest few, tapping in with their whole being.

* * * *

You will find contentment in identity's demise.

* * * *

Practice, practice, practice, it is endless practice.

* * * *

Seeing the unseen, there is really nothing more to see.

* * * *

None are islands, in this finite, temporal, mortal dream of time.
Only in eternal awareness, are all worlds, all universes, undone.

* * * *

Peace, as simple as it is, takes intention to manifest.
Humanity did not reach any point in time through placid means.
Peace for many would be akin to a morsel of food stuck in a glutton's throat.

* * * *

Those who struggle only for the vanities of power and fame and fortune,
Close the gateless gate to the spaceless-timeless mystery within and without.

* * * *

Drugs, if used, should be used to find reality, not escape from it.

* * * *

All your selfish craving for security denies everyone else's.

* * * *

Once You know union is possible, the rest is up to You.

* * * *

Every manifestation, despite its unlimited nature,

Operates within the confines of its patterning.

* * * *

Awakening is like going to a big screen movie theater.
At first You observe only the plot upon the screen.
At some point You see there must be more to it,
That light passes through a lens on a projector.
The bulb and film seem to be the source of it all,
Until You find the electrical cord plugged into the wall.
And where that leads to, what it comes from, is anybody's guess.
So, enjoy the movie, realize it is not as real as You thought,
That what You really are, is shrouded behind the wall.

* * * *

To assume the source of this mystery is either male or female,
Is to completely miss the very real probability that it is neither,
That sexuality is truly nothing more than mutated happenstance.

* * * *

Condemning any individual or group in for the state of the world,
Misses the interconnected collusion of all humankind across time.
To one degree or another, each and every one of us is responsible.

* * * *

Between mystery and its manifest creations, mystery has the easier job.

* * * *

Hurl your dream into the ocean of reality; You are but a drop in the spraying reef.

* * * *

The mortal mind is a temporal, mysterious tapestry threaded by desire.
Fear and anger and obsession and every variety of vanity,
Are among the most negative outcomes.

* * * *

Some might argue owning this depends on karma,
That no one can accelerate or coerce the awakening.
Others contend it will happen if You simply desire it so.
Your own research into the matter is warranted.

* * * *

To intelligently witness this absurd spectacle,
And not descend into darkness through cynicism,
Or stumble about clumsily in ironic laughter,
Is a most challenging tightrope, indeed.

* * * *

Your real family are those of like-mindedness.

They may or may not be related by blood.

* * * *

The mind is a most unruly agent.

* * * *

Herein are many thoughts,
All of them pointing back to you,
In the most real, the most elevated way.

* * * *

Undiscerning dogmatic rigidity and repression,
Are not laudable ingredients in questing the source.
Fanaticism in any of its many vain faces has little merit.
Travel the path of moderation whenever possible.

* * * *

Explore the underlying indivisible simplicity within all things.

* * * *

Whether they be relatives, friends, acquaintances, enemies:
Grasp as best ye may whatever lessons the departed may have offered,
Then release them in peace to whatever the indivisible, the unknown, has in store.

* * * *

Once You own any thought, any concept, any impression,
Once any perception is added to the dynamic of your frame of reference,
The insights it reveals, mix-and-match-new-and-unique,
Double-double-toil-and-trouble meld,
Into the witch's brew of your paradigm stew.

* * * *

At first You may feel hesitation to articulate your vision.
Those limited to the determinate world of illusory appearance,
Do not easily hearken to the news of their divine nature.

* * * *

To give over, to relinquish, to abandon, to surrender, one's existence,
To discerning the absolute awareness of the mystery within.
There is no greater authenticity, no superior truth,
Than opening the portal to the eternal.

* * * *

Any belief that You are separate from the totality,
Is established entirely upon unwarranted delusion.

* * * *

You may cloak it, You may ignore it, You may deny it,

But You cannot hide from, escape from, the indivisible within.
Eventually, it summons home, all who have eyes to see and ears to hear.

* * * *

If You give your self to Self,
Things will take care of themselves,
In a way that only You alone can witness.

* * * *

To own this awareness,
And somehow abide in the world,
Is what this scarred garden so badly requires.
It will not change anything in the inevitability of it all,
But it sorely hungers for it, just the same.

* * * *

Those operating in a limited, conditioned view of the mystery.
May see your light, and may even invite You to reside in their realms,
But your vision of totality, they will likely never even begin to comprehend.

* * * *

You are a liar, a cheat, a thief, and daily plot murder and mayhem,
But at least You are not a hypocrite more often than necessity requires.

* * * *

The world is a hatching ground of so many potentials as to be incalculable.

* * * *

The illusory world can never provide You with the security You crave.

* * * *

You may have to experience suffering in many ways,
Depending on your vain resistance to the indivisible.

* * * *

The many trappings of the conceptual personality,
Are false, and must be discerned as such,
If liberation is ever to be realized.

* * * *

The eye of discernment,
Sees the ravages of suffering,
On the masks of consciousness.
Few faces are harbors of eternal joy.

* * * *

To perceive the isness of awareness directly,
What higher purpose could there possibly be?

* * * *

Do not hope for a better time.
Heaven's eternal way will ever be now.
Hope only puts off the realization of the unfolding.

* * * *

The ego identity is as shallow as a poor man's grave.

* * * *

You may transcend the innumerable limitations of the mortal nature,
But must still partake the confines and consequences of the given form.

* * * *

The cause becomes the effect becomes the cause becomes the effect becomes …
In the ceaseless streamlessness-causelessness-effectlessness-nadalessness of it all.

* * * *

When You own this, the accounting of karma begins its final zero-sum audit.

* * * *

Coming to grips with the eternal nature is rarely as simple as it is.

* * * *

Use every passing experience to reflect upon your divinity.

* * * *

Time is an ungraspable, dreamily surreal passing.

* * * *

So many things existence will do to carry on.

* * * *

In diversity there is unity; in chaos, order.

* * * *

Empathy is a means to understanding.

* * * *

Existence can be an absorbing calamity.

* * * *

Nothing is known, nothing is left unknown.

* * * *

True wisdom is abiding fully in the given moment.

* * * *

All the creed, crucifixes, statues, holy books, prayers,
Are but distractions until You are ready for the real gold.

* * * *

The most solid forms waft the same as smoke rising from a flame.

* * * *

Dissatisfaction with yourself is the hunger for the perfection of your Self.

* * * *

Always a challenge responding adequately to situations for which You are not prepared.

* * * *

So challenging to be detached from manifestation.
All the concepts and activities, the desire for sensory gratification,
The ceaseless craving of the loins, the ever-enticing draw of power, status, wealth.
Practice, it is a lifetime of practice, from the first breath, to the last.

* * * *

More irony and paradox for those who are already more than way too weary.

* * * *

This one and only timeless moment, are You giving it your full attention?

* * * *

Drink fully that isness often headlined love; the cup will never empty.

* * * *

You can think about this grand mystery,
In whatever way your imagination twists and twirls,
Or not at all, for all that it matters, from the ultimate perspective.

* * * *

The gravity of the indivisible is drawing You home.

* * * *

Peel away all appearances, and what is left?
The mind, the body, the senses, are not You.

* * * *

Defining your Self is the first and last error.

* * * *

We two-leggeds embrace a good story.
Weave a mundane shopping list into a tale,
And it risks becoming a coast-to-coast best seller.

* * * *

To what dream can the bona fide Self possibly be bound?

* * * *

What is your greatest attachment? Release it and all will follow suit.

* * * *

The antidote to any given problem is ever encoded somewhere within it.

* * * *

Doubt everything until You discern within that truth to which doubt can find no hold.

XI

Some get born into pondering thoughts such as these, and some are hijacked into them,
But most of those who investigate the enigmatic unknown of their own accord,
Must discover the way, with their own blend of doubt and gumption,
And the many serendipities of the given Yellow Brick Road.

* * * *

So many seem to want to be loved, to be needed, so badly,
But one wonders how many are truly interested or capable,
Of reciprocating at more than the most superficial heights.
Love is more than a word, love is more than a vibration.
And if You truly love one, how can You not love all?

* * * *

There will be no difference but the one You harbor.

* * * *

You are not obligated to want anything.

* * * *

You have often witnessed the insanity,
Of those who blindly follow in ignorance.
Seek out and follow none but the wise,
And then only to listen, learn, own.

* * * *

Your real wealth is beyond counting.

* * * *

The church is within; no edifice is required.

* * * *

It is neither action nor deed, but unspoken intention,
Which must surely win the accolades of any heaven.

* * * *

First knowledge, then understanding, finally, direct perception.

* * * *

Use all trials as levers and fulcrums to the wispy realms of wisdom.

* * * *

You will be ruby-slipper home when desire and fear have no ground to toil.

* * * *

Always check out the fine print, or be ready to run and hide when payment comes due.

* * * *

Earth is a sandbox, an opportunity to play until You are ready to return home.

* * * *

Transcend both male and female; You are ultimately beyond both.

* * * *

Don't lose your humor; nothing worse than a dour jester.

* * * *

Rational, linear persuasion, is of no real use,
Because nothing can ever be proven.
An intuitive logic is required.

* * * *

It is real as long as You believe it real.

* * * *

Coincidences, are they really?

* * * *

A drop that has lost its sense of ocean,
Suffers the agony of isolating separation.

* * * *

Any given mythos may try to explain the journey,
But none can articulate to any to where all paths end.

* * * *

I Am is the Way.
It is the within, it is the without,
Where within and without no longer persevere.
It is You, in the most indelible, indivisible spaceless, timeless,
Absolute, unborn, undying, unfathomable sense.

* * * *

Put all prophets and sages in their place, as teachers, not messiahs.

* * * *

How much energy humanity spends wrangling over such petty contrivances.

* * * *

Those who quest that which is true, will discern it written about in many teachings.
But to actually be the awareness, is to look prior to mere belief and faith.
Union with that which is absolute, that which is eternally real,
Is far more than hollow superstition and idolatry.

* * * *

You cannot really know another until You discern the infinity You are.

* * * *

Everyone You meet and observe, everything You read and study,
Every manifest form You interact with in any given manner,
Is a reflection for You to inquire into your true nature.

* * * *

If often takes more courage to live than it does to die.

* * * *

Try to see others as You would your Self.
Have compassion for the many trials all must face.
None are really different than your own.

* * * *

Honor and respect your family, if possible,
But allow them no reign over your calling.

* * * *

Why would it ever appeal to anyone,
To be pigeonholed in their eternal quest?
Why be classified for the yearning to ascertain,
That birthright prior to any sound given conception?
You are, and that is really all, there needs be said.

* * * *

You must cultivate and harvest your Self your Self.

* * * *

If your spiritual quest yearns only for distracting,
Magic tricks, carnival ferris wheels, and circus light shows,
You are probably not quite ready to embrace the unknowable unknown.

* * * *

To have superlative knowledge of this mystery,
To have read many books, to have attended many lectures,
Does not mean the truth implied, has even come close to being realized.

* * * *

Everything seen, everything heard, everything tasted, everything felt, everything smelt,
Everything prior, everything beyond what any mind can measure,
Everything thought, everything not thought,
All that is, all is not,
It is all You.

* * * *

As long as You believe your little self-absorbed identity real and true,
Maya will be only too happy to inflict, to collect, the levy of suffering.

* * * *

For the rare few, mind is a quantum seed that sprouts and grows,
Flowering into timeless realization, eternal liberation,
Conscious awareness of the original nature.

* * * *

Do You truly believe your puny character,
Your meaningless sense of identity,
All You think You know,
All your absurd beliefs,
All your vague recollections,
Are what will someday be reborn?

* * * *

You are That I Am.
The ultimate job description,
However You are drawn to play it out.

* * * *

In a perfect world,
The pen is as sharp a point,
As any other would ever need endure.
But, alas, it is, indeed, indeed, not a perfect world,
So bwahahahahahahaha!

* * * *

The passionate mind is the birth and rebirth,
The cause and effect, of the ceaseless suffering of duality.
There is tranquil agreeableness in the dispassion of timeless awareness.

* * * *

The countless abuses of affluence have ever been set before You.
Those whose greed controls their destiny, have neither heart nor mind for eternity.
Their absorption with gold and other shiny things, blinds them to reality.

* * * *

Many believe they know God through one dogmatic, idolatrous assertion or another,
But what can any ever truly know of that which is prior to all,
If they have not discerned it within.

* * * *

Any absorption with power and control, worldly or spiritual,
Must eventually be set aside, as yet another game of illusion.

* * * *

Those who have discerned the immortality of awareness,
Yet meander through the pathless pathways of hellish tortures,
As they let fall away, the remnants of their imaginary mortal destiny.

* * * *

Space and time are the realm of dualistic notion.
What You travel through, is an indivisible dream.

* * * *

In the quest toward the unborn-undying freedom,
Attachment to the mind-body has less and less hold.
It is but a medium, a vehicle – a means, not an end.

* * * *

To identify with any movement of thought is delusion.
Only in awareness is there any relationship with reality.

* * * *

The perceptions and reflections of reality are not reality.

* * * *

Peel away the masks of God to find your own faceless nature.

* * * *

Though it may often not appear so, though it may not often seem so,
– And others may use your inscrutability to their own ends,
Because that is ever the inclination of the illusion –
You are the captain, You are the navigator,
Of your part and particle of this whodunnit mystery.
So, sally forth, Don Quixote, let no windmill go unchallenged.

* * * *

Any given mind-body experiencing offers its own means to the eternal.
It will be realized by earnest seekers in every space, in every time, imaginable.
There is really only one Way, but there are any number of pathless paths to discern it.

* * * *

Even if You do not discern it fully, rest assured You are as equally quantum as any.

* * * *

You journey from fad to fad, whim to whim, believing You live meaningfully.
What absurd folly to think pleasure after pleasure will redeem your yearning mind.
The ceaseless hunger for more-more-more is utterly empty, utterly insignificant.

* * * *

All that can ever be perceived in this quantum matrix,
Is but a kaleidoscoping light and sound show.
An impromptu, an unrehearsed, Shakespeare festival.

The eternal actuality prior to all, is left for storytellers to spin.

* * * *

The attributes of your body, of your personality, are not You.

* * * *

The competitive urge to survive, to thrive,
That enabled humanity's ascent across this garden orb,
Now endangers it to the point of annihilation.
A history that will never be written.

* * * *

What is any word but a stagnant thing,
Without the dynamic of the eternal moment,
Beneath the wave upon which it surfs.

* * * *

Why participate in any organized, dogmatic religion?
Your eternal awareness is a portal as absolute as any,
And You may well articulate things far more rationally.

* * * *

The senses read only an illusionary sliver,
Of the total functioning of that which is quantum.
They cannot even begin to touch its unmanifest reality.

* * * *

Take the long view sometimes, and the short view in others.
Blended together, it makes for theater, and the gorp it offers.

* * * *

Why bring innocent children into this strife-filled, often absurd world,
If You do not intend, or cannot give them, an empowering foundation?

* * * *

Surely this world is more than just a sandbox for children to give in to unbridled craving.

* * * *

There is insight to be discerned, yet in so few does the fullness of awareness bloom.

* * * *

If time was real, it could be traveled by more than imagination.
You could observe your birth, your death, and any moment between.,
And perhaps even broadcast it live on some online feed, as well.

* * * *

In darkness, a light turns on, space takes shape, time begins.
Turn the light off, and all manifestation disappears.

When was it there? When was it not?

* * * *

Wailing for the dead and dying only displays ignorance,
Of the immortal reality of this intangible light show.

* * * *

This seemingly endless work of chatter,
Is for them that crave being here,
No matter how foul it gets.

* * * *

In every part, a reflection of the whole.

* * * *

It may seem arrogant, even blasphemous,
To identify with mystery more than humanness,
But that is the nature of this sojourn's rootless narrative.

* * * *

Whether the emphasis is on one teacher or teaching,
Or a wander through a wide array of teachers and teachings,
All are in reality nothing more than masks of the same quantum matrix.

* * * *

At some point in some given hereness-nowness,
Some minds undergo a crisis, a watershed, of consciousness,
And begin a long and winding, solitary divergence, toward eternal reunion.

* * * *

How unsteady the helm when the captain is confounded by a sea of ignorance.

* * * *

Dispatch time as a concept from the awareness of the moment-to-moment.

* * * *

Toss the tyranny of tradition on its ear in the quest for the ultimate.

* * * *

The seeds of creation and destruction are within each other.

* * * *

Why so few settle for less than the most distilled essence,
Is a question without answer, an answer without question.

* * * *

Until You own it all, none of it is ever really yours.

* * * *

You practice dying every time You fall asleep.

* * * *

Own your divinity and the surrender it entails.

* * * *

Few seek the gold at the end of Maya's rainbow.

* * * *

Like a poker hand when the bluff has been overplayed,
It is time to call the deception of ignorance and absurdity.

* * * *

Your tombs preserve nothing but your fear of a false reality.
The mind-body is a vessel, a meal for worms, nothing more.

* * * *

Those who are ready will discern it in whatever way they are able.

* * * *

All these inventions we tool-makers have conceived and manifested into the day-to-day,
And many if not most, feverishly straining to keep up with the beast it has wrought.
Often competing with the myriad creations, as if we ourselves were machines,
But really only ending up more and more inane, more and more insane.
What are we and this dream world but victims of our own insatiable vanity.

* * * *

To be ruled by circumstance, is like drifting through a maze without a light.

* * * *

You cannot force someone to like You, to give of themselves willingly.
That is of a resonation inspired by an inexplicable dynamic,
A mix of commonalities of mind, body, spirit,
That likely include vibrations at a molecular level.

* * * *

Even quantum manifest can get a ticket, so pay the meter.

* * * *

How convenient it is for the superstitious mind,
To praise some deity or rue some demon,
For all things daily causeless.

* * * *

Until the next problem, then.

* * * *

What does any patterning great or small do,
But waft through its tiny slice of matrix,
For as long as its shelf life pertains.

* * * *

All this inanity, all due to sensory voraciousness.

* * * *

Even quantum manifest can get a ticket, so pay the meter.

* * * *

We all play the game of mortality for as long as the dream allows.

* * * *

Windows of agreeable health and vibrant energy, are but fleeting reprieves,
From the calamitous endgame, that is as sure and true, as sure and true can be.

* * * *

What is any story, but the chaff surrounding a message, a moral.
The fruit that draws a creature to consume the kernel and convey it to new ground.
The means to draw a reader, a listener, to a conclusion, to an insight,
That may flourish, and perchance ripple further still.

* * * *

Idealism without insight into reality is the outcome of duality's limitations.

* * * *

For reconciliation of mythological assertions across space and time,
Consciousness must inquire inwardly into the vain pretenses of duality.

* * * *

Why say good-bye when there was really never a need for hello?

* * * *

Do not most of us occasionally wonder, ponder,
What we might have done differently with our given existence?
But, in this quantum theater, would another route,
Really have been all that different?

* * * *

Pain is best met with a certain amount of detachment,
If it is to be endured without morphing into the suffering,
The human mind so effortlessly, so readily, entertains.

* * * *

Delving into the structure of this ethereal dreamtime,
Is akin to wandering about the backstage of a theater set,
Examining all the ropes and pulleys and such for your Self.

* * * *

Awareness is the only deity,
The only dogma, the only shrine, the only idol, the only symbol,
The only truth anyone really needs.

* * * *

Never forget That which can never be remembered in any given now.

* * * *

So-called spiritual experiences are not required to discern and own truth.
Clarity of mind in the awareness of each every moment is more than enough.

* * * *

You are here now because your genetic lineage,
Since existence kicked off in the swampy puddle of origin,
Somehow survived, somehow thrived, at least long enough to procreate.
The consecration of patterned happenstance; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

XII

The writings of any seers should be called just that: writings, notes, works, books.
Not scriptures, because the definition often implies some sort of authority,
And in when it comes to the unknowable, there is no such thing.
All are inquiring into the same mystery, to which all have equal access.
And for anyone to claim any expertise, or some greater connection, is absurd.

* * * *

We are quantum beings inhabiting a quantum cosmos.

* * * *

The drug-induced possibilities offered by Eden are many and varied.
How they came to be is ever a question without answer,
Other than to say, “Yay, Team Quantum.”

* * * *

To judge someone by their past,
Is to miss what they may have learned,
Or have yet to perhaps learn from it.

* * * *

The nothing special.
The nothing, special.

* * * *

Every label You attach to,
Every perception You identify with,
Is but another link in the chain,
Another bar of the prison.

* * * *

The good news is that, yes, You can be free.
The drag is that it is up to You to figure it out.

* * * *

No matter what You do, no matter what You think,
You will never become anything more, anything less,
Than what You already are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Though any can realize they are a cosmic dancer,
If they have the discerning pluck and determined tenacity.
The inexplicable does not blossom in unfertile, unprepared ground.
There may be little more one can do, than utter, “bon voyage,” and move on.

* * * *

Free your Self of the notion of original sin, that You were born evil.
It is nothing more than an idea inspired by ignorance, by greed, by the need to control,
That the pure awareness You most definitely are, did not choose at birth.
There is no sin, no iniquity, only dualistic whimsy.

* * * *

Imagine existing in this pale blue dot garden when it was perfectly untamed,
And You with neither claw nor fang, only mind and opposable thumb,
And an abiding, pitiless will to survive, and perchance thrive.
You are a direct descendant, the genomic outcome,
Of those who somehow persevered,
From the puddle of origin to this here now.

* * * *

The awakened state is a persevering realization,
And You will likely be absorbed by the conviction.
After all, there is an unborn-undying eternity to wander.

* * * *

The use of technology without wisdom,
Is akin to a room full of children,
Playing with loaded guns.

* * * *

Look in that mirror: What is your vanity?

* * * *

Own your given virtue, your given quality.
Put behind You all guilt, all hesitation, all remorse.
Rest content in the serene indivisibility.
You are eternally absolved.

* * * *

The mind-body is a temporal vessel of finite patterning,
In which the infinite has potential to consciously manifest.

* * * *

The Jesus who truly was, was a realized mortal,
Surely no different than You, who set himself in the line of fire,
To make a declaration about the original nature, the ineffable truth of all creation.
When will You see, when will You hear, when will You own,
The lesson for which he gave his life?

* * * *

Isness is prior to manifest duality; You must dissolve the separation to regain it.

* * * *

What dulling, insipid upbringing was it that convinced You that You are real?

How naive, how gullible, how credulous, how foolish, were You, this round?

* * * *

Most would not know a Christ if s/he swore it on a stack of bibles.

* * * *

You must choose to be free; no one else can do it for You.

* * * *

How can God be dead if it was never born?

* * * *

Stop believing that mask is really You.

* * * *

Your existence is the proof.

* * * *

We are all cousins of the same origin.

* * * *

Your fear of the unknown is unwarranted.
You are it, have ever been it, will ever be it.

* * * *

All your schemes and plots are vain beyond their worth.

* * * *

Playing the spiritual hierarchy game only puts off your reunion

* * * *

At some point You must put down the books; You will not find it in them.

* * * *

Admission to eternity will cost You everything You hold dear, chiefly your mind.

* * * *

The intellect is like a seed that must transcend its limitations to blossom into liberation.

* * * *

In as many moments as You are able, contemplate that none of this is really happening.

* * * *

This poor wee garden and all its critters would be more than a little better off,
If humans were all far less responsible in the so-called civilized world,
And a great deal more so, in the higher-wiser-all-is-one sense.

* * * *

When Jesus died for You, it was well before he was on the cross.

* * * *

There is nothing not filled of the quantum essence,
It is only the dearth of awareness of its real and true nature,
That creates the confusion we all too clearly witness.

* * * *

You are a human being by design only,
And from the eternal perspective,
Fads change very quickly.

* * * *

Death: love it and leave it.

* * * *

Peruse the tapestry; it is yours to claim.

* * * *

Be very cautious that those You listen so earnestly to,
Are speaking about the ultimate mindfulness that frees You.
Settle for anything less, and You may well sell your true Self short.

* * * *

Hear and believe your epiphany voice.
Trust You will know what to do any given moment,
That there are no real mistakes, that there is nothing to regret or fear.
There is only a long, winding wander, to which the last breath is the only conclusion.

* * * *

Free yourself from the burden of mythos; that has never been what You are.

* * * *

Look out the back door, whether he knows it or not, the garbage man is also That I Am.

* * * *

That transient puking up his guts is You on the same street in another dream.
What thoughts passed when You witnessed him carrying his splintery cross?

* * * *

You are free not to be afraid of life or death, or any other notion.

* * * *

The arrogance of those in any given organized religion,
Is an ceaseless carnival, from which to watch and learn.

* * * *

How often do You wonder how You will die; the darker your imagination, the better.

* * * *

Your reality is prior to imagination.

* * * *

Be Self-ish in the highest sense.

* * * *

Cease praying for personal gain.
Your humility and virtue shine far brighter,
Than any worldly pile of false gold.

* * * *

Your life is the result of your mind-body,
And the circumstances of your individual dreamtime.
Can You process all that experience, and fearlessly extrapolate,
Until your light shines equally on all manifestation?

* * * *

It was perhaps when our kind began to communicate,
When we discerned that we all perceive our worlds differently,
That we began to harbor resentments, and merge into clannish mindsets,
And in doing so, truly set in motion, the dystopian endgame,
In which we the descendants now find ourselves.

* * * *

Sacks of shit and piss and bones and goo,
Yup, that is all we are in our inflated game, our vain diversion,
Just the electromagnetic spectrum, daily playing out its impromptu theater real and true.

* * * *

In the chess game with God, eventually You discern You are playing your Self.

* * * *

If You have a larger vision, if wisdom calls You, it is not hard to discern.
It dwells in every crook, in every cranny, of this magical-mystery dreamtime.

* * * *

Solutions to problems seem to come when they are most needed,
In whatever way or shape or form the quantum hologram allows.

* * * *

How adroit and articulate and persuasive the antichrists,
When they collect your hard-earned tithing for their idolatry.

* * * *

The part is never apart from the whole.

* * * *

Sexuality is like any hunger,
You feed it, and it disappears.
You deny it, and it devours You.

* * * *

Release the world in your mind,
And where are You, when are You,
But the only now that has ever been.

* * * *

To just completely, absolutely be,
At such a level, as to neither assume nor judge,
Is a yogic feat of the highest order.

* * * *

You see the muddle human synergy has made of it.
Nothing can change, nothing will change, if You do not.

* * * *

You can never go back, You can never return, to what You once were.
You have seen too much, and can only carry on wherever the fates lead.

* * * *

Those using insight into the patterning for self-serving purpose do no one any favors.

* * * *

If You think the mystery really requires You to be anything other than You, guess again.

* * * *

The way You choose to live, may well be the way You are choosing to die.

* * * *

To see only your own suffering, is to miss a major lesson of existence.

* * * *

If your happiness is dependent on form or happenstance,
Then You have not fully owned your quantum birthright.

* * * *

You know … You know not …
You know … You know not …
You know … You know not …
You know … You know not …

* * * *

Breathe in You.
Breathe out You.

* * * *

A conspiracy of one

* * * *

Word association in a very now sense.

* * * *

You are free to be unburdened by all the suffering.

* * * *

You are the eternal mystery experiencing a manifest dreamtime.
You need not wait for physical death to awaken to the eternal moment.

* * * *

Aim for disappointment, and it will likely be what is there waiting for You.

* * * *

The nothing and everything, from which all creation, does and does not emanate.
The ethereal nada's kaleidoscoping lightshow playing out its ever-present enigma.

* * * *

Dissolving the identity can be as relaxing as the removal of that costume You wear.

* * * *

You may wish to survive a real threat, but need not cater to imaginary ones.

* * * *

Your sorrow has no foundation; it is born entirely of your own imagination.

* * * *

In so little time, in so little space, we have indeed screwed things up,
Well beyond anything our ancestors likely could have ever imagined.

* * * *

All the words in the world have never once touched its quantum nature.
All are doomed from the get-go, in this terrible-swift, very mortal fracas.

* * * *

Relying on light show hocus-pocus to sustain your interest,
Very likely means that You are not really all that interested.

* * * *

Panic generally only accentuates any given problem.

* * * *

No one is even near as notable or essential,
As so many spend their lives vainly believing.

The countless delusions of the human paradigm,
Must certainly be the laughingstock of the universe,
Assuming, of course, that the cosmos is even watching.

* * * *

The needs of the body are one thing,
The cravings of the impassioned mind another.
Psychological pain is the result of turmoil born of desire.

* * * *

When You own the original nature, the sins of the cosmos are erased.
How can notions born of imagination, ever be considered real and true?

* * * *

Few grasp the ultimate reality because most cannot fathom,
What they cannot see or hear or taste or smell or feel or think.

* * * *

Peace is as near as your willingness to fully embrace the detachment required.

* * * *

How many lives, how many dreamtimes, is anyone, whether for good or ill, yay or nay,
Of any real consequence to, is a question to which no one can have answer.
Consciousness ripples, but how far, how strong, how long,
Who can even more than begin to guess?

* * * *

Your spiritual quest will ever be incomplete until You own the ultimate nature.

* * * *

Give your Self a shot of affection, kiddo, You deserve it, You know You do.

* * * *

Break into the ethereal, where the relativities of duality are unknown.

* * * *

Sometimes the most obvious things, take the longest to clearly see.

* * * *

Curiosity is one of those things that generally lessens over time.
It is the tool of the young in the sponge-time of their lives,
The time when they are exploring, finding their way.
To daily view the mystery with fresh eyes, is a rare feat.

* * * *

The sea of tranquility is within; the imaginary you, is but a ripple in mind.

* * * *

The mortal coil comes into being, grows bright, dims, and expires.
Ever the same quantum essence, witnessing its inexplicable nature.

* * * *

Challenging to let go of vanity and greed, when the mind-body duality so inspires it,
With the countless delusions, that desire and fear and dread fuel, in this dream of time.

* * * *

We are all drawn to the scale we can fathom; absoluteness is a rare calling.

* * * *

Great expectations can so easily, so quickly, change into bitter disappointment.

* * * *

Remind yourself in every moment possible that what You see is not all there is to see.

* * * *

Imagination's potential, is that the essence of many things can be clearly discerned,
Without the mind-body ever having to experience them in the first person.
Once the frame of reference, the distillation all life's experiences,
Has the depth and breadth and width of a rich existence,
That wisdom can leave no stone unturned, without turning a stone.

* * * *

There is only one quantum dimension, one quantum matrix, one quantum soul.
Neither within nor without, neither known nor unknown,
Neither here nor there, You are.

* * * *

Awareness has no ego, no attributes, no boundaries, whatsoever.
The imagination of consciousness, in all its dualistic notions,
Is sole source, soul proprietor, to that whimsical state.

* * * *

What is evolution but the unknowable.
The creation, the preservation, the destruction.
The selecting, the pruning, the thinning, the harvesting.
The ever-changing play of matter and motion, energy and force,
In the dance, in the sport, in the illusion, of eternity's space-time continuum.
Of the eternal electromagnetic spectrum, churning every which way.
An indivisible, infinite-infinitesimal quantum billiard table,
With neither a beginning, nor a middle, nor an end.
Witnessed every conceivable moment,
In every imaginable way,
By the awareness, You truly are.

* * * *

Suffering is the outcome of choice; spacelessness, timelessness, its end.

* * * *

To give full attention to the ephemeral eternal moment,
Is a busy-busy, measuring-measuring mind's, most challenging task.
The imaginary past, and its countless projected futures, stoke far too much passion,
For the absoluteness of eternity, to be allotted its true quietude.

* * * *

What will endure, what will emerge, what will reign,
After mammalian life can no longer survive this spinning pale blue dot,
That humankind has, through the twists and turns of consciousness, forever desecrated.
What great kingdom, would You not readily yield, for a time machine,
To witness this garden orb play out it magical mystery,
For the rest of history, and beyond.

XIII

Some call it this, some call it that.
Words, words, words; sounds given conceptual overlays.
The nothingness given meaning, given purpose; identity it neither needs nor requires.
The busy-busy cacophony of the human mind's unceasing obsession,
With re-hashing everything in its own muddle.

* * * *

In the war of destruction that we have ceaselessly waged upon her,
Mother Nature has never, nor will ever, take prisoners.
You either work with her, or against her,
There is no middle ground.

* * * *

Why put off freedom? What prison holds You?

* * * *

We are all the lambs of mystery,
Moving towards the slaughterhouse,
In chutes of our own choiceless choices.

* * * *

Some of the many things,
That bring the greatest contentment:
Healthy food and drink, breathing in, breathing out,
A cleansing shower, real friends, real loves,
A nap on the grass, an aimless stroll.

* * * *

Evolution is God's way of kneading consciousness.

* * * *

Many fail to realize the leap to liberation,
Because the many voices, the many mirrors of mythos,
Whisper surrender too great a gamble.

* * * *

Think about all the many steps, all the many decisions,
It has taken You to reach this point in time.
How impossible, how overwhelming, it would have been,
To have anticipated the long and winding journey when You first began.

* * * *

There is little point in attempting things,
For which You have no physical or mental capacity,
Or seeking experiences which jeopardize your health and well-being.

Manifestation is limitation no matter how yogic the stretch,
And all attempts to prove yourself are but vanity.

* * * *

The senses, the mind, the heart, are levers, fulcrums,
That can cause great and endless suffering,
Or catapult You into liberation.

* * * *

Reverence and irreverence walk arm in arm.

* * * *

What You are ready to learn will find You.
Listen closely and clearly for the knock.

* * * *

Living aimlessly finds the mark.

* * * *

Intelligence cannot be legislated.

* * * *

We all fall victim to gravity eventually.

* * * *

How many put others before themselves?
Who is truly selfless in this manifested realm?

* * * *

The still point now, ever fresh,
Is the boundless spring of the eternal,
The dawn of creation and dusk of destruction.
It is where pleasure and pain, cause and effect, are not.
It is where the timelessness of awareness streams consciousness.

* * * *

Every deed and thought creates a ripple in consciousness.
Find that stillpoint, that quality of awareness, that momentary witness,
Where the ever-churning cause and effect, crafted of space and time, are no more.

* * * *

How complicated we make existence with all our imagined divisions.
So many spend their brief time generating unnecessary rancor,
All because, in ignorance, they believe their thoughts real.

* * * *

There is nothing sacred in the quest for that which is sacred.

* * * *

If You live through it, You will find death not worth fearing.

* * * *

There is likely nobody as fascinated with You as You are.

* * * *

Why spend so much time dredging the imaginary past,
Especially when it so often causes such mindless havoc.

* * * *

The mind functions in time.
Timelessness is the death of identity,
Which resists as desperately as a fish out of water,
With every ounce of its dualistic nature.

* * * *

If You only see differences, You have much to discover.

* * * *

The mirrors You seek will be there awaiting your arrival.

* * * *

Because You fear hell in the hereafter, You create it now.

* * * *

Witness, dweller, awareness, soul, atman, brahman, god,
Are but inept concepts describing the youness ,You truly are.

* * * *

If space and time were real, You could stop and linger for a while.
But, alas, even the stillest stones are churning in the quantum sea.

* * * *

The most consecrated moments are when all sense of separation dissolves.
Sweeping away false divisions, false notions, is what your existence is about.

* * * *

Dying to concern for the future takes courage; it requires the wisdom of insecurity.

* * * *

To ignore desire anytime or anyplace, see and grasp the stillpoint of awareness.

* * * *

Enculturated life is like white bread, yeasted fluff without much substance.

* * * *

If evil touches You, it is because You allow, perhaps even encourage it.

* * * *

To be a child of mystery, You must surrender to the timeless nature.

* * * *

Your life in time is written in the mind-body as rings are in a tree.

* * * *

Illusion's delusions are comfortable; liberation, totally insecure.

* * * *

Can You see another without the screen of past impressions?
To at least be aware of the impressions, is a challenge in itself.

* * * *

The rational mind must erupt in crisis to blossom into the no-mind.

* * * *

Challenging, indeed, for the conditioned mind,
For the habituated life force, to just be,
As it traverses the given moment,
As it navigates the shoals of mortal existence.

* * * *

Education as we have shaped it teaches delusion, not enlightenment.

* * * *

The symbol is not the thing, and ultimately the thing is not the thing either.

* * * *

It is challenging for most to venerate that which the senses can never discern.

* * * *

How can anyone exist not giving their whole being to totally reunifying with totality?

* * * *

Ignorance and delusion and absurdity, easily pass from generation to generation.
Wisdom must ever be discerned and distilled, by each anew, very much alone.

* * * *

Water and oil mix just fine from the indivisible view.

* * * *

Every mind-body has many capacities and limitations.
To reside in vanity is a Yellow Brick Road,
Paved with sentient suffering.

* * * *

You cannot surrender to a concept, a notion.
Surrendering is prior to all thoughts about it.

* * * *

When all You see is You, You will be You.

* * * *

Dirtier water, dirtier air, dirtier ground.
Less food, less space, less accord, fewer options.
The dystopian future every moment unfurls.

* * * *

Declare to your Self, "I am the Way."
Now, discern what that vision entails.

* * * *

Judgment is an act of division.
Distinguish the indivisible awareness,
And the scales will dissolve into the eternal.

* * * *

So many thought images flowing in your mind.
Are You aware of the waves as they rise and fall?
Can You look closely enough to penetrate the depths,
Of your ocean, to discern the reckoning of their source?
That is where You will discover and own the ultimate nature.

* * * *

There probably is not one religion that does not claim to be divinely absolute.
True, perhaps, in the limited manifest sense, but from the unmanifest view, not.

* * * *

The vast cosmos is a pulsating-vibrating-kaleidoscoping-hologram-matrix-quantum theater,
In which You are witness within and without the within and without,
That is not, that was not, that will never be.

* * * *

Hard to want to keep pretending that You are one of the inmates, too.

* * * *

All your emphasis on light, and the many shadows it casts,
Is just more play, more distraction, of the illusional-delusional mind.
You are the indivisibly absolute, prior to all narcissistic-hedonistic dreamtimes.
A free mind cannot be forced to submit to all the moronic absurdities,
Strewn every which way across this spinning pale blue dot.

* * * *

You must travel lightly to keep up with the moment.

* * * *

For consciousness to be anywhere but here now,
Is a long and winding path, laced with suffering.

* * * *

Spread good intention whenever possible.

* * * *

Why envy experiences others manifest?
You have your own to dreamtime wander.

* * * *

Spend your life scourging every delusion.

* * * *

Awareness of the awareness is potential in all.

* * * *

The mind-body any given awareness manifests,
Plays a huge part in the reflections it will experience.
Discerning the reality prior to all mirrors,
Is an insight few meander.

* * * *

When the present is approached spacelessly, timelessly, there is a dreamlike flowing,
That composes even the most mundane and chaotic moments, equally inadvertent.

* * * *

None of it is real, none of it was ever real, none of it will ever be real.
None of it ever more than a kaleidoscoping dream of stardust,
The quantum essence, come unto the pretense of life.

* * * *

The senses are merely specialized nerve endings,
Evolved though eternity's quantum orchestration.

* * * *

Light is a function of the senses and mind.
Without their limited role as quantum receivers,
What light would be possible or necessary?

* * * *

Ideals have no reality.

* * * *

See the light,
Hear the light,

Touch the light,
Taste the light,
Feel the light.
Be the light.

* * * *

You are the experiencing.

* * * *

Now, now, now, now, forever the eternal now.
Space and time are illusions of a delusional scale,
Imagined by mind-bodies with five meager senses.

* * * *

Do we individually choose to manifest,
Is beyond knowing, and less than a concern.
The point in fact, is that You are dreaming here now,
And may choose, to make the best of the opportunity, or not.

* * * *

The awareness is a formless sea behind the eyes.
The senses inspire consciousness to imagine a vast universe,
But it is no more than a brief dream, to which mind every moment yields.

* * * *

Every bubble of awareness, whether instinctual or conscious, its own unique vision.

* * * *

If all You see a world of sin, it is your own confusion creating the confusion.

* * * *

The eternal ether courses through the veins of the river of creation,

* * * *

You think You know so much, and that is your blindness.

* * * *

The eternity of time traverses all creation.

* * * *

Isness fills those who travel empty.

* * * *

Absolutely vulnerable.

* * * *

Here You are now ...
Here You are now ...

Here You are now ...
Here You are now ...
Here You are ...

* * * *

You are it, You have been it all along,
And will be it, in every future past hence,
In the forever-after-genre-milieu whatever.

* * * *

Desperation makes for desperate counter measures.

* * * *

Awareness knows no boundaries and harbors no delusions.

* * * *

Why do infants wail uncontrollably at birth?
Likely because the first taste of separation from the mother's womb,
Is so unspeakably, indelibly, unfathomably terrifying.

* * * *

Not acting out a desire means little; if it is thought, its web is woven in consciousness.

* * * *

Within every moment's creation-preservation-destruction, an imaginary glimmer.

* * * *

What a gluttonous thing the mind-body is, consciousness is, self is.
What is all experience, but an insatiable consumption of every moment.

* * * *

The stillness of awareness,
Witnesses the clouds of consciousness come and go.
It is only imagination, born of mind, born of You, that believes it is the quantum,
Playing earth and wind and water and fire.

* * * *

Integrity, one of the ideals to which too few succumb.

* * * *

Life is food for thought, a feast born of imagination.

* * * *

Black and white are but fringes of consciousness,
With everything stuck between, every shade of gray.

* * * *

With detachment comes serenity and compassion.

* * * *

If You hear only propaganda, that is all You will utter.
Study everything, and discern for your Self what is real.

* * * *

You seek and learn from a vast array of mirrors.
They are all reflections cast by the light of beingness.
Resistance ends when none are tainted by dualistic notion.

* * * *

Only in the stillness of eternal life,
Of the awareness prior to all things imagined,
Is there freedom from the myriad vanities of consciousness.

* * * *

Playing a little part, in a little play,
Is but a little smidgeon of imagination,
Saturated with narcissistic-hedonistic notion,
Built on a nature-nurture fiction of quantum design.

* * * *

Desire, fear, dread, and all the myriad passions of the monkey-mind,
Are nothing more than predicable habits, configurations born of nature-nurture,
Of genetics, and the incessant winds of space-time, playing out the vanities of imagination.

* * * *

To look for perfection in the body and mind is to miss totally where it truly is.

* * * *

Are You something that is something, something that is nothing,
Nothing that is something, nothing that is nothing.
Or all of the above, in a sea of relativity.

* * * *

Where is the demarcation, between the awareness within,
And the universe without, but the walls built of imagination.

* * * *

The linear mind is no match, for the ever-accelerating,
Ever-morphing exponential, of these our modern times.

* * * *

Of the crimes committed,
A don't-ask-don't-tell policy is advised.
The secrets no one knows, are the secrets no one tells.

* * * *

Sex and the numerous other pleasures of the senses,
Take a back seat, when contrasted to the reunion within.
What earthly pleasure, can possibly match eternal salvation?

* * * *

There are those rare who dwell in the momentary awareness,
Those who dwell in discernment, those who dwell in the eternal mind,
Insight is its own law, neither bowing to authority, nor subscribing to dogma.

* * * *

You are screwed anyway; the Grim Reaper is always hovering, naught but a breath away.
May as well ecstasy and agony your Self, die in the saddle, in so-to-speak, cowboy parlance.

* * * *

Is the atheist any less determined not to believe, than the believer is to believe?
So much contention, so much effort, so much dwelling, on so many this's and that's.
All for nothing more than vain notion, dull whimsy, over that which can never be known.

XIV

The beasts seem so content in the ever-streaming moment.
How did You mislay that timeless awareness, that childlike quality?
What was it that enticed You from the garden, beguiled You from the source,
But the intractable, remorseless weaving of desire and fear and dread,
And all the myriad other passions inspired by the vanities.

* * * *

A teacher is always willing to teach students willing to learn.

* * * *

Those who maintain God (a.k.a., awareness) is in all things,
That its timeless eternal nature is even witness in You,
Are not just verbalizing what You want to hear.

* * * *

A gust of wind is as real as any quest for glory.

* * * *

No premise stands without acceptance.

* * * *

Just being takes practice.

* * * *

Dwell where the manifest cannot.

* * * *

Revolutionaries, despite all rhetoric,
Of fairness, of justice, of equality, for all,
Usually yearn for more than a fistful of dollars.

* * * *

Are doer and deed separate? How could they be?

* * * *

If your body is tangible, if it is real, why does it change so?

* * * *

What was before the so-called big bang, and what will be after the big collapse?
How many creations have come and gone? And how many will be hence?
Anything and everything is possible, in the realm of absoluteness.

* * * *

All desire, all angst, is fabricated by the attachment to the mind-body identity.
Without the manifest form, You would not exist, You would not be,

And there would be nothing to want, nothing to fear.

* * * *

What anyone else thinks of You matters only if fear gives it weight.

* * * *

Peel that flesh off them bones, and what do You get?

* * * *

It is your story, there is no author-ity but You.

* * * *

You are, there is no other.

* * * *

Be generic Self

* * * *

Earth, air, water, fire, are but ephemeral players, and anything ephemeral, is but a cloak to truth.
In reality, you are the ether, through which all things quantum spacelessly, timelessly, kaleidoscope.

* * * *

Anonymity within is the highest state.

* * * *

How harsh to be judged solely by exteriors.

* * * *

The moment-to-moment experiencing of imagination,
Is akin to using a light bulb to cast hand shadows on a wall.

* * * *

Are You anything more than a careening set of measurements?

* * * *

Memories are difficult to resist; the desire for more is ever an enticement.

* * * *

Convince yourself of whatever You will, there is ultimately no need for rhyme or reason.

* * * *

What outward manifestation is so enticing that You choose irreconcilable suffering?

* * * *

The world, the cosmos, is dreamt by the mind through the senses.
You are source, You are witness, as free and clear as You choose.

* * * *

There are no experts in this field, just knowers of the knowing.

* * * *

End all concern of becoming something or someone.
What You truly are is before everything and nothing.

* * * *

You have yet to meet someone or something,
That is not a mirror of your own awareness.

* * * *

All are beginners, no matter how singular.

* * * *

Do You really think the voice within?

* * * *

Any idea is as real as the mind creating it.

* * * *

What another thinks of You need not be your concern.

* * * *

The only faith You need is in the ultimate reality You know You are.

* * * *

Separation is the result of confusion and ignorance; unicity, of wisdom.

* * * *

Truth, reality, is in the random wander of any given day's moment-to-moment.

* * * *

The moral dilemmas You play with yourself are such an unnecessary, mindless game.

* * * *

Conditions set by any given mythos need not be more than endured.

* * * *

All who still hunger for the manifest will not yearn for the eternal.

* * * *

Moral self-righteousness is the mark of dogmatic ignorance.

* * * *

At the core, You will discern You in the greatest sense.

* * * *

All these absurdities just to maintain the body,

And the mind's plethora of insatiable cravings.

* * * *

And when You do discern it,
When You do give your little self over to big Self,
What then, Grasshopper?

* * * *

What are You afraid of losing?
Your identity, your body, your things?
Get real.

* * * *

A multi-dimensional tapestry,
Too inexplicable for any but god-minds,
To but vaguely comprehend.

* * * *

The world exists because You are witness.
Without your presence, none of this would be.

* * * *

If You want it, You will find it; if You do not, You will not.

* * * *

What is that vehicle, to which You are so attached,
But flesh and blood and bones, wandering about in a body bag.
An organic vat of crunchy-chewy-gooey, all wrapped up, and ready to roll.

* * * *

Most of humankind suffers, yet how much of it for any real reason?

* * * *

Do whatever it is You need to do, want to do, with your fleeting, mortal existence.
Experience anything, everything that entices You hither-thither.
Sense every sense, until it makes sense.

* * * *

Mastering compassionate indifference takes a lifetime of practice.

* * * *

Real discipline double-double-toil-and-troubles at the core.

* * * *

Find the kernel of Self; let the chaff of identity fall away.

* * * *

What does any eye see but what it creates?

The world is a mirage of the mind's making.

* * * *

There are an infinite number of ways,
To experience living and dying.
The ultimate You experiences them all.
The challenge is fearlessly grasping their teaching.
Distilling all that imagination believes it said, believes it did.
Whether or not the human paradigm is as important as we vainly believe,
Well, that has yet to be resolved, to be proven, by anything more than imaginary notion.

* * * *

The stillness of the indivisible, indelible, awareness, You truly are,
Has always been, and will ever be, the same ineffable mystery.
The only meaningful metamorphosis, there can possibly be,
Is the witness, awakening to the awareness of the awareness.

* * * *

What does it truly mean to be one with the oneness?
Completely free, completely alone, completely eternal.

* * * *

Give your life over to isness, and it will all unfold effortlessly.

* * * *

Do everything You must until oblivion manifests in consciousness.

* * * *

Observe the face and body of someone You consider physically desirable,
And imagine his/her skeleton turning into dust in some not too distant future.

* * * *

Contentment is something brewing within despite what happens without.

* * * *

The so-called civilized manner humanity has chosen to manifest,
Is a coffin crafted of blind ignorance and unbounded delusion.

* * * *

Behind the sensory facade, of everything and nothing, is home.

* * * *

What is so disconcerting, so terrible, so incomprehensible,
As to deny others the altered states of consciousness,
That are so readily offered by this garden paradise.
Who is anyone to tell another how to live their reality?

* * * *

All things, all experiences, pale into insignificance,
When contrasted with the sweetness of pure awareness.

* * * *

When the font of true Self fills the emptied container,
You own everything ever contemplated on the matter.

* * * *

Even the greatest portion, is but a slice of the whole.
The tiniest morsel is ever of the same quantum elements.

* * * *

All conclusions are subjective, arbitrary, meaningless.

* * * *

To discover your true nature is the bona fide raison d'être.

* * * *

Ants, bees, and all the other wandering beasts, are true sanyasis.
Their instinctual aimlessness, is the high mystery, in manifest form.

* * * *

No mathematical equation will ever grasp or explain the mystery of it all.
They, like words, or any other symbol, are by their nature ever incomplete.

* * * *

Pride is just another of the many markers of identity's deluded ignorance.

* * * *

Contrary to all assumptions, time never began; it was now then, too.

* * * *

All identity is but a habit, a patterning of human conditioning.
The broom of discerning awareness sweeps it immaculate.

* * * *

Your time-bound desire for consistency and permanence,
Is born of ignorance and confusion, framed in duality.

* * * *

Is philanthropy any more than consciousness,
Seeking immortality in the minds of others?

* * * *

The mind seeks ordered consistency,
But the tangible reality of true nature,
Is ever the order of spontaneous chaos.
Awareness suffers no divisive boundaries.

* * * *

These insights cannot be taught.
Those who are hungry will seek it out,
Through whatever venue they have available.
Wisdom is the distillation of experience.

* * * *

If not for the mind-body,
And the cosmic diversity of the play,
There would be no need for all this struggle.

* * * *

How mesmerizing this mystery.
Maya casts a spell of blinding ignorance,
Using the guiding reigns of the mind-body identity,
And the multitudes compliantly follow the tantalizing carrots,
With little question of the underlying, ultimate reality.

* * * *

Male and female in every species are wired with different mindsets.
Their interests may intersect at varying points, but never completely.

* * * *

Is any mythology any more than the groupthink of ethnocentric notion?

* * * *

Suffer if You insist, but do not for a second believe any of it necessary.

* * * *

Surely, You don't really believe You are the only one who does that?

* * * *

How could there be any other but through the play of the senses?

* * * *

Eyes open, eyes closed, the world of appearances is the same.

* * * *

The quest for permanency constantly erodes before your eyes.

* * * *

The nuances of science are ever in the eye of the beholder.

* * * *

The throes of attachment are the most opportune time,
To witness how thoroughly You believe your part real.

* * * *

Exactly which direction do space and time travel?

* * * *

What is any hell but a veil between awareness,
And that which is not, never was, will never be.

* * * *

That mind sure can wander the hither and thither.

* * * *

Madness is the game; reason the grounded stage.

* * * *

Physical suffering is one thing, psychological quite another.

* * * *

Challenge the fear: Discern that which requires the greatest courage.

* * * *

Of any existence it can be said that it seemed real at the time.

* * * *

It may be disturbing to realize that You do not really exist,
But the fact remains that your ultimate destiny is oblivion.

* * * *

The only difference between a big mind and a little mind,
Is in the little mind's ceaseless absorption with attributes.

* * * *

If something is true, it can be verified by many eyes.
Subjective assertions will not find harbor in science.

* * * *

Consciousness is riddled with every sort of desire,
And desire is the most worthy opponent,
Of those who strive for freedom,
In this world, or any other.

* * * *

Just because You have realized the great mystery,
Does not give You license to break the speed limit.

* * * *

No matter
Where You are,
Whenever You are,

It is really all the same,
Has always been the same,
Will ever be the same.

* * * *

Desire is like a hydra.
You must exterminate the beast,
Else its many heads will flower ever anew.

* * * *

Seeing that your cosmos is entirely your creation,
That You were misinformed about your part in the dance,
Turns everything out of kilter, in a timelessly kiltered sort of way.

* * * *

Good and evil are human concoctions.
If You believe they existed before we unleashed it upon the world,
You are caught in the mire of its delusion.

* * * *

Every day another level, another tweak, of degradation.
How much longer will our little mishap in time carry on?

* * * *

This universe is merely a temporary theater,
But the You that You really are is real,
Immortal, and free for all eternity.

* * * *

Look where pretending to know,
What can never be known,
Has brought us,
And is taking us further still.

* * * *

There is no solution,
But the inevitable consequences,
Of all things approached by imbalanced minds.

* * * *

Hang out in the left brain,
When it is all about monkey chatter,
And the right side when stillness has the floor.

* * * *

Just about everything,
You have ever seen and heard and done,
May well be happening somewhere in your world in particular,

Or your imaginary quantum universe in general.
Who knows, who cares?

* * * *

How do You spend your life? You put food and liquid in, poop and piss it out.
You produce and buy and take and sell and toss and lose and bequeath.
You put the mind-body through a continuous variety of paces,
And then slumber or medicate yourself to rejuvenate.
Your form deals with a nearly endless series of states and stages,
And in the end, it will be as any dream, as if nothing at all had ever happened.

Why is it that our kind seems incapable of a greater awareness of this mystery?
Will the seed of the fall from Eden's grace, ever blossom back into common consciousness?
It is certainly a question well beyond the scope of this temporal window,
Though the seed to that potential, is ever the same moment.

* * * *

You are the same mystery of which earthquakes, hurricanes, lightning,
Volcanoes, supernovas, quasars, black holes, and big bangs are made.

* * * *

Seekers of truth are like moths to a flame, their destiny, oblivion.

* * * *

There is always a choice, until there is not.

* * * *

Vanity blinds You to your true essence.

* * * *

King or pawn, both just pieces on a quantum board.

* * * *

Wrest your soul from delusion.

* * * *

You are whatever the weaving spins.

* * * *

Desire and fear and dread meander unleashed,
When there is a dearth of full, calm breathing,
And a busy mind that cannot contain its Self.

* * * *

You are the manifest way, absoluteness witnessing its Self.
You are the dreamtime experiencing, the totality functioning.

* * * *

Science, as so many discern it, is the ultimate expression of dualistic notion.

* * * *

Be as fluid as water is to cloud is to rain is to ice; each has its time, ever the same.

* * * *

Like and dislike, pain and pleasure, male and female, white and black, true and false,
All sides of the same coin created by dreamtimers locked in memes of dualistic notion.

* * * *

Consciousness is an indivisible spectrum of imaginary degrees of separation.

* * * *

How many times have You been aware that what You were witnessing,
Did not seem important or meaningful, but went along with it anyway?

* * * *

As this awareness consumes more of your wakeful state,
You will find your Self naturally practicing mindfulness.

* * * *

The fountain of youth is the eternal spring within.

* * * *

And what headlines will there be tomorrow?

* * * *

Do You think mystery, isness, nowness,
Uses the same clay recipe every genesis?
Who-what-where-when-why-how is asking?

* * * *

Idealism springs from a wellspring of good intentions,
But is ever contained by the many limitations of ignorance.

* * * *

After a certain point, it is almost wearingly, laughingly absurd,
To have to continually deal with the inanities of the mind-body.

* * * *

Everything You think You know – every memory, every belief, every opinion –
Is a temporal fabrication, a dream whose reality can never ultimately be proven.

* * * *

Your mind-identity is a perceived record, patterned by the relative etchings of time.
All dissolve into dreamy insignificance, once You as witness are timelessly witnessed.

* * * *

True religion is much more than regurgitating some ancient dogmatic notion,
That is really no more real and true now, than it was in the way-back-when.

* * * *

Taking life too seriously can be painful for You, and everyone around You.

* * * *

All who have ever, or will ever, see this dream for what it is,

Have been along different points of the same indivisibility.

* * * *

When karma as concept no longer concerns You,
You let it fall as it will, oblivious to where it lands.

* * * *

The first and last question is, who are You?
Once answered, what need for more?

* * * *

Mystery has no name, why do You?

* * * *

Wisdom is the distillation of experience.

* * * *

Diluted, conditional, word-only love,
Is akin to settling for flakes of false gold,
Drifting in the bottom of thick, muddy water.

* * * *

How can You really believe any of your adversaries real?
All for such vain reasons, You will find the fingers counting.

* * * *

What is behind any mask, any facade, but what You yourself imagine?

* * * *

Mindfulness is anticipating the rippling impact,
Of who and what and where and when and why and how You place your feet.
Walk as harmlessly, or harmfully, as the situation merits.

* * * *

The desire for endless amusement is a mindless yellow brick road of distraction.

* * * *

Sweep out the fear of death, the fear of oblivion, the fear of no longer being.
There is nothing to dread, nothing to avoid, but what imagination concocts.

* * * *

Discover what it is to live effortlessly; give yourself over to spontaneity.

* * * *

With these words your termination as imagined identity is sought.

* * * *

Tarry as You will with the delusional when it amuses You,

Always remembering that all that reflected ignorance,
Creates the opportunity to apprehend your own.

* * * *

Who can lead You to this but your Self?

* * * *

Most suffering is self-imposed.

* * * *

Hard to win a bet against ignorance.

* * * *

What weight humankind gives to banality.

* * * *

How much do You allow what You say or do,
To hinge upon what You imagine others think?

* * * *

Personality is the reaction to time-bound circumstance.

* * * *

Love the awareness You are, your Self, in the truest sense.

* * * *

Toss out the buddhas and christs,
And all the other idolatries You mindlessly mimic.
They impede your discerning, your owning, what it was they were pointing out.

* * * *

Possessing or controlling another is in no way, no shape, no form, an exhibition of love.

* * * *

You are That I Am, which is born again and again anew, each and every moment.

* * * *

Those rare beings who discover the false separation of the universe within,
Free themselves of all muddles in the realm of conscious awareness.
Through their eternal freedom, heaven opens to the manifest.

* * * *

Others define You, as You do them, by the role they imagine You play.

* * * *

Regarding inner exploration with the aid of mind-altering substances,
Just be very mindful, that once any excursion begins,
There is no getting off until it ends.

* * * *

Do You treat others as You wish to be treated?

* * * *

Duality is a fabrication of consciousness.
In reality, there can be only oneness.
All-pervading, all-knowing, ever-present.
The all-in-one-one-in-all quantum awareness.

* * * *

Why do You play the continuity game?
Perhaps because it is more spellbinding to dream,
Than to awaken to indivisibility's unfathomable rainbow.

* * * *

Commune casually with others of like-mindedness,
But be wary the resolute tendency that all minds have,
To fabricate continuity, tradition, ritual, symbol, dogma.

* * * *

Prior to all diversity across the universe, there is only one awareness.

* * * *

It all becomes so clearly obvious that You wonder that it took so long to see it.

* * * *

Immortality is yours for the questing, but do You really want to be free of earthly chains?

* * * *

At the end of your brief time-bound life, will You wonder if it ever happened?

* * * *

The body generally forgets the pains of injuries once they have healed,
But the mind born of imagination, ever clings to that which it fabricates.

* * * *

If You understand science and its methodology,
You know it has been proven, beyond all doubt, that all is one,
And that You are an equal part of that oneness,
Witness to its eternal mystery.

* * * *

Through thought and deed, the mystery is discerned.

* * * *

An immunization against that which ails ye.

* * * *

Agape knoweth no bounds.

* * * *

Sticks and stones break bones.
Words injure if You give them weight.
That which hurts, however, is entirely imagined.

* * * *

You believe You must function a certain way,
Largely through your own imaginary assumptions.

* * * *

Why identify yourself at all? Why crimp the immeasurable?

* * * *

To survive in this world, it is the nature of the manifest beast,
That everyone born must come up with one dodge or another.

* * * *

Each and every one a shard of imagination's play of consciousness.

* * * *

Behaving in a holier-than-thou manner generally proves very clearly You are not.

* * * *

A surveying recap of the human condition finds such gratuitous suffering,
All springing from the unceasing dearth of insight presently manifested.

* * * *

Realize You are the central focus of your worldly dreamtime creation.
Open up to the fact that every other life form on this planet,
Witnesses this conundrum exactly the same way.
Respect the sovereignty inherent in all.

* * * *

Through contrasts, the whole is revealed.

* * * *

Home is where the heart is.

* * * *

Dwell in oblivion's fount.

* * * *

Love knoweth no bounds.

* * * *

To want nothing, to fear nothing,
To be open to all in mind and heart,
To be that love which is wholly selfless,
That is agape.

* * * *

Fear is the knife that cuts at the mind and heart.

* * * *

Consciousness requires your presence to meander willy-nilly,
Whoever-whatever-wherever-whenever-whyever-however it wills,
But You, source of all that is, all that is not, requires absolutely nothing.

* * * *

Be of good cheer at the demise of your identification with the body-mind.
You are at last eternally free of the many constraints of human concoction.

* * * *

To be eternally reborn, to never perish again, You must die to what never was.

* * * *

The human paradigm is akin to bubbles on the surface of a crashing wave.

* * * *

What is all this collecting, all this accumulation, all this greed, anyway?
This relentless gorging of the mind with every variety of trivial pursuit.

* * * *

Dogmatic insistence on anything should be scrutinized closely.

* * * *

What is any existence but a conditioned projection,
Every moment translated by the filters of consciousness,
To which, through habituation, You have become so attached.

* * * *

It is what it is, take it or leave it, into the fires of fate.

* * * *

Just because You can does not mean You must.

* * * *

Have You ever really made anything happen?
Or is that merely the fallacy of imagination's ego?

* * * *

However any life form small or great may sense it,
It is ever the same quantum matrix playing its magic.

* * * *

Is there any demon that does not, in some deep, hidden recess,
Have even a speck, a spark, of goodness, perchance compassion?

* * * *

There is no need to follow any personality, nor join any group.
Freedom is for each, alone, to realize and preserve.
Those who would deprive your birthright,
Are better left in the streaming dreamtime wake.
To give undo significance to any in denial of your autonomy,
Is to deprive your Self the unique opportunity of this mystery-given existence.

* * * *

Again and again, moderation and balance, are important keys to clear, sane living.
If You insist on excessiveness, error in favor of the awareness,
The unknowable eternal moment within.

* * * *

That, which in the prime of youth, You thought You knew so well,
Is in the many moments since, so challenging to more than vaguely recall.
So many names and faces and places, so many experiences,
Such an array of lifetimes, in just this one.

* * * *

What is this world, this cosmos, this grand mystery,
But a quantum theater born of senses and mind.
Cotton candy spun of sugary nothingness.

* * * *

Challenging to play your self, and your Self, too.
To eat your cake, or not eat your cake,
That is, indeed, the question.

* * * *

So much gibberish.
Be done with it.

* * * *

Consciousness will play out,
As consciousness will play out.
The mystery is unconcerned.

* * * *

To believe You are anything less than the entirety,
Is the endlessly foolish arrogance of consciousness,
Of imagination subscribing to its endless absurdities.

* * * *

Your quality of mind and self-expression,
The mixture of arrogance and humility You exhibit,
Will be reflected by the many mirrors You set before yourself.

* * * *

To awaken to all the mind's ceaseless fabrications,
To be deluded no longer by the imaginings of desire, fear, dread,
The irony, of how seriously You have taken yourself, becomes Self-apparent.

* * * *

How easy it is to fall into a descending spiral of self-pity over one's lot in life.
To stay strong, to stand tall in the bittersweet winds of fate, is ever mind's challenge.

* * * *

Somewhere along the line, all learn to fear; the challenge is to somehow transcend it.

* * * *

Always remember who-what-where-when-why-how You really are, and are not.

* * * *

Everyone behaves the way they do for exactly the same reasons as You.

* * * *

Life is an adventure to which security is a necessary impediment.

* * * *

If You are going to feel guilty about something,
Probably best not to do it in the first place.
"Know thy Self" is always good policy.

* * * *

Every life form has a unique vision,
Of the cosmos, into which they have,
From formlessness, become manifest.

* * * *

The next game show: Name That Meme.
And a t-shirt to match: What's Your Meme?

* * * *

The ancient world that is all life's ground,
Did not necessarily arrive at this time in moment,
Through political correctness, nor ethical considerations.

* * * *

There is ultimately nothing for which You need be forgiven.
You did not ask to be here; there is no need to pray for more.

* * * *

Real strength, real power, real knowing, is an inner confidence,
That does not require great effort, nor flowery show.
A sword only to be drawn, as needed.

* * * *

The unknown pervades all.
You are the mystery; the mystery is You.
That which is known, is but a bubble of imaginary notion,
A dreamtime play of consciousness, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

XVI

In the realm of the inadvertent consequences of its historical emanation,
Humankind is not leaving itself much scope for viable engagement.
In current jargon, it is coined “painting yourself into a corner.”

* * * *

The lone drop catapulting above the indivisible crashing wave,
Entertains the mistaken perception of individuality,
But only until its inevitable return home.

* * * *

Pure eternal awareness is the common ground for all

* * * *

The only one holding You back from isness is You.

* * * *

Life and death amble serenely arm in arm.

* * * *

You are as much nothing as everything.

* * * *

What goes up must come down.
Existence is a statistical mystery.

* * * *

Each moment passes the same.

* * * *

You are guiltless, innocent of all charges.

* * * *

Only madmen, fools, and children question why.

* * * *

Like any other beast with limbs, fins, wings,
You are a sack of bones that appears to move around.
You have the potential to realize awareness of the indivisible,
But, do You have the capacity for discernment, do You have the doubt?

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how are You, but the imaginary notions about yourself?

* * * *

How foolish to be attached to anything that cannot be in anything more than time.

* * * *

The now that You perceive, the now to which You cling, is already ash.

* * * *

Even just one life, no matter the role played, is an eternal epic.

* * * *

Who will give their life to own an immaculate birth?

* * * *

The sun makes the light show possible,
But the source of its power is ever You.

* * * *

Take your ashram wherever You go.

* * * *

Spin the tale on the mystery.

* * * *

Love thy Self.

* * * *

Idiot! It is all Samadhi!

* * * *

Home is now, wherever You are.

* * * *

Quantum is the scientific name for God.

* * * *

Gaia has always been in absolute and perfect balance.
Disharmony is but consciousness as humanity manifests it.

* * * *

What is manifest existence as most live it but a dulling preservation,
Of a bag of bones, its relationships, its possessions, and its thoughts.

* * * *

About the technical matters of the manifest, You may pretend to know a great deal,
But regarding the source of this mystery, You will never extract a measurable clue.

* * * *

Discern the face and mind You had before birth; it is without attributes.

* * * *

Some things, some actions, just do not warrant much attention.

* * * *

The mind-body identity ever seeks fulfillment.
It is the intertwining of insatiable desires and trammeling fears.
The quietude of awareness is the oblivion of origin,
Well prior to all mortal trepidations.

* * * *

Cause and effect, effect and cause,
Are time-bound concepts, born of continuity,
Born of the mind's subjective collusion with the senses.

* * * *

To spend your existence counting a mound of gold,
Is to miss the immeasurable wealth You truly are.

* * * *

It is not the leaves that move,
Nor is it the breeze that moves them.
It is the stirring mind that creates everything.

* * * *

The mind-body is a manifest receiver of the indivisible,
A potential portal requiring only your immediate attention.

* * * *

Neither microscopes nor telescopes, nor any other technology,
Will aid your comprehending what this quantum mystery truly is.

* * * *

Travel prior to all experience, all cause and effect, until only the ungraspable,
Untamable, immutable, dreamtime experiencing of the timeless nowness, remains.

* * * *

What You seek in relationship outwardly, You must first and foremost discern within.

* * * *

The more You have, the more You must straighten, dust, maintain, protect.
How many endless distractions from the one and only reality do You require?

* * * *

Yearning for an order, a stability, that the dreamtime can never provide,
The mortal mind-body identity, inevitably loses equanimity,
When circumstances fall short of expectations.

* * * *

All desires for form and concept are the projection of memory,

Which has no relationship with the present moment,
Other than passing blindly through it.

* * * *

Insatiable desire is ever unquenchable.
Only when the busy mind stills its movement,
Can there be the blossoming of serenity.

* * * *

That lifeless moth on the windowsill,
Is your manifest body's most certain conclusion.
Its vessel was as fleeting as your own.

* * * *

Trying to hold on to now, is like a drowning swimmer,
Grasping for a life preserver moving ever out of reach.

* * * *

What You are attached to is not outward manifestation,
But the habitual movement of the ceaseless thoughts about it,
Personality is the outcome of this patterned consumption.

* * * *

Surrender cannot be conditional; it is not a tit-for-tat relationship.

* * * *

All your stresses are related to your desire,
And the knowing dread that they can never be fulfilled,
That their temporary and egocentric nature, will ever be deficient.

* * * *

Just because You cannot discern your ultimate nature, do not doubt its reality.

* * * *

Do not confuse aloneness with loneliness; the latter is time-bound, the former eternal.

* * * *

Do You not grow weary of all the scams instigated in the name of some deity?
Look into the depths of the aloneness within, for that which is most truly true.

* * * *

The illusion of existence is like a game played long and hard,
But sooner or later the final buzzer sounds,
And it is time to go home.

* * * *

Empires and mountains and galaxies come and go.
The quantum matrix indivisibly permeates them all.

* * * *

Your dread of karma creates karma.

* * * *

Union within manifests without.

* * * *

What You think of yourself or another,
What others think of themselves or You,
None of it means anything past the vanity,
And your death to time ends all concern.

* * * *

All manifest diversity is imagined.
It is but a light show, a sensory illusion,
Masking the indivisible, unassailable unicity.

* * * *

Clayness manifest, reflects mystery for You;
You reflect yourself for the unmanifest mystery.
The sculptor and the sculpted, are one in the same.

* * * *

Mother Gaia, like your Self, is a smidgeon of the indivisibility,
That must one day cease being the playground of this dreamtime.

* * * *

The only way any deity will intervene in this manifest play is through You.

* * * *

High mystery is open to any and all whose karmic seeds are voluntarily sewn.

* * * *

It is easy to maintain a sense of union with isness,
When life is pleasant and unburdened and easily traversed.
But when times are challenging, for whatever reason,
That is the genuine telling of your illusory epic.

* * * *

When the shallows of thought no longer entice You,
When the depth of your beingness calls,
There is no going back.

* * * *

We are all food in something's dream.

* * * *

It is the indivisible awareness,
The quantum nothingness of eternity,
That is the essence of all things.

* * * *

Until the day the body returns to dust,
You will face a vast array of temptations,
Ceaselessly concocted by a restless mind.

* * * *

Until You learn to give yourself back to what You are,
You will suffer the pleasures and pains of dreamtime.

* * * *

Subject and object are fashioned by the temporal manifestation.
Neither plays itself out without the other in this dualistic weaving.

* * * *

There is nothing You must prove, nothing You must become.
It has all been a laughable hoax played out by the mind seeking security,
When none was at all possible, or really ever even necessary.

* * * *

Existence, when seen though the personal eye, is a complex, unending maze.
Through the impersonal gaze, it is a masterfully choreographed, illusory dance.

* * * *

To see only your own suffering misses the commonality of all existence.

* * * *

Remember your Self; let the memory of the other do what it will.

* * * *

So many teachers that You have long since lost count.

* * * *

Be aware of self-absorption; discern Self-absorption.

* * * *

Dive beneath the choppy waves of the mind's reefs,
Into the silent, serene depths of eternal beingness.

* * * *

At the core of your personality is the insecurity,
Explaining your adaptation to mortal existence.

* * * *

This quest is a love affair with Soul.

* * * *

Humanity plays out so much confusion and chaos.
Clarity is in the awareness, in the stillness within.

* * * *

Become the totality You are.
All thoughts about it, all delusions about it,
Are nothing more than a diverting dance with the vanities.

* * * *

To discover and unify with isness,
You must long for it with your entire being.
Though the mind is the medium that gets You there,
The inseparable has nothing to do with any thoughts about it.

* * * *

Why that which is immortal would choose to experience mortal fare,
Is an inexplicable mystery, all must fathom at the core of their beingness.

* * * *

You are an eternal mixture of clay and gold, both mundane and extraordinary.

* * * *

There is not a moment that goes by that You are not making up your mind.

* * * *

In one word or less, show that You understand your true nature.

* * * *

You are ultimately your own teacher, teaching your Self.

* * * *

What vanity surrounds the play of dogmatic morality.

* * * *

Nothing lasts longer than long ever will.

* * * *

Why pretend what You do not feel?

* * * *

Samadhi is a mind on empty.

* * * *

You need not justify your existence.

* * * *

Nothing seems to matter a lot to the rare few.

* * * *

Anything that promotes dualistic notion is delusion.

* * * *

In beginnings, there is creation, in endings, destruction.
And between, whatever can be preserved for its brief while.

* * * *

Each and every moment in any ever-changing stage setting,
Is cloaked in the mystery, You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Unless You win a lucky spin in some lottery, or happen upon a pot of gold,
You are not likely to get much of anything out of something,
Into which You put piecemeal or no effort.

* * * *

Yet another dogmatic, idolatrous, cultish hoax, played out as religion.
Why waste any eternal breath, attempting to convince others,
Of that which is obvious, to those who are not blind?

* * * *

True meditation is the ending of time, the stillness before time,
Complete and utter surrender, within and without,
To the ever-presentness of Self.

* * * *

The hologram born of imagination is discerned complete,
When the awareness You believe a separate you,
Fully realizes that its true, ultimate nature,
Is the infinite, eternal oneness.

* * * *

Futility is beating your head on the wall,
Believing You can change anything,
Without changing into your Self.

* * * *

Now is ever the point of reckoning.

* * * *

To the bitter end, or some quick, self-determined conclusion?
Are not they all of the sword, by which we live, by which we die?

* * * *

You have pretended it all matters long enough.

Feel free to take a long vacation,
An eternal holiday,
From this theater of the absurd.

* * * *

What need or concern would the quantum ever have,
For light or sound, form or being, thought or memory?

* * * *

Never been much for people telling You how to live, have You?

* * * *

Totally, completely, absolutely, indivisibly, undeniably,
The You, You really are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The passions draw You out into this imaginary world.
Without their hot and cold, You are nothing more,
Than the infinite stillness of pure awareness.

* * * *

Everybody and everything, is not going to wake up,
And what does it matter, really?
If You are awake,
There is really no other needing to awaken.

* * * *

What a mystery this quantum matrix.
A mirage of space and time.
An imaginary sandbox,
In which all play,
But none truly exist.

* * * *

Seriously, folks,
At the fundamental level,
How can anyone really be all that different,
From any other life form?
Come on,
Think about it.

* * * *

Memories are but vague perceptions,
Of what appeared to have happened.
A veil cloaking unmanifest awareness.

* * * *

You are governed by continuity,

Because You give it the weight of reality.
Space-time plays out its illusion in every given mind.

* * * *

If You wander about thinking and behaving,
You are somehow superior to a wide slice of the pie,
You are more than likely in for a relatively rude awakening.

XVII

Even amidst the most appalling sights,
The most blaring sounds, the most bitter tastes,
The most putrid smells, the most excruciating sensations,
Even in the face of death itself, the knower of Self can own a laugh.

* * * *

Life is short no matter how long, and long no matter how short.

* * * *

All manifestation, alive or inert, has an epic story to spin.
Witness it all, and savor the wisdom, into which it distills.

* * * *

What good does it do to revere someone else's knowing if it does not lead to your own?

* * * *

You truly have only one parent; we all truly have only one parent.

* * * *

Other than your awareness of the awareness,
You will never be any more or less,
Than You are right now.

* * * *

At the other end of that gourmet feast is an indifferent pile of dung.

* * * *

Money is but a concept, a tool for survival, the usefulness of which ends at the morgue.

* * * *

Every culture sustains itself, feeding off youthful innocence.
None can long exist, without the compliance of the unwitting.

* * * *

Return to the womb of creation.

* * * *

It is your light that creates all reflection.

* * * *

Spiritual anarchy … Now.

* * * *

Intolerance resides in the harbor of ignorance.

* * * *

All definitions have no reality but what You give them.

* * * *

You are witness from your slice of the pie.

* * * *

Time is conscious vapor of the ever-present now.

* * * *

There may be love in passion, but is there passion in love?

* * * *

Truth is but a perception; no one owns it.

* * * *

What identity need a grain of sand have when immersed in the shores of infinity?

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how is anyone else but You in yet a different guise?

* * * *

Peel off her clothes, her hair, her make-up, her jewelry.
Peel away her exquisite flesh, down to the bones, disperse them afar,
And watch them slowly dissolve, in the hourglass of time.
A romantic getaway, if ever there was one.

* * * *

Do not pause, do not stop, until You find You, and You alone.

* * * *

Want nothing from others that they do not freely offer.

* * * *

What is evil but a projection of superstition and ignorance?

* * * *

A sane madness.

* * * *

We know so much, understand so little.

* * * *

Words, so many so useless.

* * * *

The more You own your true nature, the more serene, the more content, your being.

* * * *

Have faith You will know what You need to know when You need to know it.

* * * *

Probe mind with mind, heart with mind, mind with heart, and heart with heart.

* * * *

The mind is a tool, the pole in the vault.

* * * *

A drop of its own accord, seemingly has little power, little significance,
But when combined with others, becomes clouds, rivers, lakes, oceans.

* * * *

There is no place to run, there is no place to hide.
You will always be You, no matter what the dream.

* * * *

Go ahead, pretend You are a deity.
It can be a thorny crown, rough on the extremities,
But there is a tranquility, when the headache is over, and the scars heal.

* * * *

That which is manifest, articulates, acts, for that which is not.

* * * *

Listen for the soundless voice of mystery issuing from your beingness.

* * * *

Despite the illusion of individuality,
You are that which is the timeless indivisibility.
It is a clear mind, an open heart, that make You its dwelling.

* * * *

Idolatry is the self-absorbed theater,
Of those who put off, or are incapable,
Of perceiving, of realizing, their true nature.

* * * *

The burden of past and future, of identity, and all that time involves,
Is strapped on by desire, fear, dread, the unending passions,
And the mistaken assumption, they are truly real.

* * * *

Until You awaken to Self, your life is the slumber of illusion and delusion.

* * * *

Tomorrow ever arrives today.

* * * *

To know You are oneness, to abide in that grace, is enough for any heart.

* * * *

To know what You really are, and are not,
Is to know everything in this quantum hologram,
Is ever the same mysterious You, as well.

* * * *

Look into any mirror and see your own projected reflection.

* * * *

Desire is a Pandora's box.
Once opened the tide is ceaseless.
Close the lid, and the passionate swells calm.

* * * *

It takes great courage and discernment to own and shine the light You truly are.

* * * *

Thought is insatiable in its desire for more, more, more.
It is the creator of all consumption, all habit, all addiction.

* * * *

Your personality has no relationship with the awareness, the moment You truly are.

* * * *

The love of little self is rife with limits and conditions.

* * * *

Tragedy and boon are but flip sides of the same consciousness.

* * * *

If You really love someone or something, You need not be with them or own it.

* * * *

Only You can distill your mind and purify your heart.

* * * *

What is there to love in anything or anyone, really,
But the quantum clay of indivisibility,
Dwelling within and without?

* * * *

To take your identity and your projected world seriously,
Is to miss the opportunity to laugh often at an absurd joke.

* * * *

The body is a costume, theater garb, no more real than one donned on Halloween.

* * * *

That fact that You are quantum, makes indivisibility a logical probability.

* * * *

Do not pretend to love if You do not love it all.

* * * *

Quested through mind, it rests in heart.

* * * *

Because You are, You are that.

* * * *

Evil is imagined in the mind of humanity; it has no more reality than a shadow.

* * * *

To be in this world You have no choice but to act.
In what manner, however, delineates heaven and hell,
And the countless shades of purgatory between.

* * * *

If You venerate and practice only one day a week, You are missing out on the other six.

* * * *

You can never agape your Self too much.

* * * *

Do not doubt even for a moment that You are the beloved.
All hesitation is born of the many flaws of consciousness.

* * * *

The mastery You seek is of your Self.

* * * *

In the quest for the autonomy of truth,
Better to crash and burn any number of times,
Than to relinquish the one-time opportunity entirely.

* * * *

Do not be deceived by the light show, You are indivisible playing diversity.

* * * *

Staying completely awake to this one and only truth is ever a challenge,
As long as this illusory light and sound show, is the least bit seducing.

* * * *

Once You own this, the hoops through which You daily jump, loosen their grip.

* * * *

Whatever You pigeon-hole the mystery is unimportant.
The play of words too often creates unwarranted dogmatic divisions.
Discerning your ultimate reality, merging into it, is enough.

* * * *

Discovering the unmanifest within, that is the highest calling.

* * * *

See the part in the whole, and the whole in the part.

* * * *

When Jesus said to follow him, he hopefully did not mean to imitate or beg or fear.

* * * *

To believe your part more real or important than any other is a vain error.

* * * *

The drop which separates from the ocean suffers the isolating agony of personal hell.

* * * *

Healing does no good if it merely touches the body.

* * * *

Countless temptations in every part of the garden,
Endlessly vie to seduce You from the journey home.

* * * *

Like the archer and the target, human consciousness,
Has historically taken incalculable shots at discovering truth.
Their success ranges from bull's eye to missing entirely.
You alone must discern the aimlessness required.

* * * *

Abolish all tribal borders; no culture abides in the eye of isness.

* * * *

The Lucifer of Maya You fear Is the one You imagine.

* * * *

Divers return to share what is in the depths below,
But what surface dwellers hear, is ever another matter.

* * * *

What can You want if You lack nothing?

* * * *

The heap of bodies it has taken,
To create You at this juncture of the creation,
Is probably much higher than most would care to imagine.

* * * *

Psychologists, psychiatrists, and other mind-walkers,
With their countless labels and pharmaceuticals and other gimmicks,
Have yet to truly discern what the mind really is, and is not.

* * * *

Do infants shriek and wail,
Because they divine the many trials,
Awaiting them on the long and winding trail ahead?

* * * *

Why is it, how is it, that You will never ever see your own face?

* * * *

What do You still want badly enough to die for again and again and again?

* * * *

A beautiful face is a promise that cannot be long kept.

* * * *

Damn the glory, get off the stage.

* * * *

Better enjoy every single moment possible,
Glean everything awareness allows.
The ever-streaming passing,
Is all You really have.

* * * *

You are not the first to discern the mysterious origin,
And You most assuredly will not be the last.
Yet it is the same oneness within all,
No matter the space and time,
You intuited the call.

* * * *

The ultimate detachment in consciousness is the immortal stillness of awareness.

XVIII

The personality You so value,
Has no real meaning to the ultimate.
It is a distraction of an imagined fabrication.

* * *

Surrender is the key, the means, the way, to heaven.
The mystery will not intervene without your questing it.

* * * *

How uncomfortable, how painful dying can be.

* * * *

Inattention is often the catalyst of misfortune.

* * * *

When are You not paying for something?

* * * *

Curious how we all wake up every day, and spend a major portion of it,
Recollecting and playing out the edifice of perceptions,
Fabricated by sensory mind-body.

* * * *

The diversity of the cosmos about You, are facades of your own creation.
Countless variations of the same mystery, playing out in every sentient being.

* * * *

Even the very astute can be deluded in unwary moments.
Any manifestation, any portion of this dream, has the potential,
To seduce almost anyone back into undiscerning ignorance.
Few are disposed to sign themselves over completely.

* * * *

To focus on any one portion of a tapestry,
Or one aspect, one facet, one face, of a diamond,
Is to miss the holographic unity of each and every part.

* * * *

The eternal quest for the harmonic reunion with truth,
Is well prior to the mortal patterning of instinct and experience.
It is the liberating release, from the personal calamity, of having been born.

* * * *

All concept is limitation; uncarved blocks are not blocks.

* * * *

Assume You are the mystery until You discern it for a fact.

* * * *

You as persona, are a Gordian Knot, which awareness cuts like a razor-sharp sword.

* * * *

Anything You think You are, You are not.

* * * *

Your power does not come from the ego of little self.

* * * *

What is sorrow but the dread of your mortal nature,
The delusory misapprehension of its conscious potential.

* * * *

Liberation is akin to …
Unraveling knots in a rope,
Straightening up after a party,
Cleaning bugs off a windshield,
Unjamming logs in a stream,
Ironing wrinkles in a shirt.
Wiping the hard drive.

* * * *

Being in the moment is its own reward.

* * * *

Are You waking to the dream, or is the dream waking through You?

* * * *

Truth, union, cannot be unraveled or dissolved,
Only masked by every imaginable form of ignorance.

* * * *

Do You spend anywhere near as much time sharpening your spirit,
As You do, pandering to your vanity, and accumulating your things?

* * * *

Without You, the mystery could not witness your version of the play.

* * * *

Do away with the vanity of separateness to get back to Eden.

* * * *

To wander within is the first and last frontier.

* * * *

Surrender requires total humility; your identity need not be a lifetime plan.

* * * *

Filled with door-to-door persuasion,
They give themselves over to vainly proselytizing,
The eternal mystery which they at best only dimly comprehend,
In the trance, the fog, of their self-absorbed ignorance.

* * * *

The devil may be the most likable fellow You know,
Or the prettiest girl You ever enticed into a back seat.

* * * *

Too much of anything often makes one forget how simple life was without it.

* * * *

Death extinguishes all life in one sooner or later or another.

* * * *

The quantum mystery ever-fashions new dreams from the wreckage of destruction.

* * * *

To seek recognition in any way or shape or form,
Is the vanity-vanity founding your manifest existence.

* * * *

To be cast in any manifest form,
At any level of this dreamtime mystery,
No matter how infinitely immense or powerful,
Is that into which all limitations are spun.

* * * *

You are because the mystery is,
And the mystery is because You are.
A symbiotic affiliation of the utmost order.

* * * *

Ashrams are like horticulture laboratories.
Precise and calculating in the flowering process.
Outside, the weeds harvest whatever truth is allotted.

* * * *

What would tempt You back to this dimension of existence?
What do You desire to experience, that You would die for again?

* * * *

It is not material things that are the problem,

But the weight of attachment they are given.

* * * *

There are countless versions of the golden calf,
That You must someday melt into quantum clay.

* * * *

What choice does quantum clay have, but to play out the sculptor's design?

* * * *

The only thing moving is your mind.

* * * *

The mystery of awareness is in every nook and cranny and space between,
And no sentient being is mislaid, no matter how dreadful their darkness may be.

* * * *

You are not the scribbling on the board, You are the board.
You are not a shadow playing in the light, You are the light.

* * * *

There is a quantum clarity to this mystery,
Which minds bound to the illusion of space and time,
Cannot even begin to completely, much less accurately, discern.

* * * *

But for every drop, every grain, neither ocean or shore would be.

* * * *

Assert no claims You cannot substantiate through scientific reasoning.

* * * *

Avoid blaming some deity for those harsh lessons that bring You closer to home.

* * * *

Your real family, your real tribe, your real relationships,
Are with those whose hearts and minds rest in awareness.

* * * *

As expansive as You imagine it, it is so much more so.

* * * *

All attempts to label yourself, or anyone or anything else, are meaningless vanity.

* * * *

Who are You, really? If You do not know, who else does?

* * * *

Even the most perfect bodies are feasts worms will someday consume.

* * * *

Peel away all exteriors to find the real banana.

* * * *

To discern the quantum clarity, to peek behind the nebulous curtain,
Requires a keen eye, a flexible mind, and a good slathering of doubt.

* * * *

What is education for most but indoctrination into one mythos or another?

* * * *

Totality can be sought and alluded to, but is never captured by graven images.

* * * *

Ideals are meaningless if You do not act upon them.

* * * *

If You must pray, pray intuitively, asking nothing for yourself.

* * * *

You must be very bold to know that which is prior to all mythology.

* * * *

What earthly title or position could compare with this knowing?

* * * *

It is relatively easy to be on good terms with pain once it is gone.

* * * *

Do not be afraid of mistakes; there really are none.
Unintended consequences can be great teachings,
As You slowly accumulate the tokens of wisdom.

* * * *

Wander beyond mortal, worldly existence.
The weavings of desire, fear, dread, and other passions,
Are not worth the effort, not worth the struggle, not worth the angst,
Once the true nature within and without is discerned.

* * * *

Neither this world nor any other, are of any ultimate concern.

* * * *

Discern true faith, go home, stay home, as often as possible.

* * * *

It is attachment to the movement of thought that bars You from the stillness of eternity.

* * * *

All mind projections are illusion.
Nothing seen, nothing heard, nothing tasted, nothing smelled, nothing felt,
Is ultimately real and true.

* * * *

To declare the light of one deity or another, to be all,
Is to miss that any projector also has an "off" position.

* * * *

Those ego-ridden, earth-bound spirits,
To whom power and status and fortune matter,
Shine dimly in their narcissistic-hedonistic confusion.

* * * *

Your burdens are choices born of free will, such as it is.

* * * *

Ignorance speaks loudly and often, rarely discerning what real listening is.

* * * *

If You walk around with a full head, all You hear is your own recording.

* * * *

Nothing, everything, that's You.

* * * *

Assume the possibility, spend the rest of your life exploring the subtlety.

* * * *

Humanity is going to get a pretty shocking slap across the face if it does not wake up soon.

* * * *

Be loyal to all and none.

* * * *

When You fully realize, there are none who are not,
There is a tendency to become your brother's keeper.

* * * *

To say "I am the way" does not imply a path; it is more accurately, "The way it is."

* * * *

The seed of the spirit,
Requires soil and water and sun,
If it is to be nourished into resonant bloom.

Lacking any of these, the spirit rarely finds its way.

* * * *

There are at least three solutions to any maze: Wander aimlessly or sit down or climb out.

* * * *

Fear of death has fostered so much absurdity in every arena of manifest consciousness.

* * * *

The rational mind is linear; the irrational nature of liberation is without direction or motive.

* * * *

All division is vain choice; no reality sustains it.

* * * *

Call it what You will, You are it, and it is You.

* * * *

Words, thoughts, concepts only have power over You when You believe them real.

* * * *

Contemplate the mystery wherever You are, whatever You are doing.

* * * *

God is not up there in some pristine heavenly kingdom, watching your every move.
Isness is within You, no matter the time, no matter the setting, no matter the activity.

* * * *

Drugs are tools to unlock the rational mind.
Their effect is less and less, as the irrational mind,
Gains footlessness in the clarity beyond form.

* * * *

To those locked in the rigidity of forms, unconfined logic appears foolishly irrational.

* * * *

We are all puppets at the whim of the quantum puppeteer.
None can ever know how the indivisible script will play itself out.
Each must simply find contentment in their nature-nurture, genetic lottery role.

* * * *

Practice at indivisibility; sooner or later, every once in a while, You may get it down.

* * * *

In oneness, diversity; in diversity, oneness.

* * * *

We are but a brief twitch of an incalculably tiny synapse of that most infinite totality.

* * * *

To fully embrace the infinity of your ultimate nature,
To completely surrender to the unmanifest,
With every particle of your being,
That is surely the heaven,
No book ever written can capture.

* * * *

This dream requires that You exist as You do, that it might continue to unfold as it will.

* * * *

You do not have to prove anything to any other.
You do not have to do anything, say anything, write anything,
To know, whatever it is, that You are it, have always been it, will ever be it.
Just being it, just being in the moment, to your mind and heart's content, is surely enough.

* * * *

From the oneness, spring the many,
And the many, bound to their sensory-mind partition,
Wreak chaos and ruin upon themselves, and their one and only home.

* * * *

No matter the costume or mask or name or delusion,
The we who is You, the we who is me, is ever the same.

* * * *

Have not quite figured out,
Why anyone has to be born a few trillion or so times,
To discern that bullshit is bullshit.

* * * *

Agape is a byproduct of surrender to the indivisibility of all.

* * * *

The back and forth arguments about this or that deity on high,
Is as ludicrous as debating Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, or the Easter Bunny.
All are like blind men, declaring this or that, about an elephant, they have never, will never, see.
The truth of it, is that nobody really knows diddly-squat about this mystery.
That is the absurdity of it, that is the wonder of it.

* * * *

Yet another totally believable lie.

* * * *

There can be no shadow without light; nor light without the shadow in which it weaves.

* * * *

The Song of God is in every moment played; conscious breathing will help keep You there.

* * * *

Birth into this dualistic world is the first of many cuts to the mind and heart.
The change from blissful womb to temporal world must, indeed,
Be something of a shock to every sentient being.

XIX

There is a profound difference between righteousness and self-righteousness.

* * * *

It has all been just a fleeting dance of synapses programmed for memory.

* * * *

What we call civilization is really domestication.
No different from what we have done to animals and plants across the world.
Just a more complex set of hoops and jumps.

* * * *

How often the envy and vanity of individuals in groups,
Work to sabotage those actually seeking to realize,
What any real teacher is attempting to teach.

* * * *

The constant temptation for the mind-body to continue seeking,
Outward happiness through the sensory world is strong,
And ever just as equally, doomed to failure.

* * * *

Did God invent You, or You, God?
Hard to be certain with any definitive certainty,
But, by all observations marshalled, thus far, in this existence,
Odds are, the latter.

* * * *

You cannot surrender totally to totality,
If there is anything else You put before it.
Anything.

* * * *

Many go on and on, about dying and going to heaven, but not many jumping up and down to volunteer.

* * * *

Traditions and dogmas and symbols and rituals and whatever,
Often fashion addictive dependency on outward show,
Serving only to distract from the real one within.

* * * *

Be firm or harsh when You must; soft and vulnerable when able.

* * * *

To whom do You apologize?

* * * *

Wherever You go, whatever You do, the mystery is ever witness within.

* * * *

Watchful, indifferent, serene, intuitive realization, is the key.

* * * *

Negation eventually transforms into discerning wonder.

* * * *

What words cannot explain, faith must bridge and harmony cross.

* * * *

Are You able to watch that which You most value,
With the same eyes as You would a blank wall?

* * * *

For all to be empowered, to be encouraged, to be enlightened,
Requires the agape of a gardener for flowers and weeds alike.

* * * *

Through thick and thin,
Through breadth and depth,
Through all forms small to great,
The trek is ever of the same essence.

* * * *

You lingered in memory for the remainder of this existence.
In letting me go so easily, You brought me closer, forever after.

* * * *

Put aside all attempts to organize spiritual pursuit.
Like waves crashing endlessly upon an infinity of shores,
Each moment's timeless unfolding breaks spontaneously anew.

* * * *

Scholarly studies of the vainglorious histories of this civilization or that,
Seem to serve little purpose other than to more efficiently expedite,
Continuing degeneration of the diversity of life on this planet.

* * * *

It does not at all matter who Jesus, Siddhartha, Lao Tzu, or anyone else pretended to be.
Discern who-what-when-where-why-how You really are, and are not,
And all absurdities will find their answer.

* * * *

The politicians and priests and aristocrats, manipulate your vanity to sustain their own.

* * * *

Drift on, my sweetness.

* * * *

Dogmatic morality stagnates into legalisms; compassion flowers freely, rightly.

* * * *

Fellowship is the manifest expression of the indivisibility.
Dogmatic doctrines framed by groupthink are its antithesis.

* * * *

You play an individual persona, a separate ego-identity,
Until You discern the knowing confidence to play your Self.

* * * *

Any who erroneously believe they or any groupthink possess sole title to the mystery,
Miss completely, to the nth degree, the point and purpose of this wordy dissertation.

* * * *

In the current attempts to distinguish truth,
Knowledge, technology, history, in every arena,
Offers serious spiritual inquiry a nearly endless field,
In the manner of metaphors, similes, analogies, parables.

* * * *

Play out the temporal existence that all creatures small to great must endure,
Absolutely, compassionately, kindly, caringly, affectionately, warmly, gently.

* * * *

If You feel restrained, feel curbed, in your existence,
Perhaps You are not giving in, giving over, to what calls You.
Live your dreamtime's version of a life well-lived, not another's law.

* * * *

Put your mortal concerns second; it is all You in the most indivisible sense.

* * * *

What You hear another say, is ever your own translation, your own projection.
You must discern your own way, in the dreamtime passing before your awareness.

* * * *

The moment opens the door to infinity to those who knock with discernment.

* * * *

To beg for oneself in any way, is a misunderstanding of prayer, and the point of surrender.

* * * *

Scientists currently hypothesize that the cosmos,

Burst from a quantum point much tinier than an electron.
Where exactly do You as an individual persona fit,
When the universe someday closes shop?

* * * *

Since time's beginning, humankind has venerated words and forms.
Many have discerned that it is the inner nature that creates all,
Yet still the mind ever seeks to consolidate and categorize,
That which deigns to no manifestation its sovereignty.

* * * *

Comprehension of the spirit resides in the shifting dunes of insecurity.
Your attempts to get a foothold in the sands of timelessness,
Are futile until You become one with the sand.

* * * *

Never hesitate to question anything, to question everything.
Despite there being no concrete answers, it is all questionable.

* * * *

Character, individuality, ego-identity, is the endless pastime of consciousness, of imagination,
Until all craving for more, morphs into an earnest jousting with windmills,
To fathom what this unfathomable mystery is all about.

* * * *

Do not equate faith with fear of deities born of imagination.
It is more accurately a sense of harmony with the source of all.

* * * *

Routines and habits are signposts of the insecurity manifesting its way into thought.

* * * *

As on a spinning pottery wheel, You are free to create or preserve or destroy.
It is your light show, and You will play it, and pay for it, however destiny calls.

* * * *

Whatever You believe or think,
Compassion toward your fellow earthlings,
Is not all that difficult or impossible a thing to muster.

* * * *

It is less about what others think of You, than it is what You think of your Self.
To use others in that unquenchable muddle, is only fruitless projection.
To discern, to agape, what You truly are, is the highest calling.

* * * *

Undiluted awareness is the final attunement.

* * * *

Attempts to surround yourself with beauty, are often futile efforts to create it within.
Once within, however, what is without, may or may not, morph into a revised paradigm.

* * * *

There is a balanced mixture of veneration and humor to all of it,
A two-faced coin, made with a relative blend of logical absurdity.

* * * *

As long as the ego-identity dominates your existence,
You will be separated from the jewel of life's potential.

* * * *

Reality cannot be owned until everything is released.

* * * *

Peace is a quality of serenity within.
As an intellectual architype, it has little or no meaning,
Because mind's actions, mind's deeds, mind's motivations, are calculated,
Not unrestrained, naturally spontaneous outcomes.

* * * *

There is only one reality, one awareness.
It manifests in all things animate to inanimate.
It manifests through fellowships without boundaries.
Any who misconstrue, only perpetuate divisive absurdities.
All religions lay claim to an incalculable array of imaginary deities,
To which the timeless, indivisible, indelible awareness, offers no sanction.

* * * *

When happenchancing into groupthinks that proclaim themselves the chosen ones,
But do not make it crystal clear, that You and everyone else is as well,
Let some wind into your sail, and leave a wake at their feet.

* * * *

Innocence is never lost, just hidden by innumerable protective layers.
Psychic fortresses, forged identities, chameleon fictions, delusional weavings,
Where best for a thief to hide but where the real crime was committed?

* * * *

Humankind has fashioned an immaculate garden into a hive of consciousness,
In which the illusion of space, the illusion time, rule its denizens from cradle to grave.
All its industries, all its technologies, exponentially multiply the filament of Maya's weaving.
Extricating the given mind from the muddle, requires great strength, great courage.

* * * *

Your character is merely a by-product of your original nature.
It is akin to vegetation on a mountain, lush and fascinating,

But ultimately having little to do with the mountain itself.

* * * *

What is this life You think You have?
What do You stubbornly cling to so tightly?
What do You ever really know or own?

* * * *

Each and every day, You awaken, and race to resume the ceaseless, insatiable, futile quest,
For purpose, for meaning, for fulfillment, for happiness, for love.
To what end, Pilgrim? To what end?

* * * *

Depending on the blend of courage and discernment,
There appear to be many gradations of faith and veneration,
Yet are any, really any more or less real and true, than any other?

* * * *

Measure the many You encounter in your long and winding expedition,
By their actions, by their deeds, by their integrity, by their essence, not their words.
How often so many gullibly believe and follow the corrupted declarations of snake oil salesmen.

* * * *

A shopping spree is as deep as many get in contemplating the nature of space and time.

* * * *

Who do You trust most if not yourself; if not, why not?

* * * *

Everyone poops and pees; what vanity to believe one person's any better than any other's.

* * * *

True fellowship looks past exteriors into mind and heart.

* * * *

Our separateness from the manifest garden,
Is reflected in declarations like "conquest of nature."
But what do we ultimately defeat, but our own best interest?

* * * *

We have all been told so many things,
Countless contrary arguments and philosophies.
What to discern, how to know, is such a challenging road.
It is in this Soul quest that a sense of harmony,
Must override the distracting confusion,
To discern the greatest view.

* * * *

Is there anything more wearing than hypocritical self-righteousness?

* * * *

Just another light show, leave ‘em laughing when You go.

* * * *

You do not have to do anything, You know.

* * * *

Embarrassing, sure, if you’re bothered by what any given other thinks of You.

* * * *

It is certainly an interesting perspective, eh what?

* * * *

Who else but You can say what it is You truly feel?

* * * *

Sorrow is of time, joy of eternity.

* * * *

As if You have to behave in any certain way.
It is for others to get over, if it bothers them.

* * * *

Another myth, another trip, played out by the delusion of one self-absorption or another.

* * * *

Read it, and weep and wail and curse,
That all your ancestors spent your inheritance.
Yup, it was mighty good for them that had a taste of it.
A bit tougher on the many who died, and otherwise agonized for it.
But, what the hey, isn’t that the way they say it goes?

* * * *

The difference between heaven and hell, is but a momentary, ephemeral state of mind.
Suffer those whose thunder perfect minds, cannot discern the serenity prior to consciousness.

* * * *

How in God’s name (If there ever was such a thing) did You create all this?

* * * *

Connect the dots as You will, or not, for it matters not.

* * * *

You can say what You please, as long as You don’t talk too loud.

* * * *

Every breath a bit closer to the last.

* * * *

Could s/he be any more pathetic?

* * * *

Those who lack vision tend to follow or mimic those who do.

* * * *

Curious how many different labels,
Can be attached, conferred, ascribed, bestowed, by so many,
Upon the same person or place or thing.

* * * *

So many lies polluting so many minds.

* * * *

All that desire, all that craving, all that yearning,
Does it really foster real happiness?
Does it truly bring real joy?

* * * *

How can You use a word like love when You do not even know what it means?

* * * *

I Am, the beginning and end of all creation.

* * * *

What need is there to lie when the truth is more amusing.

* * * *

Perhaps You are mad, oh well.

* * * *

Reframe the big picture without a frame.

* * * *

What You do in the younger years of your existence,
You will, in who knows how many ways,
Pay for in whatever is left.

* * * *

Too cynical? Or just too real, too upsetting, to pull your quaking head out of the sand?

* * * *

It is whatever You dream it to be, and not, all the while.

* * * *

Why do You deny your Self?

* * * *

There You are, innocent of all charges, being once again tortured by some other.

Once You curmudgeon-ize, there is little likelihood,
Of mustering the energy for a cheery cheerleader role.

* * * *

Mad enough to believe anything possible.

* * * *

Suffering is a great eyewash.

* * * *

You cannot see what You cannot discern.

* * * *

The time, the space, of innocence, is too quickly lost,
That each must with much effort and sorrow,
Try so hard to effortlessly regain.

* * * *

Suffering sculpts wisdom.

* * * *

Words can tear us apart: perhaps better that much be left unsaid.

* * * *

You are players in my theater, and I in yours, welcome and fare-thee-well.

* * * *

There is great ecstasy and agony in this bountiful theater of quantum design.
None of it can touch the vibrant awareness You truly are,
Without vanity's consent and support.

* * * *

Each moment is an intricate sand painting,
Which You are challenged to ever wipe away.

* * * *

In ancient times, thoughts born of insight, of wisdom, were given weight,
To clearly resolve issues for the communal good of all concerned.
To not value sages offering their experience and appraisal and wisdom,
Shows how far we have meandered from common sense in daily existence.

* * * *

Children, shrieking in playful joy, flee the onslaught of the ocean waves,
Never even conceiving that someday they might return to embrace them.

* * * *

These words are not for window-shopping tourists,
But for sojourners questing their eternal birthright.

* * * *

In your brief dream of time, You, and You alone,
Must discern that filament of awareness,
That is timelessly pure and free.

* * * *

The mystery is blind to your vanity and suffering; You must reconcile with it, not it with You.

* * * *

The trail might have been easier if You had had a guide pointing the way,
But would You look back on all the suffering so fondly,
Had You not wandered it alone?
Vanity is all.

* * * *

New age implies old age, and how can either be, when it has ever been ageless?

* * * *

Your presence contributes to the rewriting of the script humanity has up to now played.

* * * *

Dress wisdom in whatever costume or language or mythos You like,
It ever washes out into the same unborn-undying mystery of awareness.

* * * *

You must master the many temptations this trek through dreamtime every moment offers,
Before You can truly grasp the eternal key to the heaven on earth that it has always been.

* * * *

The greater whole, the greater good, is only rarely discerned,
By those capable of such a relatively straightforward undertaking.

* * * *

An introspective, insightful eye is vital.
One that perceives what is true, and what is not,
And scales back the latter to whatever degree is necessary.

* * * *

Observe your attempts to create, intentionally or not,
Envy in friends and acquaintances and strangers and adversaries alike.
The path to glory is harsh and desolate and disingenuous.

* * * *

The rashness of youth is tempered with age.

The young should seek the counsel of those who discern a larger view,
If that stance is not of an overbearing sort.

* * * *

How much of your daily existence,
Is spent pursuing numerous vanities,
And succumbing to many insecurities?

* * * *

Mystical seers wait patiently, with stylus in hand,
For reflective insights to issue from mind to scroll.
One must be very open, very clear, to scribe truth.

* * * *

A healthy dollop of cynicism is requisite,
In the day-to-day witnessing of this cosmic dream.
Try using it as a lever, to pry your smidgeon of cognizance,
For its unmanifest potential in whatever destiny the illusion is fated.

* * * *

Outward piety is an exhibition which fools only the undiscerning.
Hypocrisy is like an empty shell in which vanity is most at home.

* * * *

To own property or animals or things or slaves,
What is the point, the raison d'être,
Of this urge to possess?

* * * *

Why be overly concerned for your survival, when your life was given in the first place?

* * * *

Whether to create your own prime directive, or surrender to the mystery,
That is the freest exercise of will, that imagination will ever contemplate.

* * * *

No matter how many times, how many ways,
Doubt, skepticism, pessimism, cynicism, incredulity, disbelief,
Investigate so many inevitably absurd assumptions,
The door home can never be locked.

* * * *

Surely, even the hardest heart must see the smallest flicker of the eternal light,
That ever shadows the Self-deceits to which each must inevitably pay consequence.

* * * *

Never let anyone hypnotize You into believing they are crucial,
For the reclamation, for the salvation, of your eternal birthright.

* * * *

Why is it necessary to tell someone You love them?
If your agape is real and true, it is in every expression and action.
It exudes from the core and fiber of your very being.

* * * *

The subtlety of consciousness in the manufacture of identity,
Weaves the fabric so finely that it is incredibly arduous to clearly discern,
Its ultimate source never was the you, You believed it to be.
To without doubt realize You are the mystery,
Requires profound diligence.

* * * *

If You believe You are practicing real religion,
By tithing to some edifice and its resident holy man,
You sell yourself on the seaward end of the rotting plank.
That many are satisfied with the trappings of religion,
Is definitive proof that all organized attempts,
Are as pointless as pointless can be.

* * * *

Integrity is integration with the greatest picture.

* * * *

The best way to make your peace with God is to become god-like.

* * * *

The wealth of heaven has nothing to do with any earth-bound notions.

* * * *

Your concern over past lives is just more of the same old vanity.

* * * *

Even with great practice it takes a lifetime to surrender totally to totality.

* * * *

So much of what is called spirituality is immature pretense with little substance.

* * * *

Those who hold to outward laws and cultural mores and dogmatic principles,
Live earthly lives, never having the courage to tack their own courses home.

* * * *

Just because sun and moon and earth cycle round and round, does not make time real.

* * * *

Discern the word and share it in whatever way You will.

* * * *

Discounting another human being or life form discounts You as well.

* * * *

Paying to hear the truth? To pretend that which is ever false?
Such two-penny swindles we mortals do endlessly entertain.

* * * *

If You think heaven is a members-only club, go to the end of the line.

* * * *

Organized religion is often systemized groupthink,
Which ever blocks real spirituality's blossom,
In its denial of mystery dormant within.

* * * *

History's subjugation of the eternal moment proves again and again,
To be a virulent assault, an unending travesty, upon innocent minds.

* * * *

The unsounded depths to which You may go, can be deep and dark and desolate.
Depending on how resistant, how impervious, your imaginary ego.
How hard the shell You have built around yourself.
For some, the return home may be the most natural voyage.
For others, the journey may well traverse the brink of physical death.

* * * *

Have You truly ever known an evil that was not the concoction of some mortal mind?

* * * *

The blind remain blind until they have the discernment to see.

* * * *

What fools we mortals be to tarry in this dream we cannot see.

* * * *

When once You own this mystery jaunt, You, too, will share a thought or two.

* * * *

None above You, none below You; all contrasts are born of imagination, not reality.

* * * *

It is whatever You choose it to be, for that is the dreamy nature of this quantum mirage.

* * * *

Alas, attachment to non-attachment can spin a web equally binding.

* * * *

All earthlings will pay a merry price for the imbalance human divisiveness has wrought.

* * * *

Vanity comes in every imaginable form; even denial of vanity can be a covert exercise.

* * * *

How is it that we have so much resistance to realizing the obvious?
That deep down, we are cousins even with the most basic life forms?

* * * *

To ceaselessly argue limiting, self-absorbed viewpoints,
Is probably what lemmings do as they rush toward the cliffs.

* * * *

Even the most ambitious wind must catch its breath.

* * * *

Discern the wisdom of the ages, and the dream comes to fruition.

* * * *

Seen through the personal eye, the mind-body is an identity with many attachments.
Through the impersonal eye, it is just another quantum container,
A vessel in which awareness is witness.

* * * *

Do You believe the quantum dust which all of us are,
Has any allegiance to the forms into which it is made?

* * * *

In this busy-busy world – becoming more and more specialized –
We have placed the wisdom of generalists on the shelf.
The result is many trees and fewer forests.

* * * *

Always easy to spot the other guy's vanity.

* * * *

The frenzied way our species has chosen to live
– the population, the climate, the pollution, the technologies, the conflicts, and so much else –
Has given little consideration to the who-knows-how-many generations,
That may, or may not, follow in our churning wake.

* * * *

It has become, so insane, so absurd, in so many arenas,
That there is truly no longer time to turn the other cheek.

* * * *

Everything is arbitrary, everything is assumption, everything is whatever.

* * * *

Any given seed is but a pattern, a blueprint,
An offering of potential to the dreaming of mind.

* * * *

The elixir of pure, unfiltered awareness,
Untainted by the gusting winds of consciousness,
Is the only real and true salvation in this Le Théâtre Absurde.

* * * *

The state of the world is a natural consequence of the synergy of our all our interactions.
It has nothing to do with any plan concocted by any imaginary deities.
It is we alone who have naturally selected our fate.

* * * *

The immeasurable matrix of the space-time continuum, is the sensory illusion of the given mind-body,
Evolved of stardust to witness the indivisible, indelible, ineffably mysterious unknown.
Without question, without answer, without purpose, without reason.
It is what it is.

* * * *

What a jewel this world must have been before our kind climbed to dominance.

* * * *

If excellence is your inclination,
Being immersed in a culture of mediocrity,
Is more than a little challenging.

* * * *

No deity on high is going save You,
Because there is nothing to save but an imaginary dream.
The awareness that is real, the awareness that is true, the awareness that is ever-present,
Is what You are, what You have always been, what You will ever be.
How can that which is never born, ever die?

* * * *

To challenge your fear, to understand your fear, You must not be afraid to fear.

* * * *

Heaven and hell are states of mind.
In heaven You can be in hell,
And in hell, in heaven.

* * * *

To be at peace, to discern its ultimate nature, You must be receptive to it.
You must be done with all the conflicts born of consciousness.

Duality must cease and desist for eternity to reign.

* * * *

What doesn't kill You today may well take another stab at it tomorrow.

* * * *

All the idealism is the world means squat, unless everyone decides to make it happen.

* * * *

Hard to keep caring about something that just ain't never going to get fixed.

* * * *

A culture that does not invest in its young has no vision for its future.

* * * *

Any given fate is an eternal sculpture carved every moment,
And all are already written in the shifting sands of awareness.

* * * *

Challenging to play out any given part, and be inwardly anonymous.

* * * *

The mind is the first and last assumption.

* * * *

It is only money, it is only stuff, it is only life.

* * * *

Observations, within and without.

* * * *

One simple breath is far more valuable than all the wealth in the world.

* * * *

Do not start a fight You cannot finish, and finish any fight You did not start.

* * * *

No religion anywhere in this world has any more spiritual authority,
Than any other geographic assumption born of human imagination.

XXI

These many random thoughts are for those rare few,
With the intelligence, the insight, the desire, the resolve, the strength,
To manifest compassion and righteousness and truth,
The potential that resides within all.

* * * *

Coin whatever words You will, they are ever nothing more than tokens,
To a state, a quality of beingness, of presence, that cannot be counterfeited.

* * * *

Who does the killer kill,
The thief pilfer,
The rapist rape,
The liar deceive,
The tormentor torture,
But themselves in another form?

* * * *

Now is You forever.

* * * *

It is You, You trickster, You, You, You, ever again.

* * * *

You must dredge the mind deeply to be clear of its confusion.

* * * *

At first, dust is just dust.
Then it is not dust.
Then it is dust again.
And then You wipe it off the table.

* * * *

Across time, that voice in the wilderness,
Can still be heard by You: I am that I Am.

* * * *

Better that reunion with your true state be filled,
With merriment, laughter, good will, and playfulness.
There are times to be serious, but be somewhat cautious,
For too much resoluteness can so easily lead,
To divisiveness and aggrandizement.

* * * *

The mind is the neural forge through which the heart gains shape.

* * * *

Here You are, awareness, experiencing quantum fare, how is it?

* * * *

Compassion is the fruit of insight.

* * * *

In seeking the truth, You must someday fathom that its fabric is You.

* * * *

You are the quantum mirage-maker.

* * * *

You see it, therefore it is.

* * * *

Words like these can tangle the mind into every sort of Gordian Knot,
In those who lack the wit to perceive they are but the coin of illusion.

* * * *

Many have lost faith in leaders and heroes, because over and over again,
So many have to their own ends, used and abused and manipulated,
Their belief, their trust, their hope, their loyalty, their ignorance.

* * * *

Are You a pessimistic, distrustful, gloomy, depressed, old, grey, stuffed Eeyore?
Or a cynic, a skeptic, a doubter, a stoic, an ascetic, a radical, a humanist, a realist?

* * * *

Deceiving your Self is the first and last offense.

* * * *

Always give opponents a way out; tigers do not take well to corners.

* * * *

All attempts to be invulnerable in this mortal frame are ultimately futile.

* * * *

Give it back to the oblivion from whence it came; take no credit for anything.

* * * *

Stop trying to fit into this definition or that; nothing can ever define the real You.

* * * *

From unmanifest, awareness.
From awareness, consciousness.
From consciousness, identification.

From identification, discernment.
From discernment, realization.
From realization, mindfulness.

* * * *

Problems usually boil down to one attachment or another.

* * * *

Faith is not a fearful act of contrition; it is the intuitive perception of the eternal moment.

* * * *

Expand into the quietude of no other.

* * * *

Serve the many others, as clay would the sculptor,
But realize that You are ever Self, witnessing it all.

* * * *

Rekindle all the virtue, the innocence, the unworldliness, You were as a child.
If childhood was taken away too early, find a few children willing to teach You.

* * * *

Wise fools know they are neither the disguise nor the act.

* * * *

So much taking, what do You give in return?

* * * *

Discipline need not be torturous.

* * * *

Commit to everything and nothing.

* * * *

Read between the words, between the lines, in as many ways as the mind can fathom.

* * * *

There is no string long enough to plumb the depths of this mystery.

* * * *

You are Self, everything and nothing, born into creation.
Ever unknowable, every undiscernible, ever unfathomable.

* * * *

The limits of mind are unlimited imagination.

* * * *

There is nothing distinct in the reality of truth.

* * * *

Must the spirit be bound by the body's suffering?

* * * *

Humankind, not really much bigger than ants,
Wanders about, feeds and clothes the body, completes tasks,
Builds dwellings and pathways, exercises traditions and mating rituals and wars,
All the while believing itself so important to the welfare of the universe.
Some deity will surely save us, for we are more than worthy,
Of a better destiny than we have chosen to create.

* * * *

Submerge a bottle of water beneath the ocean's surface.
All that sets it apart, all that differentiates it, is the periphery of the container,
But once the bottle is undone, once the vessel walls disintegrate,
When was it never not that which it so apparently is?

* * * *

Bright or dull, reality is; all value is the same sand.

* * * *

The self-imagery You concoct, You are not, have never been, will never be.

* * * *

We continuously delude ourselves, believing that we learn anything from history,
Other than how to slay one another more efficiently, in as many ways as possible.

* * * *

Even the most courageous warrior must someday submit to mortal nature.

* * * *

The only difference between right and wrong is You.

* * * *

Little do You realize that hell,
Is not some far off harsh, future fate,
But the here-now You in aloneness create.
And that heaven, is that same space,
But wherein You see your Self,
Well past the human race.

* * * *

That You exist makes anything imaginable.

* * * *

It is that essence, that quietude, that awareness within, that You must embrace.

* * * *

Some call it father, others mother; it is both, yet neither, in this immaculate birthing.

* * * *

Of the billions of human beings, who have come and gone, in this mystery dreamtime,
How many have had the luxury of never knowing hunger, of never knowing deprivation,
Or the lack of a safe bed, clothing for any occasion, and material wealth beyond all need?

* * * *

The most glaring timber in anyone's eye is that it is they who are doing anything at all.

* * * *

Indeed, among all the wily traps the mind may weave,
Playing sage perhaps poses the most subtle vanity of all.

* * * *

How many project their vanity upon one deity or another?

* * * *

It all passes until, sooner or later, all passes end.

* * * *

What does education really accomplish,
But pass on the same constricting mindset,
That created what the future must ever endure.

* * * *

The mind can be like quicksand,
Ever clutching, tugging at your feet,
In whatever direction You are least wary.

* * * *

Personal codes, principles, rules of order, laws of any sort.
How inevitable that the discerning buzzer sounds, and the resolutely insightful cane,
Pulls self-righteous, hypocritic moralists, off their vain stages.

* * * *

Vanity, vanity, at every turn vanity.
Ahhh, such a crafty coyote residing within,
All for dust and ashes, both the beginning and end.

* * * *

Any belief, any hope, that humanity will somehow metamorphose,
To a more enlightened mindfulness anytime ever,
Is a grievous slog for any idealist.

* * * *

Many words are used in these pages to describe that which is indescribable,

Yet no sound given over to concept, can ever capture, much less subdue it.

* * * *

How far are we from that moment when all can freely realize,
That they are all players united of the same indivisible dream?
How is it that we allow greed and fear and ignorance to reign?

* * * *

It is not easy to suddenly realize You are the mystery,
When You have been conditioned your entire existence,
To believe that someone else knows better than You.

* * * *

Face with courage and compassion the tapestry You have sewn.

* * * *

You are the eternal singularity every moment streaming unborn-undead.

* * * *

Unless they deny all help, abandon none who are capable of discerning that seed within.

* * * *

We have all lived lives discovering,
In every way what it is to be a human being.
Strive to forgive yourself for the many times You regret,
And till the ground, which is, has ever been, will ever be, flawless.

* * * *

To judge others is to play a most unenlightened way.

* * * *

The body is a seething bag of chemistry,
The interactions, which each must alone face.
Some lessons are, indeed, more than a little difficult.

* * * *

Philosophy not culminating in the awareness prior to time,
Is like an eternal game of chess forever adrift in stalemate.

* * * *

Fools, madmen, sages, who can tell, for all consciousness comes from that wellspring.

* * * *

If You cannot stop and laugh at yourself, take a closer look at your attachment to illusion.

* * * *

How many become so solemn and serious,
When switching into so-called spiritual mode,

As if being the pious is separate from daily living.

* * * *

Until You discern the indivisibility of all forms,
Of all traditions, of all mythologies, of all philosophies,
How can You wander all camps, free of karmas of consequence.

* * * *

Lighten up, literally and figuratively.

* * * *

Whether You like or dislike the many reflections of your persona,
Becomes inconsequential, once You discern the ultimate nature.

* * * *

Do You observe why You seek recognition?
Anonymity within is your ultimate state,
But it is the drive to become more,
That engineers the wheel of suffering,
Upon which You go round and round again.

* * * *

What we have done to this garden makes Rome's lead pipes seem like a harmless prank.

* * * *

You live at the level of mortal existence that You consciously or unconsciously choose.
Whether it be pagan or worldly or saint or sage, it is ever the choiceless choice of destiny.

* * * *

Real religion is a dance with mortality.
It is every aspect of daily living as each of us knows it.
Physical manifestation is both grand and mundane, joyful and sorrowful.
It is eternity's means to understand and embrace, to whatever capacity You are inclined.

* * * *

These many thoughts tinker with the destiny of the human paradigm,
To what sweet or sour or bitter end, is, at this writing, only speculation.

* * * *

Try not to take the vessel so seriously; it has never been what You really are.

* * * *

There are none who can forgive your many trespasses but yourself.

* * * *

Realizing your ultimate nature is to become the awareness that permeates all.

* * * *

Existence finds many ways to challenge any mind, any heart.
Do the best You can with as few misgivings as possible.
And remember, no matter what You may do or say,
You are ever that which is eternally absolute.

* * * *

Armageddon is merely a predictable consequence,
Born of the inertia of humankind's dualistic synergy.

* * * *

Fate will not be denied, cannot be denied.
To one beginning or another, to one ending or another,
All must participate, all must adapt, all must capitulate, all must perish,
In the ever-streaming, ever-kaleidoscoping, ever-momentary, ever-cognizant dreamtime,
Of nature-nurture's, unborn-undying, magical-mystery, quantum illusion.

* * * *

What is the point of being bound to any school of thought?

* * * *

Just another day in the madhouse of the unknown.
And are You perhaps amongst the sane, or just another Mad Hatter?
Or is everyone just their own twisted version of normal?
Hard to say, hard to say, so hard to say.

* * * *

Though many have discerned there is no mountain,
There is truly no 'road less traveled' to stride.
All must explore their own pathless path.

* * * *

What need for a guru to point the way, when your cosmos,
Requires only undivided attention to teach You everything.

* * * *

An aphorism is a mystic's wit unveiled.

* * * *

Every birth a new world, a new cosmos,
A new creation, a new genesis, a new backyard.
Nothing new under the sun, except the ever-present You.

* * * *

Take reasonable care of your body,
In the same mindful way You do any vehicle.
Change the oil, fill up with quality gas,
And put it through the paces.
A no-brainer, indeed.

* * * *

A curious thing, how hatred generates such destructive energy.
And even more curious, is how those who least understand their passion,
Invoke so much suffering, upon those who likely least deserve it.

* * * *

Personality is akin,
To the shape of a wind-blown tree,
To the restricting ruts, in a path wandered to and fro.
The predicable result of all the narcissism, that our kind inevitably fosters,
And so often believe real and true, to the end … and beyond.

XXII

No book ever written has any authority over You without your consent as its author.

* * * *

Practice enlightenment and liberation until there is no time You are not.

* * * *

Whatever this mystery is, You are as well.

* * * *

What it is, is for as long as You breathe.

* * * *

What in this world is worth suffering for?

* * * *

All manifestation is not without You to witness it.

* * * *

There is only one rhymeless reason.

* * * *

It takes brave heart and sure mind to discern that which has no measure.

* * * *

Carrying on with a conditioned, habituated, imaginary dreamtime,
Rather discerning and surrendering to that which is eternal,
That which You truly are, is yours, and yours alone.

* * * *

You keep seeking rhyme and reason,
You keep seeking meaning, seeking purpose,
When there is nothing more than what You imagine.
Are not the harmony of breath and a brief dream, gift enough?

* * * *

Manipulation is the lever of an impoverished soul.

* * * *

So much of our manifest quantum existence is but a collusion of vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity.
Each of us wandering restlessly through our lives, masturbating each other's egos.
All nothing more than imagination, usurping the ever-present moment.

* * * *

So many thoughts are assumptions, so many thoughts are conjectures.
Believing there is a deity, believing there is not a deity, are equal speculations.

Notions devised by consciousness's craving for permanency,
In an ever-changing sensory dreamtime.

* * * *

Will we ever tire of abusing our sandbox?

* * * *

There are them that talks about it, and them that does it.

* * * *

When exactly does eternity begin, if not your death to time now?

* * * *

Are You asleep? Are You awake? Are You neither?

* * * *

Everything You are this moment is all You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Harmony begins within.

* * * *

It is vanity and greed, desire and fear, ignorance and confusion, that breed evil.

* * * *

One can certainly make a speculation that the cosmos was created,
To be spent in as many ways, as the mystery, in all its attributes, allows.
God, if You will, playing all parts, each and every centerstage, for all eternity.

* * * *

What any others think of You is your own creation,
An endless projection of a restless mind,
Caught by the shadows of time.

* * * *

Leave behind all attempts to organize reality.

* * * *

You are the tabula rasa, the blank tablet,
Through which all is said and done.
Allow emptiness to envelop You in its stillness.
Totally negate your identification with any movement of mind.
The awareness that is timelessly, changelessly ever-present, is the real You.

* * * *

Quickly, slowly, what is the difference?
Destiny happens, destiny does not happen, as it will.
Are You aware, are You mindful, are You harmoniously aligned,

With the spacelessness, the timelessness, of every kaleidoscoping moment?

* * * *

To know You are mystery, that all is mystery, is an understanding, not an ego trap.

* * * *

Those who seek the devil often create one within.

* * * *

It really has nothing to do with heart or mind; those are just manifest metaphors.

* * * *

Each must discern his or her own covenant with the mystery.

* * * *

The reality of the indivisibility is more than obvious,
Yet most are ensnared by space and time,
Build it into something vain,
Toss it out the window,
Walk right on by,
Refuse to even look,
Cannot even begin to see it,
Get distracted by all the miscellany,
Or get muddled by the apparent complexity.

* * * *

Karma is just another entangling concept.
Responsibility for one's existence its own gift.

* * * *

When an infant is born, it is all the potentials of pure awareness.
Its senses perceive, but no conscious deliberation is attached.
No identity, no personality, has yet been by conditioning sculpted.
Your challenge is to rediscover that eternal state of unworldly emptiness.

* * * *

Promises of angelic solace and heavenly reward,
Manifest from Maya's limitless bag of imaginary tricks.
They play upon, prey upon, fearful gullibility and superstition,
The craving for happiness and continuity, and the dread of mortality.

* * * *

All outward desire for this form or that is simply misdirected inner longing.

* * * *

The awareness You ever are, is immortal.
It has made possible all that is seen and done.
To deal with death and dying, to deal with change,

To deal with sickness and injury and aging and death,
Requires a state of mind relatively few ever begin to plumb.

* * * *

The wisdom You glean, the tokens You gather,
Are tickets to heaven, by whatever name You give it.

* * * *

Those who willingly harm others,
Who get pleasure watching another's pain,
Suffer an unenviable mindset, a wretched separation,
Which even boundless compassion will likely never penetrate.

* * * *

Your existence is a series of experiences, much like a moving reel of film images.
Memory ties them together into a continuity that You habitually assume is your life.
What is the state of mind, the quality of mind, when the film of memory is shelved?

* * * *

Ceaseless preoccupation with religious forms,
Only delays emergence into immaculate spirituality.

* * * *

You know thousands of words and concepts, but how far can knowledge really take You?

* * * *

Are You really fooling anyone but yourself?

* * * *

What we each choose to see and know,
The drama we are driven to play,
Is the inherent mystery of diversity.
What wisdom God gleans playing every part.

* * * *

Moon and sun orbit across the sky, a duet of form making possible the seer's dream.

* * * *

The calculations of design are without end.

* * * *

How many ists and isms will push their groupthink,
Until we see there are none, but for those who sheeple.

* * * *

How is it that science does not fully accept and embrace the mystery as inherently ineffable?
That rational examination of the quantum matrix is ultimately hamstrung,
By the inexplicable reality of the quantum matrix.

At what point does science accept its Quixotic exploration,
As ultimately being nothing more than pointless, pride-filled arrogance.

* * * *

These thoughts are riddles, paradoxes, reflections,
Designed to chip at the rational mind until it cracks.

* * * *

Real religion is when You are one with reality, and then the religion disappears.

* * * *

There are few simple answers for a mind lost to complexity.

* * * *

Self-righteousness is a hell of its own design.

* * * *

Anger isolates the mind and hardens the heart.

* * * *

What does your face look like from behind that mask?

* * * *

Why accept anything less than a direct connection?

* * * *

As interesting as it may be, history tends to twist and turn, even suffocate, any given now.

* * * *

Saints live out their idealism; mystics are realists lost to time.

* * * *

Your heart requires no object to give its all.

* * * *

When You are it, what need for belief?

* * * *

Be as a child in this mortal and mysterious play.

* * * *

Who, what, where, when, why, how?
Questions which ultimately have no answer,
Except for the discernment that You are the answer.

* * * *

Can You experience without the experiencer? Perceive without the perceiver?

* * * *

If You accept space and time are not ultimately real,
Then history, whether personal or cultural,
Becomes less and less significant.
A sense of nowness, of timeless process,
Becomes much more weighted in your awareness.

* * * *

Who is it You think You must become?
You already are everything You could hope to be.
What greater blessing could there possibly be in any lifetime,
Than complete reunification with the unmanifest source of your being?

* * * *

There is no defense against the ghosts born of your own imagination.

* * * *

One day You wake up, and all that desire for continuity will have vanished, but not You.

* * * *

Take personal responsibility in an impersonal way.

* * * *

You just have to realize how little effort is required to own this reunion.

* * * *

What devastation will it take,
For the momentum of our collective synergy,
To slow down and return to some sort of sustainable balance?

* * * *

Ponder all creatures small to great,
To whose extinction humankind has contributed.
Do You seriously believe we are not vulnerable to a similar fate?

* * * *

If You give to get, You have not given at all; the unconditional asks nothing in return.

* * * *

Everything You are, everything You have, everything You think,
Is but a relatively temporary loan; the price of admission, your death.

* * * *

So much of what You have been told to value, has no validity or meaning whatsoever.

* * * *

When You begin realizing how little You really know,
You may, perhaps, discover the reality, You truly are.

* * * *

Open your heart and mind to even the most notorious.
They, too, toil and suffer in this mortal thespian arena.

* * * *

Those who oppress others are locked in a hell of their own.

* * * *

Everything You truly are and are not, has nothing to do with what You think You are.

* * * *

Your body will be destroyed, but what You really are never dies.

* * * *

Is awareness really any different right here, right now,
Than when there is no consciousness around to witness it?

* * * *

Accepting any label creates a tendency to live up to the definition You give it.

* * * *

Destiny is the play of free will born of illusion.

* * * *

All cause and effect, is founded on time-bound attachment to the mind-body identity.

* * * *

Until You unify within, nothing will change without.

* * * *

Your resistance to this patterning is your spirit's yearning for union prior to form.

* * * *

Pain and pleasure are naught but the promptings of nerve endings.

* * * *

When You take things personally, there is no end to the contortions suffering can manifest.

* * * *

Who can know but You?

* * * *

The mind's capacity for the illusory order of reality,
Must in the end, submit to the chaotic order of reality.

* * * *

The vain drive for power and fame and fortune are misdirected quests,

For the greater truth that must ultimately be discerned and fostered within.

* * * *

To what end do You lean; creation, destruction, or somewhere in between?

* * * *

Be sure teachers You choose to follow are real teachers.
Far too many use others for their own self-absorbed ends.

* * * *

The dexterity of these words is enhanced by your insight into their true meaning.

* * * *

The challenge is residing in the moment without identifying with it.

* * * *

Shine your light to the boundaries You create;
Then expand those limits until there are none.

* * * *

Why tolerate being continually served so much ignorance?
Why put up with the unceasing conflict that delusion manifests?

* * * *

What You really need is generally provided without your having to ask.

* * * *

Attachment to any religious or political or economic or social mindset,
Is the diversion of limitation, separation, and, sometimes, destruction.

* * * *

The total functioning would not be without You, nor would You be without it.

* * * *

Everything is nature, but nature fashioned by the mind,
Misplaces the spontaneous, rhythmic order,
In which Nature alone abides.

* * * *

There it is.

* * * *

The sweet and sour of existence doeth make for interesting viewing.

* * * *

Whether to abide until some bitter end,
Or depart with chips on the table,
That is, indeed, the question.

* * * *

Just another story, man.

* * * *

Everything is arbitrary, but some things do seem, indeed, more arbitrary than others.

* * * *

Death is merely going to sleep and not waking up again; dying is the hard part.

* * * *

The innumerable masks can never hide from eyes that see Self ever pretending to be.

* * * *

Singularity playing a vast game of multiplicity.

XXIII

The decrees of tradition often lie hidden in texts taken as scripture.
Few teachers, if any, are completely free of their beginnings.
Discern for your Self, without creating dogma for others.

* * * *

Whether or not to continue playing any game, once the interest is gone, that is the question.

* * * *

Nothing scribbled on the tabula rasa is ever the tabula rasa.

* * * *

Circumstances born of time often call each of us, to act in ways we might otherwise not choose.

* * * *

All psychological suffering is just the concoction of vanity.

* * * *

Before all You think real and important, You are.

* * * *

Change is.

* * * *

You are that upon which all is said and written.

* * * *

The personal mind is the outcome of the suffering of consciousness.

* * * *

How do You expect to change the world if You cannot even change yourself?

* * * *

Are You the dreamer of the mountain, or the mountain dreaming You?

* * * *

Do not hesitate to cross any boundary; none exist in reality.

* * * *

Your only obligation in life,
If You choose to own any obligation,
Is to play your hand out to the best of your ability.

* * * *

Where are the boundaries without the sensory mind?

* * * *

Every part of your vanity or derision is food to one life form or another.

* * * *

Real religion is opening to the no-mind, which forms no resistance to the ever-changing.

* * * *

Pursue the teachings, not the scribes.

* * * *

Stop punishing your Self to fit into an absurd world,
That does not appreciate whatever reflection You offer.

* * * *

Be that which is prior to all mirrors.

* * * *

It is not a matter of convincing yourself, it is a matter of knowing your Self.

* * * *

Stop playing the game of ideals; just say what You mean, and mean what You say.

* * * *

Call it mountain, ocean, universe, or whatever name You concoct, it is ever the same oneness.

* * * *

The garden still exists; it is right before your eyes as it has ever been.

* * * *

There are more problem-makers than there are real problems.

* * * *

For so many, the more they have, the tighter the grip.

* * * *

To be born, to live, to die … great gift or great bother?
A bit of both, so many times over and over.
In everything, irony and paradox.

* * * *

Whatever You are, You are; how amazing this mystery, this illusion.

* * * *

All problems only exist because You are bound in a mind-body.

* * * *

The joy thought, is not joy.

* * * *

To put the mystery outside yourself implies a duality which does not, cannot be.

* * * *

Neither seek pleasure nor avoid pain; reside in the stillness before time.

* * * *

Instinct, habit, patterning, conditioning; all jailers in the prison of manifestation.

* * * *

What makes You believe the clay is attached to any particular shape?

* * * *

When one does good works, the motive,
Whether born of heart or political expediency,
Ofttimes quickly become more than a little apparent.

* * * *

Nuclear arms are the ultimate extension of the fist.
We engineer with the power of deities,
Without the wisdom.

* * * *

If it is your destiny to awaken, what can stop You?

* * * *

How blurry the lines of duality truly are.

* * * *

No society or organization seeking its own perpetuation, has any interest in your being free.

* * * *

All attempts to organize any belief system,
Only foster and breed greater division and rancor.
Is it not enough to delve into your own soul,
Without creating dogma for another.

* * * *

What point is there to a life work that creates imbalance and destitution of spirit?

* * * *

Each must find that courage, that essence of being,
To face the suffering, mortal existence has in store.

* * * *

Becoming the indelible mystery is not a thought.
It is the awareness prior to thought.
So effortless.

* * * *

Did You choose to be born?
Did You pick your parents and family?
Your body? Your geography? Your circumstances?
Some would assert that this is one of countless reincarnations,
But do You know it as bona fide truth for your Self?
And does any of it really even matter?

* * * *

The competitive savagery that got our kind to this point in spaceless-timeless,
Is no longer functional for survival of ourselves, our fellow earthlings, or this spinning pale blue dot.
Over-population and unrelenting designs, weave an ominous, cancerous plot,
Against the fantastical garden that birthed it all.

* * * *

You are the fruit born to harvest.

* * * *

At the depth of every soul, You will find your own.

* * * *

Alone again, naturally.

* * * *

Dogmatic morality is a vain vice.

* * * *

Love is more than a conceptual ideal.

* * * *

In their ecstatic quest for happiness, lemmings abandon themselves to the cliffs.

* * * *

Mortality is a difficult enticement to tack beyond.
A challenging game with stakes of no real matter.

* * * *

It is so simple, so nondescript, so obvious, that You blindly walk through it every moment.

* * * *

Humanity's fate is the synergy of countless choices born of dualistic thinking.

* * * *

Your true face is before all lightshows.

* * * *

Amazing how it all kind of fits together.

* * * *

One man’s terrorism is another’s war.

* * * *

The argument that we would be nothing without history, is so very, very true.

* * * *

None of this can You keep.

* * * *

How is the mystery omnipotent and omnipresent and omnipotent,
Unless it resides in every fiber of everything,
Including You?

* * * *

One of the most effortless ways to end or destroy something,
Is to ignore it, to refuse to participate, or to give it no power.
Political institutions, corporate empires, organized religions,
Are all prime targets for the anarchy of the unattached mind.

* * * *

You are already everything You could hope to be.

* * * *

It is not a matter of convincing or persuading, but of seeing.

* * * *

Some will use any means to deny your origin; get them all behind You.

* * * *

These many thoughts are randomly arranged,
Because existence is a random process.
All organized attempts come from mind's difficulty,
In dealing with the chaos, with the anarchy, of manifest existence.

* * * *

Our unwavering willingness to subjugate the world,
Shows clearly the depth of alienation,
From our source of being.

* * * *

Your denial of your so-called dark side,
Is denial of half the coin.
Embrace it all.

* * * *

The continuity You fabricate, is but a dream that cannot be grasped.

* * * *

Dwell where thought will, it is ever the same quantum matrix.

* * * *

It is You, not the other, who draws You through the full range of human emotion.

* * * *

Were we to seriously seek a resolution to any conflict, we might well find ourselves on the same side.

* * * *

At some point, all things can only go downhill.
It is the statistical nature, the certainty, the truth, of all creation,
That everything must some moment face destruction.

* * * *

Those who are drawn to awaken,
Are an elite club into which all are welcome.
Many are called but few are chosen.
Fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

The only lock is the one in your mind.
The only key is the one in your mind.

* * * *

In great abundance, the seed of great hardship.
In great hardship, the seed of great abundance.

* * * *

Fashion your detachment in whatever way You will.

* * * *

The corporate whip does not discriminate.

* * * *

Peace is not a concept.

* * * *

You could well be dispatched,
With the same disdain, the same ruthlessness,
You have dispatched so many others.

* * * *

Sometimes, You charge.
Sometimes, You withdraw.
Sometimes, You hold the line.
Be as fluid as the moment allows.

Cultivate the intuitive self-reliance,
That whatever here-now arrives,
You will figure out what to do.

* * * *

Absoluteness is absoluteness, no matter what route appearances have taken.

* * * *

To be overly concerned with the triflings of this illusive world, is but an enticing dead end.

* * * *

In absoluteness, vanity disappears.
The senses are observed dispassionately.
There but awareness in the spaceless-timeless.

* * * *

It is likely not personality that calls the mystery.
None of us are the gibberish residing in our heads.

* * * *

Attachment to any teacher or teaching,
To any philosophy or organization,
Creates a separation, a denial, that truth,
May manifest in a diverse infinity of appearances.
Only the inner eye and silent ear, witnesses their total reality.

* * * *

The imprint of order, founded in illusion, is the rational mind's delusion born of dreamtime.

* * * *

Dogma is the ruling of outward authority,
The principled dictates of the limited minds of others.
When You own your own law, no others apply,
More than pragmatic necessity requires.

* * * *

Truth leaves no room for anything more,
Than the pretense, the imaginary play of character,
In the theater of the space-time continuum’s ethereal dream.

* * * *

You are prior to all scriptures and religions; they point to You but can never touch You.

* * * *

The mind's quest to deny and destroy diversity, misses entirely its innate unity.

* * * *

Psychological desire by its nature creates separation.

The "me and mine," the "I want," the "I own,"
Are the duality, the division of diversity,
Existing in sensory illusion only.
Reality is ever oneness.

* * * *

If anyone ever advised You, if You ever believed,
That You could never be free of conditioning,
Take a chance, take a leap, and try again.
A mind immersed in awareness, has no tether.

* * * *

You have created all this for your amusement, a virtual reality game, extraordinaire.

* * * *

To give importance to the scribe,
To give importance to the messenger of these words,
Gives in to Maya's illusory game.
It is all You.

* * * *

Every moment is a seamless note in the cosmic symphony.

* * * *

Mortality has no morality.

* * * *

Life as we know it is a habit, and most of us are addicts.

* * * *

Explore, discuss, disagree, agree, and more,
But avoid fabricating new dogma,
If that is even possible,
Flawed species that we are.

* * * *

Death is death.
It is how You die, that is the great bother.
Yet, no matter how long, no matter how torturous,
It will at some moment come to an end, painlessly peaceful.

* * * *

How elusive the so many memories,
The many perceptions of one's life, become,
As the life force ambles toward the decline and fall.

* * * *

Barkeep, another round.

* * * *

What was existence like before You began to desire and fear and dread?

* * * *

You are an eye of the mystery.

* * * *

Any vision is only as accurate as the inner eye is clear.

* * * *

The task of the ones who see, is to pass on their vision.

* * * *

Different cultures allow and disallow as groupthink ordains.
But we are, after all, cousins of the same branch,
Gone awry across the dream of time.

XXIV

Every desire, every fear, every dread,
Or any other manner of thought, is but quantum movement.
What You really are prior, call it whatever You will,
Is the unutterable stillness of awareness.

* * * *

That which is eternal, can never be touched by the everyday.
The latter being nothing more than a passing shadow of the former.

* * * *

Attachment to manifestation keeps You dancing.

* * * *

Like a complex maze, there are many false trails, but in reality, there is only one way.

* * * *

Personality is a house of straw or sticks, of cards blown by the slightest breeze.

* * * *

Once You begin to see your true nature, your true Self,
To further believe and carry out your imaginary identity,
Only magnifies the pain and suffering of consciousness.

* * * *

Someday the body will just fall off, and only You will remain.

* * * *

Regarding time travel, how can one ever travel, something which does not, but in imagination, exist,?

* * * *

Are You obligated to believe any of this is really happening?

* * * *

Is any mark in time much more than a stain?

* * * *

Vanity is the source of all our mischief.

* * * *

Space and time out there, is really nothing more than quantum movement within.

* * * *

What You are right here, right now, has always been, and will ever be.

* * * *

None but You can unlock the divine potential.

* * * *

Keep them guessing.

* * * *

You are clay given life.

* * * *

Live for a few moments, all the pain, all the suffering,
Your existence, and all life, has ever experienced.
Why does humanity vainly torture itself so,
By magnifying that already given?

* * * *

Seek reconciliation with your utmost nature.
Surrender to the rebirth of eternal insight within.
Never cease expanding your realization of the mystery.

* * * *

The probability that You exist is none to infinity.

* * * *

Whether in tranquility or turmoil, You are the stillness of awareness observing the sensory play.

* * * *

Manipulating your mind's longing for more, more, more,
Maya entices You, Maya seduces You, in every way imaginable,
With every variety of illusion, ever temporal in nature.
Like being offered sand to quench a thirst.

* * * *

The best scam organized religions ever created,
Was to cultivate superstitious trepidation of the unknown,
And then get the guilt-ridden to pay so-called holy men for forgiveness.

* * * *

There is no obligation, but what Maya has fooled You into creating, and then believing.

* * * *

Those who are so ready to discern the antichrists,
May well themselves be what the scriptures predicted.

* * * *

Allow desire's end to unfold gracefully.
Pride-filled suppression only fans the fire.

* * * *

What You think You want, is only what You think You want.

* * * *

Existence is rather a windy-liquid-flaming play, a flowing that linear minds cannot easily discern.

* * * *

To worship a personalized deity,
Is to put faith in something,
As temporal as yourself.
Before any deity, You are.

* * * *

How miraculous the impact of simple acts and compassion.

* * * *

Do not wait for your physical death to join heaven and earth.

* * * *

So many are so quick to inform You,
This or that, is the most important raison d'être.
How is it they know, and You do not?

* * * *

Do not shrink from your innate aloneness.
Use every distraction You will, it will not depart.
Through every fiber of your being, it is your ultimate state.
When ego-identity dissolves into awareness,
What other can there be?

* * * *

You desire the flower while its freshness titillates the senses,
But where does the flower come from, and where does it go?

* * * *

Realization of the totality will be the death of the you that is not.

* * * *

It is all as unreal, as cotton is from candy.

* * * *

Like a drowning man in a lonely sea, none can save You, but your Self.

* * * *

There appear to be many trails up the mountain, but there is only one peak.

* * * *

You will not find your Self, anywhere but right here, right now, where it has ever been.

* * * *

Discern the eternal spring within; baptize your self in Self.

* * * *

When your hunger and thirst for the ultimate reality,
Consumes every imaginary fiber of your being,
You will feast and drink of the eternal font.

* * * *

Imagine not believing any of it.
That none of it is real, and never has been.
All those tree rings of desire and fear and dread dissolve,
And a beam of light shines in your mind's eye.

* * * *

Self plays at sickness, injury, aging, dying, death.
It seeks relationship through the grand theater of diversity,
Yet, succumbing to none, is eternally untouched.

* * * *

Realize that which is timelessly eternal, and You will merge with heaven.

* * * *

You are the limitlessness of awareness, of Self,
Enacting manifest mortality, in your own fashion,
In this infinitely diverse cosmic quantum theater.

* * * *

Humble your will into union with the absoluteness of awareness.

* * * *

Identity shields You from your inner light; it is the barrier to your union with eternity.

* * * *

Any implication that You exist, draws You into the web of continuity.

* * * *

To be without the vanity of identity, is to be the witness prior to imagination.

* * * *

Your sense of identity is used against you, over and over again, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

You do not even need to label yourself spiritual.
Just being, right here, right now, is more than enough.

* * * *

For any deity to know its origin, is akin to a light bulb, knowing where electricity comes from.

* * * *

The elements are the clay weavers of this play, the costume makers of the supreme.

* * * *

No one holds the key to isness, to the mystery, but You.

* * * *

The journey toward total surrender, is rife with every variety of setback,
As the individual mind tends to resist the awareness,
Which is indivisibly whole.

* * * *

Few, if any, know their manifest destiny, and rejection of any resists all.
To be ready and waiting for any possibility embraces the quantum die roll.

* * * *

As long as You believe this or any other dance floor real,
You will again and again succumb to the illusions of light and sound.

* * * *

This inane hellish world is even more challenging, for those intelligent enough to inquire deeply.

* * * *

Prune euphemisms and political correctness; see and tell it like it is.

* * * *

It is your attachment to the very movement of thought which must be discerned.

* * * *

Nothing You can say about it, is ever what it is.

* * * *

Inner struggle and resistance are confusion wrought by duality, the false separation of subject and object.

* * * *

The end to resistance only happens when individuality becomes indivisible.

* * * *

There is nothing to reconcile once You see it all was imagined from the word go.

* * * *

It is often challenging in the midst of life's fray,
To discern just what it is You are learning.
Be patient, distillation will come later.

* * * *

If You see only the many parts, You have not looked deeply or broadly enough.

* * * *

Ultimately, none of us have individual lives that we can really call our own.

* * * *

Action without integration only creates more confusion.

* * * *

None are born, none die, but they who believe it so.

* * * *

"I am" is the one and only authority.

* * * *

You are it already, there is nothing more to become.

* * * *

You must act, you must keep moving in this world,
And is there an ultimate meaning?
Need there be one?

* * * *

It takes a great deal of resistance to maintain the narrowness of individuality.

* * * *

If they have not discerned a modicum of detachment,
Those more aware they are faking it often agonize much more acutely,
Than those who play themselves without doubt.

* * * *

The spark that fires into the word,
That "Ah hah!" is the point of intuition.
It is the divine source, the fountain of all being.
The word itself is dead without that subtle realization.

* * * *

In the midst of creation and preservation and destruction, the underlying reality is changeless.

* * * *

Outwardly obey the rulings of Caesar, but within your own realm, You are sovereign.

* * * *

Your identity is the sacrifice and the libation.

* * * *

To say anything about all this is foolish; to say nothing only a bit more so.

* * * *

Who is it who cares?

* * * *

There is no one to follow; You must stoke your own inquiry.

* * * *

You are the purity, the goodness, the righteousness prior to morality.

* * * *

As You surrender, as identity dissipates, it all just sort of takes care of itself.

* * * *

What is this mix of desire and fear and dread, that You have done all this to your Self?

* * * *

Treat everyone and everything as You would be treated; at least be aware when You do not.

* * * *

Your consciousness is reflected by the company You keep.

* * * *

That which You discern in others who have realized reunion within, is that which You seek in your Self.

* * * *

False humility, the self-righteous denial of vanity, is no less vain.

* * * *

To imagine your mind is an identity, is akin to using a computer simply to add and subtract.

* * * *

Without this sense of union, all proactive efforts result only in continued disarray and confusion.

* * * *

Humanity is in the unyielding grip of an absurdity,
Whose seeds were sewn in moments that no longer exist.
To be free, history and tradition must be given much less weight.

* * * *

All the fear of the unknown, all the dread of the unknown,
Is an unconscious choiceless born of attachment,
To that which You think You know.

* * * *

There is only one awareness, there is only one moment.
All mind-bodies, all facades, born of consciousness,
Are fated to dissipate into its indivisible oblivion.

* * * *

Real faith is an act of loving volition, not a fear-ridden, dread-ridden, cautious gamble.

* * * *

So desolate the vanity born of this material plane.

* * * *

If not for the sensory mind-body, how would awareness focus into consciousness?

* * * *

To what can You be truly committed, when there is nothing onto which to hold?

* * * *

Humanity's assumption that it is centerstage,
In the Shakespearian theater of some supreme being,
Is egocentric, ethnocentric, geocentric, unfounded balderdash.

* * * *

Logic does not rule in the here and now … I Am … is as irrational as it gets.

* * * *

Just try and hold your Self together.

* * * *

Understand logic well enough to know You are not as logical as You imagine.

* * * *

What part of 'It's not about you' do You not understand?

* * * *

Any promise of forever is just another deception.

* * * *

Your given universe presents every sort of distraction imaginable.
Peace is either at the ending of all concern for anything,
Or the all-embracing concern for everything.

* * * *

Every moment is yoga for those bent on discerning union.

* * * *

Your true wealth is beyond all counting.

* * * *

Every life form is bound within the given patterning of its capacities and limitations.

* * * *

Who came up with this idea, this absurd notion,
That everyone is going to wake up someday.

Just another lie, to give ye old no mind.

XXV

The mind is much more than a problem-solver, or maker.
Free your Self from the burdens You have accumulated in this world.
They are not worth their weight in gold, nor any other form of cash or wampum.

* * * *

Excess ever weaves a price.

* * * *

Who has ever really discerned these things atop the shoulders of another; all must seek truth alone.

* * * *

How many governments or businesses are truly concerned about individual welfare?

* * * *

Do You seriously believe the great prophets of this pale blue dot,
Would bother entering the cathedrals founded upon their teachings,
Or argue with all the sheeples who have twisted everything they wrote.

* * * *

It is more than the eyes can see, and less than the mind can know.

* * * *

Organized religion is a crutch vainly used by many to avoid exploring what is real and true.

* * * *

There is nothing which You can truly own in this world, except the certainty of your ultimate nature.

* * * *

What price, your soul?

* * * *

What nations or religions are really necessary, once You understand the unity prior to consciousness?

* * * *

It is the mirrors of ignorance, the weariness of which, ripen You into awakening.

* * * *

All must learn and earn the sovereign courage, to overcome the despair that living so often brings.

* * * *

That soul bivouacked on the park bench, is You in yet another version.

* * * *

What irony that we manipulate and destroy,
That we place forests into dwellings that are overly large,

That we kill off ourselves and other life forms in every way imaginable,
And then name landmarks and consumables after them.

* * * *

All that diversity, so much of which You dread, is your own creation.
How You destroy it so voraciously, so mindlessly,
Is insane beyond reckoning.

* * * *

The politicians and priests play upon your vanity,
And You encourage them by paying for their wars and temples.
You are ensnared and choreographed by your own fear,
When all You really should do, is just say no.

* * * *

From whence do these many thoughts come?
Why, from You, of course, for as has often been articulated,
You are your own version of this mystery theater,
Cast by the mutation of imagination.

* * * *

Arguing your limitations only cements their reality.

* * * *

When You are a child, You speak as a child.
When You grow up, You put away childish things.
When You find You, You recreate the best of all worlds.

* * * *

Even for the most honorable demon, there is never a point of no return.

* * * *

The source is like the hub of a wheel,
The chasm in a spark plug,
The space in a ball.
Ever useful because of nothing.

* * * *

The corruption and ignorance of the world,
Wears on You because You fathom, however remotely,
The untainted virtue of the inner vision You are.

* * * *

The piety and false humility of self-righteous hypocrisy,
Is such an absurdly dense, often pathetic, mortal game.

* * * *

To think You knew someone then, that You know them now.

Hah! All You ever knew was your own projected reflection.

* * * *

Argue the rational, logical, linear cause and effect world, and your wealth becomes ashes and death.

* * * *

Your desire for freedom must be matched with the courage to endure its fruition.

* * * *

This quest is not some once-in-the-blue-moon experience, it is your life, your dream, in every moment.

* * * *

Does the collective inertia of any given mythos,
Have any interest in anything but its own perpetuation?
The result is disparity, isolation, anger, and magnified suffering.

* * * *

Words used for wrong purpose,
Diminish the power of your life force.
Used rightly, they fan the fires of your being,
Until that moment when You require them no longer.

* * * *

Many who believe themselves born again of some deity's grace,
Are only playing out the vanity of one collective collusion or another.
They are like camels who will wail when they one day realize,
How so very small, the eye of the needle truly is.

* * * *

Sometimes the self-righteous are best served,
With a well-aimed shock to their rational, linear, earthbound equilibrium.
Irrational, irreverent minds, discern many avenues,
To dish out such teachings.

* * * *

When You grow weary of worldly appetizers, the real feast begins; your identity, the main course.

* * * *

Any so-called seer worth his salt has shared a vision of isness.
Your worshipping them, your idolizing them, was not part of the bargain,
And is but meaningless distraction to your own eternal rekindling.

* * * *

It is the quest for purity of heart, that wins heaven within.

* * * *

All monoliths are made of sand.

* * * *

Toil the ground throughout your dream, for that day when harvest comes.

* * * *

Sodom is a quality of mind, not an ancient city.

* * * *

What once seemed so sane, becomes more and more desolate, as the irrational momentum gains insight.

* * * *

Science has loosed humanity from the binds of superstition,
But its rational tether, tethers the mind in a noose of its own.

* * * *

Observe the faces, the eyes, the gestures, the bodies,
Of the many spirits You meet throughout your existence.
They reflect the inner nature more than words can tell.

* * * *

The sexual drive creates a frenzy,
Most challenging to curtail.
A combination of physical craving,
Complicated by society's jumbled messaging.
Discern its impact on your life, and deal with it as You will.

* * * *

The self-righteous are like geese squawking,
Whenever their false piety is challenged,
By minds beyond all convention.

* * * *

Groveling before the powerful or rich or famous,
Colludes with everyone's vanity, not excluding your own.
A sticky, worldly paper, which snares many flies.

* * * *

What possible good is memorizing scriptures,
Without discerning their infinitely subtle meanings?
They are but dead seeds, manipulated for sheepling purpose,
Unless their true meaning, their authentic spirit, is awakened within.

* * * *

Allowing politicians and pharisees to educate your children,
Is like permitting hungry wolves to host the slumber party.

* * * *

Do not presume to judge another.
It is well enough to look to your own accounting.

We all live in glass houses, and thrown stones are easily cast back.

* * * *

Affection born of passion, has an emptiness about it.
Agape tarnishes, when coupled with wrong intention.

* * * *

What mythology has ever encouraged truly free and independent thinking?
None would stand longer than a house of cards in even the slightest breeze.

* * * *

Some may call this quest for the mystery an escape from reality,
Never to comprehend that its subtlety is far more real,
Than any light show they will ever see.

* * * *

You valiantly try to match your acts with your ideals,
But must ever fall upon the reef of suffering,
When their reality is but a product,
Of a conditioned mind.

* * * *

The greatest cities and monuments ever built, are as sand blown by a gust of wind.

* * * *

Domination and subjugation and humiliation,
Are so much of what the human condition entails.
What a fearful, hateful, desolate, isolating paradigm,
We so unnecessarily, so pointlessly, so absurdly, endure.

* * * *

Locked in the genetic, tribal mindset,
You spend much of the day appeasing others,
Because it is too demanding to endure standing alone.
And all the other sheeples doing the same.

* * * *

Family life should exhibit love and wisdom.
All should be empowered with a strong, supportive,
Intellectual, emotional, physical, and spiritual underpinning.
Independence, respect, strength of spirit, should ever be encouraged.
To bring children into this world is the greatest responsibility.
Be resolute toward your mate and all your offspring,
Before entering into such a lifelong union.

* * * *

Real religion is of both heart and mind, and not susceptible to the crystallization and stagnation of time.

* * * *

How unfortunate the price others have had to pay, for the wisdom You have from your angst gleaned.

* * * *

What rationales each of us blindly concoct,
To endlessly justify our lives and actions and thoughts.
Empty attempts to maintain identities, unreal from all beginnings.

* * * *

We all cling to ideas and forms because the mind is ever seeking security.
What in this world is there that must continue as it presently is?
Any attachment is denial of the reality of change.

* * * *

You cannot grasp this awareness, this eternal stillness before time,
Until your hankering for illusory experience dissipates,
And only the ever-present moment remains.

* * * *

When *a priori* ends, there is only awareness.

* * * *

Ego is the contraction of the mind's potential.
As desire and fear and dread and passion, dissipate into dreamy detachment,
Integrated expansiveness resumes its rightful state.

* * * *

The affairs of the manifest world decrease in importance,
Until one day it all dissolves into a mysterious, tragic comedy.

* * * *

Mythologies, the upshot of our genetic nature,
Sustain in each of us, many fears, many attachments.
Only through the common sense of wisdom, can any be freed.

* * * *

Specialized lives have taken away the generalist-oriented existence,
That our ancestors experienced before civilization took root.
The trade-off is luxury and decadence and philosophy.
Is our kind richer for it? Perhaps, perhaps not.

* * * *

Be wary what choices You make, in work, in play, in living.
There are many consequences for narcissistic-hedonistic excesses.
All to be paid at one tollbooth or another, down the long and winding road.

* * * *

There are many concepts, many beliefs, created by humanity,

Which we historically, mistakenly, take as being from one deity or another.
Each must, alone, with great discernment, dig into it, free and clear of all assumptions.

* * * *

The range of thoughts others will think about You,
Will scatter across the pleasure-pain spectrum of your self-imagery.
Detachment from any of it takes a good deal of practice.

* * * *

Do not pretend to know that which You cannot know.
Be open, be patient, be compassionate, and discern the faith, the trust,
That enough will be known, when it needs to be known.

* * * *

Intentional or not, all of us do many things, both fortunate and unfortunate,
That ripple in many ways through the dreams of others,
With whom our lives intersect.

* * * *

Of those harmonious moments when You wake up,
From sleep, or just sitting quietly on one park bench or another,
And do not remember who-why-what-when-where-how You are, You just are,
Those are the most immaculate states of consciousness,
In which any spirit can be.

* * * *

The petty squabbles and vain self-aggrandizement,
Of those who would seek to organize spirituality,
Is avoided by anyone with any skeptical acuity.

* * * *

One does not necessarily do,
All this philosophical pondering,
To influence anyone or anything else,
Even though, in many minds, it often does.

* * * *

Martyrdom is a quick, albeit often painful way, to imprint a message in the dreamtime.

* * * *

The fact that You remain in this plain of existence, may well be because of Maya's hypnotizing grip.

* * * *

The play of consciousness, the play of imagination, that You manifest,
Is based on the given mind-body-spirit's dance of relativity,
Between its subjective and objective aptitude.

* * * *

The degree of resistance and surrender You manifest,
Is exhibited in the physical fabric in which You wander.

* * * *

Freedom should not necessarily be equated to feeling comfortable.

* * * *

Any conclusion tainted by the shadow of vested interests,
Should be approached cautiously, with great skepticism.

* * * *

No matter how great a story it may be, it is still just a story wafting through eternity.

* * * *

One man's truth can be another man's lie.

* * * *

See and taste and hear and smell and touch,
The mind-body, the world, the universe,
Your space and time in mind offers.
The observer is the observed.

* * * *

Who knows how any beginning begins, nd any ending ends?

* * * *

Breed another day.

* * * *

An egalitarian view for those who see the truth of it.

* * * *

Count on nothing to take You where You will.

* * * *

We must play it separate, we must play it together, how else could Self be seen?

* * * *

Any given mind is only as pliable as its version of imagination allows.

* * * *

How can what never began ever end?

* * * *

All frames of reference are bound by the limitations of imagination.

* * * *

The consequences of any given decision are difficult, if not impossible, to reverse.

* * * *

Self taught.

* * * *

Seems like there is always someone or something ready to fill a vacuum.

* * * *

The witness in one, is the witness in all.

* * * *

To wrestle with the chaotic interplay of time,
Is, indeed, a consuming, unquenchable fire.
And what of the coals and ash that remain?

* * * *

It boggles You every time You awaken to it.

* * * *

You are this moment … forever.

* * * *

This work, and those of many others, will find those whose time it is to awaken.

* * * *

You are arrived, the day is begun.

* * * *

To merge into the impersonal moment, is to know what your destiny has ever been.

XXVI

History is replete with traditions,
That have bound the unfolding present into many dilemmas,
That succeeding generations must, with great acuity, unravel to function spontaneously.

* * * *

Humanity is only as important as it is capable of being.

* * * *

The world You are presented asks You to be content with trivial pursuit.

* * * *

As free as You may feel, high upon the mountaintop,
If You cannot do it in the valley, as well,
Then, perhaps, You are not.

* * * *

The garden is still here, but the gardeners have trashed it.

* * * *

When enough is enough, what more do You need?

* * * *

You are the clarity before light.

* * * *

Vanity often speaks far louder than anything said.

* * * *

You imagine descriptions and analogies and metaphors,
To describe data accumulated by the five senses,
But reality is prior to such imaginings.
Now is without recollection.

* * * *

Truth offers no comfort zone.

* * * *

All purpose and meaning are simply the projection of one desire or another.

* * * *

Science has done extremely well at discerning parts,
But it is the mystical sorts who glue together the whole.

* * * *

The heavens and hells You create after death,

The personalized deities and demons You enthrone there,
Are projections of your desire for continuity.

* * * *

The more You want from life, the more hoops You will find to jump through.

* * * *

How far You get, how well You do, depends on how free You want to be.

* * * *

Life is a blend of passivity and action; the challenge of a tightrope, taking a lifetime to master.

* * * *

Open yourself deeply to the many faces of consciousness, and You will find them all the same voice.

* * * *

Every time You fall asleep,
Your identifications disappear,
Into the nothingness You truly are.
Death is no different.

* * * *

To merge into the impersonal moment, is to know what your destiny has ever been.

* * * *

So many believe just by naming something, that they really know it, really own it,
When all they truly do is bind themselves in conceptual knots,
Entirely of their own imaginary creation.

* * * *

You are free to change your mind any now, if You are able.

* * * *

Real discipline manifests from order within.

* * * *

In unity, there is the potential for diversity; in diversity, there is the reality of unity.

* * * *

This mystery defies all logic.
Approaching it with a rational mind,
Only sustains the separation.

* * * *

The unknown offers no sanctity for continuity.

* * * *

Dogmatic principles harbor every variety of opinion,

But shine little light on the underlying nature of consciousness,
And even less on the immaculate awareness prior to all.

* * * *

What a vain show so many make of their spiritual quest,
When all that is necessary is surrender to the awareness.

* * * *

You may believe You escape the world in seclusion,
But as long as it remains in consciousness,
You are ever in it, and it in You.

* * * *

Bigotry is desolate isolation.
The ultimate denial that any reality, other than your own,
Is worthy of existence.

* * * *

What to cling to, nothing.
What to let go of, everything.

* * * *

Do not accept these words as law,
As coming from any dogmatic authority.
You must discern your own way.

* * * *

When it comes to any other crossing your path,
What You usually desire and fear and dread,
Is what You think that other thinks of You.

* * * *

The solution to all problems, is in the awakening to identity's temporal nature.

* * * *

You are totally responsible for your slice of humanity's destiny.

* * * *

Perceive what You are,
Instead of always pretending to be,
What You are not, were not, and will never be.

* * * *

The unlimited takes on whatever guise of limitation,
Based on the given patterning of the manifested form.

* * * *

When it is identity looking through your eyes, there is an angst.

When it is isness, there is simply a stillness, a silent awareness.

* * * *

It is the synergy of greed, of me and mine, which has created this fine mess.

* * * *

It is vanity and greed, that fabricate every variety of hierarchy, to attain some absurd truth.

* * * *

Neither alive nor dead, happy nor sad, the mystery is.

* * * *

The attached mind is akin to a clinging, embattled, clenched fist.

* * * *

In awakening to the truth of it, the individual ego morphs, into the indivisible mystery.

* * * *

On the road to total responsibility, events may pass more than a little irresponsibly.

* * * *

When maintenance of identity, is no longer worth painful outcomes, You will do what needs to be done.

* * * *

Eternity is now, and here You are, witnessing it all.

* * * *

Who or what are You living for, is your attachment to this world.

* * * *

You cannot discern freedom, until You are done with imprisonment.

* * * *

What the Way is, who can say; know, however, that You are it, and it is You.

* * * *

Do You seriously believe Jesus or any other Christ,
Would join in with your vain, greedy versions of faith?

* * * *

Once carved, the given block plays out the carving.

* * * *

If You do not teach someone to fish for themselves, You have taught nothing.

* * * *

If we think some deity or deities are going to straighten up,
The mess we have made of our so-called free will,

It is going to have to be with our hands.

* * * *

How could You even for a moment, believe yourself truly separate, from that which is eternal?

* * * *

You entered the world; until rebirth do You part.

* * * *

The true street folk know that the streets have always been lined with gold.

* * * *

Estrangement from the garden is the root of sorrow; it is the ultimate dysfunction of mind.

* * * *

Desire for personal gain is the worldly game; its end is heaven's.

* * * *

Your personality is a diddly-squat proposition from the word go.

* * * *

You are the way, but must realize it in the fabric of your being.

* * * *

Guilt and shame and humiliation are the means,
The programming, the indoctrination, the brainwashing,
By which dogma manipulates those too afraid,
To gnaw through the straw leash.

* * * *

What can quantum clay ever really know of the its Self, as it sculpts through the moment.

* * * *

Infatuation is the blind projection, of insatiable desire, temporarily fulfilled.

* * * *

The potential for harmony, requires surrender to the symphony played.

* * * *

All these narcissistic, hedonistic leaders,
Be they political or religious or any other realm,
Who are they really fooling, but themselves?

* * * *

How challenging for those who see the potential of heaven,
To patiently endure those bound and determined to create hell.

* * * *

All your problems, your disharmony, your conflicts, are the stillborn of vivid imagination.

* * * *

Harmony that is thought is not harmony.

* * * *

You must reconcile with it, not it with You.

* * * *

How inane to hurt or destroy, or be hurt or destroyed, for any idea, whether grand or small.

* * * *

As far as your inner vision dares travel,
You will discern in the reality of absoluteness,
The indelible serenity, You truly ever are.

* * * *

Playing tug-of-war with one deity or another, is futility of an imaginary scale.

* * * *

Heaven has been within You all along.

* * * *

Negate until there is nothing left to negate.

* * * *

It is not political revolution which will free You.

* * * *

For its form, clay is subject to the sculptor's whim, but for its clayness, clay is subject only to clayness.

* * * *

It is thoughts of identification which divide You within.
Can You operate in the realm of consciousness,
Without sowing the seeds of conflict?

* * * *

The mind-body is really more function than form,
But without all the vanity, what on Earth are You to do,
When doing nothing is an arduous option in all the busy-busy.

* * * *

Every human mind fabricates divisions which do not truly exist.
All duality is fabrication, created solely by the illusory weavings of the senses,
As decoded by the frames of reference, the conditioned responses, to which all are subject.

* * * *

Any assertions that You are this or You are that,

Or that anything is definitively one way or another,
Are of no real importance at all from the ultimate view.
You are whatever You are, and it is all, the way it is.

* * * *

You will find what You seek.

* * * *

Desire and fear have no roots in harmony.

* * * *

The cruelty self-interest wills into manifestation, does it have any bounds?

* * * *

Without a sense of gaining, there is nothing to lose.

* * * *

All this knowledge, but at what cost?

* * * *

Seeking that which is prior to imagination is a rare calling.

* * * *

Is the word love used but rarely, by those who understand its eternal nature?

* * * *

You are the Truth, You are the Light, You are the Way.

* * * *

We are all wandering through the illusion of space and time,
Through that which does not exist, as either we or space or time.

* * * *

That life seems so lackluster, so commonplace,
Indicates how You have taken this mystery to be so ordinary.
Wake up to the fact, that in every moment, You can return to a state of wonder.

* * * *

Some deity is perhaps the creator of all patterns, but before all patterning, is your ultimate reality.

* * * *

Why do You believe it? Because You cannot see through or past the mind-body.

* * * *

What medal, ribbon, honor, title, or gold coin, is worth your life?

* * * *

Anything is possible; You are the proof.

* * * *

Nothing touches You, but what You imagine does.

* * * *

Why fear death, when its eternal nature, is as real as your temporal life?

* * * *

Each dwells in one hell or another, until heaven's knowing shines.

* * * *

Suicide kills the body and the personality, but never touches that which was never born.

* * * *

The only real problem is the dysfunctional use of the mind.
Our paradigm is dashing us toward a sadly inevitable destiny.

* * * *

Insist on division and separation in whatever way You will,
It is never more than short-lived concoction born of imagination.

* * * *

This sandbox is the opportunity,
To manifest your vision of heaven's perfection.
Odds are this world will remain confused long after You are gone,
But You will have perceived its elysian potential,
And that is more than enough.

* * * *

In all You have ever said and done, what is it, but what You think You have said and done?

* * * *

No one can save You from yourself but You.

* * * *

Even the most unconscious and unaware are still You, and You them.

* * * *

You are the one and only original You.

* * * *

There is no such thing as static.
Everything is dynamic, constantly changing.
Even a rock sitting on a hillside is in ceaseless movement.
It is slower than your mind’s eye can see, but is happening, nonetheless.

* * * *

Gaze back into all the memories,

And the synthesis of the discerning eye,
Will glean the wisdom every moment proffers.

* * * *

Looks like this world is not quite done with You just yet.

* * * *

The irony and paradox of foolish, stupid people, is that they think everyone else is.

XXVII

Your existence is an opportunity to own it all,
If You have the bent and discernment and courage,
To perceive, to know, to be, the absolute nature.

* * * *

Both sexes can be equally violent; the only differences might be in the ways and means.

* * * *

Weep for your fellow earthlings; their suffering is no different from your own.

* * * *

Through any form You may journey home; death ever the same for all.

* * * *

You are the clarity before light and form.

* * * *

The true church is the stillness of your awareness.

* * * *

Do not suppress your life force; harness it.

* * * *

Though nothing ever appears the same, the essence always is.

* * * *

The oblivion, awareness in reality is, is the pool in which all manifestation swims.

* * * *

Who among You would wear ornate necklaces,
With electric chairs or guillotines or hangmen's knots,
Representing the martyrs, You vainly worship?

* * * *

Be wary lest pride lead You down undiscerning byways.

* * * *

Even the most – lowly, ordinary, meek – can know they are gold.
None are undeserving if they open their minds and hearts,
To the indelible grand mystery in which all reside.

* * * *

Feel sensations without naming them.
Sharp or dull, hot or cold, painful or pleasurable.
Without words there is a timeless sameness.

* * * *

We are really all fools in our own minds.

* * * *

There will be no messiah, no savior.
For it is You, alone, who must awaken You.
It is your able hand that rests on the helm of your fate.

* * * *

You will only be as free as You discern.

* * * *

If a butterfly remained attached,
To previous incarnations,
It would never fly.

* * * *

Is your soul worthy to be the feast of worms?

* * * *

Citizens are cogs of the state; human beings, flowers of the earth.

* * * *

In every breath there is the potential for surrender.

* * * *

The evolution of wisdom is a subtle fine-tuning.
Less and less are constraints of personality important,
And more and more, are the nuances of the eternal mystery.

* * * *

Who can more than speculate why so few so clearly see,
While others cannot even begin to fathom the question?

* * * *

Merely repeating the thoughts others have composed,
Is nothing compared to realizing them in your own voice.
Like being in some lover's embrace, without the other.

* * * *

Give back what was never yours in the first place.

* * * *

It is up to You to reclaim your birthright.
Until it is your spirit’s greatest desire,
The gate to heaven will not open.

* * * *

Who created God?
You did, all by your Self.
You are the indelible mystery,
Unfolding within its Self.

* * * *

Avoid confusing love with lust.

* * * *

Give your whole mind-heart-body to it.

* * * *

Bearing your own cross without complaint is life's challenge.

* * * *

Suffering is relative to circumstance.
One child born to wealth and extravagance,
Fusses when the pacifier is taken away.
Another, when the mother's nursing,
Is halted by a soldier's bayonet.

* * * *

Do fire and wind and waves hold back,
When the currents of the moment are their very nature?
These haphazard scribblings are not about another absurd belief system,
But simply being, fully attentive to this one and only, unborn-undying, indivisible moment.

* * * *

From the part, extrapolate the whole.

* * * *

Even without, that one grain of sand, or one drop of water, the beach, or ocean beyond, could not be.

* * * *

Expand your inner vision as far as You will, it is ever You.

* * * *

Without the sculpted, there is no sculptor.

* * * *

Wild things are never as beautiful, penned or chained or potted or stuffed.

* * * *

The mind as receiver is open, receptive, vulnerable.

* * * *

If You accept no premise, no authority, nothing stands alone.

* * * *

Ignorance is the confused identification with limitation and denial.

* * * *

You are herein challenged to become the mystery,
To gather tokens of wisdom as they fall before You.

* * * *

Your mind-body is a vessel of consciousness – Are You?

* * * *

You must be simple to see simple.

* * * *

You need prove nothing, You just know.

* * * *

Take a chance, melt into Self.

* * * *

Who knows You, but they who know themselves?

* * * *

When that portion, that phase, of your existence is done,
You will naturally depart Sodom and Gomorrah without looking back,
For it will bear the destiny of its narcissistic hedonism,
Without some imaginary deity's wrath.

* * * *

What can these words possibly do, without your own insight?

* * * *

Has all that pain and suffering in your life, ever really touched You, or just your sense of attachment?

* * * *

You cannot own it, until You can face death, with eye wide open.

* * * *

Many believe anger and sorrow and jealousy and guilt and envy and hate,
Emotional passions of every imaginable twist and turn,
Is what makes life worth living.
How so?

* * * *

We are all playing our parts so incredibly well; everyone should get an Academy Award.

* * * *

Your mind-body is doomed; it is not that which these words aim to heal.

* * * *

Sharpen that introspection, that leads to real self-destruction, in the flowering sense.

* * * *

Every facet is required for the jewel to be.

* * * *

Peer behind any mask, they are no different than your own.

* * * *

Let God play God, just be your Self.

* * * *

These words seek those who possess the eyes to see and the ears to hear.

* * * *

Living for traditions and rituals,
For what was said and done historically,
Is second-hand, repetitious, mundane, binding.

* * * *

Never apologize for being what You are; never hesitate to play You to the best of your ability.

* * * *

No nation will stand, no fortune will hold,
No fame will be more than fleeting.
All are puppets of the changing.
All destinies are as dice eternally cast.

* * * *

Do what they may to the body, no Caesar has ever had dominion over a free soul.

* * * *

To the players in the play, the play is all-consuming, but to the faceless, it is just another show.

* * * *

Thoughts such as these have always found those who seek and welcome them.

* * * *

Close your eyes to see the immaculate perfection of it all.

* * * *

Are You a human … becoming, or a human … being?

* * * *

We are all faking it, some are just better at fooling themselves.

* * * *

Free will bears many hidden costs,
A debt few can pay in just one lifetime.
Alas that each existence is a one-roll game.

* * * *

Find the faceless behind your mask, and know it the same for every grain of sand.

* * * *

From oblivion to a brief existence, and then back again.
The suffering of consciousness is a temporary identity crisis.

* * * *

Social change cannot truly happen, until we become truly social, and that ain't ever going to happen.

* * * *

At least be true to your Self,
About all your lying, cheating, thieving, murdering ways.
Hypocrisy is the foulest corruption.

* * * *

Your manifest fear of oblivion,
Your attachment to a fabricated identity,
Creates so much unnecessary mischief and turmoil.

* * * *

All the masks You have ever, or will ever weave, are your own imagined creation.

* * * *

God as a word implies a static state; mystery more accurately depicts its dynamic, kaleidoscoping nature.

* * * *

No mythology will ever set You free.
It is up to You, and You alone, to unchain your Self.
Relish the challenge before You.

* * * *

When scriptures talk of God creating You in its image, it is as the mystery, not the persona.

* * * *

All your mystery, all your magic, is born of the eternal dust; the thread, the veil, of all patterns.

* * * *

To believe You are but an individual consciousness, misses the wonder of embracing the whole jewel.

* * * *

Over and over again, history teaches lessons we are not adept enough to learn.

* * * *

You have been bequeathed the gift, the curse, of imagination.
With it You have created the eve of life's destruction.
Can You save yourselves in this garden?
Or will You will upon the future,
A web of suffering as yet unwitnessed,
By any prior seed in this vain human drama?

* * * *

Socialism and communism fail because they are ideals,
Without the enlightened surrender necessary.
They are isms and ists destined to fail,
As long as me, myself, and I,
Carries the day in the human psyche.

* * * *

But for the lack of insight into its true nature, what a world this could be.

* * * *

Is it possible that each can maintain a sovereignty, wild and free, without trespassing on another's?

* * * *

Through You, the mystery experiences mortality; You are eternally gold.

* * * *

I can never physically touch the You that is me.

* * * *

Our ability to pack concepts into sounds,
Is equally matched by our inability, our incapacity,
To discern they are not what they describe.
Never have been, will never be.

* * * *

Suicide is the last selfish act in a lifetime chock-full of self-absorption.

* * * *

The promise of eternal life has nothing to do with life as You know it.

* * * *

Since civilization's beginning, the haves,
Through both voluntary and involuntary means,
Have enslaved the have-nots in every way imaginable.
Whether slave or servant or worker, it is all to the same end.

* * * *

Intuition is in reality, the first step in rational thinking.

* * * *

That we require scientific data regarding our negligent impact,
Is proof enough that any wisdom and common sense and sanity,
Have been cast aside, along with concern for all life's survival.

* * * *

Understanding the impossible nature of duality,
In any form or level of this diverse manifest arena,
Is the key to discerning and reunifying within.

* * * *

Time is a concept born of linear, cyclical thinking, separated from experiencing by a dualistic mindset.

* * * *

You think hell is some afterlife future place, but, alas, it is now as acted out by the human race.

* * * *

Just because You do not want to hear bad news, does not mean there is no bad news.

* * * *

The mystery is the ever-present moment, played out in the consciousness of the given witness.

* * * *

To understand the world, You must understand what it is, and what it is not.

* * * *

Oh, what would most us not give for a rewind button.

* * * *

Consciousness is consciousness.
All histories are ultimately fashioned,
Of the same predictable imaginary process.

* * * *

You get back what You play.

* * * *

Once anything becomes about power and control, equity is out the door, all hope lost.

* * * *

And, in their ceaseless denial, they continue believing,
The good old days will continue forever.
Good luck with that.

* * * *

The dilemmas of balance and moderation, is that they are not always easy to maintain.

* * * *

In reality, You are but a three-dimensional dreaming.
All identity is fabricated by the industry of imagination.

XXVIII

The mind is ever seeking problems to solve,
And tends to create new ones, perpetually unsolvable,
When there are no authentic ones, no tangible ones, to be had.

* * * *

So many moments You dread missing.
Yet, how many have already kaleidoscoped by.
And did many ever survive as more than vague memory?

* * * *

The creation of ego-identity,
Is the act of separation within.
Its sin, whether original or learned,
Unleashes the same devastating results.

* * * *

There is no dogma, no form to follow, simply the trust of your own sight.

* * * *

When You die, this play of light and sound, this vibratory theater, will mean nothing to You.

* * * *

That cuisine You just ate so heartily,
Where was it before You were born?
Where does it go after You are gone?

* * * *

Until You are content in awareness, how can You be content to return home?

* * * *

Systemizing education is akin to a feed lot, and You are told to be content with the trough.

* * * *

The memory cells, the manifestors of time,
Evolved of life's mysterious continuity,
Not necessarily as ends in themselves.

* * * *

The definition and achievement of true human potential,
Is not measured through vain ideals, vain actions,
But in the individual and collective synergy,
Born of mundane day-to-day living.
The proof is in the pudding.

* * * *

Mind has devised every bit of knowledge ever imagined,
Every word ever uttered, every concept ever conceived.

* * * *

Here You are now,
Reminiscing a memory,
Or anticipating a future one,
Rarely savoring the eternal moment,
Through which perception agelessly passes.

* * * *

How many condemn others, to suffer as much or more, than they have?

* * * *

Nothing really touches You, but through your attachment to it.

* * * *

Be and allow are the most sovereign law in a lawless cosmos.

* * * *

All the great seers ever manifested; their insights into consciousness ever reside potential in yours.

* * * *

If splitting an atom can do what it can, anything is possible, everything probable.

* * * *

Take that seemingly insignificant grain of sand,
Smash it into whatever pieces You are able,
Or include it in whatever vain castles You will,
Either partial or whole, it is ever the same essence.

* * * *

The dogmatic God battled ideologically over, is merely a conceptual idol, not the mystery.

* * * *

Those espousing literal religious dogmas,
Are like dogs raucously claiming the fireside seating,
Next to an imagined God of their own creation.
Illusion has made room for all delusions.

* * * *

What does the mind do but cut up Maya, name it,
And vainly glory in all it believes it has created.
How much greater is God's heavenly kingdom,
One martyr is rumored to have once uttered.

* * * *

Avoid using teachers and teachings as placebos.

* * * *

There are always those willing to manipulate others to their own ends, through every sort of means.
Learning to discern whether another's motives, come from either mind or heart, is a hard-earned skill.

* * * *

Attachment to expectation is the source of all angst.

* * * *

As kneading is to dough, evolution is to consciousness.

* * * *

It is the longing You must come to grips with.

* * * *

Genetic impulses, and the patternings of circumstance,
Boil and bubble within each and every one of us.
To step out of one's individual manifest form,
To look beyond all manifestation to totality,
To gaze at all things through surrendered eyes,
That is the challenge set before all who are called.

* * * *

Unless humankiend discerns a harmonious paradigm,
Its destiny will be punctuated by mind’s end.
The universe awaits our maturation.

* * * *

Each moment is the opportunity for a free will decision.
Looking in the rearview mirror is when it appears destined.

* * * *

It is not so much an issue of some deity loving You,
As it is You discerning that its spring is your source.

* * * *

If there is to be an evolution into a paradigm of unified consciousness,
It can only be through a greater vision, not idealism,
That the journey is made.

* * * *

How can You kill that which was never born?

* * * *

If everyone was told, from the beginning, that all is mystery,
How different existence on this manifest plane might well be.

* * * *

What a legacy we leave tomorrow's children.

* * * *

So many living for the hereafter … Here after what?

* * * *

Might makes right when You operate in the jungle law of me and mine.

* * * *

Why emphasize any persona,
Who transmits such thought as these?
It is the intent of their thinking, not the character,
Whose importance must be discerned.

* * * *

Hold tightly to the dream, and suffer the consequences.

* * * *

The diversity has as much right as You to exist.

* * * *

Perhaps your sense of other lifetimes is real, perhaps it is simply a dim awareness that You are all.

* * * *

What a self-inflicted busy world we have created.
The outcome of irreconcilable, synergistic desire.

* * * *

The trickle turns to stream to raging river,
Ever flowing with more and more determination,
Toward the vast stillness of the infinite ocean.

* * * *

Exactly where does it hurt when someone pinches your self-image?

* * * *

Discovering the unmanifest is the whole point and purpose.

* * * *

The ultimate You has witnessed it all,
Every part and particle of every portion,
Of this eternal kaleidoscoping dream.

* * * *

Opt for the reconciliation of all diversity.

* * * *

If the receiver is not clear, how can the reception be?

* * * *

Death absolves all attachment.

* * * *

You are the face of the faceless designing.

* * * *

Life might be closer to fair,
If everyone played by the same rules,
And You never got sick or hurt or old or dead.

* * *

Divine potential requires your volition.

* * * *

Thoughts of sovereignty are carved in illusion.

* * * *

To want to be more than a drop or grain of clayness,
Is the vanity of identity caught in the ignorance of mind.
You already are more than You could ever hope to become.

* * * *

What happens when You discern,
That your greed and fear have contributed,
To this illusory manifest world's imbalanced spin?

* * * *

Seek the integrity of the highest ground.

* * * *

What on earth can You hold onto?

* * * *

As busy or still as You may be, the witness is ever the same.

* * * *

When You are really right here, right now, You do not even know it.

* * * *

We require others to be vain to maintain our own pretense.

* * * *

Your identity is oblivion's mask.

* * * *

What is the drive, the point of all this extraordinary pressure, we voluntarily place upon ourselves?

* * * *

What You know about another, is not what there is to know.

* * * *

Your flowing down the manifest river,
Implies there are others ahead, and others behind.
Impossible and unnecessary once You see,
The only there, is wherever You are.

* * * *

Look through the mind's cosmic eye,
At the twists and turns of any other's existence,
And the empathetic-sympathetic will express compassion.
Expand it to all life forms, and the unfurling is eternally boundless.

* * * *

It is, indeed, a personal experiencing of that which is eternally impersonal.

* * * *

Better to be irreverent than strutting smugly in a cesspool of self-righteous vanity.

* * * *

What do You really miss out in the world, when You sit and stare at a wall?

* * * *

Culture gives You more inanity to vainly gossip about.

* * * *

The lands of milk and honey, will require a great deal of clean-up, for the milk and honey to return.

* * * *

Sexual fantasies are a pattern-given opiate most challenging to still.

* * * *

If You have survived the insanity to this point, You are successful.

* * * *

Pretend for a while, that none of this is really happening.

* * * *

Give neither deities nor demons any competition; let that be their game.

* * * *

What more is there to experience after reunion?
It simply unfolds dreamily spontaneous.
The magic, the wonder, cradles You,
As You play out the day to day,

In whatever way You will.

* * * *

Wish your Self well in whatever form it may take.

* * * *

How attached we are to our sensory-motor virtual reality.

* * * *

When there is no other, there is both, the license for, and the allowing of, sovereignty.

* * * *

Martyrdom is just another vain path to glory.

* * * *

Does the father create the son? Or the son, the father?

* * * *

As soon as it happens, it is already done.

* * * *

Immortal noble savages, that is what we are.

* * * *

None of it is yours, so You may as well figure out how to give it back.

* * * *

Spiritual rebirth is the end of identity, of attachment to the patterns of personality.

* * * *

Ideals decry understanding.
Only in openness to the entirety of consciousness,
Can there be inner liberation.

* * * *

When You enter any room,
Close the door, and do not be concerned,
About what is playing in other elements of the theater.
Be here now, wherever You are.

* * * *

You have done none of this.
There is nothing to own or protect or save.
Nothing that has been witnessed for but a fleeting now.
To whatever end, only the spontaneous screenwriter within knows.

* * * *

The courage to live and die takes practice.

* * * *

Humanity's passing is a brief lesson of extremes, from which little has been understood by many.

* * * *

Let he who is without sin delude himself.

* * * *

Regarding the human drama,
The only way things will change,
Is if we ever learn win-win,
Instead of win-lose.
It begins now,
With You.

* * * *

Such a drama, until You realize You, alone, are the actor and stage and theater and audience.

* * * *

Without your presence in this play, none of this would be happening.

* * * *

As long as the clay players continue, to believe in space and time, the show will go on.

* * * *

It is easier to fake it, to deceive yourself, when You do not realize You are.

* * * *

Is civilization as it has evolved,
Much more than a vast collection of specialized scams,
Vainly parlaying for imagined positions?

* * * *

Every human being on this world,
Spend their lives talking to themselves,
Via the perceptual mirror of manifestation.

* * * *

As the moment happens,
It appears an acting of free will.
In time, it becomes destiny.

* * * *

The permutations of this manifest play are as infinite as your imagination.

* * * *

Hey, we're all crazy here; it is just a matter of degree.

* * * *

The mystery is the nothingness and everythingness,
At the source of every quantum across the infinity.

XXIX

Imagine all your possessions, your things, were lost or stolen or destroyed.
What state of mind, what quality of consciousness, would You manifest?

* * * *

Idealism can be an exquisite form of self-torture.

* * * *

Warm-fuzzy truth-seekers, will find truth neither warm nor fuzzy.

* * * *

There is really nothing You need, or can prove to anyone; You are the proof.

* * * *

Dark side, light side; same coin.

* * * *

You may be caught up, in the swirl of your patterning, but are You attached to it?

* * * *

In the same way You create a vision,
The mystery has created You and all appearances.
It is all subject to the same divine logic.

* * * *

Whoever has the most wants loses in the end.

* * * *

Being awake in the world, and waking to the mystery,
Are two very different potentials of consciousness.

* * * *

How slowly can You chew and breathe and walk?
How still can You sit? How silently can You witness?

* * * *

The nature of politics is negotiation and compromise,
But with the ultimate there can only be complete surrender.

* * * *

This manifest realm will never be heaven's unmanifest potential,
Until the disorder of desire and fear subside into timeless stillness.

* * * *

As long as You maintain some deity or deities,
As an outward manifestations of a dualistic mindset,

You miss something more precious than life itself.

* * * *

Is there really even any need for any religion, once You see your total nature?

* * * *

It all takes care of itself; all You really need to do is be what You are right here, right now.

* * * *

What life can clay have but the pattern it is given?

* * * *

Rules change.

* * * *

What is it? More accurately, what is it not?

* * * *

You cannot solve anything, until You comprehend the maker of the problem.

* * * *

We become the role we are fated by imagination to play.

* * * *

Flow as a winding river does, patiently, without distracting concerns.
Despite the many apparent obstacles, blocks, and limiting banks,
Its inevitable destination is into that which it has ever been.

*** * * ***

The only way the mystery will ever manifest is through You.

* * * *

If You can observe physical pain closely, without avoidance,
It can be transformed into a distant sensation.
The same is true of pleasure.

* * * *

Witnessing what You are is not a matter of belief.

* * * *

You are one with the source of everything.

* * * *

The mystery fills those who have the infinite longing and patience, to discern the anonymous reality.

* * * *

Articulate it as best You might, it is ever an inarticulate journey.

* * * *

Own to lose and lose to own.

* * * *

How indefinable it all is.

* * * *

Differentiate between none, and You will see all.

* * * *

No theater set stays up forever.

* * * *

Your most ancient brain in its evolution,
Is as instinct-laden as any lizard's,
Yet the layers evolved since,
Are the trailways of potential,
With which to divine their origin.

* * * *

Put a gun in any hand, a flag in its mind, and the division is bound to continue.

* * * *

If all the lights are red, You may be resisting the flow.

* * * *

Your suffering is due in large part,
To your attachment to this material dreamtime,
And your ignorance and denial of the reality before all forms.

* * * *

No matter how intricate or involved or convoluted,
All your speculations ever remain just speculations.

* * * *

All the knowledge ever gleaned, will never alleviate your suffering.

* * * *

The consistency of the patterning is woven in all manifest forms,
But no calculation or hypothesis can ever touch its infinite nature.

* * * *

How cruel we are to one another.

* * * *

Whether life is dreary or exciting, it is ever your own projection.

* * * *

Imagine it is your last breath, and You must let everything go.

* * * *

All histories are stories that contain only the importance they are allotted.

* * * *

Without the manifest patterning, You could not exist in space and time.

* * * *

All attempts to use the "I am" to ensnare others,
Only creates an boundless array of permutations,
Of cloaked confusion and irreconcilable division.

* * * *

That impersonal nature You fear or relish, or perhaps both, is your divine witnessing.

* * * *

What exquisite self-torture mortal consciousness, is seemingly, without end, capable of entertaining,

* * * *

To be truly sovereign allows others their sovereignty; it is a two-way street.

* * * *

You will exist for as long as it is,
Not a moment more, not a moment less.
Trepidation only fabricates unnecessary suffering.

* * * *

Greed is a dysfunctional aspect of the human psyche; it is not a moral issue.

* * * *

The mind is capable of hatching any concoction.

* * * *

Wisdom requires a clear assured confidence in one's own insight into the unseen realm.

* * * *

A lump of clay by any other name would be as sweet.

* * * *

As a manifest form You are locked,
In the illusory play of duality,
But in the unmanifest awareness,
That false division fades into oblivion.

* * * *

What are You attached to, but your thoughts about it?

* * * *

Call it father, mother or whatever You please, we are all one with its infinite nature.

* * * *

We have conditioned ourselves into a busy frenzy.

* * * *

The mind locked in identity is a play of habit, moving in linear fashion from one fixation to another.

* * * *

You can bet few have-nots have ever had much say,
In how things work, or what is written in history books.

* * * *

Merely being born puts You on a suicidal journey
Unintentional or calculated, of one form or another.

* * * *

Chances are You do not recall asking to be here, so why succumb to the inanity?

* * * *

Does the father create the son, or the son the father?

* * * *

Every society or group, must one day pay a price for its collusive mindset.

* * * *

The quantum show will seemingly play out, until every imaginable manifest possibility is cast.

* * * *

It is all about connectedness in the highest sense.

* * * *

You have really done none of this.
There is nothing You can protect.
Nothing You have not been given,
To whatever end your mind is allotted.

* * * *

You will likely only be exposed,
To whatever your collusion may be,
Through a wide variety of message-givers.
You have been told what to believe, and You do.

* * * *

How many of your thoughts are your own?
How many have been placed there by your mythos?
You came in with a clear slate, and only you,

Can wipe away the collective's imprint.

* * * *

The so-called creation, genesis, big bang,
Call it whatever name You may choose,
Was also the creation of the mystery.
Before that, after that, who can say?

* * * *

Systemized education is not much different, than obedience schools for dogs.

* * * *

From and to point zero, all appears and disappears.

* * * *

To destroy merely to destroy, to kill merely to kill, what is the point?
Have You no insight, into vastness of awareness, in which all life resides?

* * * *

The grip of any given status quo, is tenacious even unto death.

* * * *

How will You ever serve heaven, if You cannot create it here now?

* * * *

That inner void of aloneness You so dread, is the oblivion You may someday embrace.

* * * *

Believing You are the sun of some deity, and realizing it,
Are two entirely different frames of reference, frames of mind.

* * * *

Real revolution allows the cosmic play,
To play out the consequences of its illusory game.
Real revolutionaries respond, but do not react, to absurdity.

* * * *

What is boredom but a flag that You are only interested,
Because You think experience should offer You,
Some reward that it never really can.

* * * *

All your fabricated thoughts are a knotty tangle, which can only be cut with the sword of discrimination.

* * * *

You may not be the hundredth monkey, but your awareness contributes to the potential.

* * * *

Personal mythos generally reflects the framework, of the mythos from which it sprouted.

* * * *

Time-bound movement of the flowering,
May be slowed or quickened, but never reversed.
All things return to the quantum essence,
They have been all the while.

* * * *

It is neither up above or down below; it is right here, right now.

* * * *

You are in all life, and all life is in You.

* * * *

The quantum clayness is without desire; all patterning is evolution's doing.

* * * *

Instinctual living does not need to deal with the concepts birthed by imagination.

* * * *

Eternal union is a seed dormant within all.

* * * *

All that really suffers psychologically is your vanity.

* * * *

To value only your own genetic line, your own tribe,
Is a shallow, time-bound comprehension of agape.

* * * *

Find the courage to breathe through adversity.

* * * *

The mind's specialized adaptation, is that which will lead to its destruction.

* * * *

You need not respond in a prescribed manner.

* * * *

Reality is staring You right in the faceless.

* * * *

Your mythos has no interest in you, but its own synergistic continuity.

* * * *

Your maker is within.

* * * *

What is never born, never dies, yet has ever been?

* * * *

The awareness, the spirit, is eternally immortal, but the body is worm's meat from the get-go.

* * * *

Gravity and other laws of physics, are pretty good at what they do.

* * * *

All are destinies written by space and time.

* * * *

To put the mystery outside yourself, accepts the premise that duality is real.

* * * *

As soon as You try to prove it, You are lost.

* * * *

The mystery created a variety of natural concoctions,
That we might discern its presence within ourselves.

* * * *

How aware are You of that portion of your mind,
Which once ruled this manifest world as a lizard?

* * * *

It is the patterning, not the pattern, which must ultimately be understood.

* * * *

Even if everyone in the world knew your name,
And a few idle tidbits of your persona,
What would it really matter?

* * * *

Ever notice how it just sort of happens, without any real effort from You?

* * * *

Curious how our kind always seems,
To leave it to the next generation,
To undertake the paradigm shift.

XXX

To survive in this world, this manifest creation,
You have been a student of political expediency.
It is never easy to fearlessly express your truth.

* * * *

What is it that has drawn You once again into manifest form,
That is worth all the pain and suffering, and the mirage of death.

* * * *

Treat your fellow life forms with the same respect as You yourself no doubt always appreciate.

* * * *

When Jesus is rumored to have said,
He was the way, the truth, and the life,
He hopefully stated that You are as well.

* * * *

Your prejudices are markers of ignorance.

* * * *

We are all cousins of the same origin.

* * * *

Can You look without desire at that You want most?

* * * *

In the most absolute sense,
All are immaculately conceived.
We are all cousins of the same origin.

* * * *

The dust of eternity runs in your veins.

* * * *

Who cares how many lives You have had,
Or who You may have imagined You were?
All were probably only a bit less vain and greedy.

* * * *

That singular moment scientists label the big bang,
Is the same creation You experience with any insight.
You are the dreamtime of awareness in manifest form.

* * * *

The effortlessness of absoluteness hidden behind all veils,

Empowers the tools which work to awaken your sovereignty.

* * * *

These words speak to every man, woman and child,
Of all persuasions, colors, races, creeds, nationalities.
You all suffer needlessly of your own choosing.
It is not a direction You are forced to take.
Of the many less painful possibilities,
We have selected this expression.

* * * *

That You believe yourself a personal identity, is the collusion of ignorance.

* * * *

The language and mythos You subscribe to,
Is being used herein as a tool, a fulcrum,
To destroy You as a separate identity.

* * * *

You are immortal.
Your apparent mortality,
Is the veneer of duality's illusion.

* * * *

Be as a guest in your own house.

* * * *

Surrender the fruit of knowledge, and your invitation to eternity is assured.

* * * *

All covenants to any deity or deities are ultimately illusion.
You are the totality; nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

It is more than a little likely that none are born into this world already enlightened.
The slow but sure gathering of the tokens of wisdom, is the narrative of all seekers.

* * * *

Your separation from absoluteness in any stage of this Le Théâtre Absurde,
Is the concoction of vain and greedy identification with one limitation or another.

* * * *

Nothing You have ever done will send You to hell, without your own acquiescence.

* * * *

The point of this illusionary inquiry we call life,
Is to somehow discern a harmony exercised in manifest form,
And what disharmony each will go through,

To reach that point in time.

* * * *

We all carry a cross of suffering in one form or another; when will You set yours down?

* * * *

Smile at the thought that You are totality.

* * * *

You are your own guardian angel watching over your Self.

* * * *

Why some suffer more than others is often obvious.

* * * *

What You think about most each day, will tell You why You are here.

* * * *

Give your best shot at waking up; You will be very pleased with the outcome.

* * * *

You can continue meditating and wandering quietly about, once You have awoken to the eternal nature;
But for many, realization is too pleasant a vintage, not to want to offer a round to those You happen upon.

* * * *

How can You not be exhausted deceiving your Self?
How can You not be weary of all the games,
You so long ago stopped believing?

* * * *

Banish all self-deception that You are anything,
But the unmanifest manifested in conscious form.
You are not an isolated, separate, personal identity.

* * * *

Each of us seeks a resolution of spirit and form; the immortal nature is strong within all.

* * * *

From the loins of your parents,
Your mind-body vessel was born.
Honor it with compassion and restraint.

* * * *

The time of organized religion is ending for those willing and able to till their own soil.

* * * *

Those discovering original nature die to their sin, and absolve others of theirs.

* * * *

Mystics who have thoughts such as these, are like spies hidden in the open,
Chancing upon those who have an ear, and planting seeds in those who do not.

* * * *

Trinities and other religious analogies,
Are fabricated components attempting to describe,
An unmanifest nature void of all division.

* * * *

You are unity born into original separation.
It is up to You to discover that You are astray,
And through inquiry within, find your way home.

* * * *

Looking back, You will find it easy to wonder,
Why all the pain and suffering was so necessary
For You to finally discern what is now so clear.

* * * *

We are all the suns of man and mystery.

* * * *

All manifestation is worm's meat, and the worm is You, as well.

* * * *

Look closely, the shackles are not locked.

* * * *

Do what You need to do until You no longer need to.

* * * *

You may as well give up

* * * *

Why do You vainly worship those who are long since dust?

* * * *

Mortality, is it worth the price of admission?

* * * *

You may appear to have drifted away, but not so far that You cannot find your way home.

* * * *

Ignore the sensory play, let go all conceptual thinking, still the mind,
Unify with the mystery You are, have ever been, will ever be.
Consciously manifest eternity in every moment possible.

* * * *

Great teachers were simply manifest vessels of the unmanifest.
To vainly worship them as personalities misses the point,
That their identities were no longer important.

* * * *

What else is there to really do,
But to know without doubt that You are,
That which You have always most feared being.

* * * *

Believing someone else's divinity and not your own, what is the point?

* * * *

The trickster is a sly old curmudgeon
And You fell for the storyline as You always have.
Who else could any of it be but You?

* * * *

Who dares throw the first stone; all reside in lives of glass.

* * * *

Watch the vanity of others; see your own.

* * * *

The coating of civility, over your elemental nature, is an amusing touch.

* * * *

Answer all your questions, until there are none left.

* * * *

Find those who are ripe, ready to fall; listen closely to the teaching they offer.

* * * *

Must there be such chaos that manifest consciousness, is forced to face extinction or awaken?

* * * *

Do You realize that all those bits of untainted affection,
That goodness You exude toward others at various times,
Is the way You could every moment of your existence be?

* * * *

Enjoy the ecstatic pleasure of your loins as You will,
But take responsibility for any life whose entry You bring.

* * * *

You are every wave crashing on every grain of sand,
In every nook and cranny of this indivisible mystery.

* * * *

Because You do not realize your absoluteness, does not make You any less so.

* * * *

How often seems like the life etched on so many faces and bodies, is a reflection their inner nature.

* * * *

There is no caste system in the Way.
Beggars and billionaires, saints and sinners,
Are all from beginning to end equally the same clay.

* * * *

Identity is a tenacious delusion.

* * * *

You must look inward to see what there really is to see.

* * * *

Disown dogmatic reasoning; there is no law but your own.

* * * *

Why do You choose leaders who have no wisdom,
Whose vanity and greed are destroying the garden.

* * * *

Limits woven in your patterning will manifest, until You discover your unlimited nature.

* * * *

Dreams are the restlessness of irreconcilable desire; absoluteness requires no resolution.

* * * *

All actors shed their characters when the play is over.
What would happen if they did it in the middle of a show?
What would happen, if the entire cast, the entire audience, did?

* * * *

Trust thy Self, believe thy Self, love thy Self.
You would not lie about this.
These thoughts are from You to You.
One day, through You, earth will join heaven.

* * * *

There is no need to suffer unrequited love; You are the beloved.

* * * *

Your home is wherever You are.

* * * *

You are that You are.

* * * *

Your death now, eases the pain of your birth.

* * * *

Smug piety lacks real religion.

* * * *

There is no image or form, that does not contain absoluteness; view all as equally divine.

* * * *

The greed of little self,
Is an amazing thing to witness.
The only result is suffering all around,
Yet so few learn the lesson.

* * * *

Hell and heaven are not places,
But qualities of consciousness in awareness
Born either of ignorance or knowing.

* * * *

Whining and bemoaning your fate will not win eternity.
Only a strong heart and a strong mind earns the fare.

* * * *

How serene it is to release that burdensome identity; its falseness drowns You in ignorance.

* * * *

You must be a warrior to meet your Self as an equal.

* * * *

There is no copyright on wisdom.

* * * *

Be as mystery manifest in the world.

* * * *

Travel the cord to the wall socket, and peer in.

* * * *

Check out any big bang; the mystery is not a wimp.

* * * *

The lover You take tonight, is worm's meat in some tomorrow.

* * * *

Your perfection is in your intention.

* * * *

Ultimately, in this manifest journey, it is the union of heart and mind.

* * * *

To own this is to be among the wealthiest the world has ever known.

* * * *

The ravenous desire to own material things,
To experience endless pleasure,
Is an arid path.

* * * *

The lie of collusion is confusing and exhausting, for many born with the potential for realization.

* * * *

Take off your mask and play your Self; take a break from all that unnecessary suffering.

* * * *

The way many practice piety,
Is a show for everyone else to see,
When there really is no one else to see.

* * * *

Know that You are a valued player in the dance; You are playing your unchosen role well.

* * * *

Why You would choose to hurt another is interesting, is it not?

* * * *

What a choreographer You are.

* * * *

Want nothing bad enough, and You shall surely find it.

* * * *

It is merely a quickly passing, touchy-feely,
Three-dimensional, dreamy mirage.
Nothing more, nothing less.
Why are You attached to anything it offers?

* * * *

It is your garden world.
You created it, and now You may,
Take care of it, or destroy it.
The question is really,

Whether or not,
You want to continue,
This manifest dreamtime.

* * * *

The dream of creation is all happening right here-now,
And the You that You are, have always been, and will ever be,
Ever aware, ever still, ever at peace, ever blissfully one.

XXXI

Through the senses, You experience a manifest dreamtime,
To which You may, at any point in time, choose to wake up.

* * * *

If You were really free, why would You be reading this?

* * * *

How seriously You take the lies the senses weave.

* * * *

So indescribable what You really are.

* * * *

Learn what it is to unlearn.

* * * *

Will is merely the shallow surface,
Camouflaging the unfathomable depths,
Of the totality You have ever been,
The totality You will ever be.
The totality You ever are.

* * * *

Violence is a tsunami, peace its counterpoint.
Both playing out their time in the same cosmos.

* * * *

Aggrandizement of individual identity, has created an ego-ridden calamity.

* * * *

What is sexual gratification but mutual masturbation,
Surrounded with a thick coating of romantic reverie?
Really truly, nothing more than fantasy and friction.

* * * *

The ultimate fate of this garden world,
Of this entire universe, and of any creation,
Is complete, absolute, unmitigated annihilation.
So why be burdened by a temporary, surreal dream,
You can never more than superficially change?

* * * *

What burdens each of us harness upon ourselves.

* * * *

We have been domesticated by our civilized cravings.

* * * *

As to space-time, when was it, and when was it not?

* * * *

If You had all the omnipresence of totality,
If You had all the omniscience of totality,
If You had all the omnipotence of totality,
What would You ever possibly need to do?

* * * *

Merely gratifying the body does nothing for the spirit.

* * * *

Be without attributes.

* * * *

Acknowledge all potentials.

* * * *

Life may not be fair and just, but death is the irreverent equalizer.

* * * *

Go where no word has ever, will ever, can ever go.

* * * *

The sugar-coated storytelling of one religious mythos or another,
Is no longer required by those who have seen the emptiness,
Threading them all together into an imaginary tapestry.

* * * *

Agape is an easy thing to conjure on the mountain,
But its reality in daily living is a little more arduous.

* * * *

How much of this world is immobilized,
By so many harsh, cruel injustices,
We burden one another with.

* * * *

Agape is not a glandular action.

* * * *

Though these many words,
May seem abstract and intellectual,
What they point to is not at all.

* * * *

What is there to become, when You already are everything and nothing?

* * * *

It is the beingness of the highest order.

* * * *

Imagine a newborn of any seed line,
Absolute innocence groping about,
In the tabula rasa of awareness.

* * * *

Worshiping the remnants of the dead.
How infantile.
Death is.
Get over it.

* * * *

Do not equate agape,
With emotion or passion.
What it really is, would toast you,
Like lightning would a marshmallow.

* * * *

Right relationship allows sovereignty; it is open to process, to non-interference.

* * * *

Before the imprinting took root, what bliss there must have been.

* * * *

What makes You think anyone's pathless, is really that much different than your own?

* * * *

Trying to "fix" everyone is futile.

* * * *

What there is to see cannot be seen by those,
Whose only view, is through the sensory feed.

* * * *

To be unburdened, discern and accept your death.

* * * *

Your concepts about it, are all vain and pointless.

* * * *

Those senses lighting your mind,
Have convinced You, have tricked you,

That this virtual reality is real.
How easy it was.

* * * *

There is nothing to grasp, nothing that cannot be grasped.

* * * *

Give in until You puke,
Or abstain until You blow a fuse.
It makes no difference.

* * * *

When that valuable vase,
Departs the mantle for the floor,
The most arduous trick is to have let it go,
Long before it somehow came into your possession.

* * * *

Trying to capture this,
Is like clutching the wind,
On a deathly still day.

* * * *

It is much more, and so much less, than You can ever imagine.

* * * *

Ego dissolves but the sugar remains.

* * * *

You are that which has created all this.

* * * *

Seers of the universal mind come and go,
Attempting to explain in every manner imaginable,
A vision of the unseen, that can never really be explained.

* * * *

Can You feel in your body, all the angst your mind has fabricated?

* * * *

The differences between all duality are merely concepts.

* * * *

Look into your own eye.

* * * *

Give no thought where there can be none.

* * * *

Your idols are concepts,
Images holding You back,
From that for which You long.

* * * *

Until You truly see that it was You who thought it,
How can You be held in any way responsible,
For what anyone else does, thinks, says?

* * * *

You may believe that You are not where You ought to be,
But in reality, You are playing your role in absolute perfection.

* * * *

If your life was to end in a few minutes,
Would You greet it with panic or equanimity?
With fear or courage? With resistance or surrender?
With regret or contentment?

* * * *

First your environment programs You,
Then, like any software program.
You just keep on doing,
Whatever You do.
Free will?
Hah!

* * * *

Can You stop looking at God as an imagined concept,
And instead discern its immaculate presence,
Within every particle of your being?

* * * *

Dust your mind.

* * * *

Personality cults get entangled in their idolatry of vain mortal attributes.

* * * *

How often desire is cloaked by the word love, for ends which have little to do with its agape nature.

* * * *

You will have the power You need, to do whatever it is You are doing here.

* * * *

Neither up nor down,
Right nor left,

In nor out,
Over nor under,
Behind nor in front,
Forward nor backward,
Around nor through,
With nor without,
You are.

* * * *

It is real and unreal.
It is neither real nor unreal,
All fashioned in the same here now.

* * * *

Get past your doubting fears.
It is naught but the temporal game of identity,
Locked in mayic proportion.

* * * *

Practice detachment until You see dispassion your most real nature.

* * * *

The nobility of eternal nature abides within even the greatest torment and confusion and squalor.

* * * *

What some call original sin might be better termed original separation.

* * * *

What does faith have to do with it?

* * * *

The deity You pray to is the one You create; naught but a concoction of your own vain limitations.

* * * *

All pain is the result of clinging to false identity.
A persona, a limiting, finite set of thought patterns.

* * * *

Despite the undeniable, irrefutable reality,
That they are born of the same indivisible nature,
No two individuals will ever witness the same universe.

* * * *

Eternal salvation require eternal volition.

* * * *

You are a fallen angel, with a return ticket to the mystery, anytime You choose.

* * * *

You will do what You need to do, until You need do it no longer.

* * * *

The dissolution of ego, leaves only what it has ever been.

* * * *

Clinging to any dualistic notions is a hellish fate of your own choosing.

* * * *

What so many call love, is really only the draining suffocation, of personal need.

* * * *

Any body, any form, is like the protective chaff of grain,
Which eventually falls away to reveal the hardy kernel.

* * * *

This quest is not a game of chance, it is not a gamble.
If You approach it as one, hedging your bets, You lose.

* * * *

The journey You are on, ends only when You discern it never began, and never ends.

* * * *

There is nothing You can do or need do, to prove that You are the proof.

* * * *

Are deities and demons truly eternal chess players competing for human souls?
Or merely the vain concoctions of those unable and unwilling,
To come to grips with the truth of all origins?

* * * *

If You are ever to be free, the tyranny of thought in any guise, must be discerned for what it is.

* * * *

How arduous it is to see, that no form is real but for a brief dream of time.

* * * *

How surreal the passing of time.

* * * *

Passion is the road to hell; dispassion the key to heaven.

* * * *

Why die a prisoner of a limited mind?

* * * *

A relationship without mutual sovereignty, is a hellish exercise in conscious suffering.

* * * *

Your fear of physical death is correlated to your clinging to all the lies the senses weave.

* * * *

All your groveling to God will mean nothing, until You realize its eternal nature is within.

* * * *

Will manifest existence ever reconcile with itself? Not without You.

* * * *

Ignorance is given; wisdom earned.

* * * *

Your eternal nature will faithfully match all the longing You will ever muster.

* * * *

Nothing temporal can ever leave You complete.

* * * *

Your resistance to totality is futile; it is impossible to be alienated from your real nature forever.

* * * *

You can never go back, and forward traverses the chasm of now.

* * * *

Judgment is denial of that slice the illusion.

* * * *

All outcomes are written in time.

* * * *

No one has ever started a new religion, just new collusions, new dogmas, new absurdities.

* * * *

Even the blackest sheep can find the way home.

* * * *

Between the personal and the impersonal,
There is the finest, sharpest, most indefinable edge,
A narrow, cutting tightrope, which takes great balance to tread.

* * * *

Every manifest form, whether alive or inert,
Operates in its own relative baseline of awareness,
Yet all have the same essential beginning,
And thus, the same eternal end.

* * * *

Until You can see the interconnected nature of all that is,
You will abide, in suffering, in pain, in doubt, in anger.

* * * *

All psychological dependency, no matter the reason, is ever an agent of suffering.

* * * *

The same essence, playing out in every form.
Some awakening, quickly or slowly, to the grand view,
But most dozing throughout their existence,
Oblivious to the infinite array.

XXXII

Who is the who that asks who?
The what that asks what? The when that asks when?
The why that asks why? The where that asks where? The how that asks how?

* * * *

From large to small, from part to all,
Pathless witness serenely dawns and sets,
Spring awakening into the sleep of winter's end.

* * * *

We all wander from one distraction to the next.

* * * *

Journeying within, You explore a world
Many have traveled but none can truly chart.

* * * *

The perfect master is but another refection of yours.

* * * *

Become a free agent.

* * * *

All You can really cling to
Is the illusion that all this is real,
And perhaps for some reason, important.

* * * *

The assertion You are important because of history,
Is ambitious mythology born of deluded imagination.

* * * *

Them that believes knows no shortage of pain.

* * * *

The answer to the riddle is that there is no riddle.

* * * *

See the relativity of all limitation.

* * * *

If You cannot meditate in the fury of hell,
You do not understand real meditation.

* * * *

Life can be a great opportunity
To let love fall into You.

* * * *

You are the point of time.

* * * *

Everyone will create their own way.
There are paths until it is discerned.

* * * *

The world is fortunate
Not to know your true rage
At the injustice, the unfairness,
The inequity in every realm.

* * * *

Moralists hold no real sway.

* * * *

If You are truly born again,
Then You are a light unto the world.

* * * *

As long as You pretend your identity,
You are subject to forgetting the realization,
To falling back into the suffering of consciousness.
Complete detachment is not easily discerned.

* * * *

Even if You had the most stunning, intelligent, kind companion,
This illusory dreamtime world could ever manifest,
You would still be very much alone.

* * * *

Sometimes it is embarrassing to admit your mysterious nature; it can be a game of hide-and-seek.

* * * *

To comprehend the barrenness of even one mythological set, is to comprehend them all.

* * * *

Everyone is searching everywhere
For happiness, fulfillment and contentment,
Yet finding only dead-end paths in the manifest maze.

* * * *

Shatter all sense of identity
But that essential beingness,

Of which totality ever is.

* * * *

How we play into each other's vanity.

* * * *

The answer to hell is silent stillness.

* * * *

The role You play in the world
Is dependent upon your attachment to it.

* * * *

What a role the instincts play in this drama.

* * * *

Maya, Lucifer, call it what You will,
Will tempt You until unity's dawning.

* * * *

Surrender to the ultimate longing.

* * * *

So many trying so hard to be
What they are not and never will be.

* * * *

You can tell the veterans.

* * * *

It is difficult to be courageous
As long as You seek any approval.

* * * *

The kingdom of heaven is at hand within.
It is the serene awareness of nowness,
The quality of infinite consciousness
Prior to time-bound consciousness.

* * * *

Heaven,
Make it happen now
If You yearn it so.

* * * *

Hell is the gap between what You are
And what You vainly believe You are.

* * * *

How enthralled we are with the masks and costumes.

* * * *

Now that You know hell more than well,
The challenge is to divine that which is heaven.

* * * *

Do not get too wrapped up in your own words.
They change as soon as they are thought or spoken.

* * * *

The mystery is no lover of personalities.

* * * *

Imagine if You were a rabbit, rat or raccoon,
How You would be chasing the other sex for a little action.
The patterning of any given life form is really no different from your own.

* * * *

The meek will settle for hell.

* * * *

All the personal wants and fears
With which You continue to grapple
Prove the arduousness of pathlessness.

* * * *

At some point in this time-bound play,
The vehicle to which You are so attached,
Will be a dusty treat for one beast or another.
Even tombs buckle to eternity's infinite patience.

* * * *

The limitations of any groupthink
Inevitably muddles the eternal quest.
Dogmatic thinking does not harvest truth.

* * * *

Even in a space chock-full of noise,
There is the silence within and without.

* * * *

The universe is chilled to perfection.

* * * *

You are the witness, the eternal clayness,
Impartial to every form creation imagines.

* * * *

Castes operate in every group because participants
Accept that superiority and inferiority really exist.

* * * *

On a diamond, all facets are equal.
You are the nexus through which
Your manifest facet is witnessed.

* * * *

Pierce all the veils concepts weave
Until You discover the oblivion
From whence all are born.

* * * *

Taken wrongly, thoughts such as these, can lead down many vain, painful paths.

* * * *

To compete with deities, is a journey, into which many angels, are rumored to have fallen.

* * * *

What is there for You as witness to do, when spontaneity does it all for You?

* * * *

Entertain no doubts that You are the mystery.

* * * *

In those quiet moments,
When You are offstage alone,
Do You remove the mask within?

* * * *

These writings are a play of words, about a space, words can never go.

* * * *

Every mythological explanation ever concocted, including any herein written, is but idle speculation.

* * * *

Your aloneness is unavoidable manifest fact,
One discernible in the human psyche,
Through every point in history.
Its reconciliation is your eternal salvation.

* * * *

You can capture perceptions in memory,
But You can never even for a flickering moment
Put a brake on time's ceaseless passing.

How vain to even make an attempt.

* * * *

If You discern time does not really exist,
What can be either new or old?

* * * *

Do You occasionally punch the pause button
On that video recording playing your mind?

* * * *

You are that which is mystery, but every conception formulated about you
Has ever been meaningless, and only fated to create more and more confusion
In minds capable only of blindly stumbling through duality's tattered weavings.

* * * *

The manifest world convinces you
That You cannot be complete without it,
Yet its very nature is what prohibits your reunion.

* * * *

All your life You have been experiencing the eternal
Disguised by the hypnotizing illusion of space and time.

* * * *

To what end, all your self-absorbed calculations?

* * * *

Awaken to the giant within.
Embark now for heaven's way,
No, not in some far off distant place,
But here and now, neither space and time.

* * * *

Mother Nature does not take kindly to her domestication.

* * * *

You are a spy in hell.

* * * *

If You are seeking comfort and safety,
Then truth is probably not the answer.

* * * *

Your identity is the fabric of your own imagination.

* * * *

The desire of your many expectations and hopes

Create only sorrow, anger, frustration, failure and guilt,
The passionate suffering of existence apparent to all who see.

* * * *

You will not see far if You cannot say no.

* * * *

Where exactly does your face end
And the universe begin?

* * * *

The delusional mind is so easily distracted by chatter,
So willingly eager to babble about anything and everything,
In its avoidance of the timelessly silent aloneness within.

* * * *

The drop strikes the pond, ripples, and disappears.

* * * *

Look at your hands.
Watch how they change through time,
But how the awareness of them ever seems the same.

* * * *

An individual life?
Is there really any such animal?

* * * *

Whether under tree or by river,
On mountaintop or desert wilderness,
Whether in ashram or coffee shop,
Or merely out for a long swim or walk,
It is the quality of your freely willed attention
Which merges into the true aloneness.

* * * *

The subtlety of reality's unknowable presence
Is before, between, beyond, within and without all wordplay.

* * * *

What good are idealistic words
If You will not live them?

* * * *

The meek discern only the myriad forms.
They are bound to the manifest realm by their senses
Until that unitary moment when inner vision opens to the eternal way.

* * * *

As noble as it is to wish and work
For a peaceful, co-existent, loving world,
It seems unlikely the world can ever really change
Unless everyone somehow tunes into the eternal picture.

* * * *

How ironic that the diversity which shaped the human psyche
Now pays such a harsh price for our insatiable consumption.

* * * *

We are all just faces in each other's dreams.

* * * *

Hell is without
Until heaven is discerned within.

* * * *

The mystery is one big cannibal.

* * * *

Anything is possible, everything probable.

* * * *

If You think human beings
And the countless other life forms
On this garden planet already suffer dearly,
Put on your seatbelt, baby, we ain't seen nothing yet.

* * * *

A pile of dung is as much a mystery
As You will ever be.

* * * *

No storyline holds up forever.

* * * *

What delusion to believe any form superior to another.

* * * *

In finite form your true nature is sheathed,
Your mystery dimmed by a manifest encasement.
It is difficult to discern You are already home.

* * * *

Attachment and pride formed over any spiritual path
Is a vain false trail sure only of a dead ending.

* * * *

Whether You live once or times beyond counting, You must still traverse every now allotted in time.

* * * *

It is the attachment to the meanings of words, that gives them power, not the sounds.

* * * *

Regarding the unfolding human drama,
After its end is the same as before its beginning.
So, what entices You to continue witnessing the play?

* * * *

Those who avoid hell, seeking God and heaven, are mesmerized by the eternal light show.

* * * *

If the all You seek is God, that is all You will find.

* * * *

Is not the fact that You are here proof enough?

* * * *

To get home You must somehow cross the river of mortality without drowning.

* * * *

Do You really think this has been your life? Only in the highest sense.

* * * *

If Jesus really did say You must hate your parents,
He probably meant get away from their unweaning grip.

* * * *

What on earth is worth depriving yourself a full breath?

* * * *

And who is me, and who is not me, need we ask anyone to tell us these things?

* * * *

The only real difference between You and any given infant
Is that the infant's mind is not yet clouded
By all the make-believe.

XXXIII

Thought is like waves crashing upon a reef.
Without it how could You ever discern
The vast ocean beyond the roar?

* * * *

If it is liberation You seek,
See even heaven and want it not.

* * * *

How vain all chases.

* * * *

Worship of it is so often filled
With vain self-deceptive suffering.

* * * *

Dwell where neither man nor woman can go.

* * * *

You may attempt to domesticate nature and yourself,
But You cannot tame that from which it is all created.

* * * *

The things You think are important
Are born of the illusion that there is choice.

* * * *

In reality, neither God nor man exist.

* * * *

To be concerned about history is the snare of time in mind.

* * * *

Your pain comes from the many restrictions, your false limited identity imposes upon itself.

* * * *

Big bang, big crunch, what difference could there possibly be?

* * * *

Can You remove your face before death does?

* * * *

Do You really believe God is as vain, as jealous, as petty,
As passionately, irrationally, absurdly attached, as You are?

* * * *

You are an angle of mystery targeting the nth degree.

* * * *

Dark times open You to the light ones.

* * * *

It is religious non-religiousness.

* * * *

How many are really satisfied
With platitudes, cliches and soundbytes?

* * * *

That emptiness You feel within,
Which You avoid in every conceivable manner
Is the mystery residing within.

* * * *

There is much to learn, and just the tiniest bit more to unlearn.

* * * *

All frames, all boundaries, are created by the limits of your thinking.

* * * *

You are the fly on the wall, witnessing all from small to great.

* * * *

All vain attempts to attach,
To cling to anything,
To call anything your own,
To pretend your egocentric temporal life
Has any lasting meaning whatsoever,
Is unreconcilable, deceptive fantasy.

* * * *

How difficult it is to release, to shed,
That identity which You are not,
Never were, will never be.

* * * *

Words such as these upset many not prepared to comprehend their ultimate fate.

* * * *

When You say "I do this or I am that",
Who exactly is this "I", this center,
You so firmly believe so real?

* * * *

We all play a part spun in the genetic lottery.

* * * *

Why even bother with the pharisees and anti-christs?
They are bound to an earthly hell of their own making.

* * * *

In time You have the opportunity
To realize your timeless birthright.

* * * *

Your discontent, your ceaseless desire to be more,
To get a greater, more vain part in this eternal light show
Is utterly pointless from the most expansive view.

* * * *

Even the angels in heaven,
Bound in limitations of their own,
Are really no better off than You.

* * * *

Spiritual niceness creates such banal diplomatic reviews.

* * * *

The rigid self-righteous dogmas of the few
Inflict themselves upon the many.

* * * *

Who among You would create the world as it has become?
Who would wish such a hell upon any child yet to be born?

* * * *

All the followers create such foolish vain havoc.

* * * *

How You differentiate yourself from others
Delineates your self-perpetuated limitations.

* * * *

There is a subtlety in every moment
Only those with subtle minds can discern.

* * * *

Your insecurity only perpetuates
Its unnecessary manifestation.

* * * *

Understand that no true prophet requires anything this world can offer.

* * * *

If You think God is pleased with wholesale mayhem, what sort of God have You imagined?

* * * *

Knead the gray matter of consciousness, until it leavens into its true potential.

* * * *

Settle for hell and that is what You will get.

* * * *

Observe closely, until You can discern another's dream, within your own.

* * * *

To take pride in your pretenses of identity,
Is a vain collusion only a human caught in time,
Finds it important enough to brag about.

* * * *

To accept followers runs the risk of being trussed up in their limitations.

* * * *

You and the holy ghost are one without second.

* * * *

You are as smoky as any plume of smoke.

* * * *

Marriage into eternal nature
Is a blessed union of spirit.

* * * *

Sovereignty is a game
For all to learn to play.

* * * *

The trap of all mythos, past, present and future,
Is one it takes great courage and insight to transcend.

* * * *

At birth, You were, without any images of time.
Returning to that simple untainted awareness
Is, for any who seek it, a journey made alone.

* * * *

Do You really want to be free?
If not, your talk of spiritual questing

Is merely a delusional self-absorbed game.

* * * *

How long will You keep up this vain dance?

* * * *

The inner eye which opens to reality
Is something naught but one will ever see.

* * * *

Religions and priesthoods only come about
Because this is not something which can be taught,
And they are convenient distractions for carnival-seekers.

* * * *

Stand sovereign, aloof from the myriad trappings
Of this manifest temporal worldly existence.

* * * *

Who alone can change humanity's nature?
Everyone must shift in consciousness together.
Where are those hundred monkeys?

* * * *

What sheltered lives most manifest.
Few can embrace consciousness in its entirety.

* * * *

The parameters of any given cultural group, of any mythos,
Is based on instinctual patterns incorporated into the weaving
Long before consciousness existed as humanity now manifests it.

* * * *

Superstitions are fear-ridden reactions
To that which can never be understood.

* * * *

Until your identification broadens
Well beyond the self-absorbed persona,
Your limitations will shadow you
In every conceivable manner.

* * * *

To remember You must first forget.
To forget You must first remember.

* * * *

That You fear an imaginary deity shows the limitation of your vision.

* * * *

Despite all attempts at structure,
It is a spontaneous chaotic show.

* * * *

All manifestation is subject to one patterning or another.
To condemn any for playing out a perceived part
Is to miss the divine teaching it offers.

* * * *

If You play the karma game,
Intending to put off reunion
Until some distant lifetime,
Why even play the game?

* * * *

Whatever religion You may outwardly explore
Is distraction from the real surrender within.

* * * *

Those who argue a limited view are conditioned propagandists
Whose mimicking inquiries into truth stagnate in the mire of concepts.

* * * *

To cling to the wheel of suffering
Is the choice born of lack of resolve.

* * * *

Your need to judge shows how little You understand.

* * * *

Within You is the omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresence of awareness.

* * * *

It is impractical and useless to grieve and suffer
That humanity does not match the potential
Of your vision of what it could be.
That You have the vision
Is a beginning.

* * * *

How we do love to wade in our suffering.

* * * *

Who owns You?

* * * *

Sometimes You must embrace great confusion
Before You can gain the clarity to release.

* * * *

How many followers use teachers and teachings
For their own vain ends?

* * * *

How quickly traditions form.
How quickly their continuity inflicts itself
Upon the innocent and unborn.

* * * *

The You referred to is not the ego you
But the real You prior to all exteriors.

* * * *

There is no shortage of individuals or collectives
Who will offer You whatever show You crave.

* * * *

How many stories anyone
At any point in manifest space and time
Could weave in this infinite unfolding consciousness.
None are superior to any other in any way.

* * * *

Your attachments to any mythos ever concocted
Is unnecessary and binds your quest for the ultimate.

* * * *

Sojourn to the edge of the universe
And beyond that still.

* * * *

Your imagination can be a lifelong prison
Or the means to the unlimited potential.

* * * *

When You earnestly seek freedom
You will own what these words imply.

* * * *

Is there any mythos, religious or otherwise,
Which does not lay claim to being the torch holder?

* * * *

The true master knows s/he is not.

* * * *

You are that which all scriptures
Can only attempt to describe.
Puzzle it out, best You can.

* * * *

Let your imagination expand
Until its movement ceases.

* * * *

Your ego, your attachment to limiting identity,
Blinds You to your birthright.

* * * *

Journey confidently past any doubt
That your insight is less true
Than any given mythos.
There is no gamble involved
As so many would have You believe.
The only requirement is an innocent courage.

* * * *

How attractive will You be
When the flesh melts off your bones?

* * * *

Humanity's spectrum of male and female
Is within each and all in varying compositions.
Discern that it is only genetic and cultural patterning
That divides the sexes, not inherent inequalities.

* * * *

Holding back, resisting reality
Only prolongs the suffering.

* * * *

The death You fear is really
Nothing more than a concept
Born of time in the human mind.

* * * *

How unnecessarily foolish we are
Not to wake up to the largest view.

* * * *

Until You are truly earnest,

You will be locked in the duality
Woven of space and time.

* * * *

All this is a game You play with your Self.

* * * *

Practiced in every human culture,
The game of one-upsmanship
Is the ego-bound play of those
Whose comprehension is limited
By vain, discriminating conclusions.

* * * *

What a fine mess we have gotten ourselves into, Ollie.

* * * *

Wandering the ethereal no man's land.

* * * *

Your entire universe,
Wherever your senses wander
In any given moment,
Is your church.

* * * *

A peaceful mind, a peaceful heart
What a gift within … and without.

* * * *

Hard to be civilized in the body of an animal.

* * * *

Of the mystery of birth and death,
One day You are here, one day You are not,
And something called life between.

* * * *

Eternity is a long time of timelessness.

* * * *

Wisdom is wisdom; it does not matter the geography or the time.

XXXIV

How do You describe That
Which sheds all descriptions,
Surpasses all that can be known,
And is eternally without equal?

* * * *

Who follows anything but a mirage?

* * * *

In time, Maya has always been,
And will continue until its end.

* * * *

Suffer gladly your immortal dance,
For it is manifest in light only.

* * * *

It is your longing for truth that manifests the silence.

* * * *

The subtlety of surrender is unceasing.

* * * *

How will You change hell
But through guerrilla sorties
Of those irregulars heaven-bent?

* * * *

Calling someone else strange
Implies You are or know what normal is.

* * * *

Self-restraint and gratification
Both meet the same end.
Slip back and forth
Or tack a moderate course,
All decisions any are free to explore.

* * * *

What amazing meat machines these bodies are,
To survive all the toxicity the world is becoming.

* * * *

Breaking windows, defacing property,
Shooting bullets or throwing bombs.

Chaotic anarchy, as tempting as it may be,
Only perpetuates misery and confusion
Wrought by dysfunctional thinking.

* * * *

You are that which knows no birth, born into time.

* * * *

What are You but an ever-churning,
Water-filled bundle of attachments?

* * * *

Until there is no other,
Until there is complete surrender,
How can You be the ever-present oneness?

* * * *

To live by the clock is to die in time's vine.

* * * *

All is not as it seems.

* * * *

Most who seek to lead
Probably should not be the ones
We are asked to choose.

* * * *

To say there has been only one christ
Is to misunderstand the way is open to all.

* * * *

It makes sense in a nonsensical way.

* * * *

No one can give You that which You seek.
It is an arduous discernment
For which You alone
Must find the capacity.

* * * *

The driving need some have to control others
Shows how little they really have to offer.

* * * *

What You need,
What You are ready for,
Happens in a most synchronistic way.

* * * *

The empty cup is quite full.

* * * *

Nothing forces You to remain as You are
But your own willful nature.

* * * *

Without the word and the concept it implies,
There can be neither beginning nor end.

* * * *

Going into Jerusalem was a strategic error.

* * * *

Insight is not something You can really argue about.

* * * *

What we generally call civilized is a pathetic joke.

* * * *

You reincarnate in every time-bound moment
That You re-identify with this sensory illusion.

* * * *

To learn and unlearn
As quickly as the moment
Is an intuitive uninhibited flowing.
Kind of like a nuclear submarine within the depths.

* * * *

To say it is before, during or after
Implies time is even involved.

* * * *

The carnies, the clowns, the players, the gladiators
Have always found an appreciative audience
In those unable to discern and embrace
The mystery unfolding every moment,
Those seeking distraction from the stillness,
The essential source from which all things emanate.

* * * *

How many children must teach their parents
That weaning is a necessary aspect of parenting?

* * * *

In the flowering
Is the point and purpose
That no mortal player can deny.

* * * *

Prove this vision wrong if You are able.

* * * *

Only those ready will see who among them sees.

* * * *

Who has not been temporarily swayed, perhaps many times,
By the proselytizing fervor of one belief or another?
But of these words, can any be convinced
But they who are ready to see?

* * * *

Are You able to stare at a blank wall
With the same passion as You would
Your most ardent sought-after desire?

* * * *

How many project heaven to merely be
The ultimate foray into sensory gratification?

* * * *

Out there in the vast expanses of this universe
Do You think any other manifestations
Are as vain as the human race?
As inane as our storylines project them to be?

* * * *

The universe does not require our survival.
We must move past our egocentric foolishness
Without help from anyone but ourselves.

* * * *

Somewhere in time, every conceivable torture
Has been enacted by one human being on another.
Is life not torturous enough at times without adding more?

* * * *

Pride undermines your spirit's return to its total nature.
Even the greatest angels are subject to such hellish fates.

* * * *

There is in reality only one pie,
But each of us cuts it up into countless pieces.

It will remain that way until You put it back together again.

* * * *

At a circus You putter away at the sideshows
Until You are ready for the main event.
And then You go back home.

* * * *

How many have accepted that others have it,
But that they cannot and never will?
Excuses, excuses, excuses.

* * * *

Proclaim it what You will, it is not.

* * * *

Even those most acclaimed for the discovery of their original nature
Are ultimately no greater than a gnat riding freely above a wave.

* * * *

All this thinking does so little.
Just breathe and bear it.

* * * *

Within You is the seed of mystery; do not tarry at watering your soul.

* * * *

Each inflow and outflow of breath, proves your unity with the unmanifest.

* * * *

Only fools tarry in hell.

* * * *

Instead of me, myself, and I, try thinking we, ourselves and us.

* * * *

Be simple when the monkey allows.

* * * *

The state may control the body, but it can never reign the spirit.

* * * *

World order is pleasant political phrasing, but requires enlightened leadership to carry out.

* * * *

To be chosen You must volunteer.

* * * *

Money is modern man's mammon,
The golden calf in greenback form.

* * * *

The mortal body is but a set of limitations
Which sickness, injury, old age and death make apparent.

* * * *

Partner up or form communities if it suits You.
Some are not ready or interested in mystery alone.
There is no one way to explore your unmanifest nature.

* * * *

The part You vainly think is really You in this unfolding manifest play
Is an impromptu scripting You in large part choose to create.
Never forget that any story or tale ever spun
Can own an unpredicted ending.

* * * *

All the people, thoughts and things
About which You care and feel so much
Are the worms meat of eternity's unfolding.

* * * *

Techniques are not what bring about wisdom.

* * * *

Play out your part in whatever manner You see it.
It is your creation, your fabrication, your responsibility.
There are no rules but what You imagine them to be.

* * * *

Reality is the most simple thing.
It is the mind which creates such complexity.
Be simple and You regain the freedom of nowness.

* * * *

All those attachments, obligations, possessions and commitments
Are tethers of You own assent.

* * * *

Prejudice and genocide are simply the competition of genetic codes,
The false sense that one form is in reality superior to another.

* * * *

By their very nature, intent and synergistic capacity,
Governments and large organizations of any persuasion
Will never be truly concerned for the individual welfare.

* * * *

The reality is that everyone is the source of their own religion.
Most, however, imitate and repeat what others tell them.

* * * *

To merge into the mystery, is to be the fruit of timelessness in time.

* * * *

Follow no prophets blindly, indiscriminately.
Quest intently, observe attentively, wait patiently
Until You see the trail is cast of your own light.

* * * *

There are none who are not endowed with the seed of mystery,
But for the light to shine brightly, the host must seek the switch.

* * * *

In unity there is a sense of impersonal responsibility.

* * * *

Mythos is an agreement to a set of rules, the foundation of which is largely set in vanity.

* * * *

Idealism only continues the web of thought-identity.
Real change must come from within, not without.

* * * *

Things, money, thought, anything considered valuable,
All are just different faces of the same material illusion.

* * * *

It is not space and time You travel through; it is vivid imagination.

* * * *

Why give so much thought to the hereafter
When You cannot create more than a hell-now?

* * * *

Death is far closer to reality than You can imagine.

* * * *

Only in stillness is there the merger of subject and object..

* * * *

Living is an array of habits, many unconscious,
Many chosen and broken as your will dictates.

* * * *

Flesh is flesh, but is it You?

* * * *

You are an angel caught in manifest form,
And if You fall into Maya's time-bound broth,
It is the choice of separation born of free will.

* * * *

The pain of consciousness arises from attempting
To hold onto that which is ever-changing in time.

* * * *

Until detachment sheaths its brutal honesty,
Introspection can be a terrible swift sword.

* * * *

There is nothing not one with mystery.
Even the most despicable demon
Is a cousin of the same origin.

* * * *

Birth is such a simple predictable process.
How many innovative ways we assign death.

* * * *

Who is really an expert on anything?

* * * *

As a student of life You are a student of every subject.
The only test is a final called oblivion.

* * * *

This world is a teeming birthing ground of physical manifestation.
You will be here until You are worthy of merger into the largest part.

* * * *

Some would say there are no shortcuts to owning isness.
Needs research.

* * * *

How can You not want to find out who You are?
This quest is not some idle pastime.
It consumes You.

* * * *

From unity springs duality,
They are eternally the same.

* * * *

If You only question within a loop,
You will only get loop answers.

* * * *

Your mythos will mold You into its meme if You allow it.

* * * *

The distractions are many, and most are so easily amused.

* * * *

The suffering is caused by limitation
Filled with unreconciled eternal longing.

* * * *

If there is a God, he/she/it has never been a concept.

* * * *

The only end of the societal mindset,
The ego play of the limited view,
Is confusion, havoc and death.

* * * *

To embrace your total nature
Is to know your true immortality.

* * * *

Without the sun, the earth would not be,
And without the earth, the sun would not shine.

* * * *

For consciousness to be raised,
Nothing must be done,
And nothing must be left undone.

* * * *

You are the awareness.
The awareness is not You.
You are everything.
Nothing is You.

* * * *

Do destroyers forever delude themselves
That they can evade their own demise?

* * * *

Of what good is a fruit tree that bears no fruit?

XXXV

One is to one
As two is to two
As three is to three
As ten thousand is to ten thousand.
Diversity ad infinitum
Is ever the same.

* * * *

Life is full of kaleidoscoping options.
Discerning which to journey
Is a sovereign issue.

* * * *

Life is only as valuable
As any decides to make it.

* * * *

War is the outcome of greed, pride
And innumerable vain conclusions.

* * * *

The choice of mortality is death.

* * * *

You are the source of every possibility.

* * * *

How desperate humanity has become.
Its separation is wreaking havoc in every realm.

* * * *

The desire for life, for consciousness,
Comes from You.

* * * *

Contentment walks arm-in-arm with patience.

* * * *

The fear of not being, of ending,
Is tightly woven with desire-filled actions.

* * * *

It is not easy to be here for any.

* * * *

Humanity's greatness resides only
In the mind born of limitation.

* * * *

Humility is often just another variation of pride.
If You were truly humble, it would not occur to You.

* * * *

God's grace is the realization, that You are that which is mystery.

* * * *

These words from a fly on the wall, who flew and flew until he saw it all.

* * * *

Without the knowledge that You ultimately know nothing, your quest for knowledge is meaningless.

* * * *

You are the beginning and the end of all that is now.

* * * *

Freedom is not a state of mind; it is the quality of beingness free of self.

* * * *

What are we really in this tiny universe, but self-aggrandizing microbes?

* * * *

Where do all those opinions come from, anyway?

* * * *

Wealth, power, prestige are important
To the blind who believe they are.
The rest just shake their heads
And suffer the consequences.

* * * *

Bask in the rebirth of eternal life,
The awareness of awareness
Prior to all personal contexts.

* * * *

Just when You think You have it, it slips away,
Often into whatever You thought it was not.

* * * *

So many love words and the concepts they invoke.
The seer loves that which they are not,
Can never be, yet ever are.

* * * *

What is any image but a projection
Based on all the factors making up that point in time?

* * * *

In time You are everything,
Yet eternally You are not even
The least of anything.

* * * *

The effort of the personal self,
Of the form bound in limitation,
Is the suffering of consciousness.

* * * *

These words shine upon the path home.

* * * *

How else could You be here, but as the eyes of mystery?

* * * *

Prophet, seer, mystic, buddha, christ, fool; all the same indivisible oneness.

* * * *

Could desire, anger, fear, or any other passion, exist,
But for the movement of consciousness, of imagination,
Cast in the silent, still, relativity of momentary awareness?

* * * *

No mask, no costume, no form, is not the same awareness as You.

* * * *

Be royal among your brethren.

* * * *

Become that from which love springs.

* * * *

The cynical pessimist, once a passionate idealist,
Is easily worn away by this three-dimensional theater.

* * * *

Cast You Self adrift within.

* * * *

Try not to waste too much time
Imagining what others think of you
Since it is nothing but what you

Have chosen to believe anyway.

* * * *

Ultimately You become what You imagine.

* * * *

Eternal life is not the home
Of time's infinite array of passions.

* * * *

Desire is the greatest enslaver.

* * * *

At first You may dread the silence of a free mind.

* * * *

Even the greatest warrior knows the pang of fear
Shadowing the essential nature's futile desire
To play its immortality out in this time-bound theater.

* * * *

How can any clay figurine discern the clayness
But through its own clayness?

* * * *

To live for the other
Is the false imprisonment
Of the personal self.

* * * *

Do not be labeled by any action or deed.

* * * *

You may see to the ends of the universe,
But You must still live and someday die
In the mix into which You were born.

* * * *

Does the bulk of humanity seriously believe
The can extinguish any life form
Without ramification?

* * * *

Other than differences created by geographic circumstance,
What real difference is there between anyone or anything?

* * * *

You may say many things regarding your personality,

But that says nothing of the You You really are.

* * * *

The freedom to see beyond yourself
Is not easily discerned.

* * * *

These are thoughts from one
Who has come far to share them with You.

* * * *

If You truly have the faith of knowing
You will not need to pray.

* * * *

If You believe the jumble of thoughts
Flying ceaselessly back and forth in your mind,
You will never be reborn into your birthright.

* * * *

Even if You were as expansive as what You call God, You would still be the same awareness You are now.

* * * *

Most only believe what their context inspires; few explore until all limits cease.

* * * *

Eternal life is yours for the seeing.

* * * *

You are all that is known.

* * * *

Consciousness values many things in many ways,
But that which is prior is without any value.

* * * *

It has become an unparalleled issue of survival.
Humanity can no longer afford unhaltered competition.
Always so ironic how success inevitably leads to destruction.

* * * *

There are as many points of view
As there are points involved.

* * * *

How quickly the moralists judge others
According to their vain laws.

* * * *

The answer is
There never really was a question to ask.

* * * *

The thought of freedom
Is not the freedom unknown.

* * * *

Drift as You will amid the solitary wave of You mind.

* * * *

Is any sojourn without imagined glory?

* * * *

How can You lack compassion
For those who suffer the cruelty
Of their own imagination?

* * * *

You will be manifest for as long as You are,
Not a moment more, not a moment less.

* * * *

Consciousness is consciousness,
No matter the form cast.

* * * *

Look at the spectrum of joy and travail
You have already passed through in You dream.
How many dreams have been experienced
In the same incomprehensible way.

* * * *

Some would say each of us is cast
Upon this world through one design or another.
What proof can any over but speculation
Founded only upon imagination?
Even “I am” is a speculation.

* * * *

There can only be so much creation
Before the changing wand of destruction
Wave is indiscriminate shadow.

* * * *

Your life is not yours for long,

If it ever was at all.

* * * *

Whether You dream is happy or sad
Is a choice left souly up to You.

* * * *

How can anyone caught in time
Ever comprehend the one who is not.

* * * *

They killed him once
And probably would again.

* * * *

Be true to your Self.

* * * *

To judge another by the traces of personality
Is the whim of choice.

* * * *

So many believe that by labeling themselves
They have articulated an ultimate truth.
How ironic that they cannot see
They only snare themselves.

* * * *

Once You know a mirage is a mirage,
You cease giving it the same weight.

* * * *

In the eternal aloneness resides the seed and flower
Of your sovereignty, your joy and contentment.
It is the end of the otherness which creates
The suffering consciousness manifests.

* * * *

Creation and destruction
Are merely dualistic notions
Of the mind born in time.

* * * *

Desire is the longing born of loneliness
For reunion with the sovereignty of aloneness.

* * * *

The endless use of symbols, chants, edifices, stories, principles,

Dress, prayers and anything else fabricated by thought
To grab hold of this awareness are unnecessary
Once You discern the only true sanctity
Is the still harbor You are within.

* * * *

Humanity's greatest impoverishment
Is not discerning as a corporate body
Where its eternal wealth truly resides.

* * * *

Life is torturous enough without the further malice
Born of greed, anger and violent pleasure.

* * * *

Before language, psychological sovereignty
Was an integral part of daily living.
It was the grace of Eden
Prior to the fruition of knowledge.

* * * *

How interesting so many think another
Controls the sovereign key to eternal life.
What middleman can have say in your mind
But through your own conditioned imagination?

* * * *

Call it God, love, Tao, Buddha, Ja,
Brahman, isness, and on and on and on,
It is and has ever been the same essential state,
All diversity is eternally linked to through and through.

* * * *

How many live now in past or future?
Rarely do the many fathom the bliss of eternity,
As its silence is ever still, right beneath the nose of time.

* * * *

That consciousness seeks to destroy itself, is not really a problem.

* * * *

So many mistakenly believe
The mind can solve the problems
It is entirely responsible in creating.

* * * *

What is there to love but your Self,
Whatever the form it takes.

* * * *

Where it begins is where it ends.

* * * *

Most bodies really become quite frightening, quite quickly.
Without clothing, jewelry, makeup and other aides
Our kind would undoubtedly be far less enticed
By the endless sexual fantasies born of imagination.

* * * *

You are the weaving of conscious desire for consciousness,
An habituated thread of awareness traveling alone in time.

* * * *

All claims to prominence, to notoriety, are imagined,
The same clay pretending to be more or less important,
When in reality all is indivisibly equal, no matter the illusion.

* * * *

So many differences
For one mind to align.

* * * *

If the inanity of delusion
Draws You more than the intelligence of moderation,
So be it.

* * * *

And what labels
Will the ivory tower scholars
Give this testament?

* * * *

A mystical crossing
Well-crossed many times
In many geographies.

* * * *

Ravens like shiny things, too.

* * * *

Who are You?
Any answer but “That I Am”
Is naught but delusion born of self absorption.

XXXVI

Ideals are usually nothing more than whimsy,
Flights of enticing, frivolous, capricious fantasy,
Rarely with earnest yearning for their realization.

* * * *

That least little bit of superiority
Is the dregs of separation
Born of false pride.

* * * *

Desire is the center
And the task is to let it effortlessly fall away.

* * * *

You want answers.
Whoever asks the question
Is the answer.

* * * *

You want to end the hellish enterprise
You have created in You mind?
Then kill yourself within.

* * * *

Try not to be afraid
To ask for advice or get help.

* * * *

The imagined center
Is born of identification
With the sensorial context.

* * * *

You are not obligated to want anything.

* * * *

Where are You when the center evaporates?

* * * *

Why have You done all this?
For the sheer hell of it, obviously.

* * * *

The future of consciousness
Depends solely on the past

As it churns in the present.

* * * *

All this just to finally realize
All your knowledge and purpose
Were entirely your own concoctions.

* * * *

Obviously, nothing is impossible
Once You see the nature of the dreamer.

* * * *

There is no reconciliation
But through time's ending.

* * * *

To finally realize your fall from grace
Was the outcome of free will
Is the turning point.

* * * *

Those given moments when You seek contentment
In the conscious refrain are the stumblings
All seers know in the mind's grapple
With surrender to the eternal.

* * * *

Until You become that which You truly are,
The scriptures throughout time and geography
Will be twisted and skewed with many meanings.
It is the subtle play of words so easily misunderstood.

* * * *

How many ways must You be born and die
To finally get it straight?

* * * *

How easy it is to be subjugated by the opinions
Of the others who have no ultimate reality
But what You in your own mind create.

* * * *

For every action there is an adaptation.

* * * *

Would it really make any difference
If You knew why or not?

* * * *

Look beyond time and know You cannot be
Other than that from which all dreams are born.

* * * *

You passionately hold onto a changing world
Which sifts as fine dry sand through clutching fingers,
No matter your desperate hope that it somehow be permanent.
All suffering is born of the mind's clinging nature.

* * * *

Surrender to the changing nature
And find the permanence of your eternal birthright
Throughout the illusionary dream of creation and destruction.

* * * *

Discern within the other that there is no other.

* * * *

One of the last fears is that of not wanting anything,
The fear of desire's end.

* * * *

How can You have been born
When what You truly are
Has no need to be?

* * * *

You brought nothing with You,
And will leave it all at the exit.

* * * *

What scam has not someone fallen for?

* * * *

Keep nothing in your mind as often as possible.

* * * *

What You think You are
Is an eternal trick You play upon your Self.

* * * *

No one is free
But those who think themselves free.

* * * *

There are only separate delusions.

* * * *

Stream of consciousness.
Dream of consciousness.

* * * *

There is no use to this
Unless You are ready.

* * * *

See the reflection in a mirror.
The watch the watcher watching.

* * * *

Call it big bang or big crunch,
It is merely creation and destruction
On a level You can comprehend
Only through eternal insight.

* * * *

The worshipers of mammon, of greed, will use anything, even deities, to their own ends.
The Charging Bull of Wall Street is the modern-day, bronze-version of the golden calf.

* * * *

Who is it who is free or not free?

* * * *

It is right here, right now; chattering about it only puts it off again and again.

* * * *

No one can truly kill more than a personality.

* * * *

Those fearing the death of identity reside in hell.

* * * *

No matter what is cast upon the screen,
You can never truly lose your soul.

* * * *

Size is not an indication of anything.
All form springs from the same humble beginning.

* * * *

Evil cannot touch you
Unless You give soil and water
To the seed of dualistic consciousness.

* * * *

Consciousness is the movement
Attempting to become permanent,
But its changing nature is the paradox
Of that time bound futile attempt.

* * * *

Seeking strokes for the spiritual niche You created
Is just another vain meaningless trick of consciousness.

* * * *

There is no Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval
For any organized attempts to own the unknown.

* * * *

What becomes of humanity
Is the same end all forms take.
Gold is gold no matter the dream.

* * * *

It is the flame of desire You crave.
The object of its caress is secondary.

* * * *

You cannot help anyone
Who does not at least hobble along
On their own two feet.

* * * *

Sovereignty relies upon the courage of aloneness.

* * * *

You will find whatever deity or deities You seek,
Until the seeker becomes the question,
And, finally, the answer.

* * * *

The other has imprisoned You, since You first appeared in this sensory spell.

* * * *

To what end negation can take You,
Only the one can say.

* * * *

Even in the most mundane circumstances,
That which is oneness reside in eternal poise.

* * * *

Depending upon the sway of consciousness,

You are the king of heaven or a pauper in hell.

* * * *

Eternal salvation has always been yours.
The challenge is somehow realizing it
While You are a witness to time.

* * * *

From You the universe springs eternal,
Yet to comprehend it fully the witness realizes
It has never really been what it seems.

* * * *

By supporting the forces that venerate the false gold of Maya,
You doom the progeny to a fate You would not wish upon yourself.

* * * *

To only want to do great things
Is to miss the fact that the small things
Are equally, if not more important.

* * * *

The earth will cleanse humanity of its sins
If it cannot do so for itself.

* * * *

That same sense of you
Is within everything breaking
On the farthest shores imaginable.

* * * *

Those who organize religion
Are the same as middlemen everywhere
Clamoring like hungry parasites for a piece of the action.

* * * *

Jesus was not the first,
Nor has he been the last
To discern the eternal birthright.

* * * *

You are that which is neither alive nor dead.

* * * *

The eternally damned are those who wander the heavens and hells of space and time,
Through which they indivisibly, timelessly kaleidoscope, ever-present,
Beckoned on and on by the many others,
Only too willing, only too able, to share their hellish fates.

* * * *

Like small dust storms,
The passion invoked by words
Inevitably plays itself out.

* * * *

Whatever the state of consciousness,
Awareness is ever the same.

* * * *

So-called humane gestures so often trip upon themselves
From lack of clear insight into long-range ramifications.
Ripples travel for great distances in every direction.

* * * *

So may dying for the want of so little.

* * * *

Just let go.

* * * *

You have no obligation to this world,
But for your own choosing.

* * * *

How many laugh at your gullibility!

* * * *

What is the personality
But a habitual set of thoughts
Born of genetic and social circumstance.

* * * *

What is the enemy, really,
But ignorance?

* * * *

What change can truly last?

* * * *

The gullible will always seek out
A middleman to tithe to.

* * * *

Discard all hope.
You are beyond its delusion.

* * * *

The other cannot force You to want anything
But through You collusionary consent.

* * * *

Eden will be, with or without You.

* * * *

The more You want,
The more troubled You will be,
The more trouble You will likely cause.

* * * *

To discern the code,
Decipher the mind.

* * * *

Those willing to rule another's mind
Will find those willing to allow them to,
And destroy those who will not.

* * * *

You already abide in eternal life.
What more You want of it,
Is your own burden.

* * * *

What You imagine it is, it is,
Yet truly it never was.

* * * *

A teacher may encourage You to look,
But it is You who must learn to see.

* * * *

Ripples course upon the water's surface
As does a personality across time,
Yet has either ever really been
More than reflected light
Playing dreamily in an illusionary mind?

* * * *

Thoughts crest and foam, crash and roar,
Like waves endlessly dancing upon the sand,
Their transience the never-ending question:
Are they, and have they ever really been?

* * * *

Whatever You may believe it is,
It is not, has never been,
And will never be.

* * * *

The bottom line is there are too many of us,
And neither our monkey-mind,
Nor the world,
Will abide it for long.

* * * *

More or less is the denial of reality.

* * * *

The cries of glory echo only in time.

* * * *

The meaning of life
Is whatever the moment
Draws out of You.

* * * *

Just talking to my Self again.

* * * *

Another curious fate, indeed.

* * * *

That I Am is not attached to a grain of sand,
Much less a whole amorphous collection of them
Playing out a poorly, unhappily written stage production.

* * * *

Nothing to do.
Everything to do.

* * * *

Do not hesitate to contemplate anything and everything that comes to mind.

* * * *

When You want to solve a problem,
Become the stillness within,
And sooner or later,
A right answer of some sort
Will suddenly appear in consciousness.

XXXVII

Personality is like a filter,
Shading the camera's view,
But only until its removal.

* * * *

Karma is simply ripples coming back at You.

* * * *

What do angels have over You?
Nothing.

* * * *

The ending of desire washes away all fear.

* * * *

How senseless it all truly is.

* * * *

You see a face in the mirror, but are those eyes staring back, really You?

* * * *

The devil pays many dues for all his false gold.

* * * *

Most people in this conflict-ridden world
Would be content to have a quiet, simple life.
A relatively small handful make that very difficult.

* * * *

It is very challenging for humanity
To extend its cooperative efforts
Beyond the simplicity of concepts,
Symbols, rituals and sundry traditions.

* * * *

We are all wandering the same mountain.

* * * *

Always question why and where
Someone wants to lead You.

* * * *

Loyalty to the human predicament,
To consciousness, whatever the form,
Erodes as You see it sliding through hell,

Pretty much at an accelerating rate.

* * * *

I came, I saw, I shrugged my shoulders,
And I drifted away.

* * * *

What are You in the world
But a temporal frame of reference,
A brief reckoning upon which your version
Of the universe rises and sets in eternity's light show.

* * * *

What a lot of senseless chatter
We all have in our heads.

* * * *

In reality You are the forever beyond time.

* * * *

The discontented unhappy races have despoiled
Those whose contentment nettled their fear.

* * * *

All creatures from small to great
Participate in this play of consciousness
In whatever fashion natural selection is taking them.
Our current narrowing approach to all other life
Is wreaking havoc on manifest diversity.
We shape our own fate in the way
We choose to shape others.

* * * *

Your individual personality
Is a one-shot affair in consciousness.
Look around to see a handful of your other lifetimes.

* * * *

The time we measure in so many ways
Is founded upon the cycles of manifestation,
Not upon the eternal nowness of its source.

* * * *

You deal with any future in the nowness.
Passion is a product of time.

* * * *

So little needs be said.

It is your fear of aloneness,
Your fear of not being,
Which births so much chatter.

* * * *

The game You are really playing
Is with your Self.

* * * *

Before You seek solutions,
Find out who creates the problems.

* * * *

Neither better nor worse,
All diversity is truly the same.

* * * *

All gain, all loss, is imagined.

* * * *

Whoever You are,
Whatever You are,
Wherever You are,
However You are,
Whenever You are,
In whatever way You are,
You will always be the only You,
You truly are.

* * * *

All the opinions in the world add up to diddly-squat, zilch.
These ones included.

* * * *

You have filled You head with a great deal of useless data
Which keeps your mind too noisy to discern how still it really is.

* * * *

As long as the myriad voices rule You thoughts,
Your continued suffering is assured.

* * * *

Freedom is the unattached unbound stillness
Of the undifferentiated unknowing awareness.

* * * *

Be gentle with the body.
It so easily suffers in so many ways

For its many mortal flaws.

* * * *

The forests fill our bookstores and libraries
As we vainly fill our ceaselessly ravenous minds
With the knowledge founded upon manifest existence.
But to what end, always an open-wound question.

* * * *

Love is a world with so many vain contexts.
Probably best not to use it overly much.

* * * *

You will never realize the mystery,
If You do not see the many myriad forms,
No matter the innumerable reflections,
Are also of the same ultimate nature,
As You.

* * * *

Witnessing is not an evangelical matter.
That is the twisting of those caught
In persuasion-bound idolatry.

* * * *

Freedom is not something bought or sold.

* * * *

Do not believe even for a moment
That your true nature is subject to your vain opinions.

* * * *

Your consciousness will be drawn
To the fate your desires wills into manifestation.
To what end, You as witness will have neither say nor concern.

* * * *

It looks real, sounds real, smells real,
But is it, has it every been, will it ever be?

* * * *

Where will You be when You stop reincarnating?

* * * *

Your ideas about it
Have nothing to do
With the reality of it.

* * * *

Most cling to life.
The seer releases death.

* * * *

Pretending You know anything
Is perhaps the most enticing delusion
This time bound theater offers.

* * * *

By what right does anyone have anything to judge
Regarding how another views the world?

* * * *

You are the flowering of manifest consciousness
Born into a world traversing intense joy and suffering.

* * * *

If You believe You are not susceptible to the will of the herd,
You are either free or not watching your mind very closely.

* * * *

Though You attempt over and over again to grasp it,
It only laughs like the wind at your vanity.

* * * *

There is no one to follow, no way You can follow.
Most attempts evolve into one form of idolatry or another.

* * * *

Despite its myriad diverse forms,
It is the same for as far as You can see.

* * * *

Bet on the cockroaches.
You will not collect,
But at least You will win.

* * * *

Integrity is hard-won.

* * * *

We are monkeys born in hell.

* * * *

Manifestation will rise and fall
As long as the ocean is.
Life is a curious witnessing,

A generational rolling and crashing
Few minds only briefly comprehend.

* * * *

Why should we expect to continue, if this is the best we can do?
The mystery favors balance, and that requires a certain humility,
By any form reasonably concerned about its genomic survival.

* * * *

Any illusory personal immortality is manifest
Solely through the continuity of your seed,
An ephemeral fact at best, as all genetic lines
Must eventually extinguish into eternity's oblivion.

* * * *

You cannot retain your form
Any more than any other seed can.
Only your true nature, the oneness of the isness
Born of nowness is eternally immortal.

* * * *

There is the personal nature
And the impersonal nature.
The former is the one You think You are.

* * * *

Our misuse of the mind,
Denies us the quiet serenity,
Of living, naturally, spontaneously.

* * * *

Mastery is realizing fully
How little You really know.

* * * *

There is a tendency to think of eternity
As something involving time as we know it,
But its foreverness is only the trick of the mind
Caught in its own web of imagined continuity.

* * * *

What is there to continue but the play of the senses.

* * * *

Nothing is offered freely here.

* * * *

You would probably laugh,

If a strain of bacteria in a petri dish,
Thought their jelly world was the core of all.
Is your sensory frame of reference,
Really all that different?

* * * *

Those who survive the exponential advent of technology
May well look back to this time and find it difficult
Not to shake their heads often at our
Utter disregard for their time.

* * * *

Most cling to the ignorance and superstition of the ancients
Because they lack the desire, insight and courage
To discern the greatest inner vision.

* * * *

Find the balance or You will be an insect
For the rest of Eden's manifest play.

* * * *

To plot revenge upon the grandson
Of a man your grandfather hated,
To cling to the ceaseless petty grudges,
Blood feuds and vicious wars of our ancestors
Is such limited fair of this potential feast.
Will You ever see your true nature
And participate in this garden
As mystery manifest?

* * * *

Those who seek me shall find me
In many forms, in many places.
And the most sincere will become vessels
In which I, too, shall flower into heaven on earth.

* * * *

Right action is unprincipled integrity
Which each must discern alone.

* * * *

When decisions are made
Solely on the basis on imagery,
The foundation and function disintegrates.

* * * *

Release the memories, release the projections, your destiny is now.

* * * *

The immortality of any seed
Resides in its essential nature,
Not its blueprint patterning.

* * * *

Taking life seriously generally means
Taking yourself and your interests too seriously.
And so many others doing the same.

* * * *

You will be washed back into oblivion
As a spent wave is drawn back to the sea.
But the patterning ceaselessly sends
New waves upon the infinite shore
That illusion play out its eternal dance
Of manifest hide-and-seek in space and time.

* * * *

Put aside everything You have been told or imagined.
That clarity is You.

* * * *

What would your universe have been like
If no other had convinced You that there
Was something else for You to become.

* * * *

Are serenity and joy beyond imagination,
Or what?

* * * *

If You truly want to create heaven on earth,
You must destroy yourself without harming the vehicle.

* * * *

It really is not You in a personal sense
Who is making any of this happen.

* * * *

Every form is a receiver,
But few are truly clear about
Just what it is they are receiving.

* * * *

Between the personal and impersonal
There is an imperceptible veil.

* * * *

We are diversity playing roles defined
By that which we have no answer to.

* * * *

There is an all but infinite lightshow play,
But no where else, really, to go.

* * * *

You are eternally alone.
How aware You are of your aloneness
Depends on how still and observant You can be
At that point where the tire meets the road.

* * * *

Regarding death,
How can something leave
When what they are has always been?
Your are the indivisible Soul, not an individual soul.

* * * *

Why fear any deity when You are that
Which You have in imagination created?

* * * *

All your life, your mind-body cravings
Have been manipulated by your culture,
Often with complete and utter lack of respect
For your sovereign right to flower as only You can.

* * * *

How challenging it is to surrender,
The noise of consciousness,
To its silent origin.

* * * *

Discern the silence of sound,
The blandness of taste,
The blindness of sight,
The numbness of touch,
The odorlessness of smell.

* * * *

At some point of realization in your awakening,
No one has any sway over your mind
But those You allow entry.
The Soul cannot die,
But the mind can be pierced

Again and again in ten thousand ways.

XXXVIII

Through You the nexus of consciousness
Has a brief opportunity to blossom
Into the manifest unity of heaven on earth,
But only if You are content to be, and allow it so.

* * * *

Those who see the potential
Cry for the unnecessary suffering
We weave upon ourselves.

* * * *

Many are called.
Few volunteer.

* * * *

Aloneness is the cooling fire
From which all is born.

* * * *

Those who see this become
Lawless, unprincipled renegades
Within this integrated manifest realm.

* * * *

This spinning sphere of water, land and air
Is of the infinite play of oneness from which
You have never even once been separated.

* * * *

One hole can never fill another.

* * * *

Your aloneness is a vast cavern
To which eternal exploration
Will never find an end.

* * * *

The ceaseless noise of the crowds is such an enticing distraction.
It is difficult to appreciate how truly alone You are.
The dread of its ending makes us,
So desperately heartless to one another.

* * * *

You are the infinite potential manifested in the finite actuality.

* * * *

Hope is the outcome of idealism unreconciled with reality.

* * * *

Seek wisdom and own nothing.

* * * *

Differentiate as much as You will,
There are really no differences.

* * * *

The existence whose seed the loins sow
Is in manifest reality a mortal death sentence
That most every parent dreads ever having to witness.

* * * *

When You see only oneness,
All the others disappear.

* * * *

All these thoughts
Will have the meaning
You project upon them.

* * * *

How vague and obtuse the insights of the masses
Into this mysterious dream we are each moment concocting.
Synergistically unable to see further than the most apparent shallows,
We inevitably snare ourselves in a hellish venture no world will sustain forever.

* * * *

As clearly as You may discern your mystery-laden nature,
You must still in one way or another, abide this manifest play,
Steeped in the absurdity of a world still bound to its jungle intrigues.

* * * *

All destinies will one day face an inevitable amalgamation,
A timeless reunion with oblivion, the one-mind beyond mind.

* * * *

Every culture, every subgroup, every herd of sheeples, urges conformity to fictional ideals.
This normalcy, deadens the minds of all but a rare few, who will not submit, even unto death.

* * * *

Every time-bound experience is encompassed by the same nowness.

* * * *

The solitary journey into insight, into wisdom, into the ineffably infinite mystery,

Is a paradox of life and death, and the awareness through which both pathlessly play.

* * * *

Maybe You are missing something here now; maybe You are missing nothing.

* * * *

To say, “I am that I am” may seem mad, but anything else surely is.

* * * *

From hell one can discern heaven.
From deduction and induction, all extrapolation is known.
And of what use is any of it to the moment?

* * * *

Caution: Any given seer’s sovereign vision can be easily corrupted,
By the habitual personal nature, when desire raises Maya’s passionate ire.

* * * *

So many can say so much and say so little,
While others can say so little and say so much.

* * * *

Whatever You do the first thirty years of life,
You will pay for in its remainder.

* * * *

Perceive that which You call the Devil, as evil,
And that which You call God, as good,
And discern no true difference,
But yet another delusion of imagination.

* * * *

Forcing things can make for rough sailing.

* * * *

Inevitably, there will someday be one remaining human being.
The last of a genetic lineage, alone in consciousness.
Where then, will all our vain history be?

* * * *

There are fools, and there are fools, who know they are fools.

* * * *

What is rare often becomes valuable; differentiation creates many paths in the journey through perdition.

* * * *

When imagination is seen as reality, illusion and delusion reign.

* * * *

If You mess with Mother Nature, she will mess You back big-time.

* * * *

Learn not to fear You own mind.

* * * *

What do others think of You; what do You think of yourself, the answer.

* * * *

What else would You be, if we were not societal creatures,
Whose jungle paradigm has inevitably tacked us,
Down the destiny we now journey?

* * * *

To put the question, “Why?”
Demands an answer
To which there is no solution.

* * * *

Most of humanity has been very clever,
But have yet to truly prove as a species
The true intelligence their source belies.

* * * *

All are worthy
If they would just give themselves
Half a chance.

* * * *

Some of these words have been written
Before what is said was completely comprehended.
The scribe is a visionary spring, just one of many,
Through which eternity is made apparent.

* * * *

With your eyes closed or open,
Travel to the edge of You skull.
You will never arrive.

* * * *

I amness
Is the stage upon which all creation dances.

* * * *

You will not reach this level of madness
But through resolved, fearless intuition.

* * * *

The witness within abides
Where consciousness is not.

* * * *

Become consciously full of your Self.

* * * *

Romes always fall of the fat grown of success.

* * * *

The habitual reactions of consciousness
Are the hell of duality, the illusion of the devil Maya.

* * * *

Death is the key to freedom,
But the death is meant
Is a conscious one.

* * * *

Buddhas are born again unmade.

* * * *

Are You any different than a video camera
Recording a continuous scene with the addition
Of sound, taste, hearing and touch
And a good amount of inner narration?

* * * *

Survivors are always more adept at adapting to change.
Rigidity is death.

* * * *

How can You save the world
If You cannot save yourself,
And your Self needs no saving.

* * * *

Want so much
That You see its eternal futility.

* * * *

What pain or pleasure, evil or good, wrong or right,
Can ever truly touch You?

* * * *

Who will be a tool of mystery, if not You?

* * * *

For the individual mind to explore beyond itself
Into the indivisible nature is conscious suicide into eternal life.

* * * *

You have an individual opportunity
To discern your indivisible nature.

* * * *

What is the mind-body, but a temporal opportunity for You to be conscious of your eternal nature.

* * * *

What need for any deity, when You are your Self?

* * * *

If You seek comfort, go ahead and continue deluding yourself.

* * * *

The challenge is to own the wellspring of consciousness.
Be it hell, be it heaven, You are the witness to its creation.

* * * *

Gravity inevitably draws all home.

* * * *

When You own this, neither deities nor devils have any further say.

* * * *

The painful dings of fate are the eternal blacksmith shaping You for eternity.

* * * *

To be satisfied solely with that which is manifest,
Is to miss the opportunity to embrace,
That which is eternal.

* * * *

The essential state is a clear slate; erase all that is not.

* * * *

Even the day You die is a good day.

* * * *

Oblivion is the destiny of all.

* * * *

First You must love your natural state.
Then You will find it quite simple
To love everything.

* * * *

A piece of ripe fruit is always a delicacy.
But would it be as desirable green or rotten?
Every seed flowers and must someday fade.

* * * *

You are the awareness which resides in all things.
Find the serenity at the root of your being.

* * * *

How can You kill that which was never born?

* * * *

Waste little time offering drink to those lacking discernment.
These words are for those whose thirst for their birthright
Will only be quenched by total abandonment to Self.

* * * *

To be free You need not believe anything.
No thought, no concept contains the answer.

* * * *

To trust any authority, any expert, without question,
Is highly questionable.

* * * *

It is most challenging
Not to believe what the senses tell You.
Liberation is not easily won.

* * * *

It is much less difficult to be detached
When life goes smoothly and according to plan
Than in dark times of sickness, injury, aging and death.
But diligent practice in the former help make it easier in the latter.

* * * *

Those who discern their original state are blessed.

* * * *

Does a piece of clay care what shape it is given?

* * * *

How silly You are to believe any of this ultimately real,
Ultimately anything more than a very temporary dream.

* * * *

How well You play yourself.
Almost as if You believe the part real.

* * * *

All phenomena are temporal illusions.
Continuity is a cruel hoax
Fostered by those ignorant of their ignorance.

* * * *

Death is the excellent equalizer.

* * * *

It is a knowing without conclusion.

* * * *

Craving and fear creates the You who suffers.

* * * *

Freedom in consciousness can only begin
Through the discovery of awareness prior to thought.

* * * *

One flower cannot help another blossom.

* * * *

Water shines mightily through the clear cup.

* * * *

No matter how likely the speculation,
You can never be sure it is not your own projection.

* * * *

Your origin is prior to creation and life's beginning.

* * * *

It is not You as identity who accomplishes anything.

* * * *

You must free yourself from the oppression
You have created and continued to allow within.
It is not out there in the this and that
Because of they and them

* * * *

The lesson of absoluteness
Is born of many teachers and teachings.
All are blessed for their divine role.

* * * *

This is a new testament
That the journey is, indeed, divine
No matter how much sludge mucks up the boots.

* * * *

Do not be confused by duality's play.
Do not identify your body as your ultimate nature.
You are and have ever been oneness only.

* * * *

Your continual seeking of this experience or that
Is the mind-identity's ceaseless desire to be
Intertwined with its terror of ending.

* * * *

All your emotional angst is imagined.
You concoct illusion and then believe it real.

* * * *

The five senses
Are the readers of the dream,
The mind the keeper.

* * * *

The quest for freedom is a journey into aloneness.

* * * *

Fear and desire are not possible in momentary living.
They are solely the result of the mind's creation of space-time,
Its attachment to the cause and effect of its manufactured continuity.

XXXIX

You are whatever form manifests,
And by that form You are bound
In the illusion of limitation until death
To space and time once again frees You.

* * * *

You are the beginning and end of all dreams,
That which all have as their origin and destruction.
Without You as witness, no thing would exist.

* * * *

All the wealth this planet might conjure
Could not faintly match the gold You truly are.

* * * *

"Remember me"
Is not a personal lamentation.
It means do not forget the You, You truly are,
That of which all castings are poured.

* * * *

Any who ask for money to minister truth
Have not yet discerned the way is free.

* * * *

What is the statistical probability
That You will peer through the misty veil?
Where will You be on the bell curve of those who do?
Will enough see to make any difference to the human predicament?
Questions only time will tell.

* * * *

Christ was a homeless vagrant,
Who had the decency not to set up a church.
That was the initiative of the many others who followed later.

* * * *

If You want to believe your vain little personality is at all important to your deity,
You are caught in one of the most laughable delusions there is to be imagined.

* * * *

Be totally, immeasurably alone,
Without any sanctuary but the ineffable beingness.
That indelible oblivion is the everything and nothing of your existence.

* * * *

The separations of our ancestors are upon us.

* * * *

Trying to please some people
Is like trying to please a sandy wind
Whose only reality is grinding You into it.

* * * *

Once upon a time, perhaps,
Leaders were chosen by others.
How often now they choose themselves.

* * * *

Differences are all individually imagined
By threads of habit weaving through one another,
Done and undone again and again.

* * * *

All time is played out in the nowness of eternity,
And You are a tiny sliver of the complete carving.
Go to where no woodcutter has ever been.

* * * *

Dwell fearlessly within.

* * * *

How can You be attached to any thing
But through You imagination?

* * * *

Less ambition for personal fulfillment
Would lighten up things.

* * * *

Once You thoroughly see
That You are faking your entire identity,
There is no point in making such an effort at it anymore.

* * * *

Home is whoever, whatever,
Whenever, whyever, wherever, however
The wheel of now hits the road.

* * * *

Liberation is like floating through time.

* * * *

Will is the outcome of desire in time.
The surrender of the known to eternity
Erases the boundaries of individuality.

* * * *

Ignore yourself.

* * * *

Arrogance is whittled away
By suffering and discernment.

* * * *

Your biggest blind spot is behind You.

* * * *

To call yourself any ist
Or a member of any ism
Is merely a form of identification
Which once again panders to the inanity
Of the individualized mind.

* * * *

You are
Therefore
You are.

* * * *

You need not know every detail
To see the direction of the flow
Or what decision needs to be made.

* * * *

What do You stand on
But space playing as if gravity exists?

* * * *

We each look for masks
To reflect back whatever
We choose to see.

* * * *

These are the observations of a madman
For those whom madness beckons.

* * * *

The obvious will be obvious
When You are ready.

* * * *

Why should You feel any pride
For finally discovering what You have always been?
Delusion is a subtle teacher.

* * * *

We take of the ground
Without replenishing the soil,
Growing at the expense of those to come.

* * * *

Did any of this ever really happen,
Who can say?

* * * *

Grow, grow, grow.
Die anyway.

* * * *

All this study of the mind,
Only to discover it imagined itself
And every sort of concoction.

* * * *

Dogma is denial of the whole.

* * * *

So many calling for change,
But change into what
Is subject to so many contrary visions.

* * * *

When Eden is treated as a resource
And not tilled as a garden,
The result is inevitable.

* * * *

No play can continue forever.
The curtain always drops.

* * * *

Those who imitate are content with false gold.
They bask in the illusory light of others,
Missing entirely that their own
Is of unparalleled glory.

* * * *

The mysterious voice within

Is the source of consciousness,
No different for any but for attachments
To the many thoughts manifested.

* * * *

The stillness, like an ocean,
Is always present, effortless,
Despite the apparent crashing
Of the waves of thought.

* * * *

Imitating another's joy
Is only another form of suffering.

* * * *

Some will value these words, many will not.
What a strange play consciousness creates.

* * * *

Scientists deny their intuition
By declaring subject and object
Exist independent of the observer.

* * * *

The patterning is ever the dynamic reaction
To the unfolding veil of space and time.

* * * *

What is enlightenment
But seeing that there is only one light
And its creator is within all.

* * * *

One man's freedom is another's delusion.

* * * *

The fall from grace occurs
In every thought of separate identity,
Of the birth of a You apart from the oneness,
The "I Amness" of all manifestation.
Grace is a quality of mind
Free of all division.

* * * *

Who is it who desires, fears, angers, suffers?
An imagined creature, surely.

* * * *

Even the enlightened who stray into longing
Suffer for their separation.

* * * *

Desiring the end of desire
Is a trap of its own.

* * * *

To see without knowledge
Is the grace of Eden
Potential within.

* * * *

Knowledge is the bind time has woven within your consciousness.
Only the most subtle, effortless awareness of the awareness frees You.

* * * *

Confusion is born of narrow choices.

* * * *

Knowledge erases innocence,
But only for so long as one is attached
To its intellectual time-bound path.

* * * *

Place none before the You, You truly are.

* * * *

Oh, bittersweet mortal play.
Death comes, but will it be your last?
Or will You ride again and again
Until the lesson is learned
For that final time?

* * * *

The first time something is experienced,
There is an innocence, a fresh wonder,
But after that it is difficult not to know.

* * * *

The only real difference
Between a gourmet feast and pig slop
Is what sort of dish it is served on.

* * * *

Death is for those who believe they were truly born.
Eternal life, for those who discover it was all a lie.

* * * *

Death is the dustpan meeting the broom.

* * * *

Others will be only too happy to bind You up
In the countless shoulds and should-nots,
The many principles, laws and dogmas
Created by duality and the many passions
That it manufactures and so earnestly sustains.

* * * *

Moralists must live with their many judgments.
They play a meaningless hoax upon themselves,
A hellish bind only consciousness can create.

* * * *

In all your wealth You own nothing.
In all your power You are powerless,
In all your fame You are unknown.

* * * *

What so many call freedom is at the expense of others.

* * * *

What is it anyone recognizes
But a projection of their own recollection.

* * * *

Who turns an engine on or off?
Only the awareness of no-mind discerns
What the rational linear mind never can, never will.

* * * *

Given free reign,
The undiscerning mind
Can never know the serene bliss
Of the one reborn into that which is sacred.

* * * *

You may give the voice within a personal note,
But its temporal nature can never touch its origin.

* * * *

The masks will hypnotize you
For as long as You allow the mind
Undiscerning, undisciplined, divisive rule.

* * * *

Time is a concept cloaking eternity.

* * * *

This is a set of consciousness-shattering thoughts
For You from You.

* * * *

As long as You only see the universe unfolding without,
You will not discern that it is truly a mirage within.

* * * *

Eden is the nest of all life's creation,
And we, through synergy of empty foresight,
Blindly destroy the diversity of its mysterious origin.
How laughably ironic this spontaneous, aloof cosmic play.

* * * *

Be positive so many expound.
About the unmanifest awareness, yes,
But about humanity's self-absorbed theatrics,
Only on the day enough awaken into common sense,
Or the one on which humanity is finally wiped into oblivion.
And the diversity is allowed some peace from our tragic disunion.

* * * *

The mind does not exist as You know it.

* * * *

Who calls who sane or insane?
What, pray tell, is normal?

* * * *

Well into the far future now,
In a time as cannot yet be seen,
Consciousness shall perhaps discern
Its narrowing, destructive, painful plight in time,
And wisdom shall gain sovereign foothold upon Eden.
That for the idealists whose minds and hearts
Yearn and hope for peaceful morrows
Denied by this day's passions.

* * * *

The mind has a hard shell of imaginary design.

* * * *

Deny nothing impossible,
For You are already most indelibly
A most unlikely outcome.

* * * *

Does this sort of eternal babble
Do anyone any real and lasting good?
Or is it merely another useless play of distraction
In the mind's ceaseless fictional, nonsensical accounting?

* * * *

The motto of humanity's self-absorbed, so-called civilized time
May well be: Why not put off today what others will tomorrow pay?
What a merry price life must pay for consciousness unconsciously woven.

* * * *

How often the sane among the throng
Are called mad and the mad sane.
It is a world full of ironic jest,
A dream of unresolvable passion,
Joy and sorrow cast in light and shadow
Upon a spinning stage enhanced by physical laws
None but the most determined can escape.

* * * *

History, herstory, their story, ourstory, all just stories, nonetheless.

* * * *

Time dictates its own mad version.

* * * *

Where is the boundary between light and shadow
But within the seer's undiscerning vision?
Only if that eye be the inward one
Can duality achieve a unified clarity
Beyond the meager forms cast in time.

* * * *

Gravity creates a useful hatching ground for this manifest theater.

* * * *

Who is real? Me? You?
Forgive me, I can no longer tell.

* * * *

So intent I am to point out the way
That I forget again and again to remember
"I am that I am" that is ever, yet has never been.

* * * *

Immortality is guaranteed.

It just may not be in the form
You have in mind.

* * * *

From beginning to end,
We must all learn to trust our own vision,
In the study of reality, truth, or whatever You wish to call it.

As helpless or hopeless as You might personally feel, You are ever that which is mystery.

* * * *

Try to accept whatever life offers, and give back whatever You please.

* * * *

The arrogance of the judge,
Is a far greater weight upon mind and body,
Than that which is judged.

* * * *

Humility is without burden; the braggart falls victim to his own wind.

* * * *

Even pennies from heaven are merely coins of the realm.

* * * *

A mind in non-linear mode has no need for senseless violence.

* * * *

Public education runs only a slight risk
That individuals will somehow learn
To truly think for themselves.

* * * *

Did gravity or any other natural law
Exist before You were born?

* * * *

Any vow is a product of time, only as good
As the maker's attachment to its continuity.

* * * *

A real teacher does not cash in on what is seen beyond the veil.

* * * *

This concern over what happens after physical death,
Die now consciously to time and find out.
It will not matter then.

* * * *

You are not afraid of the oblivion of death; You are afraid of the creations of imagination.
Death is the unknowable, and You can only fear the ending, of what You imagine You know.

* * * *

As long as we believe that some deity is outside ourselves, we are doomed to reap the hell we spawn.

* * * *

In each and every moment, You are both the beginning and the ending, the creation and the destruction.

* * * *

No one perceives anything the same as anyone else.
Each is responsible for the cosmos they conceive.
There is no one else to credit for the universe within.
Each creates a different reflection they think of as reality.
Any given group or culture may agree to use certain vernacular,
But the concepts they communicate, they inspire, have connotations,
Shaped by dynamic patterns, too numerous, to do more than barely fathom.

* * * *

By its very existence,
No personality is perfect.
All are merely temporal reactions,
To perceived circumstances.

* * * *

Gossip assumes so much,
But is really the product of shallow reflection.

* * * *

The repetition of someone else's words is just that.
Trust the intuitive direct perception of your own source.

* * * *

You may at some point pierce the veil,
But the day to day is very much the same
In a way words can never describe.

* * * *

If You honor the one,
The many will be included.

* * * *

Most project thoughts and speculations
Upon the many prophets, seers and saints
They might not have begun to entertain
If they had known them personally.

* * * *

Take the burden of the world You carry in thought
And throw it to the four corners of earth, wind, water and fire.
As You discern your true nature, their magnitude is no longer a concern.

* * * *

Coming to grips with consciousness
Is something few do well.

* * * *

Those who seek to be free
May often face either persecution or reverence.
Odd that such a natural state should be considered extraordinary.

* * * *

A free individual will not burden another.

* * * *

How many leaders truly care about those who follow
Except in the expedition of their own desire.

* * * *

Share the good news
With those who can hear it.
There is no need to proselytize.
Truth is not a matter for persuasion.

* * * *

The devils are compensated by their own hell,
But are so immersed in passion they cannot see it.
The mystery well knows the journey of fallen angels,
But the latter see only reflections they project.

* * * *

The flame of wisdom burns away the dross of time.

* * * *

The strength of the soul can never be matched by the body.
The mortal container is merely a temporary vehicle
Which will fall off when the show is done.

* * * *

If You tie your happiness to the fate of another, You will suffer incalculable burdens.

* * * *

Any holograph is always a reflection of the one.

* * * *

There is no need to follow anyone.

Mutual respect is enough.

* * * *

Each of us participates in ways we feel called to.
Why is anybody's guess, but no one's answer.

* * * *

I am is without cause.
Causes are the affairs of those concerned
With the plays of heaven and hell.

* * * *

Have You not been scammed enough
By all the politicians, priests, bureaucrats,
Market manipulators, educators and the like?
How many lessons will it take to wake up?

* * * *

The body and mind and universe are one unit.
Only the clinging to labels separate them.

* * * *

The perfect mirror is a complete and utter fool,
And fools do what fools will.

* * * *

If someone wants to take their own life,
Who are You to argue they ought to endure
This vain, petty, senseless drama any further?
They may not deserve the prison they are in.

* * * *

For some it seems like a heart thing.
For others it is a mind thing.
It is really neither.

* * * *

Your universe is all You,
The summation of your many thoughts and perceptions.
What this mystery truly is, and is not,
No one can ever know.

* * * *

How can You allow yourself to be compelled by the promises of any heaven, any hell,
That are entirely contrived by the vanity of the human mind,
Not some imaginary deity.

* * * *

Others will often be quite honest with others about You.
Few have the courage to face any but through idle gossip.
It need not be your business what anyone else thinks of You.

* * * *

A brain with plenty of air contributes to a happier mind.

* * * *

The worlds a speck of dust
Swirling amid a temporal dust storm.

* * * *

Look back at scenes of your memories
See clearly now what You were witness to then.

* * * *

The smugness of elitism, in whatever form it takes,
Is an artful ignorance played by many.

* * * *

Those who seek historical immortality are paper ghosts.
Their glories rival only the empty space between the lines.

* * * *

What an enticing reverie the mind offers.
It is the creator and destroyer.
It is the delusion.

* * * *

Emphasis on whether You are female or male
Loses weight once You discern
You are really neither.

* * * *

Imagine the world with You as a persona
No longer present.

* * * *

How fascinating our vanity over frail, mortal bodies
Given to each through chance permutations of the genetic lottery.
Chemical bags laden with ancient instinctive responses,
Ideas about which most of us are quite attached.

* * * *

How amazing that we pay others to save our souls,
That we are deluded into believing anyone else can.
The leaders of all religions impoverish their own souls
Using the gullibility of the innocent to their own ends.

* * * *

There is no one to follow for it is within the journey goes.
Why put it off playing another's games?

* * * *

Surrender can be hazardous duty,
For it is the death of the imagined You.

* * * *

Few do not weep deeply when
Mortality becomes apparent.
That sorrow is only reconciled
If You truly discern the immortality
Of the oneness You truly are eternally.

* * * *

The more improbably fantastic the story,
The more likely the undiscerning masses
Will fall all over themselves to pay into it.

* * * *

Systemized education
Is akin to any training ever devised
Wherein teachers are generally
The most able former students.

* * * *

What can anyone else be that You are not as well?

* * * *

If its seed is to survive its present inertia,
Humanity will need to shift into a paradigm
Far more conscious than it currently manifests.

* * * *

Do what You do because it is your nature to do it.
Attempts to play out another's ideals and principles
Only muddies the clarity of one's own lawful insight.

* * * *

It is simple, but not so simple
That You can just tag yourself with a label
And think it somehow means anything.

* * * *

Water is really as solid as metal
And metal as fluid as water.

* * * *

As long as You seek approval of the the skittish herd,
Your fear-ridden mind will hold You in check
And freedom will only be an ideal.

* * * *

When mortals become myths,
Humanity does itself great injustice
In its envious coveting imitations.

* * * *

Philosophy will not free You.
You must become very still
For that state of beingness.

* * * *

If You really want to comprehend
The nuances of any given subject,
Try teaching it.

* * * *

All manifest patterning is what it appears to be by temporary design only.
Insects are not insects, trees are not trees, rocks are not rocks,
And human beings are not what they seem either.

* * * *

Why would anyone wish for a peaceful world, anyway?
Loving your neighbor, keeping your brother, sharing good fortune,
Treating others as You would have them treat You, creating heaven on earth,
Would be far too unpleasurable, a senseless existence,
Which only angels long to play.

* * * *

If You live as though You have
An infinite number of lives,
You waste this one's potential.

* * * *

Gossip is such a wretched, cowardly thing
We all do to one another.

* * * *

Here You are at the bottom of an ocean of air.
Amazing that You survive in all this light
Thinks the life in the cold darkness of space.

* * * *

There is a vast difference
Between a conscious life of servitude
And one of mindless enslavement.

* * * *

You need not organize that
Which is already in total order.

* * * *

It is all food to one thing or another.

* * * *

We could put the fruit back anytime.

* * * *

You cling to that which only causes suffering,
Earnestly maintaining that without it life would not be worth living.
You poison yourself and the world, pretending all the while to be in perfect health.
What foolish webs we do ceaselessly spin again and again.

* * * *

Imagine the sounds of hungry flames lapping,
Or shoveled dirt splashing, echoing against the casket
With You screaming, slowly smothering inside.
How many wretched deaths there are
In this incredible dreamworld.
What is the point,
If any?

* * * *

One cannot feed those who are not hungry,
Nor stop those who are.

* * * *

If You only think You want to be free,
Do not waste your time.

* * * *

In any conflict with serious or deadly intent
Do everything You can to let your opponent
Have a chance to learn the error of his way.

* * * *

Romes come, Romes go,
But within the ruins of once mighty foundations
There are no more than shadows of glories
Vain minds once thought of telling.
Only dust blows eternally.

* * * *

The avaricious, ambitious fist that grasps all it can
Aches for reasons it will likely never comprehend.

* * * *

Rip up the path on which You think You travel.

* * * *

Do not battle the patterning.
Understand it.

* * * *

Some do not require more
Than they already have,
But so many who have so much
Never know even a moment of real contentment.

* * * *

You are really the gold, the sovereign proof
That all that is, is eternally sacred.

* * * *

Dwell where You will,
You are without beginning,
Nor will You ever know a conclusion.

* * * *

When death someday takes the body,
Who will be left to recognize it
As anything known?

* * * *

No vibration is truly superior to another.
It is all uniquely of the same clayness.

* * * *

A wall is a rolling wave of a great ocean
And the ocean the stillness of a still wall.

* * * *

Ignorance has a way
Of dragging everything down
To its level of mediocrity.

* * * *

The creatures of the sea surely know a serenity,
Only the quiet depths of the ocean can provide.

XLI

Humanity's competitive nature,
Has fashioned the world as we know it,
But will inevitably lead our life form to extinction,
If we do not voluntarily mute our many instinctual passions,
And learn to individually respect the indivisible sovereignty of each part.

* * * *

Discern that You are your own physician.
The desire to truly heal the divisions of this temporal world,
Requires a realignment with your ultimate nature.
Ideals about a better world are useless,
And only put off its happening.

* * * *

Compare yourself with another if You choose,
But there is in reality no comparison.

* * * *

Throw each breathe and thought away.

* * * *

What have You allied yourself with
But a bundle of muddled concepts and images?
Idolatry wears and infinity of forms.

* * * *

What a complex bind we are in
Wanting all the comfort we can imagine,
And yet be directly faced with certain destruction,
If we persevere in such a convoluted, separative approach.
Do we have the intelligence to liberate ourselves,
Or must Mother Nature beat us senseless,
Or extinguish us all completely?

* * * *

In this time's industrial-technological mindset,
The cyclic rhythms of planets and moons and stars,
Are usurped in every way by mechanisms and algorithms.
More and more, we merely simulate existence, function unwittingly,
Not all that differently from tedious, senseless, mindless, zombie-esque cogs,
In a traumatized world where conceptions have replaced nature,
In any and every ways-and-means one might look.

* * * *

If You would have the human experience be other than it is,

You must first discern within why it is the way it is.

* * * *

Ideals and the hope that they will come about
Only put them off for times which will never come
Because the here-now is all that will ever be.

* * * *

Sexuality relies great deal on imagination

* * * *

To have unreal expectations for oneself or the world
Is to be disappointed again and again.

* * * *

What a tiny piece of conscious space You occupy,
Yet in the same sentence it can also be said
That You are all of it as well.

The mind is shattered by its array of thoughts
Until the whole is seen behind the screen of chatter.

* * * *

The hell and heaven written of, in so many scriptures,
Are merely the attributes of consciousness,
Of the time-bound and the timeless.
They are concepts which have been misunderstood,
Over and over again throughout time's eternal passing.
Ignorance finds countless ways to practice shortsightedness.

* * * *

What a tiny portion of conscious space You occupy,
Yet in the same sentence it can also be said
That You are all of it as well.

* * * *

The unspoken assumption made
Whenever You call another insane or strange,
Is that You are not.

* * * *

Capacity does not necessarily translate into interest.

* * * *

Once You put someone on a pedestal,
There is little for them to do but fall off.

* * * *

Like a moth to flame,
Your dance with continuity,
That mix of desire and fear which enthralls You,
Is a hypnotizing flight with a mortal end.

* * * *

When life is viewed personally,
There is little recourse to the inevitable suffering.
When seen from the impersonal, it is merely temporal dreaming,
One of an infinite theater of perspectives, kaleidoscoping through the eternal ether.

* * * *

No explanation really explains anything.

* * * *

The key to freedom is unconditional surrender to the unfolding moment.
The realization that You as an individual have done none of this,
That it is all spontaneously, haphazardly happening,
And You are but a drop of the oneness.

* * * *

Like it or not, You have a fate; resist or surrender, the outcome is the same.

* * * *

Death in the conscious sense
Frees You from this illusory spell,
The irony being that You have called it living.

* * * *

Is it a matter of an individual soul
Or an indivisible soul?

* * * *

All You knowledge blinds You to Eden.

* * * *

The best way to leave a crime
Is with an anonymous saunter.

* * * *

What makes You different than smoke
Is that You think You are.

* * * *

How deftly we torture ourselves
With civilized programming.

* * * *

If You truly wish to know what dying is,
Do it now.

* * * *

To discern the big picture and become the big picture
Are two very different states of consciousness.

* * * *

Maya is able to entice your imagination
With so many pleasures in this game of space and time.
What is challenging to fully comprehend is that You have created them all.

* * * *

How could awareness ever be seen
Without the movement of consciousness?

* * * *

Can You ever get outside You subjective personal view?
Does impersonal objectivity even exist?
Needs your research.

* * * *

Only in now is it real.
Catch it if You can.

* * * *

Call it he, call it she.
Is it either or neither?

* * * *

Discern the whole that has no trails.

* * * *

Be able to examine all and desire none,
That is freedom.

* * * *

Herbs, shrooms, buttons, poppies, and other tools
Are the garden's teachers best used in moderation
By those few who yearn to reunify within and without.

* * * *

How strange those who
So readily declare belief and faith
Are those who often do not.

* * * *

To take this dreamworld seriously

Correlates to taking yourself seriously.

* * * *

The five senses draw You out,
The third eye in.

* * * *

Some do not realize
Until after careful observation later,
Why they were born.

* * * *

Once You discover the unborn,
It does not matter how many lives
You may have had or may yet have.
They are ever the same ultimate reality.

* * * *

Erase yourself to find the true security,
The true immaculate womb in which all truly abide.

* * * *

What is there to want from this illusory world,
But a healthy body, a full stomach, a safe warm bed,
Trustworthy friends and lovers, a supportive community,
A sovereign life journey that aligns You with the mystery,
And a peaceful quick final exit when your time is done.

* * * *

Laws, dogmas, codes and principles, ,iss the enjoyment of aimless integrated intuition.

* * * *

Knowing You are one with it all
Does not always make mortality easier to bear
When the tangling remnants of attachment trip the inattentive.

* * * *

It is not easy to disbelieve pain.
Detachment is like breathing for some,
But takes a great deal of practice for most.

* * * *

Your sense of continuity
Is really a trick played by the mind
Which fears the oblivion of personal nature.

* * * *

How close and yet so far infinity truly is.

* * * *

What can history say but that our vanity and greed got the better of us?

* * * *

Such a subtle difference
Between knowing and being.

* * * *

Belief systems come and go,
But You can never systemize it
No matter what the mind may conjure.

* * * *

Few are rich in that I am.

* * * *

What You are, I know not.
What I am, I know as little.
But I think we must really all be the same.

* * * *

Because of your free will conscious capacity
You assumed guardianship of this garden world,
A task for which You have proven again and again
Remarkable unsuited.

* * * *

All your explanations have never explained what You are.
Concepts trap You in a weaving which offers nothing but delusion.
It is your beingness that is both the question and the answer.

* * * *

The confusion of your genetic ancestry
Resides in every point and particle of your being.

* * * *

You will never have all the answers
So relax and set awhile.

* * * *

You hold onto what You must
Until You see You need it no longer.

* * * *

Martyrdom proves nothing
But more of the same vain reasoning.

* * * *

Reconciling heaven on earth for all is not an easy task.
It may even be impossible for creatures such as we.

* * * *

The union within is a marriage to unicity; an alignment with the nonduality.
It is an unspoken vow to the mystery, which brings forth the fruit born of Eden.

* * * *

Morality in the dogmatic sense,
Is merely any given group's way,
Of fashioning your innocence,
To its own vain continuity.

* * * *

All must see they are on the one mind
For consciousness to be reborn in Eden.

* * * *

You think You seek freedom,
Yet your thoughts are ever a burden,
Because desire for continuity is ever tempted,
By the many illusions You find pleasurable and painful.
The weaver of the dream, You, is a very crafty,
Spider, fox, coyote, snake, trickster.

* * * *

The desire for more takes You away
From what You already are.

* * * *

There is the truth in the truth,
The truth in the false,
The false in the false,
And finally, the false in the truth.
All wrapped up in a mystery comedy-drama,
Played resolutely in consciousness.

* * * *

Live and learn,
Forget again and again.

* * * *

Real intelligence cannot be tested or rated.
If humanity were truly intelligent in the highest way,
We would not be operating as we are.

* * * *

Only the blind argue
Over the different parts of an elephant.

* * * *

If You sit quietly, attentive to your worst enemy,
You will discern You have everything in common.

* * * *

In reality You have never left your mother's womb.

* * * *

No one can truly tell another
What they are not prepared to hear.

* * * *

The good news is that You are that which is eternal,
That which is beyond all mortal material claims.

* * * *

It all unfolds where the wheel hits the road,
And the wheel keeps on rolling in timeless wonder.

* * * *

You are raised to believe the propaganda,
Of one mythological tradition or another,
As if any, have any real or lasting relevance,
To what the world is, at any given moment in time.

* * * *

The world is made up of those who feel the need to control,
Those who comply and those who chaff at the crude bit.

* * * *

Each of us plays out a fate wandering through an illusory quantum maze,
Yet who-what-where-when-why-how does the timeline continue on and on,
When the awareness, the moment, is all there truly is, all there truly is not.

* * * *

Knowledge poses many avenues home,
Yet can never take You there.

* * * *

In a finite temporal mortal vehicle,
You are give the opportunity to witness
An unfathomable timeless mystery.
It is a journey all may venture,
But few ever comprehend
To the fullest potential.

* * * *

How easily we are caught by promises
Of saviors, prophets, aliens or magical beings.

* * * *

Eternity is now ever unfolding fluidly
From one vaporous now to the next,
Yet only within the context of the mind
Influenced so easily by the five senses.

* * * *

Organized religions, countless cults,
And every other groupthink imaginable
All capitalize on the fear of the unknown
Innate in all who are born into this garden
That all are for some reason unworthy
Without some other to protect them.
It is a scam which time has played out
Since the fearful, superstitious mind took root.

* * * *

You are happy with your body
When it is healthy and functions well,
But when You notice it falling off,
What then will the moods tell?

* * * *

The myriad voices of family,
Friends, acquaintances, enemies,
And other societal mirrors of dreamtime,
Gradually vaporize into the stillness,
Of your own innermost knowing,
As You awaken to the mystery.

* * * *

There may often seem to be,
Countless versions of the way,
But they are all equally dreams.
For there is truly only one way,
And it truly has nothing to do,
With the me, myself, and I.

* * * *

Ironic, indeed, that so much suffering
Is caused by the Sisyphean quest for security
That is not in any way, shape or form
Possible in this mortal theater.

XLII

We have allowed civilization to weaken us in so many ways.
Wiser ancestors would surely shake their heads at our inanities.

* * * *

These writings require no priesthood,
Nor need there ever be any organization
To idolize or deify a scribe long since gone.
You are the soul minister to the church within.

* * * *

Any conqueror with an eye in time
Knows the gardens must be carefully tilled
If the conquest is to bear fruit in cycles yet to come.
They are foolish hunters who take everything
And leave no seed for future harvest.

* * * *

Each day take time to awaken, time to eat,
Time to maintain the body, time to work,
Time to sit, time to study, time to sleep,
To share one with all, and to nurture Eden,
As all are humbly capable of, if they so choose.

* * * *

The mind born of separation
Endlessly imposes its limited visions
Upon that order which requires no sanction,
A futile effort unrivaled by any arrogance imaginable.

* * * *

It is obvious is it not?
Now what to do with the insight
Is the calling You seek.

* * * *

The ego is the prison.

* * * *

The garden is without time.
You must, however, throw away
Your past and future to see it.

* * * *

The instinctual within deprives You of your potential
To manifest reality as a true human being.

You are too easily distracted
By desire and fear.

* * * *

History is full of prophets, but what good is prophecy
If only a rare few can ever hear what is truly being said?

* * * *

An untamed heart is a madman's source of being,
Undisciplined, unharnessed, free beyond the constraints
Of humanity's incessant, often more than a little pathetic dramas.

* * * *

The creatures of the wild exhibit noble spirit and union
Merely by their surrender to that which they are naturally.
They have no inflated need for undo rancor or imaginary fuss.
They do not lament or rue their fate, nor seek vain explanations.
They are what they are, pure and simple, free and absolute.

* * * *

Others may want or not want You,
But do You want your Self?

* * * *

The world is the sum
Of the manifest visions
Of the life witnessing it.

* * * *

How soft the untrammeled pathless forests and valleys
Unburdened by the heavy footed weight
Of those who place such burdens
That Eden temporarily loses her breath.

* * * *

Understand that the seers
No longer consider themselves
The identity-personalities molded
By ignorance of their true state.

* * * *

Life is much less difficult for many
When young, fresh and health is a given.
Age and experience stiffen and wither the body,
And minds that are able wax philosophical
As the effervescence for time fades.

* * * *

Over and over the same thing said,
How can You ever be reborn
When You were never even dead?

* * * *

Anger often comes from idealism gone sour.

* * * *

Given a limited number of choices, the results are generally predictable.

* * * *

If your confidence has been knocked out of You, imagine what it is like until You win it back.

* * * *

You can be unhappy and depressed,
Over the hellish state of things,
Or You can be a merry fool,
And with a "c'est la vie" shrug,
Dance the dance to a happy doom.
Let the angel of death mutter and curse,
That You no longer dread life's mortal end.
Has it not been said that death bodes no fools?

* * * *

Positive attitude is so often just another way many have
Of declaring that having one's smiling head tucked in the sand,
Or running blindly toward the ledge, is what everyone should be doing.

* * * *

You are only a fool for as long
As You cannot laugh at You own folly.

* * * *

From the eyes of the age there is nothing herein
For this world as humanity has deigned to make it.
Free will is a temporary choice born of ignorance.

* * * *

You may be important to You,
But to the "I am" it is all just another light show.

* * * *

We foist our ignorance upon each other.

* * * *

It is all a dream caught between the blinking eye.

* * * *

Take up residence in the frontal lobe
Where the distinguishing inner eye resides.
Other portions of the brain deal with space and time
And the countless thoughts regarding little self.
The latest evolutionary addition is where
You will see your Self clearly.

* * * *

Laugh more.
Find the humor in all this.

* * * *

Does anyone else really say or think anything
But what You hear or believe?

* * * *

We all create and destroy each other
In our imagined worlds.

* * * *

Forests are born of a handful of seeds.

* * * *

There are so many causes
To distract us from the real problem.

* * * *

The beast in You longs for wildness, and the soul for heaven.
Reconciliation of the two is the journey of true human beings.

* * * *

Living your life for the others, whatever the form taken,
Is an impingement on the sovereignty of indivisibility.

* * * *

Their is nothing redeeming about the synergy
Of our contrary divorce from Eden eternal way.

* * * *

Want only what the dream offers
In that which flows uninhibited.

* * * *

What obligations we fabricate and enforce
To such meaningless ends.

* * * *

What a stubborn nut the ego,

That which is little self, is to crack.

* * * *

Surrender the thought
That it is You individually
Making any of this happen.

* * * *

Every wave is very unique,
Yet very much the same.

* * * *

Those who would make this world into paradise
Are plagued by those who insist on shaping it into hell.

* * * *

Curiosity does not just kill cats.

* * * *

Our rapture with the world's many storylines
Creates unending attachment and disaffection

* * * *

All your forgetful inattentive world-bound moments
Can be seen as great opportunities to remember.

* * * *

Wisdom is being able to see the larger picture relatively clearly,
That is, without all the muddiness of personal interest in the matter.

* * * *

To discover what You are,
You must discern all that You are not.

* * * *

No thought contains You.

* * * *

The glory of consciousness is unsustainable chatter,
Like waves upon the shore with no other present to hear.

* * * *

The manipulators will use the word "love"
To who can guess how many self-absorbed ends,
Trying to convince You it has many levels of meaning.

* * * *

When You deserve it,

It will come to You.

* * * *

The same amness pervades all forms
Born of the limitations of space and time.

* * * *

How long can we pillage the village?

* * * *

You are reborn ever now You remember your original state.
The eternal life is a recollection of the original timeless stillness.

* * * *

Only your body tires, sickens, suffers injuries and ages.
When have You not been the same You, You are right now?
Knowledge and wisdom accumulate in the illusory play of time,
But that awareness, that "I am", has not changed even for a moment.

* * * *

You are an improbable outcome,
As unique as any form has ever been.

* * * *

Those wanting to become deific,
Take the inevitable vain fall of Lucifer.
Only in humility can any consciously manifest,
The mystery every part and particle ever is.

* * * *

Whatever You may say of your imagined self, is often nullified by evidence to the contrary.

* * * *

The antichrists are only capable of creating division.
The christs speak and act out of an inner sense of union.
They are the peacemakers wherever the journey takes them.

* * * *

To be one with mystery, one in mystery, understand the prepositional aspects.

* * * *

Existentialist, nihilist, pantheist,
Believer, agnostic, atheist?
What labels are these?
The I am is within all,
Yet actually none.

* * * *

Remember that there is nothing to remember.

* * * *

At the movies You are drawn into a scripted plot.
Your own participation in this dreamtime is a spontaneous creation,
Based on the role You have been molded by the fateful winds of nature-nurture to play out.

* * * *

Within your world You are king,
Of the heaven of the mystery within,
Or fallen angel to a most personal hell.

* * * *

Sodom eventually collapses
Of its individualized, disordered nature,
The separation from the true purity of the unmanifest.
No wall in hell stands eternally.

* * * *

Spread the good news as You are witness to it.
There is no other than You in the most absolute sense.

* * * *

The obviousness of it eludes all but those blessed
By an unquenchable quest to discern the original state,
The unknowable freedom beyond all earthbound descriptions.

* * * *

You are held down by the imaginary force
Of fear, greed, anger, of any passion.
Discern they are not really You.

* * * *

How much must pass
Before the entire universe awakens
Depends entirely on You.

* * * *

The scribe was merely you
Here in yet another form.

* * * *

Once You begin the return journey,
There is no more than glancing back.
There is no place like home, Toto.

* * * *

Listen!

Do not let these or any other words
Convince You of anything less than oneness.

* * * *

Your gender, color, size, shape and societal set
Are merely the outcome of an interacting environment,
The relationship of the cyclical movements of a radiating sun,
And the spin, angle and chemistry of this tiny sphere.
You are a random fruit of the garden's diversity,
As is every other dreamy manifestation,
Special only in the most conscious sense
That all have the potential to intuitively discern,
That which there is ultimately no other to envision.

* * * *

This garden world is just cosmic dust pressed together.
You are an outcome of that magical, mysterious certainty.
Creation and destruction are the play of the mystery,
And nothing is immune to the reality of change.

* * * *

What we currently call the universe
Is a boggling spinning roulette wheel
And You wound up playing you
By a magical concoction
Of a stew beyond description.

* * * *

So many of us learn the way mules do.

* * * *

Would any betting man give even low odds
To humanity's chances of surviving itself?

* * * *

How will You ever resume sovereign authorship
If You accept the scripts of the many others?

* * * *

Maya broke You first with fairy tales,
Which quickly turned to the idolization
Of spiritual, political and other heroic epics
And You so unwittingly followed and imitated
At the expense of your own creative potential.

* * * *

It is your greed, fear, envy and anger
Which feed the darker side of consciousness.

You are simply nothing without their imagined reality.

* * * *

Playing the devil was fun
Until it began to get painful
More often than it was worth.

* * * *

Look in that mirror You gaze into so often
And observe yourself watching the reflection.
See that You are the proof of what is written herein.

* * * *

Thoughts such as these often snowball in time,
To what end is unknown by those who speak or write them.

* * * *

Have You not seen enough mind controllers everywhere You look
To comprehend that organized religions are merely another means?

* * * *

Interesting how attached You are
To the movement of your thoughts.

* * * *

Your quest for acceptance ends
When You fully embrace your Self.

* * * *

Where is the center
You so adamantly
Believe yourself to be?

* * * *

Cut to the quick.
Only the vain stop for manicures.

* * * *

Each day a new opportunity
To discern and delve into the mystery,
To witness the unfolding genesis as it plays out
In your brief, holographic swirl of time.

XLIII

As long as You doubt your Self,
You will return to your imagined world.

* * * *

Maya blinds and deafens the senses
Without compunction, shame or guilt.

* * * *

The universe is our audience and we its.

* * * *

All are their own law,
But to act in consideration
Is mastery of this manifest plane.

* * * *

You play the part
You have made yourself
Available to play.

* * * *

To those seeing this,
There is a difference,
Yet there is no difference.

* * * *

The mystery is the play of light and shadow,
And the knower well knows its many stages and plays.
Neither light nor dark sways the knower of Self.

* * * *

The true student of life crosses every boundary, to discern the truth that all is of the oneness.

* * * *

Those who are ready will find the mirrors they need.

* * * *

The merger of otherness into oneness, is as undeniable as a bolt of lightning.

* * * *

Only when they are completely done
With the world and all other manifest forms
Do the rare few merge into the absolute nature.

* * * *

Share, without persuasion or force,
The awareness this ultimate knowing manifests.
It is the good news only the discerning have ears to hear.

* * * *

Piss, shit, cunt, fuck, and other such words
Bring out a particular response or reaction
Based upon the conceptual context within.

* * * *

Ponder that You are the field
And the knowing of the field.

* * * *

The play of words,
So simple, yet so profound.

* * * *

The question whether or not humanity
As a species can transcend its political nature
Remains to be seen in a future we will never know.

* * * *

For You to be reading this,
One wonders if You really have a choice.
For your interest in realization is leading more and more
Toward that surrender where all choice ends.

* * * *

This is the time, the era, the epoch, of humankind.
The briefest spontaneous opportunity
To play out manifest theater
In whatever way we will.
What wisdom will be gleaned
Is as yet unknowable at this reckoning,
History being generally scratched down after the fact.
The problem will likely be, of course, the dearth of writers and readers.

* * * *

How sorry I am that it all turned out this way.
The suffering transcends every boundary imaginable.
How unnecessary all of it seems, yet how difficult it is to let go.

* * * *

Look beyond birth and death
And see You never were and never will.

* * * *

If You are blessed You will have the capacity
To discern the ocean of the eternal infinity within,
That all otherness is imagined by the mind and senses,
The maya born of desire to experience separation,
Made possible only through the patterning
Woven of the magic dust of mystery.

* * * *

You really never left the womb.

* * * *

What part of a breath can You hold onto?

* * * *

What have You ever feared but an unruly imagination?

* * * *

What interests You now may not forever.

* * * *

What is the world
But clay and water
Sloshing back and forth?

* * * *

Pierce the veil of individuality.

* * * *

You really have no one else to blame
For the state of consciousness You are in.

* * * *

You enjoy the drama too much to let go of it.

* * * *

Megalomania is the path to glory ridden hard.

* * * *

Conquest has had its day in every geography
At one time or another in whatever fashion
Motivation, resources and technology combined.
The aggressive rise and fall of any group is nothing new.

* * * *

Only the maya of your own mind burdens you
With believing the masks have any reality.

* * * *

You keep trying to make sense of it,
But it never will be more than speculation.

* * * *

Concepts take You out of your origin,
Creating an intellectual screen,
A veil few peer beyond.

* * * *

Working so hard to remember that so easily forgotten.

* * * *

You are the witness, the portal, the awareness,
Consciously witnessing a personal existence
Within the stillness of the impersonal infinity.

* * * *

From the vast emptiness of the atom
Beyond the farthest reaches of the universe,
You are .

* * * *

What is there, really, to hope for?

* * * *

Humble yourself to your true greatness.

* * * *

A true scientist does not pretend
Separation between subject and object
Is even the most remote possibility.

* * * *

Instead of asking if everyone else is capable
Of changing the world, find out if You are.

* * * *

Everything You take personally
Is the illusive eternal play of space and time,
Merely temporal reflections of your true impersonal reality.

* * * *

The many who see the way is truly one
Find many avenues to share the good news.

* * * *

Individualized consciousness
Lacking indivisibility

Is the suffering.

* * * *

The names have changed
But the plot is still the same.

* * * *

To say “follow me” in this inquiry
Does not mean in a physical sense.

* * * *

If You have played as well as You can,
Then You can never lose.

* * * *

Before any deity You are equal.

* * * *

Shallow inattentive breathing
May be your greatest demon.

* * * *

The future of human consciousness
Is bound to the unfolding histories
In which each now finds its Self.

* * * *

Desire is limited by your fear or disdain.

* * * *

Owning your sovereignty free and clear
Requires unimaginable courage.

* * * *

The bliss of stillness
Is too much for those attached
To the hell-bound pain of so many thoughts.

* * * *

There is no right or wrong way,
Simply a way which does not exist.

* * * *

Dogma distorts truth’s reflection
To its own twisting ends.

* * * *

Sorrow is seeing

You cannot hold onto anything.
Serenity is not trying.

* * * *

Stay with the tide of each breath
And the in-the-moment awareness
Is, simply put, the kiss of the eternal.

* * * *

If You do not have time for a breath
You have too much time.

* * * *

Language is the root of all duality.
Without its subject-object nature,
Eden would not have been lost.

* * * *

Problems are rarely the problem
As we imagine them to be.

* * * *

Oxygen deprivation may be a leading cause of bad karma

* * * *

You are a synapse of the universal mind.

* * * *

Become the lightning of the thunder perfect mind.

* * * *

The eternalness of hell in consciousness
Is the mind's delusion of continuity.
All problems will cease to exist
When the clinging stops.

* * * *

To not value the diversity seals the fate of all.

* * * *

Use the breath to wash away time.

* * * *

Where is the river? Where is the sea?
Wherever You are, whenever You are.

* * * *

Humanity is becoming the victim

Of its self-absorbed adaptation.

* * * *

Who is this “I” who wants so much?

* * * *

There is more bliss in a full breath
Than there ever can be in a concept.

* * * *

How often the introspective mind
Must face the wrath of its own creation.

* * * *

So many concepts so many bandy about
As if they have any comprehension
What most of them truly imply.

* * * *

What a maskless wonder You really are.

* * * *

You hold onto so much
Which has no real value whatsoever.

* * * *

You will find You have journeyed in hell
More times than You ever imagined possible.

* * * *

A true leader is a true human being.
A true human being sees there is no other
And thus treats others as he would be treated:
With consideration, fairness and equality.

* * * *

Find the courage to take a full breath.
Discern the dragon nature at its depths.

* * * *

Negation is not another form of becoming.
It requires no effort.

* * * *

You really only imagine You want anything.

* * * *

Why bring a child into this world

If You cannot or do not intend
To offer them a life worth living?

* * * *

You exist because of me
And I because of You.

* * * *

Again and again and again,
You paint yourself into rainbows
With a vivid imagination.

* * * *

Is your deity of choice merely a concept, or is it an undeniable reality within?

* * * *

Be watchful of the enticing arrogance
This knowing can bring about.

* * * *

Creation, process and destruction
Exist only in the illusory weavings of your mind.

* * * *

Full You are yourself
Empty You are your Self.

* * * *

Love is not something
Which can be taught.

* * * *

Take back your mind
From those who took away
Your child nature, your birthright.

* * * *

Make a friend of the devil in You.
It is more harmless than You know.

* * * *

You fell from grace,
But can climb back into it
At any point in time.

* * * *

Most human beings
Are simply not as intelligent

As many would like to believe.
It is the nature of the beast.

* * * *

Traditions, rituals and symbols
Are products of mind's vain attempt
To attain a security it never can.
Someone creates something
And the following moments
Are trapped in imitation.

* * * *

When You think You want something,
Who is asking?

* * * *

I have nothing to offer You.

* * * *

One thing in any devil's favor
Is that it usually knows how hell works.
It is a bit tougher on those trying to figure out
How to get their wings working.

* * * *

All your anger and fear, your many pains,
Are chemistry seething and swirling
Within your ever-changing form,
And the mind's attachment
To their imagined play.

* * * *

So much potential wasted on so much avarice and hate.

* * * *

Play out your part as it is offered; resistance only intensifies the suffering.

* * * *

I am That I am, You are That I am, everything is That I Am.

* * * *

Discerning the mystery is merger into the infinite.
Maya, the impressing of a limiting mold.
See it or not, You and all others,
Are of that greater infinity.

* * * *

It is all your creation.

You are the source, the genesis,
Of your sensory interpretation of the universe.

XLIV

Desire is merely vivid imagination,
Born of the limitations of manifest time.
Without the endless desires we have exhibited,
It would not, could not, have ever happened this way.

* * * *

Even the demon occasionally needs a friend.
It offers a reflection that may someday,
Help create a true human being.

* * * *

When You drink the wine of eternity, You toast all, not merely me, myself, and I.

* * * *

It is sensory imagination that leads to all ends.

* * * *

Trusting wisdom, trusting your own law, will bring right action.

* * * *

Journey prior to all concepts; leave no stone unturned.

* * * *

Sit quietly, dying to each moment, giving your Self over to the stillness, of the eternal well within.

* * * *

Nature's hallucinogens are a natural means to explore alternative states of mind.
The challenge, for some, is not getting addicted to the pleasure they are capable of providing.
To be able to access their teachings, in the everyday mundane, with or without them.

* * * *

You will discern, your true friends, your true tribe, quickly.
Those caught in the illusion of dreamtime, do not play Self well.
The eternal is far too enigmatic for those ensnared by space and time.

* * * *

Humanity is shackled by its vanity and greed,
The monkey's hand is so clenched within the coconut,
That a swift hack of the machete has become an inevitable fate.

* * * *

If You discern the intent of these words, your beacon will draw those seeking truth.

* * * *

To discern the mystery, acknowledge your true voice.

* * * *

Unburden your Self.

* * * *

Serve another first, and You will understand the nature of heaven.

* * * *

To want nothing for your Self is the ticket to highest road.

* * * *

Analogies, parables, stories,
Stimulating and intellectually entertaining,
Are worth dying to, but not for.

* * * *

Despite the unfocused longing of many,
Few are born to discover their absolute nature.
Most are entranced by the veiled shadows of the maze,
Fathoming only selected masks, never discerning,
The underlying formlessness inherent in all.

* * * *

How hypnotized You are by your physical costume.
You are so easily fooled into believing almost anything.
Refusing to accept that You are anything but mystery manifest,
Is a most arduous task, but, truly, nothing less is possible.

* * * *

How can You know heaven, if You cannot walk in hell?

* * * *

Why not make the world more tolerable; You will be home soon enough anyway.

* * * *

You are an opportunity.

* * * *

Your light is one beacon among many, in this world devised by consciousness.

* * * *

How can You ever not be homeless again?

* * * *

Here and not here You are.

* * * *

Contentment can only happen, where the tire rolls the road.

* * * *

One person's heaven is another's hell.
One's truth often becomes another's dogma.
Discern your own lawful sovereignty.

* * * *

You are so lost in imagery, that You cannot see your Self.

* * * *

Weaving throughout all chaos is complete peace.

* * * *

Eternity is always, with You, in You, of You.

* * * *

The forests are revenging themselves, with the curse paper has wrought.

* * * *

To change the face of the world, You must discern the changeless in your own.

* * * *

If You give to get, You have not given.

* * * *

Why is it You can never, have never, will never, see your own face?

* * * *

The only way to follow any espousing truth, is by diving into your own eternal birthright.

* * * *

Who wins, who loses, who does anything, but witness the cosmos, through which they wander?

* * * *

Become your ideal, and as that changes, change with it.

* * * *

Thought, consciousness, is the only burden; discern the emptiness intrinsic nature.

* * * *

To seek this merely for personal pleasure, is to miss what the understanding means.

* * * *

Respect your elders, but do not be burdened by their many vanities.

* * * *

How are You ever really going to prove or disprove anything?

* * * *

Sometimes great confusion, needs chaotic anarchy, to regain a sociable order.

* * * *

The men of science who deny its intuitive origin,
Only delude themselves, and the ignorant,
Who subscribe without discernment.

* * * *

Who dies for anyone?

* * * *

Is it You who cares, fears, angers, desires, or the chemistry, and your attachment to it?

* * * *

Layers of identification,
Peel off like an onion,
Until You are nothing,
But the air You breathe.

* * * *

Forgive your Self; no one else can.

* * * *

Humanity is the tarnished fruit of Eden.

* * * *

Add or subtract a whisper of chemistr, and imagination shows You the relativity of its nature.

* * * *

All your burdens are from the other within.

* * * *

Most will savor the play until it hurts more than it is worth.

* * * *

Feel the body's resistance; that is your attachment.

* * * *

Your enemies have a problem,
But You may have an even greater one.
Perhaps even a serious case of splinters 'n timber.
To thine own eye, be true.

* * * *

It is difficult to play in manifest consciousness, and not suffer the angst of its separative nature.

* * * *

The mind's desire to survive, to be immortal as identity, is the burden of its own creation.

* * * *

Nothing is given that is not also at some point taken.

* * * *

Creation cannot be without destruction.

* * * *

Affection for the form, does not require attachment.

* * * *

In this one ephemeral lifetime, in this one quantum matrix illusion-delusion,
You will every moment, reincarnate in imagination, until You perish for the last time.
When You finally comprehend, complete surrender to your unconditional nature.

* * * *

Are You able to disregard all masks?

* * * *

Political correctness is the babble of ignorance.

* * * *

Your capacity for love, is a function of the disposition, at any given point in time.

* * * *

Scientists and those they so easily sway must realize that science is not absolute.

* * * *

Transcend all exteriors.

* * * *

You die as often as every mask You believe real.

* * * *

Extrapolate all paths; none are truly different from the one You now tread.

* * * *

These words are for those gone mad, or ready to.

* * * *

All our fun is going to take humanity back to cockroach mode.

* * * *

How many kill and die for the many forms of mammon?

* * * *

We are so enthralled,

With the creations of the mind,
That we can no longer see the garden,
From which it has all come.

* * * *

How resistant You are to loving your Self, is the mark of either heaven or hell.

* * * *

Cultivate the confidence, to discern the real faith beyond all doubt.

* * * *

Where are You in there, if not everywhere.

* * * *

One so-called expert says one thing,
Another something entirely to the contrary?
Do You believe one or both or neither?

* * * *

Consciousness erupts from nowhere,
Like schools of dancing, playful dolphins,
Only to plunge back into the soundless depths,
Of the watery desert they call home.

* * * *

Real freedom is not without responsibility.

* * * *

The mind is the field, through which imagination dances.

* * * *

The scribe was a stubborn, arrogant fool,
Who tenaciously put up with less and less,
Until all that was left was a Cheshire grin.

* * * *

Draw the mystery into your conceptual fabric.

* * * *

The play of consciousness abounds within.

* * * *

To think You are religious, merely by joining and identifying with one group or another, is absurd.

* * * *

Rip off your face, rip off your deity's face; what is left is the same essence.

* * * *

You cannot serve two masters well; between You and mystery, the choice gradually becomes obvious.

* * * *

The marriage into mystery is absolutely final.

* * * *

Revere any concept You wish; all are subject to an equal irreverence.

* * * *

Suffering is the resistance of consciousness to its temporal nature.

* * * *

You were told there was a supreme deity, and You have accepted or rejected that,
But if You had never been exposed to anything, what would You be seeing and doing?
Few have the freedom, the audacity, the wit, to ask from where their deity of choice came,
Much less the doubt required, to journey the pathless path less traveled, into its timeless answer.

* * * *

Desire is desire, fear is fear, dread is dread, anger is anger.
All the same chemistry, playing out sparks, created in mind.

* * * *

The mind caught in thought, creates an infinity of burdens.

* * * *

Only the world-weary fully discern what there is left to do.

* * * *

All your judgments of the other, play torturous havoc within You.
The others You judge are your Self, in other unfathomable forms.

* * * *

You will never get back to Kansas, debating your speculations about Oz.

* * * *

The infinity within the most minute quantum structure,
Is the sovereign architect of this magical mystery theater.
From this momentary singularity, erupts manifest duality,
In which only a rare few, awaken to their ultimate nature,
And become the eternal witnesses to this ineffable dream.

* * * *

Within each and every particle, is the stillness prior to all form, all subject and object, all duality.
Merging into that serene cosmos, is the liberation from all knowledge, all conditioning, all patterning.
It is the freedom beyond all the countless assertions of human vanity, into the indelibly ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Where can any separation exist, but in the hollows of your mind?

* * * *

Any given life is just a record, a pattern, a habit.

* * * *

Heaven is the merger within.
It is the end of duality in consciousness.
It is the eternal stillness prior to all space and time
It is the blissful sweetness of the unmanifest.

* * * *

The path is pathless.
Time is timeless.
Clay is clayless.
Form is formless.
The way is wayless.

XLV

Awareness, not even dust in the wind.

* * * *

The things we make time for, who can make sense of it?

* * * *

Every action or inaction, impulsive or contemplated, evokes its own price.

* * * *

Question your very existence.

* * * *

You are your ideal.

* * * *

You are prior to all reflections.

* * * *

Sometimes a major dump,
Is the best thing You can do for everyone.
The ceramic throne is a great corner for meditation.

* * * *

Specialization has become the bane of human existence.

* * * *

Few caught in time will ever comprehend,
That You are inwardly less and less the body.
Just a voice playing out consciousness,
But without the same conviction,
You once upon a time had.

* * * *

Putting things off into another time,
Only means You must face another now,
Perhaps with the same resistance.

* * * *

Death is a fact of life; your denial only generates confusion and despair and insecurity.

* * * *

You try so hard to appease your conceptual projection of your deity of choice,
When it is really your Self, You must discern, to gain the tranquility You covet.

* * * *

A teacher is a student for life, and matches the student's capacity, by having explored everything possible.

* * * *

So far away, yet so close; as near as the next breath.

* * * *

The conceptual knot with which we bind ourselves, cannot be untied; it must be cut.

* * * *

How we would laugh, if animals played the vain intellectual games we do.

* * * *

To become the king of heaven, You must discern You are its creator; You merge heaven with Eden.

* * * *

Call yourself anything You please; your actions and deeds tell the true tale.

* * * *

Why should anyone hate another, simply because some traditional collusion says to?

* * * *

All the life forms of Eden are the result of genetic lineage.
All operate within the capacities of their framework.
All humans are no exception; all are equally,
The same mystery of the same origin.

* * * *

Terrorism is the approach of those without a voice, relatively powerless,
Attempting to regain a sense of control they have been deprived.
Violence is the only means they discern to gain attention,
However important or valid their vision may be.
The hell they both suffer and pass on is a futile legacy.
Their isolating way does nothing to end the need for real revolution.

* * * *

Trying so hard to belong
When You know You do not,
What a journey so many must travel
Simply because the willful play of consciousness
Craves the experiencing of this spontaneous dreamy mystery.

* * * *

Though we all know the movie must end,
In the weaving of the storyline, we do partake,
Until the kaleidoscoping screen again becomes silent.

* * * *

You are only as real as the next breath.

* * * *

Until You comprehend the isolation anger creates,
The passionate fires You reside in are the coals upon which
You deny any chance of merger into absoluteness.

* * * *

Which way does time travel?
To the right or to a left?
An up or down?
Just forward or back?
Perhaps round and round?
Can it be seen, touched or even heard?
Is it the gateway to bliss, or a kitchen born of hell?
Or both or neither this mystery deceiver.

* * * *

How painful it can be to every moment observe this hellish play.
Alas, must detachment be so necessary to survive the suffering?

* * * *

The masks and costumes change again and again,
But the timeless prior to all has changed not one iota.
Humanity continues to plague itself and all other life forms
With the same time-bound hellish, greedy, self-absorbed show.

* * * *

There is the aspect which aches
For every bit of suffering
Life has ever known,
And another coolly detached
Envisioning every way as the way home.

* * * *

It is not the harpoon, gun or bomb
Which pose the problem to life's continuity,
But the intemperate mind with which they are used.

* * * *

The way is lit for those who have the eye to see.

* * * *

You will find it all written before time, on the inside of your face.

* * * *

Pay your taxes in Caesar's coin, not your spirit.

* * * *

Too many people wanting to play chief, when the Indians own the real show.

* * * *

How little courage it takes to follow the will of the heard.

* * * *

The narrowness of anger is like a corridor in hell.

* * * *

Your egocentric self-absorption
Is like a waxed slide into a hell
Of your own creative design.

* * * *

Do You realize that heaven, hell and the garden
Are analogies referring to consciousness,
Not actual geographical locations?

* * * *

Through your own suffering, You can well know the world's.

* * * *

Your longing for perfection is the glue which unifies your spirit into absoluteness.

* * * *

How is it we assume all intelligent life will operate as foolishly as we do?

* * * *

Have You experienced enough to know what mortal or immortal fare will ever contain?

* * * *

Wrest your soul from what any other thinks.

* * * *

Watch the rock until it moves, the banner until it stills.

* * * *

Nostalgia is a well-baited trap.

* * * *

Peck at the cosmic seed within as You are able.

* * * *

Realization is not a personality issue; there is no prescription.

* * * *

The concept is conceived, but never is what it longs to be.

* * * *

If You vainly seek the one-pointedness,
It is another temporal act of ego.
If it calls You, surrender.

* * * *

Where in any scripture does it say to kowtow to the foolishness of those too blind to see?

* * * *

If all You want in your spiritual quest,
Is to be distracted, to be entertained and deceived,
The world will show You a good time.

* * * *

Though You may spend your life helping others,
Do it only because it is there to be said, it is there to be done.
Do it without expectation of some reward in heaven.
Because in your mind, You are already there.

* * * *

Every day is a good day to die.
None can evade it, and all must muster,
Whatever courage they have to take the misery,
And face the unknown from which all imagination springs.

* * * *

How many live their lives inspired by the fear of "What if...?"

* * * *

When You discover heaven's source within,
It is like a mountain spring bubbling without end,
And there is nothing to do but share the wealth.

* * * *

Imagine a world in which these words would never even need to be uttered.

* * * *

The limits of your religion are defined by your mind.

* * * *

You are alone, and there is not a thing You can do to change that eternal fact.

* * * *

Bare your spirit to the infinite reality, it has ever been and will ever be.

* * * *

There is no meditation
Equal to a vacating visit,

To a white porcelain throne,
Or a squat near the nearest tree.

* * * *

Conceptualization is by its nature divisive; awareness knows no bounds.

* * * *

What makes You believe the mystery values You any more than any other life form?

* * * *

Your quest for sovereignty allows the same for others.

* * * *

Confusion is an outcome of inattention,
To what is really happening.
It is the blur of desire,
Fogging up the inner vision.

* * * *

Hold hands until You realize none truly exist.

* * * *

Every life form someday walks the gallows,
And meets the hangman's brutish noose.
You may as well find the humor in it.

* * * *

The torturous walk Jesus made to his crucifixion at Golgotha, is really not all that different than anyone's.
All existence suffers, and any who look around, see any journey the same as their own,
And in so doing, take upon their shoulders the flaws of the world.

* * * *

When the manifest is seen for its temporal nature, psychological investment in the dreamtime ends.

* * * *

Try not to burden yourself,
With what You think your deity of choice wants.
It will come to You intuitively if You have seeing eyes and hearing ears.

* * * *

Each manifests the indivisible in an individual way.
For another to call one right and another wrong
Is to misunderstand the symphony of all.

* * * *

Real meditation is an aloof moment-to-moment,
Timeless awareness of consciousness,
As it plays itself out in daily living,

Wherever You are, whatever You are doing.
It is a constant awareness of reality observing illusion,
Of the detached witness responding to circumstances as they arise,
Of the ultimate nature reflecting in manifest union.

* * * *

You are not some far-off future fate, but the now this moment in time creates.

* * * *

The pliant willow bends gracefully to the wind, while the rock wall crumbles into the sea.

* * * *

So many so-called spiritual seekers,
Play out the quest as a competition with others.
They expend their time and energy judging and undermining,
Rather than discerning that isness is equally within all,
That there is really nothing measurable to score.
Each can only clear one's own vision.
What may be in another's eye,
Is for them to see.

* * * *

The subscription to any mindset is but an outcome,
Of the deep instinct evident in any school or pack or herd,
Where stepping away from the group risks individual survival.
Only the rare find the courage to explore and discern that never born.

* * * *

In the heat of battle, the warrior exists only in the present.
To transform that fearless mindset into daily living,
Is the challenge of earnest human beings,
Questing union in the mystery.

* * * *

Subtleties within subtleties within subtleties, about something so subtle it has no subtlety at all.

* * * *

Look closely with great attention, to discern what You truly are, and what You truly are not.

* * * *

Dogmatic quibbling over spiritual nature, shows the narrowness of vision, to which most subscribe.

* * * *

When You gaze at yourself in the mirror, is what You see really the You, You are?

* * * *

Your savage will, is the evolutionary strain, which lays the groundwork for your divine potential.

* * * *

Your cultural mindset defines You, until You stop accepting definitions.

* * * *

It is your desire that blinds You.

* * * *

What a trickster the mind is.
Is there not anything imagination,
Will hesitate to concoct to avoid reality?

* * * *

The cosmos spins on timelessly, as unconcerned about your presence, as an elephant is about a gnat.

* * * *

Smoke is as real as You are.

* * * *

The realization of one's true nature,
Is a quality of mind, of awareness,
Well beyond any earthly rewards.

* * * *

If You really want to be nothing, do nothing until nothing comes.

* * * *

Things so innocently said in ancient times,
So often cause such great turbulence in later times,
Between those who never heard what was actually spoken.
The weight of histories, of traditions, of customs,
Is the albatross of all future pasts.

* * * *

Do not get fixated on analogies and parables.

* * * *

Reality leaves You clayless.

* * * *

Nothing is happening right now.

* * * *

Contentment is not something to put off.

XLVI

If time does not exist, then You do not exist.
Which means death and life are truly the same.

* * * *

The compassion of eternity is within You.

* * * *

Sink to whatever depths You as personality will,
You are ever oneness and your plight imagined.

* * * *

Aloneness in the highest sense
Is completely whole, eternally serene.

* * * *

Everything is born of the patterning
As thread and color are to a tapestry.

* * * *

In the midst of your day-to-day mundane,
From the joyful, carefree moments
To the vexing, despairing, lonely ones,
Can You learn to stop, look closely and realize
It is just your imagination playing tricks on You again?

* * * *

Do not believe your past or any other.

* * * *

You do follow your own drum
Whether You realize it or not.

* * * *

You are sovereign issue of the realm beyond knowing,
The capital upon which manifest creation is founded.

* * * *

Does normal even exist?
Would a grain of sand be called normal?
What about a galactic star system?

* * * *

There are an infinity of purposes
Imagined in the tentative course of time.
Many will insist the purpose of life is this or that,

And some will drift around checking out one or the other.
Some will despair because they cannot discern one right and true.
And a few will probably become quite content to find there need not be one.

* * * *

The intent of these many words
Is to aid in encouraging a manifest harmony
Which humanity has as yet never come close to knowing.

* * * *

Those blindly driven to gather so much have not discerned
The excessive accumulation of power, fortune, fame
Is not the elixir which makes for eternal joy.

* * * *

Life's picture show is not reality.
Buy a ticket, some popcorn and candy,
Take a trip or three to the restroom,
And settle down for a tour of light
Across the screen of your mind.

* * * *

Even in the hardest times, suffering is a choice.

* * * *

Times it is imagined by the mind born into its illusion.

* * * *

What do You really have to feel guilty about?

* * * *

Whatever realms You may imagine,
Created by some deity in heaven, or demon in hell,
Are really no different than the mirages You daily fathom in your own.

* * * *

Look beyond your insignificance.

* * * *

Learn to laugh at your seriousness; after all, it is just an illusion.

* * * *

Slip into another's skin and You will know, why they lead the life they choicelessly choose.

* * * *

Changing humanity's paradigm is not an easy task.
It requires an awakening far beyond the scale
This manifest world has as yet witnessed.

Harmony is possible, but only if all see.

* * * *

Within, perceive the passing moment,
Until You discern You are its creator.

* * * *

Humanity's choices are quickly diminishing.

* * * *

How absorbed we are by the countless exteriors
With so little comprehension of the universal interior.

* * * *

As long as You fear your sovereignty
You will be victimized by your illusion.

* * * *

Pleasure has a painful shadow.

* * * *

Enough said.
Do it.

* * * *

The thing You most detest is really You.

* * * *

Why be at all concerned what destiny might have to say?
Even words written in stone become sand on some shoreline.

* * * *

The only thing You belong to is your Self.

* * * *

The doubts are without reconciliation until You do.

* * * *

Until You can discern your inner voice,
You will listen for the approval of the many.

* * * *

Your eternal aloneness
Is transcribed so poorly.

* * * *

As despicable as You may think You are,
Your heart is gold beneath the charcoal exterior.

* * * *

Monopoly is not a game played forever.

* * * *

Wipe away all mythos
And what is there to be
But that which ever remains
Eternally hidden beyond the veil.

* * * *

Your resistance is time-bound.

* * * *

Allow your heart to lead the way.

* * * *

Try transforming your world
Before You vainly attempt
To shift anyone else's.

* * * *

How quickly adults twist
The innocence of the young
In so many harsh and cruel ways.

* * * *

What does it matter how You will die
When all possibilities are the same result?

* * * *

What earthbound distractions power, fame, fortune are.
There are no stairways to heaven, only the rungs of hell.

* * * *

Organized religions are created by those
Who use your ignorance to their own ends.
Real religion is a momentary intuitive realization,
And cannot be purchased by collection plate offerings.

* * * *

Death is a sleep into forever.

* * * *

The precision of these words
Will match the clarity of your mind.

* * * *

Ivory towers are bastions of illusion.

* * * *

It is not easy for an immortal soul
To be locked in mortal fare

* * * *

Any who discern their original state
Become sovereigns of the mind's realm.

* * * *

The mind is the outcome of what is thought
Until it is timelessly seen for what it is not.

* * * *

From body parts to cells to atoms.
Then what?

* * * *

Transcending the limited personal nature
Is a voluntary surrender.

* * * *

Specialization often becomes dysfunctional
In the general approach day-to-day living calls for.

* * * *

Wash away all sense of sin and guilt.
You have never really done anything
That has not been long since forgiven
By all by yourself.

* * * *

To abide in oneness is enough for any heart.

* * * *

Do not let the world wear You down.
Your greater vision of manifest heaven
Works towards stilling all apparent chaos

* * * *

Until You find the source of your own light,
Your confusion only complicates things further.
Take the time to discern the timeless nature.

* * * *

What You call your life is but a temporary loan.

* * * *

You do deserve to be the mystery; your longing for it absolves all debts.

* * * *

Moments neither tick nor tock; only the mind fabricates time.

* * * *

The habitual rigidity of the mind
Founded upon that which is illusory
Can never discern the fluidity of the timeless.

* * * *

When You are done learning the lesson; leave the classroom and toss the textbook.

* * * *

Seek your death within.

* * * *

Eternity as it is thought sounds like a long time
Until You realize time is not even involved.

* * * *

You are the light born to be,
Yet ever unborn You truly are.

* * * *

You are much more yet less
Than a body bag of concepts.

* * * *

Objectivity comes when You die to time.

* * * *

Nothing locks You into the narrowness of time
But your own self-perpetuated self-centeredness.
Remorse or penance will not free You from it.

* * * *

Do You really believe the demonic hell You imagine
Could be any more hellish than we already concoct?

* * * *

The trick is not identifying with time as it passes.

* * * *

It has never been easy for many to watch this world,
The way we treat each other and all the other life forms.

* * * *

Real revolution ends the need for it.

* * * *

Though a holograph may shatter
Into an infinite number of pieces,
It ever casts the same image as one.

* * * *

Each of us own an individual story,
But all are truly the same indivisible voice.

* * * *

Laugh at your petty vain foolishness.
Your self-absorption is so inanely meaningless.

* * * *

Look inward until You see there is nothing to see.

* * * *

Reject all claims.

* * * *

Your face comes off.

* * * *

To grieve for the dead is vain and meaningless.
Admit your sorrow is for your own temporal existence.
The dead are no longer burdened by the cross You yet carry.

* * * *

How many excuses there are not to die.

* * * *

Many are called home, but few volunteer.

* * * *

Only when You own agenda is done, can You truly serve the mystery.

* * * *

Merge your consciousness into all You imagine.

* * * *

Living and dying are both acts
Requiring great courage.

* * * *

Duality assigns eternity to an other

Which has no existence prior to time.

* * * *

How will the evolution of technology be viewed by the history it will reap?

* * * *

Where is it written in stone
That the ignorance of this world
Must be valued with your attention?

* * * *

A tree made brittle by the harshness of time
Comes undone in the slightest breeze.

* * * *

Your most real beauty
Will never be seen
By any but You.

* * * *

When a blank wall becomes as interesting
As even the most enticing sight,
You will be home.

* * * *

Everything becomes very different
And exactly the same.

* * * *

If You understand what real religion is,
There is nothing the argue or fight about.

* * * *

The religious mind is not something words can describe.

* * * *

Existence seems most difficult
For those on the dawning of their awakening.
Recall how even an encased butterfly must struggle to be free.

* * * *

Born into this mysterious awareness
Each of us labels it in every sort of manner,
And with great tenacity spend the rest of our lives
Defending identities held together solely by imagination.

* * * *

Be free of the devil.

You have witness purgatory long enough.

* * * *

It ceases to be what You thought it was
When You put aside the knowledge about it.

* * * *

You cocoon yourself in the concepts
Of the collusion You subscribe to.
Unbind as would any butterfly
For that flight to freedom.

* * * *

Freedom is not a concept.

* * * *

You are that which You pray to.

* * * *

You have done nothing to deserve that schism within.
All the mind's separations are imagined as are all dreams,
The outcome of mirrors convincing You that individuality is real,
When, in fact, You have never been anything less than indivisibly one.

* * * *

The only way this human dream of consciousness will ever change
Is if everyone learns to see beyond their limited sensory inclinations.
It is a big if.

* * * *

Even in the most wildly active times,
There is an indescribable space within.

* * * *

To believe, to assert, that trifles
Like technology, language, race, and ethos
Make one mythos superior to another
Is such meaningless vanity.

* * * *

The world appears in your imagination.
It is a figment of the senses.

* * * *

On words do not rely.
They are the mischief-makers of illusion.

* * * *

Specialization eventually becomes so narrowly defined
That a dysfunction sets in motion inevitable destruction.

XLVII

The challenge of thought is to see through it.

* * * *

Life, a mystery beyond comprehension,
Comes and goes without a moment's respite,
But what You truly are is ever the same awareness.

* * * *

Whatever You think, go further still.

* * * *

Time ravages all forms.
Nothing is immune to change
But that origin which is unchangeable.

* * * *

The exterior You are bound to is not You.
Your mythos, language, mask and costume,
All into which persona is wrapped, are unimportant.
Seeking approval is unnecessary, there are none to impress.
It is an absolute resolution within, with which the whole world has no say.

* * * *

There is only one thing which can never change,
The unity of the eternal, the smoke, the sugar, the holy ghost,
The absolute which permeates every imagined corner of this grand play.

* * * *

It is a realized understanding, not a set of moralistic, principled codes.
You are not bound by the ephemeral laws concocted by the human mind.

* * * *

The quest for the eternal unity of heaven within
Does not involve power, fame, fortune or social caste.
You will find enough of those distinctions in hell.

* * * *

This quest is not about morality or civility.
It is about understanding reality,
And from that realization
Springs right living.

* * * *

Your behavior pattern is compulsive and habitual,
Created by the mix of desire and fear You exhibit daily.

Complete detachment from every aspect of life is not easy,
Yet is the only way to attain the freedom of your unborn nature.
It is the choiceless choice which only the rarest seem born to discern.

* * * *

You think your life directed and purposeful,
Yet is it really that much different than a passive jellyfish
Floating in the swift currents of an ocean it cannot begin to fathom?

* * * *

There appear to be so many things to learn,
So much wisdom to glean in this magical world,
Yet few seem to learn the ultimate lesson.
Why? An impossible question.

* * * *

Within a mere one hundred cycles of the sun,
Nearly every life form currently conscious
On this small mysterious garden world
Will succumb to that called death.
Where will You be by then
But where You were
Every timeless moment
Of that theater called living.

* * * *

The selfish craving of individual identity
Aids in creating isolation and disharmony,
Yet what would a truly selfless human life entail?
Would ants, bees and other societal life forms
Survive as efficiently if individual cravings
Outweighed those of the collective good?
Can a species valuing individual freedom
Without a larger vision of the greater whole
Even hope to survive the inevitable disorder?

* * * *

Consciousness trying to become something in time
Only locks itself into a more rigid and constricted form.

* * * *

Integration is a challenge
To manifest in this confused realm.
It requires a great deal of courage and tenacity
To be the human being You discern as your highest ideal.

* * * *

The heart is not what You think it is.

* * * *

In your own individual way
You have orchestrated a reality.
It is your uniquely crafted world,
A symphony of the five senses
As conducted by time's mind.

* * * *

As tempting as it may ever be,
Try not to be fooled by exteriors.
Gold is often discernible only
Between the harshest edges.

* * * *

Nothing is required but what You freely offer.

* * * *

The imagined temptations of the flesh
Reside in all but the most detached mortals.

* * * *

Of the senses, sight seems the most divisive.
How different the human experience would be
If we were blind to all our imagined differences.

* * * *

Be the stillness.
Allow the senses to do it all.
Let them play their illusionary games.
None of it is really You.

* * * *

When You are free, it is a silent declaration.

* * * *

How strange that each life form
Has a very separate reality based entirely
On individual perceptions drawn from life's experiences.
That our attempts to envision another's universe
Can only be extrapolated within our own,
Founded on the unfolding dream
To which each is witness
Very much alone.

* * * *

All You life, whatever the events about You,
You have been this same mysterious awareness.

It is the same for all creature small to great.

* * * *

An interesting note about any pain
Is how quickly it will disappear,
Like the wake behind a boat.
Only the mind remembers.

* * * *

You cannot help where You were born,
Or the family and society influencing You.
It is where You take it from there that matters.

* * * *

When You truly comprehend that You face
Birth and death each and every indefinable moment,
You will see clearly that actual physical death
Is not at all different to that never born.

* * * *

Your moment-to-moment rebirth, your reincarnation,
Is an outcome of your interwoven passions,
Your mistaken faith in the illusions cast by the senses,
And the mind's ceaseless will to continue its ethereal weaving in time.

* * * *

Many other species, if not most,
Instinctively know nature's limits in breeding,
Yet humanity's oblivious imbalance continues unabated.
The cost to the future of this garden's diversity is already too apparent.

* * * *

How simple to comprehend the eternal nature if You are receptive.
Those so full of themselves have no room for inquiry and remain blind.

* * * *

Merge into the total functioning; it is a drunk without equal.

* * * *

In every mythos the senses measure in every way imaginable,
Yet what is measured but the limitations of manifest consciousness?

* * * *

Learn to trust intuition's subtle epiphanies; it is the voiceless voice of the mystery within.

* * * *

Take space and time to whatever limits You are capable,
They are ever caught within the nets of their own making.

* * * *

The dream is set before us,
And each has the opportunity
To peer beyond its limitations.

* * * *

To get past your genetic predispositions,
You must discern where they come from.

* * * *

You have already reincarnated countless times during just this lifetime's imagined identity.

* * * *

Psychologists play a conceptual game.
They are content with the roar of the waves,
Missing completely the vastness beyond the reef.

* * * *

The only way the human species ever seems likely
To make a transformation into a more balanced paradigm
Is with a very severe slap across its consciousness
By the unforgiving forces of mother nature.

* * * *

Disguise it however You might,
It is ever the all of absolute oneness.

* * * *

All your attempts to become
Are ever seeded with limitation.

* * * *

The manifest may concoct hierarchies of every sort,
But the unmanifest discerns no ladders, whatsoever.

* * * *

Those seeking more than they are already given
Miss the true treasure they already have within.

* * * *

What laws of man or God can there possibly be, but the ones imagination in collusion forms?

* * * *

It is dissatisfaction that contributes solely
To the countless heavens and hells
The duality of consciousness
So endlessly creates.

* * * *

The greatest gifts are freely offered.

* * * *

Quests for power, fame and fortune
Only serve as insulation from reality.

* * * *

What differences can those beyond separation discern?

* * * *

The concoction your form takes
May appear superior or inferior to other forms,
But it is only the vain play of consciousness which makes it so.

* * * *

What a vivid imagination You have
To create the universe You have.

* * * *

Reality is ever disguised by imagined limitations.

* * * *

Take off your face, at least occasionally,
To remind your Self who You really are.

* * * *

Sanity and insanity are merely flip sides
Of the same coin of consciousness.

* * * *

Why concern yourself over where the great teachers come from?
The question over your own source has the same answer.

* * * *

These words attempt to show You the equality without equal.

* * * *

A deep awakeness is the sleep to seek.

* * * *

Humanity's sense of self-importance is counterbalanced
By the great probability that life will continue on Eden
Long after its genetic presence fades into oblivion.

* * * *

That this dream is happening at all

Implies it has happened countless times before,
And likely will through an infinity of forms countless times hence.

* * * *

Whatever made You believe it would, should or could
Ever be any different?

* * * *

What do You discern within
But a sense of vast timeless emptiness,
An infinite space as immeasurable as the star-filled universe
Stretching across incomprehensible reaches the manifest dreamer born of time
Cannot but in the wildest imagination even begin to fathom.
The oceanic dream of mystery flows eternal.

* * * *

You have been hooked on drugs
Since the moment You were conceived.
What You call real is a virtual reality hallucination
Created by foods used to sustain the patterning You inhabit.

* * * *

The realized, connected nature
Has nothing to do with morality plays
Fabricated by any mythological collusions.
It is the intelligence which moves beyond
Any limited scope of the personal mind.

* * * *

For a few moments of glory,
Such vain sacrifices are concocted.

* * * *

All You measuring,
In the end what do You have
But a head full of practically useless data?

* * * *

Outer space, inner space,
What real difference?

* * * *

What it is, what it is not,
Who is it who cares?

* * * *

Each begins so life so uninhibited,
But is gradually patterned by the passions

Of the mirror into which they are born.

* * * *

Each of us creates our own vision, our own dream.
None are the same, nor can they ever be,
Except in their common origin.

* * * *

The undifferentiating state
Is the detachment beyond personal self
And the countless separations which it imagines real.

* * * *

How fascinating that the mind,
Manifested by the mystery of nature,
Has evolved into such a frame of thinking
As to often consider nature the enemy.

* * * *

What is this need so many have to believe
Or hope for one vain circumstance or another?
What is it but the transitory playing of consciousness
Seeking the delusional continuity born of fabricated time?
What is any of it but a play of endless self-deception
Each of us constructs into what we call reality.
Discern that beyond all belief and hope.

* * * *

Letting go as quickly as it happens
Is too easy for a complicated mind.

* * * *

Close your eyes.
Breathe in … breathe out …
Surrender every sense of identification.
Slip into what some call nirvana.
It is so simple, so serene.
Nothing to believe,
Nothing to do,
But be.

* * * *

The purpose of life,
From this scribes viewpoint,
Is to discover without doubt that you
Are that which is absolute, eternal oneness.
The rest is mere vanity and vexation,
The chaff blown into the wind.

* * * *

Try not to imitate.
It's really quite numbing.

* * * *

Why hold onto what You cannot?

* * * *

The truly religious mind
Is one that has surrendered
To the beingness of its own volition.
It is not something that can be persuaded.
It cannot be forced or interpreted.
It is an individual journey
Into the indivisibility
Of the eternal.

* * * *

The mind that gropes for more and more,
Becomes unceaselessly intertwined and twisted,
By the endless suffering of consciousness in separation.

* * * *

Those who claim deities to be "out there,"
Have nothing rational to stand on or cling to,
But that found in illogical fear and blind ignorance.

* * * *

Discern the source of your fear,
And You will perhaps discover the peace,
For which your piece of Soul longs.

* * * *

Conspiracy theorists are very skillful at connecting every dot they imagine.

* * * *

One is enough.

* * * *

How can You identify that which has no identity?

* * * *

Lighting the way within is not forced.
It is an arduous inquiry into simplicity.

* * * *

You are already that essence which is immortal.

It is your imagination convincing You otherwise.
It is through discernment that You will remember.

XLVIII

Those who read these thoughts, will find in them what they are prepared to see.
All will discern them differently, according to their frame of reference.
Remember that they are only the filament of consciousness,
All fashioned by a matchless manifest perception.
All of which, are merely the mystery dreaming a dream real.

* * * *

How free You will ever be is question, to which only You can discern an answer.

* * * *

What can You be, but the timeless reflection,
Of a grand mystery, from which all manifestation,
Is instantaneously created, instantaneously destroyed.
It is the unborn-undying nature of the moment,
In which all genesis, is encapsulated.

* * * *

The reflections of the many mirrors fool You again and again.

* * * *

Whatever passions You may flourish,
Time passes not a bit different,
In the ultimate sense.

* * * *

A maze by any other name, wanders just the same.

* * * *

Contentment comes when the clinging stops.

* * * *

When You realize space and time do not truly exist,
The unfolding present is quite different,
Yet every bit the same.

* * * *

For You to perceive,
Your intuitive inner voice,
You must put aside the squalor,
Of limited personal notion.

* * * *

Consciousness quiets down through a yearning for simplicity and peace.

* * * *

In sleep and complete wakefulness, You are anonymous, the latter consciously.

* * * *

Let the wind wear itself down.

* * * *

All mindsets are only minds set in time.

* * * *

Without time, who would You, could You be?

* * * *

The space-time continuum is without rhyme or purpose, but what You give it.

* * * *

The so-called master knows s/he is, as much a beginner, as any beginner ever is.

* * * *

The game of life is mortal fare.

* * * *

Few can listen with a discerning ear,
Because attention is so easily brushed away,
By the undisciplined winds of delusional thinking.

* * * *

Neither black nor white nor gray, nor any other color, is the clarity beyond all.

* * * *

After all is said and done,
The beingness is all that is left.
And that is but an assumption as well.

* * * *

Recount your dreamtime as often as You please,
It is ever imagined, as it was even as it is happening.
Identity is the projection of mind, ever after the moment.

* * * *

Without a priori, where would You be?

* * * *

Birth in one hand,
Death in the other.
Clap them together,
And what do You have?

* * * *

If You are not the mystery, it is only because You imagine You are not.

* * * *

Where are You? Where are You not?

* * * *

Eternal life, spaceless life, timeless life, ageless life.
A dreamtime lived right here, right now.
This very singular moment.
A tossed pebble casting no ripples.

* * * *

Read these thoughts and let them go.

* * * *

Dull, fragmented minds,
Create only unaccountable, chaotic destruction.
Dissolving divisions, breaking through walls, evolving into mindfulness,
Is an arduous, challenging, step-by-step, nomadic wander,
Along life's razor edge, yellow brick pathless.

* * * *

Without the mindful sense of a greater whole, all problem-solving,
Only casts lengthier shadows of further disarray and confusion.
The integrated mind is oneness, functioning in right action.

* * * *

The purgatory You yourself inwardly imagine,
Is likely more tormenting than any,
Any other can or will.

* * * *

Brush away the many voices,
The many ghosts of time within the mind,
That exist only in the continuity of your vain imagination.

* * * *

Give yourself permission to be as nothing.

* * * *

The most simple solutions generally work best.

* * * *

All paths lead to the pathless if surrendered so.

* * * *

Organized religions (a.k.a., cults) serve only rationalized promotions,
Of complex, confusing veils, and insipid denials of truth's unutterable simplicity.

It is the endless, predictable theme, of any middleman, of any parasite,
Seeking a more often than not, undeserved slice of the pie.

* * * *

The acclaimed personality-identity,
Is the consequence of a fragmented mind.
This contraction is the suffering of consciousness,
Which only the surrender to detached awareness can heal.
The integrated mind is the dissolution of the timebound character,
The recovery of the unborn, undying, desireless, fearless, eternal moment.
It is the resurrection of the wonder of Eden, as it was witnessed,
Before imagination brought about the fall from grace.

* * * *

Imagine yourself being,
Any other life form on this planet,
Oblivious to the hell humanity has created of it.

* * * *

Whose will do You follow,
Your own, or that of the mystery,
Of which You were created?

* * * *

This world is each moment a kaleidoscoping mirage, of creation and preservation and destruction.

* * * *

In some minds, wealth is poverty, and poverty, wealth.

* * * *

A glass, half full to some,
Half empty to others.
Give it a good toss,
Problem solved.

* * * *

Twist all the words and their concepts,
Until You can peek behind them,
And see they are truly void,
Of any real meaning.
The answer to any riddle,
Requires irrational simplicity,
The domain of jesters and rascals.

* * * *

Problems budding everywhere in every form imaginable,
And their definitive solutions so absurdly byzantine,
As to require the greatest simplicity to untie.

Not all knots are undone through effort,
Some require a blade across the Gordian core.

* * * *

Few governments, if any, have ever earned,
The undivided, deserving trust, of their people.
Why humanity continues playing the sucker game,
Is because more than one, is born every minute,
And it takes a bit longer than that, to wise up.

* * * *

That goopy gray matter between your ears,
Is the spaciousness, is the timelessness, of eternity,
Come unto consciousness, unto imagination.

* * * *

It is pain and adversity that draws you, to examine the source of suffering.

* * * *

Does the cup drink the tea? Can a fool hear words of wisdom?

* * * *

A quick note to point out this jester's mind,
Toys with an array of metaphors,
Throughout this text.
It is left for You to reckon,
Using your own frame of reference,
To translate, as best, as accurately, as You can.

* * * *

To look into any mirror, and see only mystery, is the mark of a madman of the highest realm.

* * * *

Eternity is the only reality,
You truly have claim to,
Yet it is the one which,
Can never be fully mined.

* * * *

The "I Am" identification, is merely a throwaway product of the space-time continuum.

* * * *

Hate consumes those who do not discern, do not sidestep, its demonic potential.

* * * *

Space and time are but the play of concepts, grasping at the incomprehensible.

* * * *

Scriptures around the world are merely early psychology books.
Fledgling attempts of consciousness, of imagination,
To comprehend the incomprehensible.

* * * *

With intelligence, with humility, with sincerity, with clarity,
Be the exponent of mystique in your personal version,
Of this very surreal three-dimensional illusion.
Talk the mystery, walk the mystery, be the mystery.

* * * *

Those who discern beyond all boundaries,
Are dangerous to those tethered to the illusion,
Because, all their gold, all their power, all their fame,
Is given the weight of a fly upon a laughing mound of dung.

* * * *

When You are finished with the playground,
You will seek the maker of everything,
And the answer, ta-dah, is You.

* * * *

Illusion draws out many passions,
Which only detached serenity can quell.
How arduous to be free of the temporal claims,
Of this dreamy-sensory-illusory weaving.

* * * *

Once You discover how little You truly need, so little seems so much.

* * * *

Happy or sad?
What difference can there possibly be,
Between two illusions, so obviously, so equally, of the same one?

* * * *

The innocence of youth is quickly wiped away, by history's smiting, gnashing, crushing inertia.

* * * *

Through the mists of bewilderment, You will wander,
Until that moment when the spirit of your being,
Burns away the arid, painful veil of illusion,
And You will know, beyond all fear and doubt,
That You are that mystery, greater than any deity.

* * * *

Once duality is assumed, all illusion is created.
Are there any other creatures as estranged as humanity?

At what point did consciousness become the bane of existence?

* * * *

Is there free will?
Or merely its illusion?
Do You truly have any choice,
But to think exactly the way You think?
But to do exactly the way You do?
To be exactly what You are?

* * * *

Is it real yet?

* * * *

Days without direction are a banquet heaven-sent.

* * * *

From the whole all parts come,
And within each fragment,
The whole is reflected.

* * * *

Did some supreme deity cast man in his own image?
No, it was more than obviously, the other way around.
Times and ways and means, well beyond any knowing.

* * * *

Awake, asleep, eyes open, eyes closed.
All of it the same, anytime, anyplace.
All differences ever imagined,
All by the same dreamer,
Dreaming the mirage real and true.

* * * *

Each of us experiences whatever opportunity life's lottery offers.
All total, it is the temporal play of mystery, real and unreal,
In its ceaseless play of interwoven light and shadow.

* * * *

From the depths of unimaginable suffering, also sprouts the seed of bliss everlasting.

* * * *

To be or not to be, is the question, to which only rare minds find true answer.

* * * *

The life all live, is but a particle of the mystery's dreaming, as it is played out in eternity's sumless sum.

* * * *

Do all the myriad other creatures combined,
Ask even a fraction as much of life,
As even one human being?

* * * *

As wrathful or loving, as petty or sacred, as personal or impersonal,
As limited or expansive, as your inner vision will allow,
Any deity is your own imaginary creation.

* * * *

Move about until You are content to be still.

* * * *

Great pride makes for greater troubles, as any gnat defying the wind can tell You.

* * * *

To get off the wheel of suffering, is very simple, just get off.

* * * *

Believing is a sign of doubt; knowing, its erasure.

* * * *

What can the crashing waves of imagination,
Ever truly know of the infinite ocean,
From which its roar originates?

* * * *

Any deity is the same unborn-undying mystery as You.

* * * *

Humanity's endless idolatry of personality,
Overlooks completely the realization of that,
Prior to all the limitations of imagination.

* * * *

Those rare few who are ready to awaken to a greater vision,
Cannot help but timelessly embrace the liberating destiny of realization.
Ripeness is beyond any and all choices born of attachment.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is misunderstood by most,
To mean the continuity of an individual soul,
When, in reality, it means total surrender,
To that beyond all comprehension,
Of the mind born of limitation.

* * * *

You want to know, what the crystal ball ordains, how the curtain falls?

Well, in the same way it is doing, has ever done, will ever do, obviously.

* * * *

Incompetence rarely appreciates a bright light anywhere near it.

* * * *

To see one's Self, or not see one's Self, that is the question.

* * * *

Anyone who encourages You, tempts You, to follow and subsidize them,
Is little more than a shyster-scammer-swindler-scalawag con artist,
Tugging at the innumerable wants of your desire-filled mind.

XLIX

Deities are inventions of limited minds,
To quell the untenable, superstitious fears,
Of a mystery that can never be known.

* * * *

Commitment is the mind's quest in time, for the continuity of imagined sequences.

* * * *

Belief is founded upon the desire for more, and there is ultimately no such thing.

* * * *

The present is lost to the past,
Faster than the senses can get a reading.
There really is no passing moment anyone can grasp,
Which is not tainted by the mind's limitations.

* * * *

As old as old is,
It is as young as it has ever been,
Born of the unborn in light's bittersweet play of creation.

* * * *

If humanity truly wanted, or was capable of peaceful coexistence, it would already be a manifest reality.

* * * *

You are the result of the mystery's playful desire, to experience every form of creation imaginable.

* * * *

In the course of realization toward liberation,
The animal instincts lose their sensory foothold,
And fall away as chaff does from a granule of wheat.

* * * *

Who can anyone truly help in this mad world?
Each must alone discern the cause and remedy of suffering,
And begin the unfathomable journey into that birthright which is truly home.

* * * *

What heights and depths the mind transverses, in the time-bound journey of consciousness.

* * * *

Between passion and equanimity,
Is a river few can navigate without aid,
One that ferrymen cross again and again,
Harbingers for those seeking eternal salvation.

* * * *

From the origin of all, You are no more or less divine,
Than any other manifest possibility of this dream of mystery.
The only difference between You and anything else,
Is the potential to realize and reunify,
With your ultimate nature.

* * * *

Becoming is the process of time
Born of the movement of mind.
Being is the field prior to all dreams
From which eternity momentarily blossoms.

* * * *

There are so many explanations
For that which can never be explained,
So many reasons for that which needs none.
Those bound to time are unable to make sense of it
Without being hopelessly ensnared in the net of concepts.
Freedom comes only in the cessation of vain struggle.

* * * *

To become the part that is whole,
Eliminate the part that is not.

* * * *

Finding contentment in the changing nature
Of sickness, injury, aging and dying
Is not easy for any mind.

* * * *

Attachment to life is death, and death life.
A paradox only the most resolute see.

* * * *

If a grain of dust has yet to be born,
What makes You, a pile of dust,
So sure You ever were?
Mud packed together,
Given reflection in light,
Creates a conscious presence,
An individuality porous to introspection,
An indivisible mystery so thoughtlessly squandered.

* * * *

Those who are not ready
Will set these words down

And return to their slumber.

* * * *

Grace is the return to that which is mystery-given.

* * * *

Each is born adrift in temptation, succumbing to one illusion after another,
Until all divisions, all rancor, become bitter fruit, and freedom its own reward.

* * * *

The seers are their own experiments.

* * * *

Maya is the great tempter, yet her teachings are eternal, for all unborn-undying to see.

* * * *

When were any born if not prior to all beginnings?

* * * *

To journey through the sea of concepts,
Through that stillness from which all originates,
Requires a discerning concentration,
Free of mind-body's desire,
To continue in time.

* * * *

We all experience upon each other, all too often in ways that create, such unnecessary torment.

* * * *

As thought is transient, so is every form it, in collusion, with the senses, imagines.

* * * *

Those who do not know themselves, to be the way, the truth, the light, will inherit the earth.

* * * *

To presume the role of judge is a sorrowful course.

* * * *

What creates time, but the mind born of time?
What sees infinity, but the mind reborn into eternity?

* * * *

There is no tally on how many prophets history has long since forgotten.
The most famous are given great weight, but in reality, all are quite equal.

* * * *

Relinquish all that is past,
All that is past projecting future,

All that is past transpiring into future,
All that is the creation of the limited mind
Caught in an imagined vehicle bound by time.

* * * *

Hell is separation from the unity.
It comes about through an infinitum
Of permutations born of light's illusions.
Each must alone travel in time's winding maze,
Facing the damnation of the individual mind's creation,
Until through unfailing discernment is undeniably, irrevocably seen
The pathless, eternal, indivisible, universal, sovereign, naught-but-one within.

* * * *

Unceasing are the paths to confusion and strife.
Uncompromising is the unitary sovereignty
Of that which is eternally absolute.

* * * *

Eternal life has nothing to do
With the many concepts
Used to realize it.

* * * *

If this play of words
Does not aid your journey
Into the surrender of true being
Then cast them into the fire
And continue on
As You will.

* * * *

What is that state
Wherein the thoughts
Of a mortal seem to be
One with those immortal?

* * * *

The greatest power,
The greatest fortune,
The greatest knowledge,
Are within those who do not need it.

* * * *

The literal-minded and crafty are ever doomed
To return again and again to the world of illusion.
Until they learn the discipline, strength and insight
To transcend beyond its imagined and limited nature.

* * * *

To cross the roaring river requires courage and tenacity.
To show its way to others, to travel back and forth enough
To know the journey between hell and heaven and beyond,
Is something anyone might feel called to do without question,
Yet who can comprehend why any life is played out as it is?

* * * *

There have always been many false prophets
Who used their partial knowledge to trap others
In the webs of their tarnished desire-filled insights.
So many wishing to surrender to that which is true,
Yet ever looking for someone else to light the way.

* * * *

Making it one is the arduous work
Of an effortless, indivisible mind.

* * * *

True law is without dogma.

* * * *

If not parent or child, brother or sister,
All Eden's creatures small to great
Are surely distant cousins, one in all.

* * * *

Of what use is any philosophy if soiled with disharmony?

* * * *

What is often called God, is within all that is.
If You do not discern this simple fact,
It is your life's missed fortune.

* * * *

The lines and spectrums of all distinctions, are carved and weighted by imagination.

* * * *

To realize the ineffably unfathomable, is the awareness of that which distinguishes no differences.
It is the quiet drunk of the mystery-realized; of the mystics, the seers, the sages.
Call them whatever You will, all are served at the same bar.

* * * *

As long as You believe birth and death real,
You will not discern the unborn-undying nature,
Which is the true source of all dreams.

* * * *

A deity is what Oz only pretended to be:
Omnipresent, omnipotent, omnipotent.
Obviously, the sort with a finger in every pie;
Even ones so vainly mortal and fragile as me and You.

* * * *

If You did not step on thorns or stub your toes,
Would You ever look where You are going?

* * * *

Stories are merely stories to children,
Confusing to the ignorant seeking entertainment,
And enlightening to those questing wisdom.

* * * *

Wretched is the soul whose journey creates
Only misery, division and remorse.

* * * *

Hate and anger smolders in time.
Love springs eternal.

* * * *

Love is not so very many things,
And to say what it truly is
Is impossible to say.

* * * *

Superstitious notions germinate out
Of the mind's dread of the unknown,
Its endless futile craving for security,
For the immortality of consciousness
Sustained only by time's swift illusion.

* * * *

Every manifest form, whether alive or inert,
Is conscripted by spontaneous circumstance
To an inevitable, unavoidable, impartial destiny.
It is an individual timeless experiencing played out
In the indivisible infinity of intelligent awareness,
Mysterious and unknowable at every juncture.
To zealously tether to a single limited perspective
Misses the true wonder from which all creation springs.

* * * *

Harmony within is as challenging as it is without.
Each of us in our passion creates rationalizations,

Vain attempts to remedy confusion and ignorance.
Healing the schism within one's soul requires each
To develop the patient skill of a discerning physician,
And with insightful intuition manifest a gentle serenity,
A rebirth of the unitary eternal nature dwelling within all.

* * * *

The world humans as a species are manifesting
Makes harmony just another useless ideal.
The discord of rigid, exclusive mindsets
Competing for psychological survival
Moves us rapidly towards destruction.
How difficult it is to see clearly and calmly
That survival of all life forms on this island garden
Depends upon the wise, allowing guardianship of each.

* * * *

Now is without beginning or end,
As it has ever been and will ever be.

* * * *

Does it matter?
Not unless everyone colludes it so.

* * * *

To be free You must in intuitive awareness
Seek that which is prior to space and time
And the flawed inventions of limited minds.
It is the living death of the imagined individual
And its rebirth into the indivisible life of the eternal.

* * * *

Each of is the catalyst to our own mortal invention,
An imagined creation through which only the rarest see.

* * * *

All have equal right to the eternal knowing.
There is no middleman with claim to authority
Over any other being but what in fear is allowed.

* * * *

The simplicity of it
Is made complex by minds
Battling for individual survival in time,
For the continuity of dreams of vain fabrication.

* * * *

Individuality is the source of suffering.

It is the isolation born of sensory division,
The selfishness created by ignorant delusion.

* * * *

What is any personality but an adaptation of a passionate mind?

* * * *

Most are so blinded by the darkness of the cave
That the light outside is defined as impossible.

* * * *

This is a world where the imbalanced collusions
Are called sane and balanced ones insane.
There is no sense to it in this mind's eye.

* * * *

Unencumber your Self of all notions of history.
Discern your true home in the homeless nature.

* * * *

Only the ignorant foolishly believe
There is anything to really save.

* * * *

To discern reality You must somehow earn a frame of mind
Able to see the topsy-turvy, inside-out, convoluted nature.

* * * *

Every grouping cuts up the world into its mindset,
Into a mythology explaining the mystery of existence.
This make-believe knowledge is given increasing weight
As tradition snowballs in its time-bound manner,
Until its edifice becomes so veiled
Only the dead call it life.

* * * *

The eternal wonder of Eden is staled by time-bound continuities,
Vain histories out of sync with eternity's dusty ethereal reality.

* * * *

None are separate from the mystery, but through insistent delusion.

* * * *

Humanity squanders its potential
In such vain ways.

* * * *

To die or not to die

Before the body's mortal end,
That is the question.

* * * *

The elemental universe
Is bound by the limitations
Of its manifest nature.

* * * *

For the absolute,
In this unfolding moment,
An unparalleled view
Of all creation.

* * * *

The universal mind is an eternal void
Unburdened by the manifest nature.

* * * *

One step after another, any given ant makes its way.

* * * *

You are that
Which neither word, number nor symbol
Can ever command.

* * * *

So many seem to delude themselves that one deity or another,
Will resurrect their temporal mortal frame in one ever forever-after or another.
Few have the fortitude and tenacity to discern that here now,
Is all any dreamtime can ever offer.

Imagination creates, this world, this cosmos, this dreamtime mystery,
And ever wraps it in an endless array of personal and collective mythologies.
Call them whatever the language of geographical collusion chooses,
Prior to the imagination of space and time, of all illusion,
There was nothing, the same eternal nothing,
The passing now ever presents.

* * * *

Discern that which is prior to all sounds, all words,
All concepts, all knowledge, all imagination,
All conscious movement of any sort.
That is what You truly are.

* * * *

The past is a selection of neural patterns,
The future merely a projection of those patterns,
And the ever-present is the ephemeral dream in all betweens.
Only in the awareness of pure beingness, can the eternal be touched within.

* * * *

There is no vehicle,
Only You, and the desire,
To know your ultimate nature.

* * * *

Why in God's name is a middleman necessary?
The very idea is contrary to the great revelations.

* * * *

The austerity of ineffability is your greatest wealth.

* * * *

In youth, You discern only your own world.
As You age, that expands to others around You.
At some point, You perhaps envision a world view,
Maybe a universal view, or even that born of mystery.
If You are truly rare, your journey may lead to absoluteness.
That which is beyond all frames imagined by conceptual limitation.
Life is a rare opportunity to witness the unborn-undying nature.
If it is your inclination to explore it, then it is your calling.

* * * *

As an identity there is gain and loss: without it, all is sum-zero.

* * * *

Your desire to become,
And all the resulting passions,
Are what hold You, a voluntary captive,
In the vain prison of your own mind's creation.
Without the attachments of consciousness,
You would disappear into the obscurity,
Of the unknown, untraceable nature.

* * * *

How long humanity will continue,
Is entirely dependent upon its ability,
To adapt to the endless changes,
Set in motion by future past.

* * * *

Who is to say that before any supreme deity, You will not your own judge?

* * * *

Suffering is your greatest teacher; where would You be without it?

* * * *

To see the nature of the oblivion, of the void within,
Is to discern the path – is, was, will ever be – pathless.

* * * *

Instinctual responses drop away, as the limitations,
Of the animal nature are seen more clearly,
And the pure awareness of eternity,
Becomes its own unborn-undying reward.

* * * *

How many masks, how many costumes, there are, in this inexplicable dreamtime called life.
How many You have witnessed, yet how many more, You will never even begin to grasp.
So incomprehensible, that such infinitesimal-infinity, is even remotely comprehensible.

* * * *

Collusions, with all their antagonisms toward other collusions,
Create so much havoc, yet remain so blind to their common delusion.

* * * *

Resume your space, now.

* * * *

Sorry to have to say it,
But existence cannot always be just fun,
Despite the incessant craving to avoid the unhappier reality.

* * * *

A mountain and an anthill, may well be the same size,
Depending on the relative view of the given perceiver.

* * * *

Seek out those of earnest like-mindedness.
To do elsewise can lead to futility and vexation.
You cannot truly save any other but your Self.
Any seed requires the soil of sincere intent.

* * * *

Many idealize that consciousness is capable of unity,
Yet that gullibility has proven again and again,
To be an uphill battle with windmills.

* * * *

Truth cannot be discerned in space and time.

* * * *

Thou art mystery, and this is the world You have through imagination created.

* * * *

How fascinating, what we as a species,
Seem to have no choice but to go through,
To learn exceedingly obvious lessons.

* * * *

The coin of our tribalistic nature, flips security in one toss, and devastation in the other.

* * * *

The energy spectrum in which we have evolved,
Is not as broad as our ignorance leads us to believe.
Nature has a tendency to agitate unmanageable extremes.

* * * *

The subtlety of these words, only a rare few will have the key to.

* * * *

How many self-righteously believe their deity of choice,
Is quite happy for them to make a buck at Eden's expense.

* * * *

Magnify your quantum mind, and discern that it is the cosmic one.

* * * *

Mother Nature will not be pulling her punches,
And they will come in every way imaginable.
And we have no one to blame but ourselves,
And the paradigm of our competitive evolution.

There will be no evasion; no direction but headlong.
Every karmic seed of our illusory timeline will blossom,
As they have been sewn, since our kind lost sight of the garden.

* * * *

If past and future were to suddenly dissolve,
Where – would You, could You, should You – be?
Look again, and realize neither was ever there to begin with.
The space-time sensory matrix, has been an illusion from the get-go.

* * * *

The humble arrogance of doubt, opens the gate to the unknown.

* * * *

Why would it be a concern, whether or not others realize, that they too, are of the ineffable mystery?
Unless a seeker is earnestly thirsty for the good news, none can be forced to drink the Kool-Aid.
The truth is discerned through effortless realization, not via persuasion or rancor or coercion.

* * * *

When You were an infant, You were innocent, vulnerable, pure awareness without any trace of character.
In time came a growing awareness of physical capacities and limitations, and a sense of identity.
Gradually, the protective layers of individual personality were fashioned within the mind.
To return to the original timeless nature, You must shed all You have contrived,
And surrender to the tabula rasa, the Self prior to all that is imagined.

* * * *

Eternity can be terrifying,
Because You cannot take anything with You,
Even your Self.

* * * *

Every moment is an opportunity,
To drink the sweet nectar of eternal harmony.
It is your confidant, your best friend, and most intimate lover.

* * * *

Whatever the future may be,
Humankind is just the tyrannosaurus rex,
Of this likely to be, very brief era.

* * * *

Whenever possible, be ally to your friends, and re-friend your foes.

* * * *

Better to forgive and forget, to push on, than to be poisoned by bitter grievance.

* * * *

The clock goes round and round, but did the moment ever really move even one tick?

* * * *

What is this mysterious awareness that makes all things possible?
Can its unknowable unknown be any other than You,
The witness to its magical mystery tour?

* * * *

Do not be led astray by all who would deny,
What is so obviously, undeniably, irrefutably true.
Any believing they can secede from the mystery they are,
Are the fallen angels, whose divisive enterprises,
Only fan the cold fires of conscious hell.

* * * *

I sing, You sing, we all sing, the dream song of mystery.

* * * *

It is easy to deny the truth, when You have not even heard it.

* * * *

You are the playful piper, the flaming bush,
The enduring ferryman, the abstinent recluse,
A wandering madman, journeying the universe.
You are all things, all places, all spaces.
There is nothing that You are not,
And nothing that You are.
You are irony, You are paradox,
Unframed, unnamed, unclaimed, untamed.

* * * *

The issue of salvation is for each to meet alone.
It is the conscious merger. of mind, of body, of spirit,
Into the eternal unicity, prior to the ever-changing illusion.
It is the reunification of that which You truly are,
Not what You imagine yourself to be.

* * * *

The mark of any culture,
Is the degree to which fear and coercion,
Are used upon its very young.

* * * *

With your last breath it will not matter,
Whether existence was long or short,
Powerful or weak, wealthy or poor,
Wise or foolish, intelligent or absurd,
Renowned or anonymous, loved or hated,
Female or male, healthy or sick, good or evil,

One race, one culture or another, religious or not,
Death blends all attributes into the same indivisibility.

* * * *

Does the cosmos in day or night's sky,
Have a sense of duality, of space and time?
And what of that beyond its most distant reaches?
What will it be, but whatever imagination speculates?

* * * *

Any difference between You and me is completely imagined.

* * * *

Nothing can be anything other, than what You project it to be.

* * * *

The witness can discern its Self, only through the reflections of illusion.

* * * *

It is one thing to play the game, quite another to see through it.

* * * *

Shoot for the middle, and average will be the conclusion.

* * * *

Would not the claim, the assertion,
That your deity of choice, is just and loving and true,
Apply to You and everyone else, as well?
And are You? And are they?

* * * *

The fool is not confined to any direction.

* * * *

Consciousness is the veil.

* * * *

Each of us suffers in individual ways.
Ways which seem our own, yet are similar.
Suffering molds our thinking, shapes our identity.
Shields us in imagined cloaks of invulnerable personality.
The return to the unimagined state, is the surrender to the changing.
The perseverance, in every moment possible, to the path of least resistance.

* * * *

The peace of consciousness,
Called hell by some,
Offers only temporal solace,

Between bouts of intense suffering.

* * * *

A fool's gold, has no value in this world or any other.

* * * *

The promise of eternal salvation, only the most earnest seekers, only the most adept seekers. will earn.

* * * *

Your fear of your deity of choice, is the fear of the void within.

* * * *

Reincarnation is an often-misconstrued reality.
Is it not more than obvious that the existence anyone leads,
Is a consequence of the quantum dynamic in time's manifest continuity.
The same unborn-undying awareness, is the faceless mystery throughout all creation.
It is not the imaginary you, who is born again and again, time after time,
In every form the ineffable matrix nature-nurture cultivates.
It is You, Self of all selves, playing every part,
Every moment dreamtime allots.

* * * *

Both sword and plow, create the rippling fates born of consequence.

* * * *

How meaninglessly vain to judge another.

* * * *

Get a grip on your mind, or it will get a grip on You.

* * * *

Ancient texts and religions were built,
Upon the order of oral traditions and storylines,
To which this science-based era, need no longer subscribe.
Information now crosses the world in moments rather than centuries.
Esoteric attachment to ancient traditions, is not required by the educated masses,
As it was by the feudal and monastic orientations of past millenniums.
Consciousness moves at an exponential pace, and the minds,
That create order on vast amounts of information,
Have the potential to come to terms,
With the original nature,
As never before.

* * * *

Humankind's great cities are really no different than anthills or beehives,
Except in that they are far less efficient, much less orderly.
And we, so quick to call ourselves intelligent.

* * * *

Keep your own accounts, and allow others keep theirs; be and allow are the highest law.

* * * *

What is it to be born, what is it to die,
When what You truly are, are not, is ever unborn-undying?
You meander all about, in myriad masks and costumes and roles and settings,
Yet, You are not any imagined state, You are not any faceless face – You never were, and will never be.
You delude your Self again and again, whenever ensnared in maya's illusory labyrinth.
How astonishing, to realize, that none of this ever really happened.

* * * *

You may well wish less suffering upon this mundane world,
But You have no power to remedy the determination,
With which so many inevitably seem to create it.

* * * *

Once You discern the emptiness of this dreamtime,
There is no more than pretending, no more than enduring,
That any of our monkey-minded narcissistic-hedonistic behaviors,
Are of any importance, have any meaning, whatsoever.

* * * *

Wisdom goes the same zero-sum,
Dreamtime way everything else does.
Forget it along with everything else.

* * * *

Any need You have, to convince, to persuade others, is a sign of your residual doubt.

* * * *

Even if everyone across this pale blue dot,
Knew of You and your many deeds,
It would be of no real, no lasting meaning.
No matter how great, all glory is over time forgotten.
Forget the imagined, blustering, vain self, and be That most true.

* * * *

The pretense of objectivity is entirely subjective.

* * * *

Continued identification with the limited nature of existence,
Putting off surrender to the mystery prior to all forms,
Only perpetuates needless imagined suffering.
Surrender is not easy, but the incessant push-pull,
Of that which is born into time, and that which is timeless,
Is unreconcilable duality, in just yet another variation of dreamtime.

* * * *

Some might muse that the point and purpose,
Is that all consciousness playing out this vast mystery,
Will at some point attain a magnificent harmonic convergence.
An ideal, the scribe does not pretend to know, nor believe at all important.
Ultimate reality of the awareness, has always been the ageless, ever-present moment,
Which imagination, sparked of the quantum thunder-perfect mind,
Can never more than banter idyllic absurdities.

* * * *

The same folks who so valiantly save human lives,
Will often not hesitate to destroy another life form.

* * * *

There are no experts, just a bevy of deluded dreamers, inspired by make-believe.

* * * *

All distinctions are imagined, all distinctions are fabrications of mind.
They are all governed by desire, fear, dread, and the many ensuing passions.
They do not really exist, they never have, they never will, but for the belief they do.

* * * *

The world You project, is the one by which You judge yourself.

* * * *

Realize that You really know absolutely nothing;
That You are but a temporary reflection,
Of the mysterious sea of eternity.

LI

Dogma is the outcome of limited thinking,
Of ignorance confined to groupthink attachment,
To one make-belief, one storyline, or another.

* * * *

Call it father, call it mother,
Call it anything You please,
It is ever the same mystery.

* * * *

Your friends want You to stay at the bar,
But You are weary of the life, ready to leave.
Yet, their insistence gives You pause to ponder.
What will You do? Stay or go? Stay and go?

* * * *

What do yes and no and maybe mean?
Obviously, yes means yes, no means no,
But does maybe mean yes or no, and when?
Say what You mean, and mean what You say.

* * * *

Can You follow anything or anybody, once You understand there is nothing to follow?

* * * *

Discern the knowledge that is not man-made.

* * * *

Will You allow your brief moment in time, to be soured by what it never was?

* * * *

How astounding, how challenging, how frightening, how absurd,
That for the ceaseless wanting of sensory gratification,
Humanity would sentence the future to a fate,
They would not wish upon themselves,
And then continue begetting,
Innocent children into the absurdity.

* * * *

Everyone must discern his/her own limits.

* * * *

Can You transcend your genetic predisposition,
And the psychological set, with which it is arm-in-arm?

* * * *

An unpruned tree grows ragged and inefficient.

* * * *

Surrender is a process of unweaving.

* * * *

Piece any puzzle together, in whatever order spontaneity allows, it will ever be of the same mystery.

* * * *

Find me an enemy, and I will show You your Self.

* * * *

Who do You really deceive, but your Self, whatever the form.

* * * *

You are what I think You are, and I am what You think I am.
We are all dreamers of the same ineffable quantum mystery,

* * * *

Let it be known, that romance novels,
Were the most popular book form,
Of the time this was written.

* * * *

Martyrdom is just made of the same old vanity.
As if it matters what anyone else thinks, anyway.

* * * *

How can we ever be guardians of this garden world,
If we cannot get a handle on the narcissistic-hedonistic pursuit,
Of our unquenchable passion for personal gratification.

* * * *

So many seem to believe, that without outward laws, from some on-high deity,
That they would be swept away by their own evil.
Balderdash.

* * * *

What is common sense, but respectful reflection,
Of what is good not just for a few, but for all.
A sense of the greater good for everyone.
That each has a right to consideration
In as many decisions as possible.

* * * *

Time ever marches on and on,
But eternity is the changeless moment,

Through which the changing is made possible.

* * * *

Let each think what they will,
But do not for a second believe,
There is truly any other than You.

* * * *

What reason is there for all the mayhem,
But for greed, lust, and all the more, more, more,
That no one really needs, nor can really use.
Who is left when the hunger ends?

* * * *

You have come to know yourself as separate,
From God and the many manifestations of creation.
Such is the fiction woven by the mind in time.
Slash the knot with the discerning blade,
And amble the moment, born again.

* * * *

All any sage can ever do is point to the way and give advice; and of what use is that, if You do not listen?

* * * *

Without the inward movement,
There would be no outward movement.
The leaves do not blow without your perception.
There would be no universe, without You to witness it.

* * * *

Human beings compete, often to deadly ends,
Because of a genetic drive too potent,
For many to gain steady reign.

* * * *

Why are so many so quick to take away a child's innocence?
What answer does not have some vain self-interest at its root?

* * * *

If You merely imitate or play the crowd for attention,
You have proven nothing but the ease of self-deception.

* * * *

The road ahead is one of the, most difficult, most adverse, most challenging,
Humankind and our fellow earthlings will have thus far stumbled into.
And there is little any will be able to do, but stay the given course,
And acclimate to whatever comes, as gracefully as possible.
These will very much be times which try men's souls.

And what will rise after the great fall, is anybody's guess.

* * * *

What's the point? And what makes You think there is one?

* * * *

Truth is like a shadow, that You can never catch, because it is You.

* * * *

Behind every concept stands an imagined reality.

* * * *

Those who ignore the balance of natural law, do so at their own peril.

* * * *

All seeds are born of mystery, eternally immaculate.

* * * *

So many vainly worship objects alive or dead,
Oblivious to the fact that all value is imagined,
That the infinite source of all manifest creation,
Is apportioned equally within and without all.

* * * *

What identity does a flower or any other life form require?
How strange and petty humanity is, in this cosmic dynamic.

* * * *

You breathe in, You breathe out.
You eat, You poop, You drink, You pee.
The mind-body gives and takes without thinking.
Where are You in all this? Where are You not?

* * * *

What is the point of all this absurdity?
Perhaps just to experience, to wonder at,
The many potentials existence entails.

* * * *

Death has never even been possible.
It is naught but the illusion of imagination.
The mind-body merely takes shape, and falls off.
Eternity is all there is, all there was, all there will ever be.

* * * *

If You examine the human paradigm closely,
How much of history focuses upon measurement in one form or another?
As if any stand, in the indivisible indelibility of eternity.

* * * *

How we do love to chatter.

* * * *

If You are looking for storylines, there are plenty elsewhere.

* * * *

Recall your youth, if You did not lose it too early, before the many particulars, took root in the awareness.
When the fresh clarity of innocence reigned, and You were naturally free to roam as You pleased.
Your world, all alone, without all the muddle, wrought by adults and their netherworlds.
Before You were trained, conditioned, to be anything, but what You were.
An unruffled kernel of awareness, a sovereign child of mystery.
It is still within You, to discern the all-inclusive mind.
Still the imagination, and realize the all and none, You truly are.

* * * *

Why would someone who has no hunger, continue stuffing themselves?

* * * *

The trouble with spiritual hierarchies,
Is that those who You would want to do the leading,
Far too often shun or ignore the offer.

* * * *

Living in fear of what is around the next corner, deprives You of the freedom before You reach it.

* * * *

Someday all these vain histories will be left to the cockroaches.

* * * *

What is the so-called will of your deity or deities of choice,
But your will, realized for the self-deception it has ever been.

* * * *

“Time is money” is the mantra of the mammon worshipers.

* * * *

Civilization has risen, and must ultimately decline.
Humanity must inevitably return to its roots,
Despite the fantasies of science fiction.

* * * *

As with every life form,
You are genetically drawn to your kind.
That includes in humankind, not only survival and continuity,
But cooperation and struggle and conflict, on an unprecedented worldwide scale.
It would be difficult to imagine, were it not truly happening.

* * * *

If You must identify with something, identify with nothing.

* * * *

Space-time imagined, has many beginnings, many endings.
Eternity, the ever-present moment, has no time for any of it.

* * * *

As long as You believe any of the mirrors,
You will experience ecstasy and agony, again and again.
Funny, in a challenging, not-all-that-amusing sort of way, is it not?

* * * *

You already have eternal life, but are You willing to die, to see it?

* * * *

Across the board, life has ever sustained itself upon death.

* * * *

As far as one can see, no hierarchical claim stands the test of eternity.

* * * *

Go blank.

* * * *

What so many call love is just an emotional prison.

* * * *

One wonders how this absurd dream, without beginning, will never end.
More curious than any cat, is this jester, this scribbling awareness of consciousness,
Born of eternity's time-bound landscape, wandering a maze of mind, for a brief moment of time.

* * * *

The argument that You are nothing without history,
Only impregnates the given mind with a sugary delusion,
Disguising the very real and true, and generally ignored fact,
That You are as much, very much nothing, with it.

* * * *

There is little need to fear death.
It is life that inspires such dread.

* * * *

The vain histories of humankind,
Are the chatter of geographical collusions,
Each proud and mighty in their own tribal delusion.

* * * *

Violent passion rarely does anything,
But serve the creation of more division and rancor,
Yet, still we enjoy it, in every sort of direct and vicarious manner.

* * * *

Few ever get past the many labels, the many marques,
Once they are fitted to the dreamtime identity.
Why we succumb again and again,
To the conceptual morass,
Is the mystery of the forbidden fruit,
Each of us is tempted, if not obligated, to pluck.

* * * *

Allowing the world into your mind, becomes voluntary,
Once You discern, the ultimate nature of its fabrication.

* * * *

The objective, the intention, the goal, of the scribe,
Is to be often quoted, but rarely remembered.
To be unknown, in the personal sense.
For as has been herein oft-stated,
There is no one to follow.

* * * *

Though rare, seek sovereign companions.
They will not dampen your eternal quest.

* * * *

Ideals are generally wishful stretches of imagination.
Manifesting their reality, is a more challenging matter.

* * * *

What were You, prior to all your words and schemes?
What will You be, when they all evaporate into oblivion?
The same answer You are, this right-here-right-now moment.

* * * *

A bit of knowledge can go a long way,
Toward fabricating a great deal of absurdity.
A lot of knowledge can spin a vast tangle of stupidity.
Returning the fruit back to the garden, is easier said than done.

* * * *

Only vanity makes You think your dream is superior to that of a cockroach.

* * * *

It is sickness, injury, aging, dying,

That are the inevitable bother.
Oblivion is the sweetness,
Prior to all this absurdity,
Born of consciousness.

* * * *

Recall all the times You have – laid, sat, stood – with eyes closed, in so many different places.
Were any of them in any way at all truly different, than the one with your eyes open, right now?

* * * *

The pathless path through the space-time continuum,
Is appearing within the mind, ever right here, right now.

* * * *

The mystery has an infinity of voices; one of them, between your ears.

* * * *

The tsunami of mother nature is cometh-ing

* * * *

Feed the body first and foremost; the tongue should just be along for the ride.

* * * *

The simple humility of your true foundation, does not require persuasions of a personal nature.

* * * *

Does the good news of eternal life,
Make the suffering of consciousness easier to bear?
Needs your research.

* * * *

Humankind has idolized the many religions, the many nation states,
The powerful, the rich, the renowned, the elites of every culture,
To the beyond-all-pales confines of delusional imagination.
Will the species ever grasp, all are the same mystery?
What is this mania to create imaginary status,
When all forms are indisputably equal?
Only imagination, imagines contrasts real.

* * * *

How much we talk ourselves into.

* * * *

Many people seem to worship a deity,
Who really is not much of a parent figure.
Again and again, note who creates the images.

* * * *

To those serious about inquiry,
Drugs are not baubles to be used lightly.
They can open up insights that may be alarming,
To those not ready for their teaching.

* * * *

Run, as fast, as hard, as You will,
You cannot catch eternity.
Stop to witness it,
And it unfolds within.

LII

If passion rules your actions, You are playing with fire on the wheel of suffering.

* * * *

Why continue eating something, if You are no longer hungry for it.

* * * *

What is the quality of mind,
When its hunger for more ends?
What is a witnessed death, the riddle.

* * * *

Once You see a problem clearly, the answer is often quite simple.

* * * *

Sages do not need to travel far,
Because there is nothing they need see.
Awareness is sustenance enough.

* * * *

I have seen I am the eye of mystery, and in that seeing, know You are as well.

* * * *

Choose leaders who are wise, not merely greedy and ambitious and capable.

* * * *

I want, I want, I want, I want.
More, more, more, is never enough.
The essence of the industrialized refrain.
The epitaph of the civilized man.

* * * *

Though You may have grown up feeling odd,
Because You never bought into all this confusion,
It is not required that You believe the many delusions,
Spawned by the endless play of human ignorance.

* * * *

Without You as witness, the mystery would have no reflection,
With which to discern its grinding wheel of creation and destruction.

* * * *

We are all just receiving units,
Playing out a spontaneous dream,
With neither beginning nor end.

* * * *

Thou art That I Am.

* * * *

Where does any creature end, and their mystery begin, only the quantum mind knows.

* * * *

The beaten path is beaten only in time.
Where do all the ruts go when time ends?

* * * *

What competing group in this world, does not feel their deity of choice, is rooting for their team?

* * * *

Sincerity ends discord in all but the most furious minds.
Battles and wars never fought, are the most easily won.

* * * *

So many spend their brief, frail, mortal existence,
Gathering every physical and mental possession possible.
For a rare few, it becomes about letting everything go.
Dying to the temporal, and discerning eternal life.

* * * *

Wisdom is that gleaned from the immeasurable.
It is the perception of the eternal mind,
Prior to the measuring mind.

* * * *

Call it heaven, call it hell.
Both are merely imagined by minds,
Born of divisions and limitations built of time.

* * * *

Human groupings develop for one reason or another,
Give themselves a label, and declare their dogma,
To be the final enduring truth, above all others.
How often such hollow, egocentric delusions,
Have only created so much suffering for so many.

* * * *

Surrender your way to freedom.

* * * *

You, and everything else, are God,
Playing out God's game,
God knows why.
Maybe.

The truth is, You really know nothing,
About that which is prior to consciousness.
The agnostic mind, is the most ingenuous way.

* * * *

Why we keep playing,
Pathetically predictable dramas,
Is an unfailing mystery.

* * * *

Do You really believe
Any of humanity's babble,
Makes even a ripple of difference,
Playing out in the vast timeless reaches?
Or is it all just echoes in your head?

* * * *

Look at the world You see.
It is the harvest of Eden's wonder.
No one part is responsible for the confusion,
For each of us abets in the undoing,
Of Mother Nature's garden,
In our own little way.

* * * *

Most are far too deluded,
To be truly honest about the fact,
That they do not really have any answers,
Mainly because all the questions are far too small.

* * * *

Most are so attached to holding onto all that the mind concocts,
That letting go of everything is completely beyond comprehension.

* * * *

We all contend, with one delusion, with one fallacy, after another.
But trial after trial, fosters enough doubt, in the rare few,
To begin, a lifetime inquiry, a lifetime walkabout,
Into that which is prior to consciousness.
These thoughts lay out that journey,
As seen through this sojourner's eyes.
Within them are the limits, of any reflection,
Of any frame of reference, of any personal nature.
Never hesitate to examine, to explore, whatever calls You.

* * * *

To transcend all delusion and ignorance,
Is a prior-to-all-speculation state of mind.

* * * *

To realize how predestined your existence is,
Requires an insight to which few are harbor.

* * * *

How truly alone do You risk being?
Will You ever be the ultimate witness?
That true You, prior to imaginary notion?

* * * *

Look across any room, any expanse.
All of it is the fabrication of your senses.
Without You, all manifestation would not be.
Passionate judgments of your mind-made creation,
Are the heaven and hell of an imagined reality.
Judge it, and You judge your own dream.
Judge it, and You judge your Self.

* * * *

Peering across the expanses of my immense inner cosmos,
I intuit it to be no different, than your own, or any other's.

* * * *

All hierarchies are the fantasy born of limitation.

* * * *

Real freedom is a personal quest, to which no other's claim matters one iota.
It is a personal realization that all manifest limitation is illusion,
That within, no matter the condition of the exterior,
You are that which is far, far beyond,
Any and all aspirations of the human mind-body.

* * * *

What good is philosophy that is not practiced in daily living?

* * * *

Despite all doubts to the contrary, You are worthy,
Of your own unborn, undying, unconditional agape.
What more, do You, can You, possibly need, than that?

* * * *

You exercises your limitations in whatever way You will.

* * * *

Choose your differences, and You will likely find them everywhere.

* * * *

Words may not break bones,
But they sure enough cause many if not most,
To throw sticks and stones without fail.

* * * *

The ignorance of our ancestors is within and without all of us..

* * * *

When will humankind learn that numbers do not necessarily have a relationship to quality?

* * * *

We all have demons within us,
All of which we may or may not face,
As being individually imagined fabrications,
Exorcised when You finally discern their absurdity.

* * * *

Use whatever life offers, to take you into the journey, only the rarest ever wander.

* * * *

Mother nature plays by a very definitive set of rules.
Every life form, small to great, must endure them or perish.
This simple equation, this straightforward law, is without exception.
Someone once glibly said, the exceptions prove the rule,
But in this matter, there are no exceptions.

* * * *

Few have the courage to take the reins of their being,
Beyond the conditioning of their geographical assumption.
Exiting the Socratic cave of origin, is most assuredly not for all.

* * * *

You are jester, fool, madman, virtuoso, in whatever court,
This mystery-born genetic lottery has preordained.
Others will not discern the ineffable wealth,
That makes You majestic sovereign,
Of your translation of the given dreamtime,
Unless they, too, road-less-travel the pathless path.

* * * *

What is there to do but become madder than any hatter?

* * * *

Dispel all doubts.
They are all shadows,
Cast by your own imagination.
It is they which engineer all limitation.

* * * *

A cockroach in the kitchen wall, You would most likely not even notice,
But a stranger across the world, You would hurl to purgatory,
For offenses, too commonplace to even footnote,
Much less throw the first stone.

* * * *

You all play out your parts so well,
That I really need do nothing more,
Than sit back and witness the show.

* * * *

No one can do it all, so the many, do the one.

* * * *

It will be hard enough for You,
To transcend the given conditioning.
To expect anyone else to be at all interested,
Is well beyond a little absurd.

* * * *

A man without a home, a tribe, a country, a world, a deity,
Or any other inflated mind-made assertions,
Is a free spirit, doing the time,
Until death, do he part.

* * * *

Remember this, remember that.
What is there to recall, but a chaotic set of perceptions,
Which keep You from discerning the daily routine, with eyes reborn of innocence?

* * * *

How many ways vanity finds to claim to one glory or another.

* * * *

How pointless to live to be a historical footnote.
Like footprints in sand, waves crashing all about.

* * * *

Imagination is the creator of all this mischief.

* * * *

All your judgments, all your opinions, all your beliefs,
Are cast in sand upon a windy shore, waves crashing.

* * * *

Human beings think themselves so great and powerful,
Yet shudder and quake when Mother Nature sneezes.

* * * *

Admitting that You are faking everything can be a very beneficial release valve.

* * * *

If You rely solely on the mind-body for your happiness,
You are destined to whimper and wail and whine,
Times beyond counting in your timeline.

* * * *

Why bother witnessing all this confusion?
For the sheer conceptual curiosity how absurd,
The play of consciousness can choose to be.

* * * *

We kill and maim each other for every imaginable passion,
To what end only the most ignorant are too deaf and blind to see.

* * * *

Conspire in whatever traditional,
Symbolical, ritualistic exercises, You choose,
But do not expect anyone else to buy into your delusions.

* * * *

Maybe You will be finally be happy when You have it all,
When You have done everything imaginable.
Unlikely, but one never knows.

* * * *

Each to their own dream.

* * * *

How to deal with this narcissistic-hedonistic world?
As it is … As it is not … As You would like it to be?

* * * *

Who is there to please but your Self?

* * * *

It is not easy to discern what there is to surrender.

* * * *

We are all diamonds in the rough,
In an existence that chips away at the flaws.

* * * *

Watching where humanity is heading,
Is like watching a vehicle hurtling toward a wall.

No seat belts, no brakes, and everyone's foot on the gas pedal.
What survives the aftermath, is just a mild curiosity.
Earth will abide until the dream subsides.

* * * *

The countless concepts You cling to, are a tenuous lifesaver in the void.

* * * *

A quiet celibacy in every arena, is the natural outcome of no longer mindlessly giving in to desire.

* * * *

What is it You would want to become,
That your dreamy imagination,
Cannot already create?

* * * *

Maya will create every variety of mask, until You deal with them all as one.

* * * *

Contrary to popular belief, emotion is not agape.

* * * *

Competing with your imagined deity, will only mold You into a demon.

* * * *

Space and time move so quickly through the ephemeral awareness.
It is difficult to discern, that it is really the mind, in which they move.

* * * *

To discern the imageless mind, is to transcend all imagined mirrors.

* * * *

What would it be like to never be concerned,
What another thought of You again?
To do it, stop imagining it.

* * * *

The monkey-mind does not function smoothly, cohesively,
In larger groupings because we generally identify,
With too many limitations and differences,
Rather than expansive similarities.

* * * *

Eternal existence is a right-here-right-now realization.
If You are waiting for some mythological deity,
To salvage You, and your exceedingly temporal illusion,
You will be sobbing and wailing, all alone, for a long time to come.

* * * *

Why would You want to imitate some part already played,
When simply, spontaneously, playing your Self,
Is an original centerstage production?

* * * *

Who will be left, if You ever discover, what is truly spoken herein?

* * * *

An undisciplined mind is lost to its myriad imaginings.

* * * *

For everyone else that might be true,
But You are the witness of your own mind,
And can track every thought, real time.

* * * *

Futile as it no doubt is,
Just trying to tweak the script,
Towards a less cataclysmic conclusion.

* * * *

Do not trust the senses to tell the truth.

* * * *

Even though all the delusion, is steering humankind toward annihilation,
Its current is too strong, too fervent, too robust, to avert the disaster ahead.

* * * *

You are everything You have ever seen, ever done, and ever thought about doing.
You are everything You have never seen, never done, and never thought about doing.
You are all dreams seen, You are all dreams unseen, You are that prior to all dreams.

LIII

Enlightenment is discerning that consciousness,
Has never been near as crucial as it imagines itself to be.
Liberation is riding the indivisible wave, free of the crying game.

* * * *

What is it about the individual mind that it believes,
Its vain, self-absorbed temporal subscriptions,
Are at all important to the ultimate nature?

* * * *

You cannot prove that You are That I Am,
Nor can You ever prove that You are not.
All assertions are the moot adsorptions,
Of limiting time-bound consciousness.

* * * *

The thoughts of the ancient seers, have been lost on all but the relative few.

* * * *

Your deity or deities of choice will be,
As profound or petty, as the conceptual vision,
Of the frame of reference, your imagination inhabits.

* * * *

Forget your mask and self-imagery; serve every function anonymously.

* * * *

You are not accountable to maya, but for your own collusion.

* * * *

Get your own life, and You will need not worry,
About the many others, You both judge and envy.

* * * *

Without consciousness there could be no discernment,
Of the "I Am" within all parts and particles of the oneness.

* * * *

To participate with any other, whether individual or group,
You must pretend that the dynamics are important.
You must give the collusion a jot of weight,
You must toss freedom into hiatus.

* * * *

From the unknown, the known is imagined in manifest dreamtime.

Through intuitive reflection, the known extrapolates a mysterious origin,
But the unknowable awareness remains, eternally unimaginable.

* * * *

Learn to ignore space and time.

* * * *

The experience of free will has been an epic sojourn.
What has been truly learned, only mystery knows.
Maybe.

* * * *

If You are so weary of the mind in time,
Then be done with its limited nature.
You are not obligated to continue,
But through your own volition.

* * * *

What is it about the limited, imperfect, mind-body,
That it so insistently wants to believe, needs to believe,
It is at all important in this temporal dreamtime?

* * * *

Chances are, most human beings spend their lives, regurgitating what others have said.
Just empty variations of the same theme, played out in every geography, time and time again.

* * * *

Why so many allow so few to rule their destiny,
Is an ever-confounding human reality, a cyclic dance of desire and fear,
Played out in every corner of this dreamtime garden.

* * * *

It is your pain, your suffering, your angst, your doubt, which spurs You into inquiring deeply.

* * * *

Democracy, seems more an excuse for unbridled consumption, than political reality.

* * * *

Within You is a reflection of the unknown,
In which You may freely swim,
For all eternity.

* * * *

You know only what light reflects and sound echoes,
Without their vibration, what would there be to know?

* * * *

Look prior to heart, mind, spirit, for the answerless answer to all queries.

* * * *

To dwell in the eternal moment, is the ending of conscious suffering.
It is the return to the innocence, the tabula rasa,
That sages call home.

* * * *

Enemies and friends alike, are all imagined,
But which would anyone rather hang with?

* * * *

Do what You will, leaving no trace.

* * * *

Real wealth, is the awareness, traversed in the eternal moment.
That accumulated in worldly enterprise, is but the fluff of imagination.

* * * *

When humankind banded together,
To gather, to take, more than Eden freely offered,
Virtue began its crumble into unceasing confusion and mayhem.

* * * *

All that You believe seen, touched, smelled, tasted, heard,
Are the illusory tricks of Maya to entice You away,
From innocence, into the original separation.
And the fruit of knowledge, daily set before You.

* * * *

The linear mind born of limitation generates boredom.
Boredom being the habitual craving for movement.
When that thirst is realized for its timeless nature,
Boredom awakens to the moment most eternal.

* * * *

Like snowflakes, every quantum manifestation,
Is a unique one-time-only flowering dream.
No two visions will ever be exactly alike.
To see that truth makes be and allow,
The most sovereign, freeing law.
It is the ending of all sense of caste.

* * * *

I am, therefore I think, I think I am.

* * * *

Here we all are, battling over the same answer, it ever is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

What can be found in the mind that sees no more?

* * * *

With the end of imagination, comes the clarity of the one and only Self.

* * * *

We are all mad, but in so many shades-of-gray ways.

* * * *

Be wary of those who point their finger at everyone else.

* * * *

The quantum dust blows into so many forms,
But ever remains the holy ghost,
Of the eternal absolute.

* * * *

An educational system that foments class division, eventually falls victim to its structured creation.

* * * *

The inauguration of surrender, takes one beyond,
The me-myself-and-I delusion of personal identity,
Into the oblivion of the mystery's sovereign absolute.

* * * *

The world will categorize You,
Into one label or another,
If You allow it.

* * * *

Personality is the imperfect reflection of mystery.
The temporal imperfection of one's original nature.

* * * *

Curious how we attach to so much, which brings so much suffering.

* * * *

It is the splintering of personal self, that blinds You to heaven's gate in Gaia.

* * * *

That You believe You are anything but Self, is the endless entrapment of delusion.

* * * *

Enlightened means to see the light within.

* * * *

From oblivion,

All creation flowers,
And You are witness to one,
Of an infinity of dreams.

* * * *

Who but a madman would dare write such musings?

* * * *

When all the crunchy-chewy-gooey falls off, what will You make love to then?

* * * *

It is your imagination that deceives You.

* * * *

A tree may seem to dwarf a blade of grass;
A mountain, a grain of sand; an ocean, a drop of water;
But in the relative sense, they are very much the same immeasurable.

* * * *

You can believe You exist, and You can collude with others, who also pretend to have been born,
But neither You nor anyone else, can ever prove it true, without one arbitrary assumption or another.

* * * *

All the world's problems are solved, with a simple breath of their creator.

* * * *

Few have the doubt, to step beyond what they have been told.

* * * *

Desire is the hunger of the instinctual mind,
Of the remnants of the animal nature,
From which humanity originates.
Whether or not You can be free of its grip,
Is a personal inquiry into the mystery of dreamtime,
Which none but You alone, can, in absolute solitude, unravel.

* * * *

What is the cosmos but a huge theater,
With countless sets through which imagination wanders,
In whatever manner it will.

* * * *

Does any other creature born of Eden,
Give any thought to whether it is happy or sad?
Or any other imagined emotion born of consciousness?

* * * *

All life forms attempt to gain security,

In whatever ways their portion of the dream allows,
But none are immune to the gusting winds of the changing nature.

* * * *

As human beings tribalized into ‘civilized’ groupings,
They have lost touch with nature and its balancing cycles.
Continued ‘progress’ has blinded the majority to such a degree,
That only epic disaster, beyond-all-pales collapse,
Will bring it back to its roots.

* * * *

Maya will find every opening to further immerse and confine you,
In the time-bound web of illusion, You are fated to weave.
It is your own imagination which deceives You.

* * * *

It was doubt and forgetfulness, that scribed this,
As insight flowered into wonder and wakefulness.

* * * *

Quantity buys do not make for a quality life.

* * * *

Power without a sense of guardianship, brings only misery and destruction.

* * * *

Are You Buddha enlightened, or Mad Hatter mad?
Any difference is in the relativity of perception.

* * * *

It is not all that difficult wandering alone.
You truly always have been,
Despite the countless attempts to escape,
Through every narcissistic-hedonistic distraction imaginable.
You play a part, but You are the entirety, You are the moment, You are eternity.

* * * *

Page after page is filled with thoughts,
Yet the quintessential message is ever again the same.
You are eternity, and only the senses lead You into believing otherwise.
What is remarkable is how so many are so easily deluded,
By maya’s infinite bag of lulling temptations.

* * * *

Why do we choose to suffer in so many ways?
Because most believe the sensory world to be real,
And try so hard to abide in the continuity the narrow mind.

* * * *

So much pointless concern about what happened to You throughout your life.
Let it all go, it no longer exists, it is all like waves crashed long ago.
The body mends or adapts to its injuries, why not the mind?
Assert any rationalization You please, all any truly are,
Is plays of imagination, founded upon the assumptions of time.

* * * *

Sing the Song of God within and without.
It is the good news to which any and all have birthright,
If given the acuteness and insight and strength and grit and gumption,
To inwardly discern the eternal origin of all creation.

* * * *

How responsible are You, really,
For what this world spontaneously creates?
How responsible do You want to be?

* * * *

Wander without creating a wake – anonymous, untraceable, clear, free –
Reborn each and every indivisible, indelible, unfathomable, eternal moment.

* * * *

Eternal salvation, is to see things as they are,
Without the timebound screen of imagination.

* * * *

There are always prices to be paid, for choices born of limited thinking.
For each and every action, there is a complete and irreversible outcome.

* * * *

Imagination creates both ecstasy and agony,
And all the resulting plays of duality.
To expand beyond its sticky, deceptive web
Is the task of those who would journey into immortality.

* * * *

You are witness to the apex and endgame, of human chaos and absurdity.
The world is afire, and solutions born of divisiveness, only spray fuel on the flames.
Humanity seems destined to write a sorrowful, pathetic concluding chapter,
To its brief time upon the quantum dreamtime stage of consciousness.
The synergistic myopia pitches its confusion into every future.

* * * *

Without abandoning, turn away from any who do not welcome inquiry, that values wisdom.

* * * *

How can You ever seek sobriety again, once You have drunk the madness of mystery?

* * * *

Beauty is not always an advantage, nor ugliness, not one.

* * * *

Is it even possible for all to be free and allowing at the same time? Unlikely at this rate.

* * * *

The divisions of our ancestors are upon us all.

* * * *

The folks in charge, hog-tie You, one foot at a time.

* * * *

This garden world never asked to be played like a chess board.

* * * *

This scribe has inhaled and ingested enough,
To see what is herein written is as true as any vision,
He can possibly imagine in the wildest dreams known to time.
You are whatever he has imagined, and he is whatever You imagine.
Why torture and kill one another, for such an extraordinary misapprehension?

* * * *

When that last breath comes, will You be your maker?

* * * *

We are all brothers and sisters, no matter the shade of skin.

* * * *

In mystery, we are all one.

* * * *

You need not wander far to see it all.

* * * *

The wonder of it can bring everything to a standstill.

* * * *

What do You lust after, but another journey through imagination?

* * * *

The best days are pathless reveries.

* * * *

You know the answer as well as I do.

* * * *

Dust is dust, to dusty ends.

* * * *

Those, who in eternal humility,
Put aside the squalor of personal concern,
Transcend into the eternal realm.

* * * *

The many who want so madly to lead,
Are often incapable of the wisdom required,
For genuine, responsible, dependable leadership.

Stand fearless in the winds of darkness; it is no different than the moment of any other given day.

* * * *

If You have only witnessed a garbage dump, how could You know what there was before?

* * * *

Great dreamers forgive and forget.

* * * *

Money is only as useful as your imagination.

* * * *

That called scripture is well-intentioned news, usurped by vanity and greed, in so many divisive ways.

* * * *

All spiritual hierarchies worship false deities, born of idolatrous collusions.

* * * *

You get off the wheel of suffering, when the desire for the spin, is no longer enticing.

* * * *

“I am” is all You know; everything else is speculation and innuendo.

* * * *

Wipe it away until all You see is dust.

* * * *

Priesthoods of any claim are no different, than any other vested interests.

* * * *

When You are free, time become a great drunk.

* * * *

Accept and embrace your physical death; it is the most freeing moment life offers.

* * * *

What on earth is there really to be afraid of, but one’s own vivid imagination?

* * * *

You want so much more from life, but cannot attain it,
Because it is only your temporal imagination,
Which dreams there is such a thing.

* * * *

Forsake the world for its reality is of time, and all that is time is born of illusion.

* * * *

The christs and buddhas most worship, are merely old idols in newer forms.

* * * *

Why all this happens so may say, but truly there is no one who knows.

* * * *

Why is the innocence of children allowed to end so quickly?

* * * *

Even if the world of consciousness, does somehow attain some harmonic convergence,
It will still be a temporal production with no additional meaning in the ultimate reality.

* * * *

The tree which bears no fruit,
Has failed its potential, as have all,
Whose lives are barren to their mystery.

* * * *

Truth is too simple and effortless for words to grasp.
To discern its timeless essence requires an attentive discipline,
Very few are simple and willing enough to surrender to.

* * * *

Deafness to the world's chatter is a hard-won tranquility.
There are no hoops You need jump through,
To access the essential state.

* * * *

The manifest is ever in a perfect balance,
But whether or not humanity can sustain itself,
Within the changes it has evoked, is another matter.

* * * *

The only thing permanent about this world is what it truly is not.

* * * *

The light flickers endlessly across the screen, but the screen and the witness are both very still.

* * * *

Become that which has never existed, yet has never not existed, as well.

* * * *

Though these words may seem vague and obtuse,
They are precise and exact to the minds,
Who share the same vision.

* * * *

What You discover will be what You imagine.

* * * *

No matter how You spend your time,
Whether laughing, crying, playing, working,
Painfully or pleasurably, directed or drifting or sleeping,
Active or inactive, it ever passes as the same hear-now-ish awareness,
Unconcerned whether You drink heartily, or spew it all out, or ignore everything.
It is the mystery-given fortune that You may spend however You see fit,
A free-will journey born of the ineffable prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Probably better not to know the writers of such thoughts as these,
For all too often their vain personality traits only serve,
To weaken the impact of their insights.

* * * *

When imagination stills, what, pray tell, is truly left?

* * * *

Will You allow the worldly corruption, that the many lost advocate, to decay your own soul?
Or will You rise above the melee, above the tempest, and navigate into the way prior to all ways?

* * * *

From the decay of any ruins, new things spring.
From the dark and cold of winter, blossom the bud and fruit,
Of time's mysterious, eternally dreamy unfolding.

* * * *

What is yet to come in any space, in any time, only the witness can tell.
Existence is ever the play of spontaneity, which only seems fated
When the myriad paths memory weaves is fully recalled.

* * * *

In time, You are, and in the eternal moment, You are not.
It is the timeless blink of the inner eye that proves it so.

* * * *

Within these many thoughts is concern neither for heaven nor hell,
But the union with all which is prior to any imagined dream.
It is the eternal song of oneness without title or tune,
From which all springs timelessly unbidden.

* * * *

Why humanity creates so much divisive passionate suffering
When we could be happily laughing and dancing
Is the only question worth really asking.

* * * *

The only true gold
Is behind the mask,
Beneath the costume.

* * * *

Wait long enough, travel far enough, imagine hard enough,
Who can begin to speculate what the mystery might yet create?
That You are here now, proves any possibility is, indeed, possible.

* * * *

All belief is concoction born of the desire of the limited mind to play out its vanity and greed.
And from that futility, arises endless fears, dreads, furies, and other inflaming passions,
Played out upon an impermanent, illusory stage, woven entirely of imagination.

* * * *

What human beings value, is so often that which is rare, but what is most rare, is all that is truly valuable.

* * * *

It does not matter whether or not anyone else discerns their true nature; it is enough that You do.

* * * *

The elements of the movement through the ether: earth, wind, water, fire;
Prove unerringly again and again, the impermanency of all things material.

* * * *

It is less a matter of should and should not, as it is will and will not.

* * * *

What death awaits You?
Will You discover eternal life before the fatal moment?
Will You die to time in time?

* * * *

Castes are created and accepted,
By those bound to manifest qualities,
Those who envision countless differences,
And rate themselves according to vain distinctions,
Passed on by mythological traditions, rituals and symbols,
Worshiping and idolizing that fabricated by minds woven in time.
The journey prior to all appearances erases every hierarchical collusion.

* * * *

The only way to end suffering is through eternal salvation,
Which simply means, totally being in the ever-present moment,
Without all the drudge of imaginary pasts and futures mucking it up.

* * * *

Politicians, bureaucrats, businessmen, priests, lawyers, and other parasites,
Will probably always find innovative ways to get your treasure into their pockets.

* * * *

Put behind You those things You no longer find important.

* * * *

The rise of civilization has been at the expense of human potential.

* * * *

Life could be so idyllic, yet so many have chosen to create suffering in so many ways.

* * * *

You are the guiding hand of your fate.

* * * *

How many imaginary enemies do You carry in your head?

* * * *

Cockroaches, rats, ants, mosquitos, and the like, will probably miss us whenever we go extinct.
Despite ceaselessly vain attempts at genocide, we have proven ourselves to be excellent providers.
Though we are likely, far more sound philosophically, they are very obviously our genetic superior;
Largely thanks to all the contagions and poisons we have cast at them during our brief occupation.

* * * *

Philosophers are lovers of wisdom and insight and truth;
Of that which is prior to all imaginary fabrications,
Born of the illusory play of space and time.

* * * *

Any thought that this seeing,
Makes one superior,
In any way or shape or form,
Is just more delusion taking another spin.

* * * *

The inward awakening is a quiet revolution.

* * * *

The depth of your being is untouched by any concept ever conceived.

* * * *

Color the veil however You will, it is ever the same spellbinding nature.

* * * *

Everything is Self-imagery.

* * * *

Some deny their many desires; others give into every one.
In the end both are zero-sum, and the only question remains,
Was the trek torturous or serene, or somewhere in-between?

* * * *

Even the most attractive men and women
Can never achieve the absolute beauty
Of one who sees through all veils.

* * * *

When the question, “Who am I?”
Is no longer answered, You will know.

* * * *

What is the mind but a tool of measurement
Created by its own perceptions and vain conclusions
Until that rare moment it discerns beyond all veils
And a mystery prior to all limits becomes clear.

* * * *

Death strikes all camps back into the folds of oblivion
Where all distractions end and oneness is unwavering.

* * * *

How astounding the mind’s penchant
To become attached to suffering.

* * * *

Hope?
What need for hope?
The real You is beyond such concoctions.

* * * *

You will never figure it out,
But You may become content
With all your ignorance.

* * * *

Time casts each of us into a history in which all spontaneously participate
According to the endless patterns dictated by the conditioning we call free will.

* * * *

Be wary lest the ambitions born of time
Weigh too heavily upon your shoulders.

* * * *

You started off with a patterning

Gradually molded by an environment
Into whatever You think You are right now.
The only question is, however,
Are You really that?

* * * *

Humanity may finally be running up against its Malthusian limits.
Up until now, technology and fierce competition, have pushed them back many times,
But any successful adaptations always generate new consequences.
The future will inevitably pay an enormous price,
For our collective cleverness.

* * * *

Desire weaves many prices.

* * * *

The killers are the ones left to learn their lesson.

* * * *

What You long for in the other, You will find within.

* * * *

Can You be free until You surrender, gratefully dead?

* * * *

We are all mystery, wandering the manifest realm.

* * * *

You may sit before anyone, but until You are ready to learn, it is all yabber.

* * * *

There are certainly times when life
Must be taken if You are to continue in time,
But weigh very carefully which times are necessary,
And which are not.

* * * *

All these experiences You seek; where do they really lead, and what is their true worth?
The road to wisdom is learning which thoughts, which actions,
Lead to barren ends, and which do not.

* * * *

All paths to glory are paved with vain intentions.

* * * *

Those who hate make every excuse; those who agape need none.

* * * *

In a true fight the sage is not present.

* * * *

Sages let everyone who must finish first, go on ahead in their rushing now.

* * * *

The endless suffering inspired by our self-aggrandized rushing about, is destructive for all.

* * * *

Every individual, every group, has a story to tell; they are all equally imagined dreams.

* * * *

How ironic that the ones who see
The interconnectedness of all manifestation
Have been ignored, derided, destroyed, or worshipped
Throughout history by the many who cannot.

* * * *

Revenge just sets You onto fields
Not worth tarrying in.

* * * *

Let all doubt evaporate
Until the obviousness of your vision
Manifests in every action.

LV

Your entire existence – people, places, events –
Are all created in your mind, in your imagination, by You,
And it will be You who must, often through the greatest of efforts,
Let them go.

* * * *

What makes so many people unhappy
Is thinking it is an outcome of time
With all its inherent business.
When You are truly joyful it just happens
And there is no need to attach continuity to it.

* * * *

Total freedom is too easy, too simple.
It is wanting nothing from anyone or anything.
Most only want to be a little more free,
And then only some of the time,
Usually when the prison
Is less enticing.

* * * *

Intelligent people do not sustain themselves
On the passions of conflict and division,
And therefore work to minimize ignorance.

* * * *

You long for peace and freedom,
Yet cannot even muster it within yourself
Or your small circle because of your desire for more.

* * * *

Why this deep psychological urge, this desire
To be recognized by others, to band together into groups,
To interact socially, to adapt to various mindsets?
How powerful the genetic imperative.

* * * *

The random chaotic interaction of the elemental quantum nature,
Has created this spontaneous manifesting dream, without any plot or plan,
Any beginning or ending, any rhyme or reason, any birth or death,
But that which consciousness chooses in time to sustain.

* * * *

What about this existence
Will there be to be remembered

That You have not already forgotten
Times beyond counting?

* * * *

True belief is far more than words can tell.

* * * *

The slate is the mystery; what is written on it is consciousness.
Which You think You are, or are not, is left up to your discretion.

* * * *

Can You ever be free if You subscribe to the will of the herd?

* * * *

Take a big breath into your mind.

* * * *

Be your Self; love your mystery.

* * * *

Truth is nebulous.

* * * *

The ignorant never realize
What great teachers they are
For the truest students.

* * * *

Hit ignorance square on the head
With a shovel gilded in wisdom,
And it will not even make a dent.

* * * *

Where do You begin and the universe end?

* * * *

At every turn, such incredible stupidity.

* * * *

Those who know their birth project their death.
Those who remember nothing never die.

* * * *

We fabricate an ocean of information
Spend our lives sorting and manipulating it,
Sometimes drowning in its overwhelming tides.

* * * *

To some collusion might be applauded
As a group effort, to others a conspiracy.
From such views many histories are written.

* * * *

Once You discern the whole,
Parts are seen within its context
And not as ends in themselves.

* * * *

Surrender slakes the thirst.

* * * *

Even the greatest demons play their part in the totality.

* * * *

Beneath every pessimist or cynic, is a disillusioned idealist.

* * * *

When consideration toward the other ends, what is to come quickly becomes evident.

* * * *

The absurdity of humanity cannot continue long.
The jeopardy of uttering or scribing anything,
Is that many will probably not understand,
And will only create more of a muddle,
For themselves and everyone else.
But could the muddle we are in,
Really get that much worse?
The answer is more than obvious.

* * * *

The real You already has eternal life; and You always have, and You always will.
The character, the persona, the individual, however, is not the real You,
And You can plan on that stupefying bag of identifications,
Being indifferently tossed on the discard heap,
Titled, “Much Ado About Nothing.”

* * * *

How the dreamers do choose to suffer.

* * * *

Were we ever genetically really meant
To operate in more than simple roving bands?

* * * *

View it all as a screen of dust.

* * * *

Wed the mystery in your heart and mind, and it will unfold eternally.

* * * *

Bring the body to alignment with your soul.
It is the ship which takes You to sea.

* * * *

So many rationalizations
The life forms of Eden die for us

* * * *

Those who see the larger picture
Rant and rave in air and on paper,
But have no power to change a thing
But through the selfless volition of all.
Detachment is the greatest lesson.

* * * *

Do You really believe there is anything more hellish,
Than watching humanity's unceasing squalor?
The many scatter You with their passionate wind.
Merge into mystery, and You will know only oneness.
How to best serve the many, is to serve the one within all.

* * * *

History's patterns have forever repeated themselves,
Because human consciousness is as it has been,
Since long before the written word was first cast in stone.
And the likelihood that it will ever shift radically is a big fat no way.

* * * *

If You are not going to be whole within your Self,
How can You expect to be fulfilled in any other union?

* * * *

No one has force You to want anything from life.

* * * *

Living in awareness is a life of perfection.

* * * *

All self-importance is imagined.

* * * *

What do a stream and a roadway
Of flowing vehicles have in common?
Everything and nothing.

* * * *

Why do so many want others
To share their fundamental insecurity?

* * * *

Too many vain paths to glory
Create destruction and mayhem.
Pride will be, is, the downfall of humanity.

* * * *

When the question, “Who am I?” has no answer,
You will be You.

* * * *

What price has not been paid by one excess or another?

* * * *

Free will does not exude the potential option
To destroy anything or everything,
Including ourselves.

* * * *

Great journeys are taken one step at a time.

* * * *

Reject anything which exacts a toll upon your soul.

* * * *

Humanity has thus far been myopic in thought and action.
Its survival hinges upon its reasserting a greater vision.

* * * *

What are the male and female aspects, essentially,
But seed injectors and receptacles, the play of DNA
Mutating into every shape and form imaginable,
The amness underlying each and every one.

* * * *

You forget other names quickly and often,
But what of your own?

* * * *

The attentiveness required is absolute.

* * * *

Be greedy for nothing.

* * * *

The earth is akin to a particle of dust,
Spinning in the grand silence of space,
In this sojourner's dreamtime vision.

* * * *

When passion is unharnessed,
The seeds of destruction quickly bloom.

* * * *

Look around at anything You please,
And You will probably find it to be
As much as it will likely ever be.

* * * *

There will likely always be those
Who control others to their own ends.

* * * *

Another blank page,
Another scribbled soliloquy,
A madman's vision smaller than dust
From beyond the stars.

* * * *

What is any of this but the vital breath of birth and death,
An illusory dreaming of creation and destruction,
Entirely done as quickly as it happens.

* * * *

Re: Homo sapiens.
At first You esteem them.
Then You come to loathe them.
Then You mostly feel sorry for them,
And just wish all their unnecessary suffering,
And that of all the other creatures,
Could just somehow end.

* * * *

Not everyone is enthralled with life.
Not everyone wants to be here,
Witnessing all the pain and suffering.
Not everyone buys into the obvious mess,
Humanity has made of its time upon this world.

* * * *

Why worry whether something will last, when nothing ever has or ever will?

* * * *

Everybody believing in a bad idea, does not make it a good idea.

* * * *

The point of all these soliloquies
Is too rip away your masked costume
And show You what You truly are.

* * * *

The conscious foray into Self is an eternal journey
Seemingly different for all, yet ever the same One.

* * * *

Eden will be Eden for as long as the sun does what suns do,
But humanity's brief time, no matter how long, will have been so little
When all sense of space and time, born of the one mind's dreaming, truly ends.

* * * *

You may certainly use any symbol You please
To remind You of your eternal reality,
But to those who truly see,
A grain of dust is reminder enough.

* * * *

Does it really matter that all,
Someday awaken to their mystery?
It does not at all to this sojourning scribe,
But if it does in some greater plan of this mystery,
We are obviously in for a very lengthy play,
In this dreamtime of conscious design.

* * * *

Sages allow time to do the work for them.

* * * *

To trust deity of choice, You must trust your Self.

* * * *

Once You see this unity,
What more is there to do
But share your reflection
In whatever way suits You.

* * * *

How can anyone ever be free
If they do not even see the prison?

* * * *

Money will buy You anything,
But it is useless in the vision quest.

* * * *

What in this world can truly matter?

* * * *

The world touches the senses,
But what do they touch but imagination?

* * * *

You may search all your life for purpose and meaning,
But it will always be whatever You think it is
At any given moment in time.
No more, no less.

* * * *

The devil, maya, lucifer, satan
Will take on every form from siren to savage,
Whatever will entice You from the tightrope of awareness.

* * * *

There are many veils which catch your eye time after time.
Few discern that none are real, that most are like flies on flypaper,
Sticking to any of many illusions until even the grandest falls into clarity.

* * * *

And let it be said that they even came to worship
The names of the many they destroyed.

* * * *

Desire is the springboard of passion,
The swells of the ocean surface,
Churning so ferociously,
Yet completely calm,
Below its facade.
Breathe fully.
Dive deeply.

* * * *

The limits are set, and humanity is tripping all over them.

* * * *

If buddhahood is not already passe, it could be, should be, soon.

* * * *

Every possible distinction
You might make in reality

Is an imaginary fabrication,
Real in the most illusionary sense.

* * * *

These words sculpture concepts in time, seeking to explain their origin and their fate.

* * * *

The roots of our savage nature are aligned with the survivors of the natural selection.
We are not present because our ancestors were benign and simple-minded,
But because they were extremely aggressive and acutely aware.
We are the result of an intense desire to survive, and overcome the natural world.
So much so, that we ever stamp out any uprisings of nature, no matter the price to our own survival.

* * * *

Some see it via deductive reasoning, from general to specific,
Others from inductive reasoning, specific to general.
It is all to the same endless beginninglessness.

* * * *

Understand that being born again into the eternal life
Is not a matter of mind-held systematic belief.
It is the quality of the timeless mind
Beyond all manifest limits.

* * * *

It is the space where all sense of manifestation ends,
The still pool from whence all origins dream,
Where all sense of "I am" begins.

* * * *

What sort of statement do we make when claim we are civilized?

* * * *

The process of space and time
Is required to become conscious
Of the reality prior to space and time.

* * * *

Free will makes your destiny a voluntary fate.

LVI

Despite all assertions, all arguments to the contrary,
All dualistic polarizations are based on the same flawed assumption,
The same underlying perception, the same egocentric veil, the same absurd delusion,
That anyone, anything, anywhere, is truly separate, truly distinct, from anyone, anything, anywhere.
It is the inferno burning the house, the shovel digging the grave,
The tiller tacking the extinction.

* * * *

Sometimes You wonder what others would say or do,
If You actually were to say what You were really thinking.

* * * *

It is a sea of relativity, in which every form of absurdity lays one claim or another.

* * * *

You are enslaved first and foremost, by the mind caught in its own dreamtime.

* * * *

Enslavement runs its course in many ways and means across the stage.
Whether of acts or ideas, the result is the same degradation of spirit.

* * * *

You cannot prove me wrong.
All You can do is ignore what is being said,
And blindly wander through a hell of your own making.

* * * *

Methinks we and all the other creatures of eden
Were a lot better off before we civilized ourselves.

* * * *

You have created this dusty stage held together by the mind.
It is your vain imagination that blinds You to your mystery.

* * * *

Do not fear to embrace your Self
As all truly holy beyond description.

* * * *

The polarization of consciousness,
Despite its apparent reality,
Is merely the sum of all dreams.

* * * *

Even two or five or ten thousand years ago,

It was probably not difficult to project how
Humanity's destiny would likely unfold.

* * * *

What makes You think You are really
In any more control of anything
Than a flower on a mountainside?

* * * *

Just how much more do You think it all can grow?
How far do You think it will all go?

* * * *

Allow the world to disappear within,
Filled by that which has never existed.

* * * *

One breath at a time.
One step at a time.
One page at a time.
One thought at a time.
One mouthful at a time.
One moment at a time.
One dream at a time.
One life at a time.
One sip at a time.
One kiss at a time.
One journey at a time.
One experience at a time.
One anything at an any time.
No wonder we are linear creatures.
The limits of space and time afford the mind,
Nothing more than sequences in the patterned unfolding.

* * * *

Much of humanity seems to be locked in the denial of death,
Denial of the ultimate reality of all mortal existence.
It is the denial of the interconnected nature.
And the fear inspired by that denial,
Has set all life upon a course;
The ramifications of which,
Relatively few are truly willing,
To deeply examine, much less act upon.

* * * *

The fantasizing nature of the insatiable mind,
Has run the gamut of desire over and over again,
And still, we are ever unsatisfied in its frenzied loop.

* * * *

Truly, what say have You, over any part or particle's sovereign undertaking?

* * * *

The blade screams against the bench grinder's abrasive wheel, but comes away sharper each time.

* * * *

No authority is cited in these writings,
But the play as seen within the author's mind,
And that very same reality within You.

* * * *

What makes any hovel humanity has ever designed,
Any different than an anthill, a mole's den,
A robin's nest, or a lion's lair?

* * * *

Craving takes so many venues.
One by one by one, they slip away,
Until one day the clarity is all-seeing,
In a most describably indescribable way.

* * * *

When one moment is truly attended to, t is lost with the advent of the next.

* * * *

Cosmic jewel or cosmic joke? A little of both, a little of neither.

* * * *

All but the most determined
Forget to recollect
When maya provokes
The mind's sensory feelers.

* * * *

No matter the sense,
The concoction is ever the same
As the time-bound illusion of cause and effect
Wanders from one set to the next.

* * * *

The scribe just wanted to understand and be free.
Whether You do is entirely a free will issue.

* * * *

What happens when You are no longer curious
For the gathering of knowledge?

* * * *

It is You who keeps it all going.
Without your conscious, believing presence,
None of this would be happening.
It is entirely your choice
To participate however You will.

* * * *

Activists make such vain efforts to resolve one problem or another.
What they change often twists around to be more of the same old thing,
Because the human psyche, remains the same two billion-year-old software.

* * * *

What habitual mode has You believing
You must keep creating all this this way?
Or any particular way?

* * * *

You will create the so-called karma
You choose to create until You decide not to.

* * * *

Just ask yourself if You would like
Whatever You are doing to another to be done to You,
And realize that, in just another dream, it is.

* * * *

How quickly the spontaneous moment turns into destiny.

* * * *

Each of us chooses
Our own level of enlightenment
For reasons only speculations can answer.

* * * *

The warrior is all glory until a bullet rips into his head,
And suddenly another imagined life becomes food for grass.

* * * *

Quanta zipping every which way.
Teasing You with every sort of fantasy.
Deluding You in every context imaginable,
Born of ecstasy and agony's intertwining nature.
Until the intuitive seed of wakefulness begins to sprout.
Working steadily toward that fated timeless moment,
When You at last blossom into a flower of eternity.

* * * *

Until You see all the desire and its manifest outcomes as imagined,
They will continue to ransack the quality of mind absorbed in individuality.

* * * *

The individual personality is the narcissistic outcome of desire and fear and dread.
Most play their given character with such rooted, firm conviction,
That any question of identity's ultimate reality,
Is ignored, or fought tooth and nail.
Rare are those who discern the indivisible nature.
Rarer still are those who completely, without hesitation surrender to it.

* * * *

We are proving the theory of natural selection.
The fittest do ultimately survive, despite temporary attempts,
At supplanting natural law with mind-made order.
An order that can only briefly challenge,
The greater relativity of chaos.

* * * *

How firmly bound any given group becomes within its collusion.
The rules of the game: how to dress, speak, eat; what to say, what not to say,
Who to talk to, who not to talk to … et cetera, et cetera, ad infinitum.
The scrolls of dogmatic fanatism cram the pages of history.

* * * *

Those who have the most toys
Are buried in the same shallow grave.

* * * *

What is it that keeps You opening your eyes?
Is it a sense of wonder that You will miss out on creation?
That without You to witness time's eternal passing,
Nothing truly is, ever was, or can ever be.
The dream of individual existence,
Entices all into continuity.

* * * *

Problems need not be matters of yay or nay.
They are best solved through judicious minimalism.
Mindful discernment that complications are best resolved,
Through calm, clear, rational process, where win-win, is the goal.

* * * *

You are irreversibly responsible, for your countless judgments,
For the many interpretations, differences and similarities,
The many self-absorbed actions, and all the selfless ones as well.
It is You who created every spontaneous perception; and yet all the while,

There has really been no way for You to alter the dream into which You were cast.

* * * *

That which is offers no sustenance to this world or any other,
Yet without it no hunger would be dreamt or fulfilled.

* * * *

To intuitively perceive the origin of your given seed,
Travel back through the branches of your lineage,
To the trunk, and into the roots; to that point,
That speck of consciousness, that "I am",
From which your illusory dream arose.
There, You will find the truth of your being.

* * * *

The reflections cast by maya
Have a logic born of the order
Created by the mind-body receiver,
Which is, of course, also maya.

* * * *

What a unique tribe seers are.
The membership, no matter how it adds up,
Always totals one.

* * * *

Sometimes You wish You could again believe the delusionary world as You once did,
But no, your destiny, your fate, is the eternal, and the world is for the meek,
Too blind for the immortality in which You swim with languid ease.

* * * *

We are monkeys with angelic potential.

* * * *

Watch the universe.
Watch the world.
Watch the watcher.
Watch the watcher watching.
How is the dreamtime of the indivisibility possible,
Without the awareness You are, imagining it all.

* * * *

What serenity to go through a day, a week, a lifetime,
Harboring no ill will toward any in your dreamtime world.
Highly unlikely, but that is for each dream's telling.

* * * *

How much more pleasant world it would be,

If we would treat each other a little more benignly.
If we would be a bit less insecure in this mortal theater.
But at this time's scribing, as in the times of the first thoughts,
Humanity's evolutionary tack has not been of that kindly a nature.
We seem at this point ignorantly resigned to a difficult lesson,
From which only history will glean the trial and tribulation.

* * * *

Treat no other as You would not be treated.

* * * *

Realize the commonality of all seeds
Of this garden world or any other,
That the genesis is the same for all,
And You are merely one of an infinite cast,
One temporal witness to the mystery of creation,
Center stage for a brief dreamtime stroll through eternity.

* * * *

Subscribe to no limitation, no boundary, no form.
Insist on sovereignty with every particle of your being.
Though You might well appear to be in the chains
Of one servitude, one enslavement or another,
Let nothing dampen the fire of your spirit within.

* * * *

Try to discern and immerse in the oneness
Before You market it for personal gain,
If You have the stomach for it afterwards.

* * * *

To witness fully, without attachment,
To be timelessly aloof and serene in this dreamtime,
Is the harmony of this manifest mystery.

* * * *

To daily wander observing every moment within and without,
The mirror of reflection seeing the one in all,
And the all in one.

* * * *

Identifying with the food-body inspires a painful path through purgatory.
Throwing off the fictitious identification, peering beneath its busy shroud,
Discerning its illusionary nature, and cultivating the courage to realize,
That the witness prior to all reflections, is the only sovereign issue.
That is the pathless journey of those who seek eternal liberation.

* * * *

Who, what, where, when, why, how is a free spirit?

* * * *

Anonymity is the best teacher.
The flame finds those who seek it.

* * * *

Every manner of mutt,
But for them with a few generations
Of imaginary lineage.

* * * *

If You want to ponder, then this little work
May be that for which You are looking.

* * * *

Indomitable will surrenders to reverence.

* * * *

Wonder knows no discontent.

* * * *

Integrity often has a relativity about it.

* * * *

The unlimited is encased by thought.

* * * *

At some point everything in this world
Leaves that same dusty taste.

* * * *

Daily You rise to a self-proclaimed role
Inspired by the power of suggestion
Life has molded your mind into.

* * * *

Money and the value it represents, is merely the barren child of a lesser god.

* * * *

The fear of letting go all sense of identity
Is another facet of the desire for continuity.

* * * *

Since the scam, the con, was first conceived long ago.
The mystery has ever been skewed by charlatans and predators,
To stoke superstitious fear and dread, into theaters of mammon-worship,
And exploit the notion of one imaginary deity or another,

To attain glory and power and wealth.

* * * *

Many seem to latch onto the fallacious terrors of every sort of superstition.
Mystical covenants with esoteric, ethereal, immortal, powerful, all-seeing beings.
Deities and angels and demons, generally capable of warding off evil or advancing good.
Ignorance finds every conceivable way to cope with whatever world imagination has concocted.
And the awareness – indivisible, untouchable, immaculate – silent witness within all.

* * * *

You do not need all the details of human history
To extrapolate the gist of its probable direction.

* * * *

Your version of this dreamy universe
May present a caste of players,
But in this player's vision,
All parts are equal.

* * * *

Extinguish the diversity,
And your own end is clear.

* * * *

You have been conditioned to participate, in whatever milieu You were hatched.
Ingrained to support, to contribute, to consume, to compete, to defend.
To follow leaders, to worship the idols of church and state.
To value the false gold of the wealthy and spiritually impoverished.
Who, through the collusion of all, have wrought this reverie into hellish fare.

LVII

Each of us has a dream universe
Which so many often dogmatically believe
Is the best way for others as well.
So much infringement,
So little allowing.

* * * *

The reflection You cast
Is like all temporal reflections,
Ever bound by manifest limitation,
Caught within that which is recognizable,
Veiling that which has never been.

* * * *

Why would it be necessary or even desirable
For the persona to continue on after death?

* * * *

You are that
Prior to all beginnings,
After all endings,
In all nows.

* * * *

Is it a droplet which reflects,
Or that enclosed within its veil?
Or do the flickers of light even exist
Apart from the dreaming perceiving it?
How can the dreamer and the dreamed exist
But for the eternal mystery of awareness
Creating every version of creation?

* * * *

Each must reflect upon their reflection,
Until the delusionary reality is discerned unreal.
That all thought true, can never touch what is truly true.
It is the irony of manifest existence, that one must be dissatisfied,
With the superficiality of consciousness, to discern the aware intelligence,
From which all things of dreamtime, harmonize the opus of this indelible mystery.

* * * *

To make the mystery a moral force,
Is a dualistic notion of questionable reality.
Angels and demons all have equal parts in dreamtime,
To those who discern all are created of the same quantum mystery.

* * * *

This quest is not something to be ambitious about.
It is the end of that which crates ambition.

* * * *

Become the dusty one.

* * * *

If You toss a pinch of dirt
Into a clear pond, no problem.
A bit more and it gets a little bit foggy.
A lot more and it is going the take a long while
To get things cleared up again.

* * * *

Death will not be much different than life,
Just without the mind-body identifications.

* * * *

Why argue about something everyone is?

* * * *

The most correct version of truth
Was located prior to conception.
The rest is vanity and vexation.

* * * *

As far as dealing with this vain world goes,
All You can do to prepare for what time holds in store
Is to get whatever tools and capacities You think You might need
And be open and ready for whatever comes your way.

* * * *

To conceive that it is your mind, your body or your life
Is where the source of humanity's original sin sits,
The basis of separation for which You need feel
No guilt, shame, remorse nor accountability.

* * * *

Civilized life has generally deprived the common folk
Of the freedom to flower as they might in less restrictive times.

* * * *

Will there ever come a time
When You do not look to others to define You?

* * * *

You never even see the masters You slave for in this world,
You just pay your taxes, buy their goods, and fulfill
One producer-consumer role or another.

* * * *

What is manifest reality but that
Which the bubble realm of the sensory mind
Can only intuit as a high probability?

* * * *

The best life is the one left alone.

* * * *

Gaze out upon your personal universe
And discern through its mysterious reflection
That impersonal nature which You truly are.

* * * *

Wash away all ideals.
They are the product of time
Ever out of reach of the whirlwind
This moment presents.

* * * *

Seedlines spread very quickly across this garden world.
Humanity is merely one of the diverse mutations,
Mystery is experiencing in its eternal play.

* * * *

The mind has contrived a conceptual reality in which it cocoons itself.
It a pretentious ruse of permanence, an unreal immortal legacy
Consciousness can never attain because the foundation
Upon which it bases its many assumptions, time,
Has never truly existed even one moment.

* * * *

Clinging to dualistic time creates both pleasure and pain.
It is the spin of the wheel played out by the mind
Caught in vain, linear pursuits, all of which
Spawns the suffering of existence.

* * * *

Dreams are for the restless in mind and body,
For those who want more than the waking state allows,
For those whose confusion is ever unresolved
At the close of each day's passing.

* * * *

There is no living off ones laurels in the timeless.
It is an ever-flowing creation and destruction
Which neither appears nor disappears,
But for the dream-state of the sentient mind.

* * * *

The hoards of riches piled in contemporary times
Make that of Midas look inconsequential,
But the significance of the story
Has never changed.

* * * *

Is reality the reflection of the drop,
Or that which the drop is?
Or neither?

* * * *

One cannot expect from time
What time can never offer.

* * * *

There has always been money and time
For research into a bigger, better club.
Humanity's savage instincts have always
Captivated much of its creative efforts.

* * * *

If You have ever worked with livestock,
You will understand how the powers that be
Are herding the masses through chutes and pens
To what ends only the gullible cannot see.

* * * *

Which came first, the computer or the mind?

* * * *

Humanity may be more conscious and capable
Than any other creature on this planet or any other sphere,
But, for all its suffering it has endured and caused, it is none the wiser.

* * * *

All change happens now,
Which means any transformation
Of the human paradigm would emerge
In one moment or another, wholly and totally.
It would require that idealistic blueprints be set aside
And those participating equally merge into the dust of reality.
So unlikely a thought, the aphorism was almost nixed.

* * * *

Reality does not differentiate between subject and object.

* * * *

What existence chiefly offers a seer is an opportunity
To conceive and explore the impersonal
Through a personal context.

* * * *

Each dream is a reflection of its environment.
A natural context creates a natural view.
A civilized one a civilized view.
To transcend any
Requires a relative view of all.

* * * *

Freedom is not something remembered.

* * * *

Those create problems
Cling to them with viselike grips
And have little or no interest in their solution.

* * * *

How pointless all the travail of this world.
Its ceaseless web of passion is barren seed.

* * * *

Scientists need to break apart the universe
For the sake of knowledge and understanding,
But reality sanctions no division, for none truly exist.

* * * *

Watch closely how the habit of the genetic-social fabric
Weaves into your daily thoughts and dreams again and again.
The world You imagine real plays like a repetitious, unyielding record.

* * * *

Most are caught in the complex web of their thinking.
Eden is not commonly sought by the civilized mind.

* * * *

Without space and time there would be nothing to want for.

* * * *

When You cannot remember who You think You are,
That is as good as it gets.

* * * *

Being that which is brahman is the detachment.
Up until then it is merely imaginable practice,
Shadow-play still locked in vain limitation.

* * * *

It is not You who surrenders.
Isness merely resumes its natural state
Free of the play of imagination.

* * * *

Are You significantly insignificant
Or insignificantly significant?
Both or neither? Neither or both?

* * * *

The You, You think You are
Is the passion of consciousness
Weaving its delusion into a vexing reality.

* * * *

It can be a long road back to where the path ends.

* * * *

You have been shaped socially and genetically
To be concerned what others may or may not think of You.
Up to now this has often tortured You in many ways,
And the question is, can You operate in time
Without the travail such thoughts bring?

* * * *

How much of your vain life is spent
Judging, justifying, rationalizing and maintaining
The recording of illusory reality You play over and over again?

* * * *

All manifestation is shaped into one habitual nature or another.
Even if one attempted to drastically change their nature,
It would never be more than a slight modification,
A time-bound adaptation or adjustment
To presumed circumstance.

* * * *

What do You want?
Sometimes everything.
So often so little You cannot even imagine it.

* * * *

If You wish to destroy the universe, kill yourself.
It is all very simple.

* * * *

What You really are is the immortal clayness,
Prior to time's bounded appearances.

* * * *

The real You is not about identity
Bound to consciousness.

* * * *

It is whatever You think it is,
Whatever the group agrees to act out.

* * * *

As long as You are the manifest dreaming,
You will always do whatever time allows.

* * * *

Find that which recognizes no dream,
Knows no limits inspired by consciousness.

* * * *

The beingness is the love, the You, You are.
Alone, sovereign, perfect beyond all dreaming,
Prior to the temporal sensory play of consciousness.

* * * *

In a linear conceptual view, time travels a direction.
In reality, energy unfolds exactly where it always has,
Within eternal consciousness, the nexus played as You.

* * * *

We lament for those who blend into dust,
Yet they would probably weep, would they could,
For we who endure the painful dreaming of vain existence.

* * * *

You are the inconceivable conceived.

* * * *

If You do not know an answer,
It is not a foolish question.

* * * *

From the fact

The whole is envisioned
And surrendered to.

* * * *

What is history but a historian's reverie?

* * * *

It is You who decides
How successful You are.

* * * *

More of us need to shut up
And live unknown within and without.

* * * *

You cannot really know your Self,
Just the conceptual play before and after.

* * * *

A tiger does not put itself through moral binds.
A tiger just does what tigers do.

* * * *

You are the space prior to all manifestation,
The emptiness, the oblivion, the nada, the zero
From which all the wheels of existence have ever spun.

* * * *

Humankind has surely extinguished enough seed lines
To comprehend its own is not immune to a similar fate.

* * * *

Become that aloneness prior to all contexts,
All mirrors created of manifest dreamtime.

* * * *

What can any do to persuade the ignorant
So ready to crucify in the name of dogma?

* * * *

Be your Self to the core of your being.

* * * *

Some must do more than others
To be free enough to be content.

* * * *

Path?

What path?
I do not see any path.

* * * *

What a dream You had.

* * * *

Love your own heart
And everything else
Will likely fall into place.

* * * *

Love is a word, merely a concept,
An ideal the mind can never grasp.
Just be your Self and it will happen.

* * * *

The fountain of youth is that within
Which never cedes the aging without.

* * * *

Be as truthful and open as your dream allows.
Some are flung into much more challenging lives
Which make principled approaches very conditional.

* * * *

The root of all division, all violence is within the untamed
Undiscerning individual mind seeking the unattainable more.

* * * *

The cat merrily, seriously chases the illusive
Confounding ball of yarn smaller and smaller
Only to find nothing at the game's sudden end.

* * * *

Take reasonable care of the time machine
So that You won't be too old too early.

* * * *

Who has not explored the darker thoughts
During at least the private moments?
All values are born of choice.

* * * *

Do You want to be at peace?
Well then, just breathe
Into the no-mind.

* * * *

Rip off any mask You will,
Behind all are You.

* * * *

Some say there is really only one good book in anyone.
Maybe that is why this one never seems to want to stop.

LVIII

Do You think any other life form in all of creation
Is as ludicrously self-absorbed as humanity?

* * * *

All pain is born of existence,
Of the illusion of space and time,
Of the separation created
Solely in imagination.

* * * *

How can the unborn ever grow old?

* * * *

How do I know what I know?
The same way You do.

* * * *

One day the dream will be over,
And You will not even know it.

* * * *

You must see what You cannot see
To comprehend what You truly see.

* * * *

The notion that You are an individual
Is what hinders the unborn realization
That You are in fact indivisibly one
With its inherent liberation.

* * * *

It is not what the scribe knows he is which counts
As much as what he knows You are as well.

* * * *

What is any one's dreamtime universe but what
Is seen, heard, touched, tasted and smelled,
And altogether that which You imagine
Into remembering and forgetting
As consciousness dictates.

* * * *

These word are a single-minded conspiracy
To somehow inspire consciousness
Toward an intuitive paradigm

Beyond the linear confabulations
Humanity's mind has up to now played out.

* * * *

The other has the frame of reference You give it.

* * * *

You are the immortal playing out mortal fare.

* * * *

Does the reality require
The veiled dream of consciousness
To sustain its true nature?
Nah.

* * * *

How else could the mystery witness creation, but through manifest eyes?

* * * *

All your life, You have created everything your universe entails.

* * * *

What is the body, really, but a vehicle,
An absorbing, filtration, waste disposal unit,
An energy machine directed by mind and senses?

* * * *

You are that which is mystery; a very simple, reverent fact.
If You seek a more complex answer, a more complex reason or purpose,
It is a free-will choice, born of the ignorance inspired by the limits of imaginary notion,
And a desire for the unceasing difficulties of division and suffering.

* * * *

The unfolding is fluid, timeless, indivisible,
Interrupted only by the boundaries of the mind
Caught in the individual web of sensory experience.

* * * *

What conditions do You place upon your universe?

* * * *

The cockroaches will dance upon our grandest tombs
With nary a thought of historical meaning or purpose.

* * * *

Judging another sets You apart from the stream.

* * * *

How many times have You asked yourself
What the point of all this is?

* * * *

What is it to “be” effortlessly?

* * * *

What is the no-mind mind,
The solid which is space,
The space which is solid,
The reality which is dream,
The dream which is reality?

* * * *

The dream woven with desire
Inevitably tandems with many passions.

* * * *

All your divisions leave You incomplete.

* * * *

What a fascinating mutation the human species is.

* * * *

Let consciousness roam where it will
And, sooner or later, it will inevitably breed
Confusion, division and suffering.

* * * *

What born of time can ever be preserved?
That which is boundless, neither made nor unmade,
Is the Self-evident firmament prior to all limited illusory notions
Played out in the ageless weavings of consciousness.

* * * *

At the center of the wheel is the witness, solitary and serene,
Gazing out upon the spinning kaleidoscope of dreamtime.
It is the knower of the ground, the eye of all eyes,
Untouched, detached, free, resolutely still
Amid the tempest of the illusion of space-time,
Journey the passionate carousel or seek genesis,
It is the free will choice of the mind choicelessly aware.

* * * *

You do not need scientific proof or expertise to point out the obvious.

* * * *

Each of us wanders through space-time

Protecting our bodies, our things, our egos.
Few ever realize how little is truly possessed,
That all experiencing is akin to the sands of time
Steadily rushing through the neck of the hourglass
No matter how it is twisted, how it is turned.

* * * *

Far easier to indoctrinate a complex lie
Than it is to point out the simple truth.

* * * *

You are that eye am.

* * * *

Those satisfied with symbols, rituals and traditions
Are like children fascinated with shiny baubles
Of no real significance but to narrow minds
Caught in the murky mayhem of time.

* * * *

The elixir of time can begin so sweetly,
Yet how often it ends such a bitter brew.
What strength to harvest contentment
No matter the storms of life's passing.

* * * *

To value only human life is the poppycock
Of conceited ethnocentric thinking.

* * * *

Only through overt manifestation
Can the dream occur at any level of creation.
Even the most ethereal celestial planes of beingness
Are subject to one binding parameter or another.

* * * *

What happens to this universe or any other dream state
Is the concern of clay figurines attached to the illusory matrix.
In sense-bound ignorance, they tumble in the ageless waves of time,
Never discerning the oneness prior to the onslaught of delusion.

* * * *

Thought bubbles through the maze of consciousness
Caught in the many devices of its own creation,
Unable to discern a resurrection to reality
But through a selfless destruction.

* * * *

The maze, the wheel, the kaleidoscope
And every other analogy ever concocted
Are all in your head.

* * * *

Discern the strength and insight
To die while still living.

* * * *

Though the wheel of life spins and spins,
The revolution is the now never born.

* * * *

In every tale there is an assumption, a foundation,
A keystone without which the dream cannot be built.

* * * *

Time passes far more quickly at the outer edge of the spin
Than at the stillness of the unknown center point of oblivion.

* * * *

Look to the sins of humanity's passing to discern your plight,
And the paradigm necessary to continue your seed line.
Learn the errors of history, or fade into the oblivion
Much sooner than time's dream need allow.

* * * *

Everyone in this realm abides the same bodily functions.
There is nothing to be proud or embarrassed about.
Vanity is humanity's most ludicrous aspect.
Most bodies are quite grotesque
At one moment or another.

* * * *

Where light has no entry, neither does it have an exit.
Awareness poses a clarity the known can never discern.

* * * *

What makes sense often makes no sense,
And what makes no sense is often
The greatest sense of all.

* * * *

These writings merely reflect that
Which needs no confirmation.

* * * *

You are truly beyond all want.

* * * *

As this realm is imagined,
So are all others.

* * * *

The morticians probably laugh
At your darkest secrets.

* * * *

Greater and greater
The detachment grows
As tie after tie is discerned
And knot after knot cut.

* * * *

Work through whatever it is
You think there is to work through
To find that requiring no effort whatsoever.

* * * *

Embrace or reject these sundry thoughts as You will,
There is naught but a dream no matter the varied opinions.

* * * *

Greet both success and failure with the same detachment.
They pass the same when given impersonal weight.

* * * *

Current events are never truly current,
Merely effects of causes and causes of effects.
History creates the dream, and the freedom nowness allows
Is ignored by the masses so easily hypnotized
By time's countless sideshows.

* * * *

Each of us views a kaleidoscoping light show
Through a personal screen of perceived experience.
No dream is truly superior than any other,
Though perhaps some are more
Clearly perceived.

* * * *

Truth is very simple, but it is not infantile.

* * * *

All riddles are answered intuitively.

* * * *

Dogma is not as joyous as so many
Would deceive themselves into believing.
There is a passionate madness which is not
The divine madness alluded to herein.
It is the irrational nature of individualism
Taken to endless extremes by limited minds.

* * * *

Peaceful resolution to this world's divisive condition
May seem many millenniums away, but its seed potential
Will be same now it has ever been and will ever be.
It is the realization of the choiceless choice
Born of the unborn, duality's light show
Played out in the unitary movement
From which all creation springs.

* * * *

There is no discussing any subject
With someone who cannot investigate
Their myriad assumptions dispassionately.
They cite historical texts, experts and collectives,
Shield themselves with fearful, convincing persuasion,
And self-righteously judge all those who would dare question
Until negation sifts every doubt imagination might pose.

* * * *

Even the greatest demon is the mystery.
Those who in confused ignorance,
Separate themselves from the beingness,
In which consciousness plays out the illusion of time.

* * * *

The dualistic war between good and evil, is one waged entirely in human imagination.
Their reality is as untenable as anything ever concocted within the dream of space-time.

* * * *

Those who truly see mystery, find it everywhere.

* * * *

Before Abraham, Jesus, Buddha,
Lao Tzu, and all the others,
You are that I am.

* * * *

The mystery is all, and that means You, as well.

* * * *

No soul is lost; maybe just confused for a time.

* * * *

The flame is the fuel's potential, the destiny into which all is consumed.

* * * *

You enjoy the wave of consciousness in its graceful crest,
But its inevitable ruin is wrought with suffering.
Attachment to either is the pain.

* * * *

You are one rolled into all destinies
And all destinies rolled into one.

* * * *

Dogma is as harsh and unforgiving
As a desert beneath a perpetual sun.

* * * *

Do You want it, do You need it?
Do You only think You want or need it?
So many threads of habit we are attached to
Without profound introspective awareness as to why.

* * * *

Is joy a product of vain consciousness,
Or from that which is prior to the conceptual patter,
The theater of dreamtime surrounding the indivisible seed?

* * * *

There are clues everywhere,
Seers in every realm.

* * * *

We are so easily distracted
But what is so unimportant.

* * * *

Are You happy, are You sad?
Would You even notice
If not for the discomfort of both?

* * * *

Physical manifestation can never really resolve
The fundamental friction of its inherent duality.

* * * *

Perception is interpreted by the mind conditioned in time.

No snowflake is ever seen the same in two different minds.

* * * *

Humanity documents its vanity as if it will last forever,
But the manifest world is not that which is eternal.
Prior to all concept is that without beginning
And after all words is that never ending.
All forms are temporal permutations,
Creation ever dissolving in time.

* * * *

It is the spontaneous dreaming of the senses
Which You have absolutely no real say over,
And to which You can only resist or surrender.

* * * *

Good and evil, like all dualistic notions, are born of imagination's delusional sojourn.

* * * *

The child, a sponge of the senses,
Observes in timeless, surrendering wonder
As surrounding concepts imprint upon its awareness
A personality-identity to which it will subscribe
For the remainder of its vain existence.

* * * *

Oneness is not without the other
To witness its illusory reflection.

* * * *

You are reading this because You have managed
To survive the many challenges and chances
Of your conscious journey thus far.
Why?
Is the impossible question.

* * * *

Free will and choice are among
The many catechisms of delusion.

* * * *

Do You really want to go
Where most self-proclaimed leaders
Will probably be more than pleased to lead You?
Be very cautious who You follow.

LIX

Existence can be very enjoyable,
Until mortal nature sinks its teeth in deeply,
And You realize the covenant consciousness has made,
With the pain of illness and injury and aging and dying and death.
What to do then is the telling of the cautionary tale,
Of every journey's perception.

* * * *

Sit down, stand up, lay down,
Walk around, all the same
From beginning to end
Dreamtime's spontaneous spin.

* * * *

Something and nothing,
Both attributes playing out illusion.

* * * *

Oneness is not without the other
To witness its illusory reflection.

* * * *

Purpose and meaning?
When You find one that lasts forever,
Let us know.

* * * *

When You get caught up too much
In someone else's dream,
You miss the wonder of your own.

* * * *

If You give into the fear You stop looking,
And only sink more deeply into the mire.

* * * *

Death is merely the ending of consciousness,
The final surrender to that which has been all along,
That which the mind can never touch, only reflect.

* * * *

You are where You are,
So that must be where You are supposed to be,
As if You have any real choice.

* * * *

To conquer the world, conquer the limited mind.

* * * *

A child has a world as does an adult.
Both are full of make-believe.

* * * *

The no-mind is a concept explaining
A mind beyond all concepts.

* * * *

Absoluteness is like being set adrift
Without any point of reference.

* * * *

The purpose You seek
Is the reconciliation of self.

* * * *

What is common sense
But a sense of what is common,
That which is beneficial to all.

* * * *

What You want most in this world
Is often the source of your greatest agony.

* * * *

All manifestations are holographs
Grounded in the same essence.

* * * *

Attachment is like a pleasurable feather
So easily transformed into the claws of suffering,
Both struggling in the duality born of vain consciousness.
This passionate teeter-tottering of pain and pleasure
Is that most called living desecrated by time.

* * * *

Read these and other words
However many times You choose,
Few will ever glean their true subtlety.

* * * *

That which You envision is founded
Entirely upon the mix of knowledge and understanding
You have gleaned to this point in time.

* * * *

The child nature is with neither smile nor frown.

* * * *

Forgive yourself for not being as perfect
As many others delude themselves
Into vainly pretending they are.

* * * *

Within every holograph
Is the reflection of that which is one.

* * * *

You may make one change or another,
But was it a choice or was it choiceless?
Perhaps it seems a very different direction,
Or is the psyche deceiving itself once again?

* * * *

Good lord, try not to believe everything You read.

* * * *

The kingdom of mystery is not of conscious design.

* * * *

You cannot explain what You cannot see.

* * * *

To most, life is more real than reality.
It is all they can distinguish and few will
Ever even begin to fathom its veiled nature.
Those who do see clearly must somehow
Find a way to abide in space and time
Despite the fact they know it is not.

* * * *

These words are for the rare
Who do not feel the need to believe,
Who seek the unity beyond all manifest form,
And will not be bound by the constraints of the mind.

* * * *

Pretty darned fascinating
How many masks and costumes
Fit on a human skeleton.

* * * *

The seer explores all worlds
Without even taking a step.

* * * *

All knowledge is man-made,
But that which is the sovereignty
Is prior to all time-bound manifestation,
Untainted by action or deed or circumstance.

* * * *

Go to the deep end of the puddle.
Let out your air and descend
Into the bliss of oblivion.

* * * *

What is life but that which is unborn
Concocting a veil of birth and death
That it might eternally deceive its Self.

* * * *

God and Devil are concepts.
Dualistic notions creating imaginary lines.
Counterfeit fissures within the storm of the quantum mind.

* * * *

Organized religion is the placebo of the masses
Caught in the coarse net of their vain ignorance.
It is for those satisfied with meaningless answers,
Deceptive speculations, half-truths and outright lies,
Those easily mislead by their own undiscerning whimsy.

* * * *

It does not take much intelligence
To see the human species is not as evolved
As so many fancy themselves to be.

* * * *

Here You are.
What more need there be?

* * * *

The tears of longing's
Many passionate inspirations
Are the play of time's brackish nature,
The pain inherent in any dream
Inspired by its illusion.

* * * *

Cut the knot of passion
And the You that yous
Ends without beginning.

* * * *

The dream of consciousness weaves into a reality
Through that which is the never-born witness
To the vast charade of space and time.
Through illusion it pretends birth and death
And the spontaneous collusion into which it is cast.

* * * *

The fact that it is You believing
It is You doing any of this is the quandary.
Consciousness is a vast weaving over which You have
Less say than You will likely ever discern.

* * * *

To abide in time, You must act in one form or another.
To abide eternally, You must die to all veils,
No matter how enticing the dance.

* * * *

What to do with this once You see it?
What can You do with that which has no value
But play out the dream as You freely will.

* * * *

What price have You not paid
For wandering through extremes?

* * * *

Only limited minds need argue and speculate about their chosen deities.

* * * *

The unity has never been splintered; only minds create such deceptions.

* * * *

Your true nature is like non-stick coating.
Teflon
* * * *

Beginnings end and endings begin,
The dusty eternity never long
In any either-or.

* * * *

Cast out the demons, cast out even the angels.
You are not bound by the concepts of evil and good

In this passion play of manifest consciousness.

* * * *

Adventures come and go.
To some You say yes, to others no.
But who is it who yeahs and who is it who nays?
Consciousness plays its many minds like strings upon a lyre
And the sounds weave through space across time
Within the mind of mystery, ever one.

* * * *

The manifest universe is neither
What You know nor what You forget.
It is the mystery of all things conceptual,
Yet ever untouched by any creation ever spun.

* * * *

In the company of strangers, You are alone.
In the company of friends, You are alone.
In the company of naught but yourself,
You are alone, eternally sovereign.

* * * *

You keep looking for that something more
That can never be more than imagined.

* * * *

The universe is just one big recycling bin.

* * * *

We work so hard to remember so much
Only to forget it all in the end.

* * * *

Time comes, time goes.
Standing still every while.

* * * *

A day unremembered
Is a day clearly lived.

* * * *

Does the world draw You into it,
Or do You into it?

* * * *

You are not the flesh or the persona,
Nor any other thought composed

Of the minds of human origin.

* * * *

You are your own imagined enemy,
Companion, acquaintance, friend and lover.

* * * *

Maya gives and maya takes away,
And You get caught in the web of attachment.

* * * *

Become the merry Buddha, laughing at your cosmic joke.

* * * *

Time exists only because of the vague traces of perception
Locked in the chemical-electrical nature of the manifest dreamer,
The caretaker of illusion, the floor upon which maya dances,
The passionate web adorned by all but those rare few
Who discern the total freedom beyond all veils.

* * * *

For all your effort, for all your joy and suffering,
They just slap You in the ground or toss You in the flames,
And You are unable to hear whether they are laughing or weeping
For the imagined soul upon which they in illusion reflect.

* * * *

Many scriptures write of homelessness
When participation in worldly dreamtime
At some point becomes truly pointless.
It is quality of mind free of concern,
Not the lack of a physical setting.

* * * *

Never assume You know anything.

* * * *

With You total surrender
Heaven becomes manifest fact.

* * * *

All dreams end as they began.

* * * *

You came, You see,
But will You liberate You Self from all illusion?

* * * *

The mystery is much more, much less, than a concept imagined by the mind.

* * * *

Knowing You are that which is all, is the gold;
The redemption of the manifest dreamtime.
The others idolize only the false gold,
And suffer the agony of mortality.
Only in the oneness of no other,
Is there a true sanctity of that,
Which is immortally eternal.

* * * *

Are there any in this vain escapade
Who have not fantasized a sense of inner glory?
All equally bleach in the sands of eternity

* * * *

You cannot discern eternal life
With a mind caught in the endless
Measurement of concepts born in time.

* * * *

The no-mind glides along timelessly aware.

* * * *

Observe You etched consciousness
As You would a recording played
Over and over and over again.

* * * *

To discern the eternal nature
Is to be reborn into wonder.

* * * *

The human drams is a fraud
Played out consciously upon itself.

* * * *

End your life, a child of mystery; what other end has any meaning?

* * * *

Look to no other for eternal salvation.
It is for You and You alone to discern.

* * * *

Funny how You can say something over and over
And it cannot be heard by those lacking the ear for it.
And even if they do hear, it is still all projection.

* * * *

The end of time is the no-mind prior to concept,
The eternal passing know only in Eden
Prior to the advent of humanity.

* * * *

Your greatest wealth is the discernment of your true Self.
All worldly plays of imagination pale in comparison.

* * * *

The faceless bogeyman takes on
Many imagined masks and costumes,
But it is ever the same divisive irrational nature
Playing out the havoc of passion's irreconcilable nature.

* * * *

Prove all this? How? Why?

* * * * *

The mind caught in the known
Is like a matrix bound by linear rulings.
But prior to the illusory veil is the absoluteness
Inherent in all dreamtime manifestation.
Seek that reality and You shall find
The tranquility of absolution.

* * * *

When You die to time,
You die to birth and death.

* * * *

The You, You truly are, is not the You,
You identify yourself to be.

* * * *

Struggling to gain happiness and avoid sorrow,
Discern that both weave the web of suffering.

* * * *

You are not the grid of consciousness,
But the space throughout.

* * * *

Ever notice how false idols have a way of filling up so many rooms?

* * * *

On a roll, baby, on a roll.

* * * *

Your given universe is your teacher.
Any given face, any given form, any given anything
Can be a means to discerning that
Which You truly are.

LX

There is nothing this realm of consciousness or any other
Can truly offer to which You do not already have access.

* * * *

How arduous for most to even begin to realize,
That it is not their individual soul which is eternal.
That they are merely a dreamy bubble in totality's soda.

* * * *

Organized religion, as so many practice it, is the collusive blasphemy of ignorance.

* * * *

Divine the source of beingness, and You will fathom all diversity, imagined in this play of oneness.

* * * *

The depth of your aloneness cannot be measured.

* * * *

You are existent and non-existent, within the play of consciousness, and that which is prior to all dreams.

* * * *

Few will ever begin to understand
What so-called scriptures truly imply.
They are much more satisfied and happy
Chasing the gold at the end of maya's rainbow.

* * * *

To see the allness of these words and any others,
You must read between the lines and letters as well.

* * * *

The ways of humanity are puny and sustain no value.
Why be burdened by greed, envy, ambition and lust?
They provide no sanctity for the spirit seeking serenity.

* * * *

You dream You are man or woman,
Therefore, You become man or woman.
Dream instead, that You are God or the Devil,
And You will take on the characteristics You imagine.
But what if You are through with the yearning for delusions?
What can be left, but that which is mystery, the nameless unknown.

* * * *

The greatness to which the small-minded aspire

Is no greater than the dust upon a gnat's wing.

* * * *

These are aphoristic riddles that fiddle
To unlock You from your weary mind.

* * * *

Thank your suffering for your insight
Into the passionless way.

* * * *

You are a house of mystery.

* * * *

First, end all doubt.
Then, for the rest of your time,
Recollect whenever humanly possible
That absolute totality which is your true reflection.

* * * *

Understand space-time's imaginary origin,
And You traverse the dreamtime universe.

* * * *

There is not a solid tooth in this manifest purgatory.

* * * *

These thoughts are for those who ponder
Beyond all realms of heaven and hell,
Into that which is sovereign, unimaginable,
Without vain compensations or bitter punishments.
For those willing to concede all will to that which is absolute
Beyond all plays of conscious design, that which is one with all origins.

* * * *

When the scribe was very young, he declared perfection a policy.
Now, if You realize the death of which he speaks, it is a reality.
Discern the sovereign declaration within your own dream.

* * * *

The superficial will always remain superficial.
Maya will ever be maya, illusion ever illusion,
No matter how vainly You wish it could be more.

* * * *

The quest for knowledge, understanding and wisdom
Is a fool's errand.

* * * *

Those discerning this sort of thought
Are an exclusive membership
To which all are welcome,
But few find the key.

* * * *

You are it and it is You,
Only limitation brewing two.

* * * *

Recollection takes attention,
And attention recollection.

* * * *

Please excuse the scribe if he seems
Somewhat arrogant in his eternal poverty.
The signal did not come through wishy-washy.

* * * *

You are more real than You can ever imagine.

* * * *

Any concept is thought-energy woven into reality,
The ever-nowness projecting pasts and futures
Within the dreamtime of manifest creation.

* * * *

None of this would make any sense whatsoever
Without the leap of faith of the mind born of time.

* * * *

A philosopher, a student of life seeking truth's union
Conceives an ample compendium of subjects
At the mind's extrapolating fingertips

* * * *

Notice how the mind resists the ending of time.
It will give in again and again into every craving
As often as You succumb to its ceaseless nature.

* * * *

Where, oh where has the little mind gone?
Beyond all reflections into the vastness
Only wise seers will ever call home.

* * * *

No matter how high the high,

It is ever consciousness
Passing quickly gone,
The trap so willingly set
In mind's eye bound to time.

* * * *

Kings and queens may imagine themselves
The rulers of vast arrays of armies and servants,
But is it not they who are truly imprisoned by the roles
In which those beneath are forced to cast them.

* * * *

Regarding any turn of events,
Who can really say if it is good or bad
When it merely aligns another time yet to come.
All causes transform into effects and effects into causes,
And only dream-bound dreamers reflect upon dualistic progressions.

* * * *

Too many people, too many technologies,
Governments, corporations, bureaucrats, tourists,
Religions, cities, prisons, deforested hills, cultivated valleys,
Chemicals, weapons, trash piles, tainted water, domesticated animals,
False differences, vain histories, mountains of false gold, self-absorbed dreams.
A species hell-bent on a sure road to perdition and extinction beyond.

* * * *

The mind, despite its being a mutation of mysterious origin,
Invokes a linear confabulation which can never
Seal off its intrinsic spontaneity.
It is destined by its essential nature to Self-destruct.

* * * *

The world You see is a brief painting fashioned in time,
A spinning dynamic island in a dynamic spinning universe
In a dynamic dreaming You as witness have created.

* * * *

Fairness,
Like so many concepts,
Has an unfailingly certain relativity about it.

* * * *

The permutations of manifest mutation
Are far from done.

* * * *

But realize, my friends,

No false king will first listen
To the dogs playing at his feet
Without at least one nibble
Thought to be meat.

* * * *

Numby-numb-numb,
A few beers and you're done.
Let the other fellow pretend to abstain.
You've got a reality of your own to entertain.

* * * *

We are on a bull
And the jaunt will not end
Until the bull is done.

* * * *

Humanity may have caught the first wave or so quite well,
Be there's more coming and the shark's got your tail.
What, pray tell, are You going to try do about it?

* * * *

How fortunate for humankind and the world at large,
That the harsh, cruel, foul, sinister reflections
This imagination has so freely wandered
Have been so harmlessly channeled.

* * * *

The constant, demanding presence of technology,
It is a wonder we are not all batty from all the beeping.

* * * *

We seem to postpone the dreadful accounting
For the children to someday attempt to pay.
And pay some will, so very sorry to say.

* * * *

If what one does, does no harm to another,
Then what real concern is it to anyone else?
Political correctness is a narrow, confining path.

* * * *

If you're very lucky
You will never find out
How harsh life can truly be.

* * * *

Despite the superficial harshness of these words,

There is a great deal of heartfelt intent t to all this.

* * * *

An inane penance.

* * * *

Excuse me for asking such a stupid question,
But why is it necessary to believe in anything?

* * * *

Is it really anything but a whimsy of nature
Which makes any of us act the way we do?

* * * *

Where would we be if we did not
Support one another's vanity?

* * * *

Do You see where we are headed?
Can we avert it? At what point
Can the speeding vehicle
Turn to avoid the cliff?

* * * *

The answer is cooperation

* * * *

Was it something You ate?

* * * *

With all the pain we endure,
Its a wonder we aren't all
Alcoholics and drug addicts.

* * * *

Does all this leave You as confused as before?
Well, you're not alone then.

* * * *

Just remember, as has been said before,
Watch what another does, not what s/he says.
Actions do in deed speak louder than words.

* * * *

What good all the world's philosophy
If no one can live it?

* * * *

You are welcome
To laugh at my funeral,
If You find the body.

* * * *

It is the scribe's enjoyment of wordplay,
A penchant for solitude, and the play of history,
That has brought to this dream these many thoughts.
What mongrel does not want to leave its mark?

* * * *

You must nourish yourself before
You can ever hope to feed the world.

* * * *

Have You noticed no one label
Seems to describe You completely,
Yet all seem to fit just the same.

* * * *

A new spin on the ball changes everything.

* * * *

Are there any winners in war?

* * * *

How much easier it is to put off into time
That to which now holds the answer.

* * * *

Is there any way You can be here now in this garden world,
Without someone or something, looking to consume You?
It is a god-eat-god world, no matter which way You turn.

* * * *

If You peer within,
You will find where all creation,
All the manifestations of your dream originate.

* * * *

Every caste has its snobbery.

* * * *

Who doesn't see themselves as the good guy?
Who doesn't rationalize their mystery-given role
In such a way as to maintain a sense of rightness?

* * * *

All life is influenced by so many things
Which create such a varied range of views.
A network of paths whose Soul destiny is one.

* * * *

Peace is gracefully abiding
In eternity's momentary window of time,
Sovereign in the aloneness of the all that is one.

* * * *

It's about time, it's about space
It's about a very strange and wondrous place.

* * * *

Embracing one's death
And all the suffering in advance
Simplifies the incalculable complexities
Which inevitably arise in daily living.

* * * *

All words will someday be forgotten.
The echoes of sound will cease.
Time will be lost to eternity.

* * * *

The masses are so easily mesmerized by the delusions history feeds them.

* * * *

Coddling weakness only makes one weaker.

* * * *

You need not trouble yourself over the world.
It will be here long after your shadow disappears.

* * * *

And the noise of imagination filled the garden's silence.

* * * *

The return to wonder fathoms no bounds.

* * * *

What You do, how You do it,
Matters much, much more,
Than your beliefs about it.

* * * *

The words of politicians,
No matter the scale of the arena,

Make a capricious wind look dependable.

* * * *

You have yet to encounter a label
Which does not apply to some degree,
Nor one that truly sticks for even a moment.

* * * *

Pain can make one feel very old.

* * * *

Everything points to it, yet delusion blinds all but a rare few.

* * * *

Is karma any more than a pacifier for the powerless?

* * * *

Oh, treacherous garden.
Let the innocent play
For as long as they may
For their day of reckoning, too,
Shall come a-calling.

* * * *

Those to whom we are ancestors will have no choice
But to ride the narrow course we have set for them.

* * * *

If these words ring true,
They will stand the rigor of time.
If not, well, let them wither into oblivion.
No biggie.

* * * *

What silliness all this is.

* * * *

Good luck plugging that dike to all who would deny the Way.

* * * *

Beginnings are endings,
And endings are beginnings,
In the context of time rooted in mind,
Preserved by the nonchalance of eternity.

LXI

It is the swirl of desire and fear that inspires the dream.
Endure as best ye may all your suffering.
It is your greatest teacher.

* * * *

What need You names?

* * * *

Every assumption humanity makes
Is founded upon the natural order
The laws of manifest existence.

* * * *

May all Hallmark holidays
Fall into the abyss they deserve.

* * * *

The mists of time can play havoc in your mind.

* * * *

This is the current present.

* * * *

Joy and sorrow, smiles and frowns,
Each as impermanent as the other,
Drifting back and forth, to and fro
In the currents of thought's reverie.

* * * *

When the tablet empties, the child
Remains prior to all contexts.

* * * *

For the media to deny its responsibility
In this fine mess is an abysmal delusion.

* * * *

This is the final conclusion,
Until the confusion arises again.

* * * *

Said it all and will say it again and again.

* * * *

Meditation is floating away.

* * * *

Creation is evolution and evolution is creation.
They have never been mutually exclusive.

* * * *

It is not your words, but your actions
Which announce your true religion.

* * * *

That which is built upon time only becomes
More ritualized, decadent and trivial.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are concocted in the unfolding of moment-to-moment experiencing.

* * * *

Subtlety is lost upon the literal mind.
It will run, condemn or kill to retain its delusion.

* * * *

How often one man's passion
Casts another as victim.

* * * *

How challenging to live in a world
So filled with discontent and rancor.

* * * *

Every single part and particle
Is connected to the same infinity.

* * * *

Physician, heal thyself,
Means simply it is You, and You alone,
Who must alone discern and uncleave the universe
You have so precisely pulled into pieces.

* * * *

The masses see madmen as sane and the sane as mad.
So much paradox and irony this extemporaneous world.

* * * *

Your time is linked in memory.

* * * *

The changing only wears down
That which is changeable.

* * * *

The most incredible thing about the followers
Is that they really believe they understand
What the originators were truly saying.

* * * *

Life's gift sometimes loses its sheen.
Who does not occasionally wonder,
Especially in moments of struggle,
Why it was given in the first place.

* * * *

All these thoughts,
From where do they come?
Why, why, I do not know,
And less and less
Do I care.

* * * *

Can You ever really be sure
That any of it ever happened?
Or is life merely vague perceptions,
Selected assumptions, vain declarations,
All as brief as sand dunes weathered
By the ceaseless wind of eternity.

* * * *

What distance is there
Between here and there?
What time between now and then?
What measurement between this or that?
But the mind weighing, weighing, ever weighing?

* * * *

When they have nothing better to do with their lives,
People become tourists, plying one decadence or another.
What a pathetic, anemic species we are becoming.
Is it innocence, or the drab mush of excess?

* * * *

The well of eternity can never run dry.

* * * *

The inconsiderate guest
Is the eternal challenge.

* * * *

To surrender You must yield the center.

* * * *

The only block to eternity is the you
You continuously fabricate.

* * * *

Dilemma tends to force questioning
Upon those of subtle spirit.

* * * *

Few flowers stay full for long.

* * * *

Even Buddha meditates best
On a reasonably full belly.

* * * *

An obligatory life
Is not much to look back upon.

* * * *

Most want their bodies and hearts healed,
But rare are those who find remedy in the mind.

* * * *

Consciousness is the trading ground of desire.

* * * *

Avoid adopting the labels others set before You.
Be especially wary of those You paste upon yourself.

* * * *

Caveat: Many of these thoughts are opinions, not truths.
Sometimes they just sound good, the way words,
Even the mistaken ones, often do.

* * * *

You can almost always spot a tourist.

* * * *

Would Darwin burst from uncontrollable laughter
At the direction humanity is heading?

* * * *

What suffering there is
Is solely for this end.

* * * *

Real revolution is unformatted.

* * * *

All roads lead to oblivion.

* * * *

Was there truly any other choice?

* * * *

Sometimes you've just got to throw out
That rotten sack of potatoes.

* * * *

No one can legally deprive You of your mystery-given right to survive.

* * * *

How many fly wings must be pulled, to comprehend the pain life too often endures?

* * * *

And then there are those who seek to occupy every toilet and urinal on campus at least once.

* * * *

Identity is forced upon each and every one of us.
It is the play of consciousness as set out in the human drama.
Its free will outcome, though not apparent now, is ultimately predestined.

* * * *

The finite world is for finite minds.

* * * *

Let those who believe life is life, bury those they think dead.

* * * *

You have saved the world times beyond counting, yet it is ever the same.

* * * *

If You are waiting to be crowned king of the universe,
The chances grow fatter with every moment's passing.

* * * *

Being all, what need have You for singular lives?

* * * *

Let it happen; faith, detachment, serenity.

* * * *

Exclude all sense of space and time; unfold into the unreferenced wonder.

* * * *

There are none who are not the mystery.
It is for each to realize totally alone, if it is their calling.
Seeing cannot be forced or persuaded,
Or contained.

* * * *

But still You must carry on,
Playing out life in time as if it is real.
What to do with it, how to abide in the paradox
Of mother's three-dimensional dream.

* * * *

Consciousness is consciousness is consciousness.
But what is it prior to its imaginary reality?
In that mirrored reckoning is the truth of the matter.

* * * *

Consciousness is like a breeze
Blowing though the stillness of awareness.
The movement prior to the wind's ephemeral content
Is what must be intuitively, attentively discerned.
The awareness, the amness, is perceived
Only by those who seek the source
Of this mysterious lightshow.

* * * *

Options change.

* * * *

And still consciousness,
Like the Sirens of Ulysses,
Draws You into its rocky web.

* * * *

To end identification with the body-mind
And all it implies, that is the road less traveled.

* * * *

One must learn to ignore the ego's incessant desire
To retain the selected impressions of space-time.

* * * *

Where air, water and land meet,
Are they not the same ocean?

* * * *

Some say it all happens for a reason.
Whose reason?

* * * *

When You consider what the body is,
What is there to truly identify with?

* * * *

Complete surrender.
Such bliss is beyond the realm of the known.

* * * *

Anyone can see a larger picture
At any point in time.
Do not hold anyone to their past.

* * * *

You are already that which is immortal.
What greater realization could You possibly want?

* * * *

Burning bridges can be very foolish,
Unless You are very sure your course
Will not require a return in that direction.

* * * *

Eternity is in every step, every breath, every heartbeat
And every immeasurable point through which time unfolds.

* * * *

Consciousness, that which is known, is not the eternal.
It never has been, nor will it ever be.
Attempts to manifest the intangible into time
Can only add to the continuing saga of vain delusion.

* * * *

Justice is a concept to weather the injustice.

* * * *

Isn't one enough?

* * * *

Some wear suits, others rags.
What difference really?

* * * *

The chance cards in the deck of life
Hold a wide range of surprises.

* * * *

The only difference between now and then
Is a larger set of impressions.

* * * *

The real You can never be tainted by the stains of time.

* * * *

The fine print said sickness, injury, aging, dying and death.
Perhaps You will read it a little more closely next time.

* * * *

The permutations of all creation are, for all practical purposes, infinite.
The library of all ordered knowledge would fill galaxies.
Busy, busy, busy.

* * * *

When any creature great or small is without recourse,
The choices are boiled down to genetic predisposition.

* * * *

Sometimes You just have to let the blind stumble about, until they see.

* * * *

You see what You have chosen to see.
You know what You have chosen to know.
You believe what You have chosen to believe.
You are what You have chosen to be.
You are the chosen one.

* * * *

If the shoe fits, take it to the Soul.

* * * *

What family is truly your own?

* * * *

All knowledge is yours to sustain, for as long as mind and body and breath allow.

* * * *

Consciousness fragments into an infinity of opposites; ever the same, no matter the irony or paradox.

* * * *

What absurdities will You endure before this dreamtime's final end?
How many mornings do You wake up, sighing at the dawn of another day?

* * * *

Every game has an opening, every story an ending,
And the middle is all the fictions told by historians who survive,
Or come along later, and examine and speculate the shards scattered about.

* * * *

Deities within deities within deities.

* * * *

The direction of any life pursuit, says far more about the pursuer.

* * * *

For want of the only real glory, we fabricate so many false ones.

* * * *

Is this what You would have imagined life to be?

* * * *

Women may be on the average,
More intelligent than men,
But the advantage is generally offset,
By how irrational daily living tends to make them.

* * * *

In any given moment of wonder, what does it really matter what You are doing?

* * * *

It is the visual sense that gives greatest weight to the reverie of space and time.

* * * *

Why beat your head against the walls of illusion?

* * * *

Male ferocity is well-documented,
But that mayhem is born of a woman's womb.
What difference is there really, between scalps and flowers?

LXII

In examining the claim of free will closely,
You must ask yourself if You chose,
Your gender, color, body shape, and health;
Your culture, language, socioeconomic level, and so on.
Many claim it so, but is any assertion more than pointless speculation?
Is free will merely another hollow concept, another delusion of the self-absorbed mind,
Continually fabricating rationales for the mystery, it can never begin to know.

* * * *

By what leap of imagination,
Did we ever conclude politicians,
Were, or would ever be, actual leaders?
Beware any and all, who strive to guide You.
There are many an unwritten agenda,
That ever again fell the gullible.

* * * *

No foundation will stand the test of time.
All succumb to the dusty eternal nature,
To the ocean's unfettered push and pull.

* * * *

There will always be more
For those who ceaselessly crave more.

* * * *

In the midst of playing any game,
It is wise not to lose site of the board
On which the pieces must play.

* * * *

In time's theatric passing
There will be many experiences
You will need never repeat.

* * * *

What are the odds in a battle of wits and fang
Between a wolf and its domesticated cousin?

* * * *

Water flows many directions, but only one way.

* * * *

We are all sucked into the vortex of history's future past.

* * * *

You are the king and slave of creation.

* * * *

As much as so many may wish it so,
Truth is not attainable in the realm of consciousness.
The kingdoms of the known cannot lay claim to more than illusion.

* * * *

Your fate is assured; look beyond it for the answer to all riddles.

* * * *

The sage sees adversity and fortune with the same impersonal equanimity.

* * * *

Listen closely, peer into any unknown,
And any language, any set of concepts
Will awaken within your field of knowing.

* * * *

Rightness is the obvious.

* * * *

The anarchists of today
Become the kings of tomorrow.

* * * *

The flowing babble of the river
Is the causing effecting and the effecting causing.

* * * *

You will never see your identity
But through the reflections
Mirrored by the dreamer within.
All attachments are creators of duality.

* * * *

What difference, really, between a trough a barn and a table in a dining room?

* * * *

What is the peak to which all climbers aspire?

* * * *

Life is the exploration of capacity and limitation.

* * * *

The tethers of your mind mold time.

* * * *

Why do You choose to suffer?

* * * *

How can You abide in one-pointedness
When reality is completely pointless?
Consciousness is the only point-maker.

* * * *

The time which once seem far in the future
Approaches with a steadfast sureness
And seemingly increasing speed.

* * * *

The mystery is as small as it is large.

* * * *

Does inner vision have anything to do
With sight as it is known?

* * * *

The medleys of imagination
Have little to do with reality.

* * * *

All roles are assumed.

* * * *

Only in fragmentation
Is there the vain craving
For it to be more than it is.

* * * *

Personality is a temporal pattern.
An expression; a cross-stitch in time.
A brief chord in the symphony of creation.
A drop in the ocean of consciousness.
A dream in the mind of mystery.

* * * *

There are many who would do all a favor
By saying and doing much less.

* * * *

All assumption is founded in time.

* * * *

Why should You care?

* * * *

Is freedom what You are when You do, or what You do when You are?

* * * *

That from which consciousness issues, that to which consciousness subsides, You are That.
Ineffable, indivisible, indelible, infinite, infinitesimal, ever-present, unborn-undying, absolute.

* * * *

Space-time, does it move?
And who is keeping count?

* * * *

It's either one way or the other.

* * * *

Use the mind and nervous system
To step beyond its mortal origin.

* * * *

There is truly nothing without it, yet consciousness
Continuously creates every vain notion to mask it.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose are interwoven with self-imagery.

* * * *

You are the answer to all questions,
The dreamer of all dreams,
The truth of all truths,
The end to all beginnings,
And the beginning to all endings.

* * * *

Nirvana is merely the cessation of consciousness from all patterns.

* * * *

The forms are the gold, but the gold is not the form.

* * * *

Whatever changing is yet to come,
Originates individually and collectively.
We are all in it together, whatever the outcome.

* * * *

Trust your deity of choice to kill You for all your trouble.

* * * *

Choice implies duality; where there is only one, what choice can there be?

* * * *

Mystery endures existence, in order to reflect upon that which can never be known.

* * * *

Those who are easily offended, need to question their assumptions; only imagination is offended.

* * * *

Death.
One moment You are here now; the next You are not.
Has this mystery, this moment-to-moment manifest existence, ever really that much different?

* * * *

Passion inevitably leads to conflict and division.

* * * *

All You experience is created through neurological perception.

* * * *

Will is delineated by capacities and limitations of nature- nurture.
By environmental influences and genetic predisposition.
To consider it free is but delusional construct.

* * * *

Accept life for what it is; all resistance to fate is futile.

* * * *

We are all immortal time travelers.

* * * *

What has ever made You believe You could ever be
Anything the mind could ever concoct?

* * * *

You behave what You believe.

* * * *

What will You do
When all the promises
Prove unsustainable.

* * * *

Do not seek immortality.
Discern it coursing in every fiber.

* * * *

How long must life's play continue

For You to divine its true meaning?

* * * *

Passions spring forth ever again,
Yet retrospect often questions
What any tumult is worth.

* * * *

Life is filled with struggle.
Why do some blossom in its midst,
While others surrender and search out its end?
Is there a serenity prior to all the psychological anarchy,
Creating so much divisive strife and mischief?
All of it the same, yet every variation,
Fate seems intent to play.

* * * *

God is as dead as You are.

* * * *

Ego is founded entirely upon a set of perceived assumptions.

* * * *

The womb is the die cup of mystery.

* * * *

Is the real issue what they think, or what You think they might think?

* * * *

The source is ever the source, no matter its label or definition.

* * * *

You ask the world to change, but will not change your Self.

* * * *

Immortality creates its own sanity.

* * * *

To shroud existence with nobility and romance, is ever a comforting delusion.

* * * *

How else could the mystery ponder itself, but through your eyes?

* * * *

Muzzling the dog solves the problem before it happens.

* * * *

The definition of inertia is a property of matter by which it continues,

In its existing state of rest or uniform motion in a straight line,
Unless that state is changed by an external force.

All causes become effects, and all effects become causes.
Among the most austere laws of the natural order,
The balance of all causes equals all effects,
And the synergy of time's permutations,
Inevitably plays out predictable conclusions.

* * * *

God owes You nothing.

* * * *

First blood wakes up the basic nature.

* * * *

What need have You to see it all
Once You know You are all of it?

* * * *

How can You be free
If your inner vision is colored
By the propaganda of time?

* * * *

Peace without is not possible
Until it is discerned within.

* * * *

What a burden desire can be.

* * * *

What peace can thought truly offer?
Its suspension is the only resolution.

* * * *

Seeing one's Self, seeing the no other,
Is a vision which requires no mirror.

* * * *

Judgments are cast of the form
And the brief span of its pretense.

* * * *

To be unconcerned
Even for your own opinions,
Now that is freedom.

* * * *

You may choose to do things the same,
But You are not bound to any action.

* * * *

If You cannot put aside You pride to see it,
Then You are damned to the timeless,
Eternal hell of your own making.

* * * *

How fortunate those who find
Even the mundane exceptional.

* * * *

How much more simple the life
Of the one who accepts its offering.

* * * *

You are the whimsical nature of that which is prior.

* * * *

In any garden there is the planting,
The pruning, the thinning,
And the harvest.

* * * *

Are You pretending to know something You really do not?

* * * *

If God is not but a concept, why do so many find it necessary,
To mitigate their sundry doubts, through endless persuasion?

* * * *

How strange to be judged by another for something over which You have no control.

* * * *

Voluntary activity is motivated and enjoyable.

* * * *

We as a species are generally unable to examine
The founding assumptions of our consciousness.

* * * *

Ignorance alone is one thing, ignorance multiplied another.
But exponential ignorance is reckoned only in chaos.

* * * *

Is any organized religion anything more

Than a reflex of superstitious, undiscerning minds?
The dread of the unknown, or more accurately,
The illusory security blanket of the known.

* * * *

The more dogmatic, the harsher the judgments.

* * * *

Most of your ancestors never even watched one movie,
Read a book, drove a car, or tapped a keyboard.
And still, You ceaselessly grasp for more.
Is there any end to your hunger?
If You were truly content,
Would there be more to want?

* * * *

Time, the present unfolding,
Is seen through the screen of memory.
How each flavors it, is left to personal discretion.
Objectivity is the most subtle delusion.

* * * *

Take any corner, any angle too fast, and You are bound to crash and burn.

* * * *

You who believe your identity real, it is You who are truly mad.

* * * *

All seeds originate of the same source, blown into life by a causeless mystery.

LXIII

Discern and maintain serenity, in your own mind before attempting to brandish it upon another's.

* * * *

Is there anything more dangerous than a hypocrite blind to his hypocrisy?

* * * *

Belief is the result of the desire or more, and the fear that some authority can deny You access.

* * * *

Never completely trust someone, who has the power to destroy.
It may someday draw You into, weave You into, its passionate vortex.

* * * *

God's plan? You call this fine mess a plan? Seriously?

* * * *

The vastness is masked by ignorance.

* * * *

In all most the most adamant ignorance, any delusion eventually wears thin.

* * * *

One thing leads to another, one way or another.

* * * *

Only imagination would feel the incessant aspiration to know,
To hope, to seek, to pray, to perform so many motions,
In order to achieve the redemption of a mystery,
That can never be lost, never be destroyed,
But through the illusionary miasma,
Of contrived interpretations.

* * * *

If You cannot comprehend, understand, know, embrace, release,
Every potential of creation and duration and destruction,
Then have You entirely seen your ultimate reality?

* * * *

The shogun wins the worthiest garden, by respecting the gardener and his calling.

* * * *

Sit still or move voraciously, it all passes the same, but for the mind's ceaseless craving.

* * * *

Heaven has always been on earth.

It is only mind's blindness to the greatest reality,
Which sets perditions and hells in motion.

* * * *

The hierarchies of mind exist only in time.

* * * *

The origin of all languages are the slangs of individual creation.

* * * *

Every particle of dust is the infinite story.

* * * *

If You do not stop to ponder their deeper meaning,
Thoughts such as these will end up being very numbing.

* * * *

You will discern the one, when the many are no longer needed to sustain the imagined.

* * * *

The tranquility of the moment is cultivated within.
It requires a mind free of outward influence,
In ground detached from appearances.
It is a drumming, whose rhythm,
Aligns with the indivisible.

* * * *

These words are not new to the world,
Merely unheard by the majority.

* * * *

What a repulsive species we are,
That we so carelessly kill all creatures,
Who even remotely threaten our existence,
Or are useless to its continuation.

* * * *

But for your own patterned ruling,
You have no obligation to do anything
As it has been done before.

* * * *

All is one, all is truth, all is way.
It is the versions which create dogma.

* * * *

The outer state is a reflection of the inner one.

* * * *

As the mind-body moves, so does the universal one.

* * * *

Where does the balloon go after the pop?

* * * *

Are guilt, fear, rage and any other passion
Things You are convinced or forced to feel?

* * * *

Once You accept any politically correct mode of thinking,
You are accepting an array of assumptions founded upon illusion.

* * * *

How often do You wake up wondering
What stupidities You will to endure this day?

* * * *

Why should You be expected to take care of someone
Who lacks the self-respect to take care of themselves?

* * * *

Abiding grace comes with complete surrender.

* * * *

Why let anyone or anything
Ruin even a moment?

* * * *

Quantum manifests any and all forms, all states of space and time, all aberrations of consciousness.
There appear few limits to what it can morph itself into, and no appearance it will long remain.
You are sovereign witness to its unborn-undying potential, to its to its ineffable capacity.
Completely alone in its immeasurable cosmos; kaleidoscoping the eternal moment, You are.

* * * *

Why should You feel even remotely responsible
For the inevitable downfall of blind ignorance?

* * * *

When You were dreamtime's beginning, You partook fully of childhood's innocent reverie.
When You outgrew that body and those pursuits, You took on an adult's dream.
What then happens when You put aside entirely time's mirage?

* * * *

We have pummeled this world and its many life forms.
How long will we drive everything into the ropes
Before the ring breaks down completely?

* * * *

In spite of the seeming endlessness
Of the manifest sensory experiencing,
The essence of all is one vast similarity.

* * * *

Constant second-guessing is self-defeating
Especially when it is over egoistic concerns.

* * * *

Fathom the mystery as it is devised to be fathomed.

* * * *

All the measuring only creates more fragmentation.

* * * *

The philosopher discerns the non-existence of existence
Yet attains a relative mastery of its many illusions.

* * * *

What do You want?
Again and again the question,
What do You want?

* * * *

Integration is that point of oblivion,
In which You no longer exist in separation.
You cannot know truth, for that implies separation.
You can only surrender to the beingness,
Meld into the intuitive oneness,
At the core of eternity's,
Manifest unfolding.

* * * *

When history is no longer written solely by the victorious,
Its many lessons can be witnessed in more a relative light.

* * * *

Whichever way You turn,
However far You travel,
Whatever speed You move,
Eternal life unfolds instantaneously.

* * * *

Education's unwritten goal,
Is to create a docile working force,
Who will voluntarily sustain a community,

Which has little concern for the individual welfare.

* * * *

You are doing what it is your fate to do.

* * * *

Everything we have done to control nature
Only magnifies the boomerang's comeback.

* * * *

It is complete surrender
To the struggle of existence
Which makes it effortless.

* * * *

How challenging for the known
Not to be destroyed by the wave
Of their own crushing mythologies.

* * * *

How can You hold consciousness against itself?

* * * *

Humanity is quickly becoming a waste of existence.

* * * *

Here You are.
Make the best of it.

* * * *

What gives You any reason,
To believe humanity as a whole,
Will change the tack it has maintained,
Since the beginning of its theatric inception?

* * * *

The true Immortal You is not bound
By the vain infidelities of mortality.

* * * *

Justice is a function of might's ethos.

* * * *

Why are we so loath to admit to ourselves,
That each and every one of us must be mystery manifest?
That there really is only one perspective.

* * * *

The currents of creation,
Of history and its unfolding future,
Is a grand immaculate, dynamic dreaming,
Playing out in an immeasurable garden of mystery,
Witnessed in countless ways by every conceivable life form,
In every now the mirage of space and time will allow.

* * * *

Evolution and creation are synonymous.

* * * *

Wisdom is just well-worn pathlessness.

* * * *

You are that which needs never sleep,
Needs never dream, needs never awaken,
Yet sleeps, and dreams, and awakens, anew,
Throughout eternity, in every guise.

* * * *

Does any have any choice
But to play the role dealt?

* * * *

Without ignorance and delusion,
Wisdom and insight would not spawn.

* * * *

There is only one eternal life,
No matter how many are played.

* * * *

Birth and death are ultimately
Very much the same reality.

* * * *

Watching the many activists,
Is like watching a cancer trying,
To transform its fundamental nature.
How challenging for them to comprehend,
How powerful inaction can be.

* * * *

It is the politicians and priests and money-changers,
Who are truly naive and foolish, who are truly imprisoned,
By their incessant worship of the false deities of vanity and greed.

* * * *

The underlying assumption of so many
Is that humanity should continue as it is.
Why?

* * * *

Karma is only as real as You make it.

* * * *

Sometimes a very painful belly flop
Is a needed point in the learning curve.

* * * *

How much suffering and angst
Is simply oxygen deprivation?

* * * *

Hold fast to awareness; stay ahead of history.

* * * *

If they will not wake up,
Let them eat their bullets.

* * * *

There is a language for every set.

* * * *

Justice is the outcome of might's choices.

* * * *

Don't let knowledge overwhelm insight.

* * * *

These many thoughts are not comforting for most.
In their denial, the undiscerning become more adamant,
More unwilling to fathom that all conclusions, all assumptions,
Have foothold only in the impersonal quicksand of eternity's abyss.

* * * *

Death resolves all dilemmas.

* * * *

Peace is not something forced.
It is the surrender to the true nature
Prior to all variations of persona.

* * * *

We have journeyed a long way from Kansas.
Look's like we're going to eat all the cake.

* * * *

Life has written these thoughts.
It will teach You everything
You are ready to know.

* * * *

Bend the world to your will?
Hah!

* * * *

You will take many breaths today,
All one at a time.

* * * *

Thought is a flash of energy
Patterned into consciousness.

* * * *

The real purpose of life is beyond living.
Who's home?

* * * *

There are many openings in the game of life,
But by the end the choices are very narrow.

* * * *

The depth and breadth of infinity are within.

* * * *

Thought breeds quickly in time.

* * * *

Are You your thoughts,
Or the beingness
From which they arise?

* * * *

The building blocks of existence
Can be conceptualized in countless ways,
Yet the patterns are ever woven of the same essence.

* * * *

What satisfaction there is in doing something well.
The art of living is its own craftsmanship.

* * * *

How many mistakes You have probably made

And never known.

* * * *

Mind is the seeker, knower, creator
And creation of all patterns.

* * * *

There can be big money in being insane in this world.

* * * *

It is really all happening for the first time.

* * * *

To thine own enemy, be true.

* * * *

An infant is without pattern.
The winds of life sculpt pattern.
Knowledge is the grouping of pattern.
Understanding is the grasping of pattern.
Wisdom is the command of pattern.
Liberation is prior to pattern.
The return to tabula rasa.

LXIV

The key to all knowledge, all mystery, is the mind in which it originates.

* * * *

In a moment your whole life is naught but a memory.

* * * *

Of might and right, right is solely of mind.

* * * *

Surf the eternal crest of time.

* * * *

What fools we are to make money our deity.

* * * *

How You bounce back from any fall
Show the metal of your soul.

* * * *

Honor creates its own road.

* * * *

How can someone be so foolish
As to claim they would never do something
If they have not experienced a similar circumstance?

* * * *

Peace is just putting away your weapons
And finding a niche in your community.

* * * *

These thoughts about life are for those
Who see the relativity of all gamesmanship.

* * * *

Every thought You or anyone else may have,
Is the voice of mystery brought forth,
In the play of consciousness.

* * * *

Perceive your many appetites so well
That You may nominate abstention
When need or inclination arise.
Those unable to control their vices
Are like sails helpless before the wind.

* * * *

Why look to others to verity your worth?

* * * *

The cross is empathy,
The blood its suffering.
No need to eat the bread.

* * * *

The many concoctions of consciousness,
Belief, knowledge, call them what You will,
Require effort, struggle, energetic response.
To be, empty of all desire, free, is the way prior
To the inevitable suffering of those seeking more.

* * * *

Are You motivated by desire, by fear, by courage?
What inspires You to push on in the day in, day out?

* * * *

Toy with maya and it will toy back exponentially.

* * * *

What makes us so sure the future
Will care about our self-infatuation?

* * * *

Objectivity is relative to its subjective origin.

* * * *

Is joy the product of pleasure?

* * * *

What glory is there in the butchery of technology?

* * * *

Creation is evolution, and evolution, creation.

* * * *

Avoid your aloneness, your inner void,
And You will twist in the winds of your mind.

* * * *

The limit is your imagination.

* * * *

How little You can ever know.

* * * *

How often self-protective thoughts
Only weave more confusion and despair.

* * * *

When the enforcers of order dissolve,
The little folk must abide the harshness.

* * * *

Nothing more tiring than self-righteous hypocrisy.

* * * *

You are the oneness awakening.

* * * *

Separated from the herd, the weak die.

* * * *

Meditation is letting go the concerns
Of the mind born of time.

* * * *

If You are never taught to fear God, You will never find reason to.

* * * *

Get the splinter out of your own eye
Before You try jerking it out of everyone else's.

* * * *

The Great Consumption must eventually fall prey to its fate.

* * * *

Are You harnessed by the craving for imagined value,
For the false gold of a world destined to fade into oblivion?

* * * *

Will You blame others for all your angst
Till the day You die?

* * * *

History is only as necessary as You choose to make it.

* * * *

Most people wouldn't know Jesus Christ
If he came up and bonked them with his cross.

* * * *

To attain the unattainable,
To reach the immeasurable,
To see the light, the truth, the way,
You must be unattainable and immeasurable,
You must be the light, the truth, the way
In the ever-present, indefinable
Eternal, unfolding now.

* * * *

Ah, but we do enjoy our moments of revenge.

* * * *

The thunder-perfect mind knows no other.

* * * *

The awareness alone washes You clean.

* * * *

Any artist knows creation and its evolution are joint ventures.

* * * *

So many see this world for what it is,
Yet are like hatchlings unable to pierce the shell
Of suffering and achieve a greater freedom.

* * * *

The well of eternity is infinitely deep within You.

* * * *

Time is as time does.
Space is as space does.
Space-time is izzen and duzzin.

* * * *

The other tries to convince You, persuade You,
That this or that is so very important.
But what is important,
And what is not,
Has ever been arbitrary
From the get-go of all get-goes.

* * * *

Don't take it so seriously.
On three, laugh heartily at yourself.
One, two, three …

* * * *

Have no enemies but those

Who force your hand against them.
And then only while it is a fist.

* * * *

What self-absorption prayer.

* * * *

The reality of this world can be harsh and cold.
The great mother has birthed a savage garden.
To approach the untamed tiger with brotherly love
Can be lost upon its glistening, hungry fangs.
You may attain universal peace within,
And still rage on the battlefield.

* * * *

Things usually cost much more
Than the original price tag.

* * * *

We each have our own very egocentric dream
Humility is a rare flower in the human sea of pride.

* * * *

As so many postulate this mystery and its source,
You get created only to be strapped to the wheel of karma
On which You must suffer and endure until You resolve the means
To escape its gravitational clutches upon your imagination.

* * * *

Realize that You are dismissed by others
As readily as You dismiss them.

* * * *

Rock and river trade places.

* * * *

It is a mystery that You are.
Make no claims as to knowing how or why
All this came to be other than to say
I must be that I Am from which
All this has sprung.

* * * *

Life.
Something we are drawn to
And often repulsed by.

* * * *

Respect your anus.

* * * *

Who is the madder hatter,
One who acknowledges every facet of potential,
Or the one who confines himself to a confining few?

* * * *

Of love and friendship,
Friendship often endures longer.

* * * *

You whine, You piss, You moan, You groan.
But will You ever solve the despair with words?
Nothing changes without your changing.
To modify or break a pattern requires
Decision, discipline and resolve.

* * * *

Why would any deity allow vanity or greed into its heaven?
The meek shall inherit the earth, and all its imaginary gold.

* * * *

There ain't no arguing with a bureaucrat, and his little book of rules and regulations.

* * * *

You may need to be hard to be soft, and soft to be hard.

* * * *

Plan? You call this a plan!?

* * * *

The foundation of order is chaos.
Of that called free will, choicelessness.
Of any and all patterning, that without attribute.
Of all dualities, eternal oneness.
Ah, sweet paradox,
Sweet irony.

* * * *

The sight that sees without seeing
Comes only to those who at some point wonder
In unknowing certainty, "There must be more to life than this."

* * * *

The generalist can appreciate expertise
Without kow-towing to the so-called expert.

* * * *

Living in a dualistic world, the One
Must learn to negotiate a dualistic path.

* * * *

If someone really values You,
They won't wait until You die to visit.

* * * *

Saviors often find out far into the lake
That few, if any, really wanted eternal salvation.

* * * *

What makes You so sure You aren't imagining everything?
What makes You so sure of reality but a convincing set of collusions
That commenced the moment You were born long before You were conceived.

* * * *

If You didn't identify yourself as a human being,
Would You be so concerned about the survival of the species,
So attached to its incessant megalomania?
Or would You be rooting for its
Cancerous demise?

* * * *

Wisdom is discerned observation of pattern.

* * * *

What is balanced living but what suits You?

* * * *

You are perfectly imperfect.

* * * *

If You see the chaos in the order,
You will know the buddha in all.

* * * *

Loyal to the one in all,
And the all in one.

* * * *

Meditation is resignation from context.

* * * *

You are not responsible for that which You cannot control.
You may ride the bull, but You cannot hope to ever tame it.

* * * *

What vain burden the control
Of power, fame and fortune.

* * * *

Given many trails and switchbacks,
And no sure vision into the future,
It is likely You will pick many lessons
You will not even a second time repeat.

* * * *

What a deluded crew rides the bandwagon of nationalism.

* * * *

The void gains more appeal daily.

* * * *

Freedom is the stillness within.

* * * *

All paths to glory, no matter the guise,
Are as hollow and temporal as a whirlwind.

* * * *

You've taught yourself everything You know.

* * * *

The only justice on a monopoly board
Is greed capped by more greed.

* * * *

The remedy is in the seeing.

* * * *

There ain't no cures in derogatory slurs.

* * * *

What government has ever truly been for its people?
What religion was not devised to manipulate its followers?

* * * *

Unrestrained interest in anything
Creates its own discipline.

* * * *

What a different world it would be
If people had best intentions toward others,
If the Golden Rule was more than an empty mouthing.

* * * *

You can discern truth only when You set aside,
Put into abeyance, all the propaganda of time.

* * * *

So many calling everyone else assholes
That they cannot see their own.

* * * *

A mystic is one who intuits what cannot be seen.

* * * *

Any other creature on this planet
Knows how to charge, hide or retreat
Without surfing the muddy waters of ego.

* * * *

Those few who aren't afraid
To step back and think about things
Are the true winners in life.

* * * *

The issue is not the number of material goods,
But one's attachment to them.

* * * *

What does anyone love or hate in another
But their own reflection?

* * * *

An what exactly is this field of data You ponder so?

* * * *

Is there to be an end to all confusion?

* * * *

Those who need to control are least fit to truly lead.

* * * *

Hope puts off responsibility for decisions
Forged in the momentary stillness of eternity,
That pointless point where all wheels travel the road.

* * * *

Is humanity's journey a foregone conclusion,
Or will it someday rise to a collective comprehension
Of the eternal essence, of the unequivocal mystery within all?

Not, it appears, without apocalyptic intervention.

LXV

You have no way of knowing
Why or how any of this is happening.
Just do the best You can with what You have,
And call it when your hand plays out.

* * * *

Words are the tethers between universes.

* * * *

Can You even know what love is?

* * * *

You cannot truly deny another's
Little piece of infinite Self.

* * * *

The entire universe is but a quantum morsel
In the infinity of your formless splendor.

* * * *

And your point about that would be what to who?

* * * *

Where the knowing and witness together abide,
That is Kansas.

* * * *

Truth is not a word.

* * * *

You who have experienced
Every possible pleasure and pain,
Every birth and every death,
What fear can haunt You?
What craving can hold You?
What delusion can entice You?

* * * *

What greater height than to know,
You are the eyes and hands of mystery,
And then, to even let go that vision of heaven.

* * * *

Only upon the crest of here-now, can the mortal born, journey eternity.

* * * *

Confusing and amusing.

* * * *

You see, yet forget again and again.

* * * *

What is courage? What is bravery?
There are countless fields and arenas
Upon which all battles and wars are cast,
Each and every one beginning in the mind.

* * * *

Depending on what level You approach it, there may or may not be anything to attain or save or alter.

* * * *

When You judge your existence through reflections of the other,
You subject yourself to the hellish netherworld of human vanity.

* * * *

There has never been a moment You can hold onto.

* * * *

God loves bad soap opera.

* * * *

What kind of play would it be if nobody believed it?

* * * *

Does evil truly exist, or is it merely ignorance and delusion and separation taken to extreme?

* * * *

Eternity has all the time it needs to play out whatever it will.

* * * *

Caste systems exist only in hell.

* * * *

What's in a grade but a dab of carbon
For a lot of ludicrous stress and sweat.

* * * *

War's glory till its your blood oozing into the sand.

* * * *

You may be born with a blank slate,
But only till the circuit board is activated.

* * * *

Let there be an end to all attempts to organize the spirit.

* * * *

To be forgiven, forgive yourself.

* * * *

From fool to sage, the mystery plays all.

* * * *

How precarious the razored tightrope saddling heaven and hell.

* * * *

Anytime You put someone on a pedestal, sooner or later
You are bound to find reasons to tear them down.

* * * *

Societies eventually mainstream their revolutionaries.

* * * *

From chaos, order.
From order, chaos.
Each seeding each other,
Very much the same.

* * * *

Purpose is relative to time and circumstance.
The meaning of life is arbitrarily founded
Upon any given personal delusion.

* * * *

Where can a center be in that which is indivisible?

* * * *

Peace is a clear mind, attentive,
But without the breezes and hurricanes
Of attached dualistic thinking.

* * * *

It is all a mirage; You just want the pleasure to be real.

* * * *

Do You seek purpose and meaning?
Or do they unfold with the moment?

* * * *

Participate however You will,
But forsake the world within.

* * * *

True historians would use their knowledge of time to sidestep its destructive patterns.

* * * *

How challenging to face the aloneness
When we are beasts of such a social nature.

* * * *

But for consciousness,
Where would eternity swim?

* * * *

Define ignorance whatever way You will,
It is ever the same ignorance.

* * * *

You can only know what You see and measure,
But if that is illusion, what of all your measurements?

* * * *

In coming to grips with You divinity,
You grasp the tangible, until You see it is not.

* * * *

The only reconciliation is negation.

* * * *

Release the I in the I am.
For just this moment,
Forget everyone and everything.

* * * *

It is the most arduous thing
To reside simply in the oneness.
We are so attached to complication.

* * * *

Be cautious about trusting a follower's judgment.

* * * *

If You could hear advice, You wouldn't need it.

* * * *

How ironic the repetitive delusion
That You believe You can change anything
Which has divisive intent at its root.

* * * *

A whole mind is a peaceful mind.

* * * *

Just what the world needs,
Another newborn human being
In a garden already infested.

* * * *

Sometimes it just makes You crazy,
No matter how much You try to detach.

* * * *

Sometimes the scientist in You wants to end it all
Just to discover if there really is anything
Beyond this physical plane.
Does anyone really know anything?
Or are so many merely spouting comfortable lies
Which do no one any real good and only increase the confusion?

* * * *

In the windmills of the mind, Don Quixote duels the devil.

* * * *

If it weren't for that thin layer of lifeless skin,
That babe would not even spark your attention.

* * * *

Something will work out.
Whether You like it or not,
Something will always work out.

* * * *

Have good moments whenever possible.

* * * *

Blunt times require blunt words.

* * * *

Never draw too heavily from the vein
Upon which You feed

* * * *

The bounds of form are the binds of time.

* * * *

End the hunger.

* * * *

The storms of all creation are in You.

* * * *

The ultimate morality-based act would be suicide.
The middle path is a bit less extreme.

* * * *

Love is an indiscriminate reality.

* * * *

It is the futile resistance
To life's momentary veil of continuity
Which causes so much suffering.

* * * *

Too many laws, rules and regulations create outlaws
Of those who would otherwise not be.

* * * *

What makes You think there is a plan to all this?

* * * *

We as a species are so out of touch with the natural order,
So enamored with our own self-absorbed egocentric creations,
That we cannot begin to see balance even when its is
Slapping across the face again and again.

* * * *

There is only one field to which all are bound.

* * * *

For all our self-proclaimed intelligence, we really are not
When it comes to universal sense, when it comes to the big picture.
Heartfelt apology and best wishes to all who must follow our sordid itinerary.

* * * *

Everybody's got an asshole;
Some have one at both ends.

* * * *

Creation is by its nature, change, and change is evolution.
How can anyone believe they are not one in the same?

* * * *

From the seed, the field manifests in life eternal.

* * * *

Hypocrisy has countless variations
Just as subtle as the deceptive pride-filled vanity
From which its deceitful origin is molded.

* * * *

You are your own experiment.
To what end is the choice of the choiceless.

* * * *

What can touch You but through You own collusion?

* * * *

A bag of concepts, a treat for worms,
All the play of eggs and sperms.

* * * *

If You want mystery to care about You, You must learn to care for your Self.

* * * *

Discern the silence from which all imagination springs.

* * * *

Where does all this craving come from?
What blindness it creates.

* * * *

Your life is free,
But the rest will cost You.

* * * *

When it comes to thoughts such as these, let the mystery do the marketing.

* * * *

Gawd, all we need is another Jesus or Siddhartha to add to the human delusion.

* * * *

No world, no universe, is the same; and who knows how many there are.

* * * *

What You imagine it all to be, it is, and it is not, in a sort-of-sort-of way.

* * * *

How challenging not to take it seriously; to just laugh at the whole show.

* * * *

Who would pass up an opportunity to play christ or buddha; Moi.

* * * *

The mind is a sequential apparatus
Creating a view of time which is equally linear.
Time exists as a fabricated assumption
Based solely on the delusions
Of the apparatus itself.

* * * *

What can You truly make different than what it is?

* * * *

Sooner or later You will listen.

* * * *

Objectivity is an illusion.
All manifestation is subjective interpretation.

* * * *

Find contentment that the rock is rock
And the mystery at the same time.

* * * *

The real You has been every thing ever concocted
And no thing all the while.

* * * *

The pain of existence is non-existence,
Or is it the other way around?
Or is it the no-pain of one or the other? Or what?
Hell, I don't know which which is what what.
I'm just filling in the time, same as everyone else.

* * * *

The traces of peace are between thoughts.

* * * *

So, do You think You will ever be ready
To surrender all your illusions?

* * * *

How many patterns can maya weave?
Whew, what an illusion!

* * * *

The show will be over when your yearning for it is.

* * * *

Too much of anything inevitably brings about a payback.

* * * *

Sometimes it seems like this entire dream, was conjured for You and You alone.
An amusement park for the mystery, to pretend, to make-believe,
Until its amusement diminishes into nothing.

* * * *

It will be through a groundswell of individuals
That any necessary paradigm changes will ever be made.
Those who pretend to lead will not lead where they are not followed.

* * * *

The only solution involves psychological suicide.

* * * *

When You ponder the dreaming of time,
Is it by the second, minute, hour, day, week or year?
Or is it by hundreds, thousands, millions and billions of years?
Or is it all creative dissolution playing at preservation
As many ever times it may have been?

* * * *

If You were some Yahweh version of God, You would likely be extremely disappointed,
And might even be plotting a plague or two, or some more-than-forty-day deluge thing.

* * * *

The indelible aloneness has always been at the core,
Of all creatures small to great, and all things in general.

* * * *

Why do You keep doubting that which is the point of doubt?

* * * *

The unicity of the quantum is without compare.

LXVI

Who can prove that You really have any choice in this?

* * * *

Humanity is so out of touch with the source.

* * * *

We all die as ignorant and a newborn.

* * * *

Remember that who-what-where-when-why-how You have always really been,
Is not in any way, not in any shape, not in any form, about any reincarnation.

* * * *

It is ridiculous to imagine You or anyone else is some messiah.
Even if there was something to save, no one could.

* * * *

Time does not die.
Life is not a circle.

* * * *

Perhaps the other is blind that You might see.

* * * *

Commitment is such strange fodder to the timeless.

* * * *

A crowded mind is a storm in space.

* * * *

In one sense there have been many christs and buddhas.
In another there has only been one.

* * * *

Reality is not a concept.

* * * *

The delusion is believing your ego has created all this.

* * * *

We have much more in common than not.

* * * *

If You only repeat what others say,
You will never discover anything for yourself.

* * * *

See what growing up entails,
And bypass it for a continuing childhood.

* * * *

Balloons have a lot of colors and shapes, too.

* * * *

It is the fluctuation of desire
Which creates the havoc.

* * * *

Realize With or without a constitution personal narrative,
Full of parochial as well as profound aphorisms.
Do not make it into a drama, but a working manual,
Which inspires reflections, aiding your excursion home.

* * * *

Vanity flares in any passion.

* * * *

The only possible solution to the human dilemma,
To the pox of self-absorption,
To the mayhem of free will,
To the fell grip of avarice,
To the limits of perception,
To the worship of false idols,
To the deception of imagination,
Is a paradigm shift embracing the mystery within all.

And we all know that ain't going to happen.

* * * *

The relativity includes You.

* * * *

Declare what You please,
It is your moment to moment
Which tell the true tale.

* * * *

The free have no need for the conceptual ladders of any tradition.

* * * *

Leave no duality unchecked.
None are more than temporal fabrication.

* * * *

What is the last passion?

* * * *

How rigorous the journey born of time.

* * * *

Anytime You start playing rough,
Sooner or later someone is going to hurt.

* * * *

It is all just an infinite patterning, a holograph
Playing at the game of space and time.

* * * *

The order we have fabricated out of chaos
Is mortared of chaos.

* * * *

The only difference between a sage and any other is discipline,
The strength to ride the the passionate mind a bit more adeptly.

* * * *

The river to heaven begins in hell.

* * * *

What will we do when we have killed off or domesticated the wild,
When we have flooded the world with tortured human souls,
When we have made this incredible garden of mystery,
Into a cesspool of avarice and divisive concepts?
What will it take for us to see the gold of clay?

* * * *

How difficult not to abuse power.
It is the aphrodisiac of pride.

* * * *

Any devil is merely an angel
Who has lost sight of the way home.

* * * *

Work out your own law,
But do not expect that any other
Will embrace it completely.

* * * *

Free will is a prison for many.

* * * *

All born of time play out the destiny of the patterning.

* * * *

Give it up, honey.

* * * *

For the pride, we suffer so much.

* * * *

Reality is neither female nor male.

* * * *

Comfort and change do not always go hand-in-hand.

* * * *

What's to take personal?

* * * *

The only way to follow this scribe
Is take a good clear look inside.

* * * *

We are very confused
Because we have lost touch
With the answer within.

* * * *

The way is clear.

* * * *

Vanquish your own ego before You judge another's.

* * * *

You are choiceless witness to time's paradox.

* * * *

Nothing to gain, nothing to lose.

* * * *

The ego is thought frozen in time.

* * * *

How arduous to be content
When surrounded by so many who are not.

* * * *

We lack consideration and compassion

For the world we pass on to the unborn.

* * * *

Humans are political animals
With self-interest the foundation,
Whether focused on union or conflict.
Exceptions only prove the world.

* * * *

End all measuring
Return to wonder.

* * * *

All knowledge is finite.

* * * *

Nothing is accomplished
Without focus on the task at hand.

* * * *

You are as clear and You wish to be.

* * * *

You never know when you'll run into a vampire,
Or an angel.

* * * *

Why should You be afraid of, or apologetic about
What You are or do?

* * * *

Don't be too attached to silly putty.

* * * *

So alone.

* * * *

Those who chase illusion are forever thirsty.

* * * *

It's all whatever You are used to.

* * * *

The play of consciousness so easily forgets its home.

* * * *

Without You there can be no heaven or earth.

* * * *

Avoid letting a lesser vision sway You.

* * * *

You'll be dead before You know it.

* * * *

The art of fishing is allowing the fish to catch itself.

* * * *

The powers that be always twist the words of truth to their own ends.

* * * *

It's all alive in its own eternal way.

* * * *

You are an opportunity to exist
As capacity and limitation allow.

* * * *

There are ultimately, of course,
No limitations to the scope of the play.

* * * *

Keep wiping away the dust and nothing's left.

* * * *

What is the point of sentencing
A child or any other life form
To an existence which lacks merit?

* * * *

Self-absorption is a hellish drifting.

* * * *

Age does not make an asshole wiser.
Give wisdom and bullshit their respective dues.

* * * *

Is it love? Is it passion?

* * * *

The mystery of it all is that the mystery,
Surrenders indiscriminately, without hesitation,
To whatever part the patterning creates.

* * * *

Anyone is what they do

Much more than what they say.

* * * *

Why narrow your Self with a label?

* * * *

Just because someone can communicate
Doesn't mean they can think clearly.

* * * *

Is it better a bad man die that none suffer the future with his presence,
Or a good man die that we model our future in some like-imagined manner?

* * * *

Judge no other for ye surely judge your Self most hardily.

* * * *

What decisions to make, which direction to take,
Once the immortal sovereignty is discerned,
Is the dividing line between those who fall,
And those who see from upon the throne.

* * * *

The outcome of all these thoughts
Is either to play Buddha or forsake the world,
The same in either case.

* * * *

Imitation doesn't offer much to chew on.

* * * *

The grip You allow time in the mind
Is the course of free will's choosing.

* * * *

These thoughts are given with brief hesitation,
For there is no insight into the ends they may take.

* * * *

Are we really any more than water bags of self-interest?

* * * *

How arduous for the intelligent
To suffer the many inanities of others
Bound so firmly in limitation and ignorance.

* * * *

The psychic vampires of the world

Are the ill-treated and neglected.
Did You expect they would not
Someday harvest a revenge?

* * * *

So much of what any of us do in our lives
Is correlated to the genetic predisposition
To gain approval from one other or another.

* * * *

The wanting creates the goal.
And if You want very little,
Or nothing at all … ?

* * * *

The mystery is not outside You; it is the witnessing within.

* * * *

The little people either envy, ridicule or ignore the climbers.

* * * *

Real revolution is the conquest of time.
It is the discerning surrender to eternity.

* * * *

It seems to be the nature of this dreamtime
To find countless ways to destroy its creations.

* * * *

You think there is just one anti-christ?

* * * *

Wake up and smell the coffee.
Its ever coffee no matter the blend.

* * * *

Your body?! What vanity!

* * * *

Challenge the patterns however You will,
The patterning plays on and on and on.

* * * *

The challenge of psychotropics is not letting them sway,
Your temporal, self-absorbed illusory delusions even further.
Do not freak out, get a grip on mind's jaunts into fear and dread.
Chances are no one is really even paying attention to You.
Be familiar enough with your routines, your patterns,

That nothing out of the ordinary takes place.

* * * *

Second-guessing history is a good way to prove You probably would not do much better.

* * * *

The origin of time was set in motion,
With the division of male and female,
With the countless mutations of meiosis,
And the astonishing number of permutations,
Its potential creates in the play of consciousness.

* * * *

You need not explain, You need not justify your truth to any other.
That You feel and know it to the depths of your being is enough.

* * * *

Time really does stand quite still.

* * * *

Alone, amid all, sovereign.

* * * *

Alas, we do seem to hate this world.
So tragic, this overpowering fear
Of that which created us all.

* * * *

Words cannot capture your soul.

* * * *

We know so much, and so little … all the same, all the same.

* * * *

There is more to sound than what is heard.
There is more to sight than what is seen.
There is more to touch than what is felt.
There is more to taste than what is tasted.
There is more to smell than what is smelled.

* * * *

Wow.

* * * *

What choice have You left a cornered tiger?

* * * *

You cannot wake the dead.

* * * *

The word, the universe, is whatever You imagine it to be.

* * * *

The global economy, a Ponzi scheme, très grand.

LXVII

The irony and paradox, is that we are all the everything and the nothing,
So insatiably, futilely, determined, to somehow become something more-more-more.
And the reality is, there is nothing more any can be, but right-here-right-now, this very moment.

* * * *

Who, what, when, where, why, how, will You hear the soundless sound?

* * * *

At the root of any given topic, is the fiction of imagination.

* * * *

Kill all You please; none die.

* * * *

You are in the grip of time, though without your perception, it would not, could not be.

* * * *

Justice is a function of the political strength in which it blossoms.
Might makes its version of right, through the potency of its intention.

* * * *

What point is there, in knowing the answer, to why ignorance flowers so persistently?

* * * *

Who made the first choice? Is there any such thing?
Or is it merely another dulling, empty concept,
In a dreamtime of fabricated assumptions,
Predestined to play out to its inevitable end?

* * * *

Will You ever work out your karma with me?

* * * *

Seek that which knows no other.

* * * *

The real universe
Is not a fabrication of consciousness.

* * * *

How fascinating the rationales wealth allows.

* * * *

What attachment can awareness have
To any of will's countless acts?

* * * *

Hopefully these words
Do not cause the blaspheme
So many others have.

* * * *

Who is the who, who embraces so many passions?

* * * *

The play wears to the same conclusion
No matter which way You look.

* * * *

With collective dismay we watch our fate unfold.

* * * *

Paranoia is the mind running wild
Of its own incoherent reasoning.

* * * *

What need have you
To belong in this world?

* * * *

As distinct as any bubble
In a frothing, humming jacuzzi,
You are only a tiny bit more long-lived,
In a divinely fictitious sort of way, of course.

* * * *

Get past fallacious definitions of your Self.
It is a God-eat-God, God-touch-God, God-taste-God,
God-hear-God, God-smell-God, God-love-God, God-hate-God,
God-damned illusionary, delusionary, confused world,
In an otherwise perfectly orchestrated universe.

* * * *

The veil of illusion shrouds every form.

* * * *

You spend your life defining its narrow resolution.

* * * *

Joy and suffering are both temporal; the ultimate requires neither.

* * * *

Could any hell be that much worse, than this world is for so many?

* * * *

What task can You fully enjoy if You approach it with dread-filled anticipation?

* * * *

Maybe I'm talking to You, maybe I'm talking to my Self; is it really any different?

* * * *

To read these words, and not make them dogmatic, will be your challenge.

* * * *

Do You enjoy forgetting?

* * * *

No solutions from this corner.
Just another way of contemplating all things mystery.
A set of reflections of another You, the unborn-undying in the play of dreamtime.

* * * *

Have You been taught, have You learned,
To resent yourself and the world?

* * * *

If I were to be reincarnated into one future existence after another,
And required in all to become a Christian, a Hindu, a Muslim, or some Other-ism,
It would indeed be an eternity in one hell after another.

* * * *

Why be bothered by anything?

* * * *

Heal thy Self, love thy Self.

* * * *

Now is the no-man's land of time.

* * * *

Except in imagination, You cannot separate your Self, from whatever context the moment prescribes.

* * * *

How many notebooks and pads and scraps of paper, it has taken to scribe these many reflections.

* * * *

This where I Am, so this is what I write about.

* * * *

Be the ignorance; it is the eternal salvation, You so pridefully seek.

* * * *

We give such power to sound.

* * * *

How many vie to leave some mark, some sign that they existed?

* * * *

How can You help but eventually offend a person easily offended?

* * * *

End your commitment to time.

* * * *

It has nothing to do with what You think You are.

* * * *

These many reflections seem to articulate one thing one time; an opposite thing another time.
It is just the irony and paradox of earth and water and wind and fire,
Wafting through the indivisible ether.
Consistency is for those who lack the wit, the doubt,
To see and hear and taste and smell and feel, the ineffable mystery they are

* * * *

No further questions, your honor.

* * * *

Let all the others take the credit.

* * * *

Whether conspired or just a synergy of ignorance,
We have placed ourselves and this world in harm's way.

* * * *

That trail of nouns You ponder so thoroughly
Will only be important as long as You exist.

* * * *

Put yourself in that birdcage, that aquarium, that back yard.
Put yourself in the fell grip of a scientific experiment,
The shredding end of a chainsaw, a shrinking net,
A hunter's gun sight, or the spray of poison.
Empathy brews a world of bedfellows.

* * * *

How can You examine your own blood under a microscope
And not fathom that You too are of the same mystery?
Our blindness, our denial of reality is the greatest irony.

* * * *

Every day You wake up to the same old tired conclusions.

* * * *

The storm of eternity thunders into consciousness.

* * * *

It is those who believe in birth and death who create karma.

* * * *

Once You begin something,
A conclusion is inevitable.

* * * *

You are angel and devil in the same breath.

* * * *

We are fixated on believing knowledge is the key to everything lucid and sensible.
That science will solve all the problems created by denial of intuitive common sense.

* * * *

Adapt or die.

* * * *

Consciousness concocts the maze of the universal drama.
It is the key to existence, the answer to its dissolution.
Without its movement, the walls cannot stand.

* * * *

Who knows what history will make of You, if anything.

* * * *

Women tend to hibernate in the middle ground of maya
While men play fool or genius at either end of the spectrum.

* * * *

We are consuming our way to a new existence.

* * * *

Denial is viable if You wish to live insanely.

* * * *

We tend to project our deities as vain as we are.

* * * *

Home being wherever You are,
Rest easy in it.

* * * *

Fortunately for the world,
I choose to be harmless.

* * * *

You are infinity locked in a bottle.

* * * *

How can You see the eye of God, but through your own?

* * * *

Seek simple solutions to complex problems.

* * * *

The further You look into either past or future, the less You will touch the present.

* * * *

What lies You weave for yourself.

* * * *

What if You were your child, with You as their parent? Would You raise yourself as You do them?

* * * *

Can a drop be any less the mystery than the entire ocean? Only to those who measure.

* * * *

Time opens the gate now.

* * * *

Sex has become as dangerous as Russian Roulette.

* * * *

Do You really have much use for this absurd spectacle anymore?

* * * *

What would any of us be without all the names?

* * * *

Through your vision all differences melt into the one.

* * * *

Does the chalkboard care
What the chalk says of goods and evils
And the inane dualities they spread?

* * * *

Have You ever really seen any devil
Other than one formed in the shape of man?

* * * *

Eternity has nowhere to go
And an infinite amount of time to be there.

* * * *

Why this need to attach value to everything?

* * * *

All personal context is contrived.

* * * *

Desire brings out fear of not getting or loss,
Fear brings out the desire for fear's end.
A Catch-22 of consciousness framed.

* * * *

What is enlightenment but what You think it is?
But is it really anything which thought can ascertain?

* * * *

Nice guys finish last because they enjoy the saunter,
And because they are generous enough
To let everyone else go first.

* * * *

Dig a hole, then fill it.
See what peace a little sweat and grime brings.

* * * *

Death is just a more final loss of consciousness than sleep.

* * * *

So many caught in a painful loop
Forged entirely of their own creation.
How challenging the psyche so attached
To the serrated edge of its own imagination.

* * * *

If You cannot be detached,
If You cannot die to the pride,
Then You will never be free.

* * * *

Truth is the dying to the persona
And the rebirth into eternal life of Self.

* * * *

So attached to our divisiveness
That attempts to reconcile,
To iron out the disarray
Is met with scorn
By ignorance.

* * * *

What pathetic, absurd idiocy this unwavering ignorance.

* * * *

Revolutions come about through many small steps,
Down a variety of paths, using many means.
Most are merely the same old pursuit,
Of power and glory and wealth.
But the most real revolution,
The greatest change humanity,
Has yet to discern, much less muster,
Is a paradigm shift into the unfathomable You.

* * * *

It takes great courage to surrender to doubt.

* * * *

To pierce the veil within your mind, You must discern the mind is the veil.

* * * *

Unrequited love may be the best kind.

* * * *

Are You a slave to time and the illusion which creates it?

* * * *

How many ways can You say one?
How many creations are in one dollop of eternity?

* * * *

Leaders can only lead
Where followers are inclined to proceed.
They are the inner voice, the common echo of communal will

* * * *

Ride the dream, cowboy.

* * * *

Disband the band.

* * * *

Dispense with band-aids, the patient is dying.

Scrapes and scratches are not the issue.

* * * *

Polarizations only lead to extreme resolutions.

* * * *

Why hope for that which neither offers nor sustains it?

* * * *

The gleam of wonder laces the wander.

* * * *

How is it so many consider ownership
And jealousy to be acts of love?

* * * *

These many reflections are the way it is, as seen through this scribe's frame of reference.
Many are of his view of the ineffable, while others sally willy-nilly here and there.
You may envision something entirely different, and that is your prerogative.
And in that, You are your truth, your life, your way, eye of all creation.
Our differences will ever be but delusions of the same mystery.

LXVIII

With or without a constitution,
Or any other piece of paper ever devised by the human mind,
You are free as You dare within.

* * * *

Just because, some scientist or engineer or researcher,
Has not figured out a way to quantify something,
Does not mean it is not true, or does not exist.
If You are here now, anything is possible.
It is a fairly large theater out there,
And no one can ever really be at all sure,
About anything, anywhere, anytime, any moment.

* * * *

The known can never do more than intuit the unknown.

* * * *

Like Pontius Pilate, I wash my hands of it.

* * * *

So, God was bored and, poof, let us see what happens with this dust storm.

* * * *

How can You love in limitation?

* * * *

No one will ever witness the video of your life.
The legion of perceptions your garbled memory entertains.
Nor will You ever see another's, but through extrapolation of your own.

* * * *

What is this incessant drive to become something, that fuels humanity's ceaseless activity?

* * * *

Pretend You cannot remember, that You do not know anything, and see what does not happen.

* * * *

What a bunch of crap all this way too often is

* * * *

Suffering is resistance; equanimity is the natural outcome of not battling one's fate.

* * * *

Truth is in the chopping wood, carrying water
Of the moment-to-moment of the day-to-day.

* * * *

To which now were You referring?

* * * *

Always something lost in what is gained,
And something gained in what is lost.

* * * *

So much potential, so little promise.

* * * *

This God, in which so many believe, seems to be a very absentee landlord.

* * * *

How can You ever please a woman for more than a whisp of time.

* * * *

Hypocrisy is perhaps the greatest sin.
Better to honestly lie and cheat and thieve, and plot murder and mayhem,
Than to be beguiled and bemused by self-deceptions.

* * * *

There is essentially only one thing to learn, and that, alas, must inevitably be forgotten, too.

* * * *

Regarding these reflections,
As anyone might very-well imagine,
Evolution from mind to note pad to monitor,
Can take very different routes than the original insights.
And not always as good or better, nor even in the least neighboring,
But that is just how this little old Magic-Eight-Ball-of-a-mind rolls on and on.
Things can evaporate back into the infinite abyss, as quick or quicker, than first arrived.

* * * *

Don't we all have convenient memories?

* * * *

A surprise attack may win the battle,
But will it be worth the price of war?

* * * *

The reason will become bored and listless
Is because it is difficult to discern death's presence
In the benign nature of the day-to-day.

* * * *

When image is all,

Image is all You eventually chew on.

* * * *

You're just another unique creation of space and time.

* * * *

Ah, what pain have You yet to endure?

* * * *

The mind is the construct of limitation,
And that limitation is the cause of suffering.
The reconciliation of consciousness,
Is liberation into mystery.

* * * *

Truth is merely a concept
For minds needing occupation.

* * * *

By the time You hear about a gold rush,
It is usually over for all but the most determined,
And the few whose fate it is to be lucky.

* * * *

Sometimes you've got a feel for life,
Sometimes a feel for death.
Only the mind discerns a difference.

* * * *

Why should someone bust their rear doing your work?

* * * *

Women have very much played an equal part
In manipulating the human drama to its current disarray.

* * * *

How distant the play of the senses to the detached mind.

* * * *

Isn't the vainest of vanities
Believing your way is the only way?

* * * *

Why does it appear so important to survive,
To live a long life, perhaps even forever?
Why are so many so fearful of death?
Why cling so desperately to life?

* * * *

Creation begets destruction
And destruction creation.
One is not without the other.

* * * *

Learn to convert need or problem
To plan to action effortlessly.

* * * *

Some may follow others around
Performing whatever tricks are commanded,
But the realist knows all shit is equal.

* * * *

We're talking about people
Who don't rate much higher
Than animals around here.

* * * *

Amazing how much vanity can still reside
In the memories of a tired old womb.

* * * *

Would You really want to be living any other life?
Isn't the one you're in enough to endure most of the time?

* * * *

Any animal far more ignorant than you
Knows how to use its natural camouflage.

* * * *

Those without boundaries know how to survive.

* * * *

Ma, hey Ma! How many seeds were there before I came along?

* * * *

Guess were all gonna kill each other
Till we kill each other.

* * * *

The world ain't beating a door to my path.

* * * *

Cling to whatever insanity pleases You.

* * * *

How stupid we are about death.
Cherish their memory, but
Let the dead lie where they fall.

* * * *

How many hoops will You jump through for your imagined deity of choice?

* * * *

A lock says it all.

* * * *

Your ineptitude may save your children the same fate.

* * * *

Imagination can create a vast harem
Bent upon the pleasure of its master.

* * * *

The mystery of the mystery plays out in each of us; a design beyond choice or comprehension.

* * * *

Be cautious about saying never or always.

* * * *

A good neighbor pretends not to see.

* * * *

Believing what You will, doing what You do
Does not even cause a ripple in the ultimate.

* * * *

What is it You keep seeking?

* * * *

Everyone's' got skeletons.
It's just a matter of which closet to open first.

* * * *

The sage ain't got but nothing to offer.

* * * *

Johnny Appleseed understood random seeding very clearly.

* * * *

Awareness is the only constant
By which all measurement is judged.

* * * *

Love is freedom, freedom is love.
Free the love and love the freedom.
Love the free and free the love.

* * * *

Its all very much the same
Perused by an infinity of mindsets.

* * * *

See the truth of space and time,
And it shall set You free.

* * * *

If You cannot be irreverent,
About anything, about everything,
Then what is the god-damned friggin' point?

* * * *

Is there any way You can ever completely appease the politically correct?

* * * *

We all seem to expect something for our act.

* * * *

How far do You look inward, before You see all roots lead to the awareness some call Self.

* * * *

Someone once said these thoughts,
Were well ahead of their season.
When, in fact, they are long overdue,
And equally likely never to see light of day.
Never J'accuse me of being an airy-fairy idealist.

* * * *

Insure your future.
Kill a tree.

* * * *

This all may be gibberish,
But their isn't anything else,
I'd rather be writing or saying.

* * * *

Look without, look within,.
In the beginnings of all ends
And the ends of all beginnings,
There can be neither fault nor sin.

* * * *

The force of existence pushes and pulls every life form
In a seemingly endless array of permutations.
So different, so very much the same.

* * * *

How many decisions
Are made for a man by his penis,
For a woman by her womb?

* * * *

Fascinating how many ways
So many choose to suffer.

* * * *

The trick is to be alone even in the middle of a crowd.

* * * *

Are You aware, that You have always been in agape?
It is not something in which You fall in and out.
It is the essence, the real You, forever.
It is simply up to consciousness
To surrender all claims.

* * * *

What are your patterns, dependencies, addictions,
But the insecurity of craving and fear?

* * * *

The holy ghost is a smoke ring
Wafting through the reverie of time.

* * * *

How ridiculous to think anyone
Either capable or interested
In living life the way You have.

* * * *

The news is good, the news is free.
It is that You only need to be.
Stand tall if You can see.

* * * *

Sometimes You just gotta die to clean house.

* * * *

Let the stream of eternity wash away
The guilt and angst of your imagination.

* * * *

Reality is for those with no imagination.

* * * *

Bow before no idols.

* * * *

No use getting worried about things
You can't do anything about.

* * * *

Each chooses the reflections to which limits allow.

* * * *

There are some pretty glaring consistencies about the human drama.

* * * *

Death only awakens once to any mortal blob of imagination.

* * * *

Nothing more tiring than stupid and brutish.

* * * *

The want for power is the greatest sign of insecurity.

* * * *

May be from California, but at least I'm not from L.A.

* * * *

How many times a day do You wish this illusion real?

* * * *

How many times a day can't You wait for it to end?

* * * *

Eternity, longer than long, shorter than short.

* * * *

So many asking if You believe in God; well, does God believe in You?

* * * *

Do I believe in God?" You ask.
"Do You believe in me?" I answer.
Warily, "Y-y-yes."
"Then I guess so."

* * * *

History has countless ways of showing us, that it is the problem, and there is no solution.

* * * *

No one else can face your life for You.

* * * *

Try not to measure in time.

* * * *

How can the mystery reflect upon itself but through limitation?

* * * *

Do You want your truth blunt like a shot of whiskey? Or overly sweet like some fru-fru bar drink?

* * * *

You keep trying to justify your existence when none is required or even available.

* * * *

The masses have ever absorbed and twisted great genius to its own negligible ends.

* * * *

You are the truth, the life, and the way, ruler of your version the known universe.

* * * *

A material articulation of the immaterial.

* * * *

You are the ever-changing.

* * * *

No point in getting all hateful over it.

* * * *

Have You ever played the old school ‘the way it is’ Monopoly game,
Where You were in the straggling swirl, of your last dice toss?
Well, in the free-for-all of existence, how many of us,
And so many other creatures small to great,
Are already well down the drain?
Greed works, all too well.

LXIX

If the haves do not take an interest in the world and humanity's future,
There is no recourse but for Mother Nature to slap us all silly.

* * * *

The intellect is confounded again and again
By its emotional, irrational foundation.

* * * *

Philosophy is the luxury of excess.

* * * *

What does an infant's body know
Of desire, fear and the pain
Of life's incalculable tensions
It has yet to begin experiencing?

* * * *

All Romes fall.

* * * *

Truth is quite unconcerned
About all our vain pretensions.

* * * *

Strategy is the big picture with goals and objectives.
Tactics are the details bent to strategic ends.

* * * *

If possible, give an opponent
Every opportunity to change their mind.

* * * *

Have fun with words,
But try not to always take them so seriously.
They aren't worth bleeding for.

* * * *

All those mosquitoes and flies and spiders You have annihilated,
What makes You think your end, your fate, should be any different?

* * * *

The universe is just a big, long game of billiards.

* * * *

Are You here, now?

* * * *

Philosophy is the banter of a busy mind.

* * * *

What life but your own would You truly know how to live?

* * * *

Ah, so You do want to be remembered … By who?

* * * *

To be free, You must reconcile yourself with the absurdity of mortal existence.

* * * *

Life is to be transcended.

* * * *

Find the order in all things.

* * * *

How exhausting this painful, little, mortal world
And all its stupid, foolish human beings
Can far too often be.

* * * *

These words are for those who seek to discern their immortal nature.

* * * *

This is my work.
Well, sometimes it is.
Most the time, it is called play.

* * * *

Generally, most emergencies are not.

* * * *

Few read what a writer really writes
Or hear what a speaker really speaks.
All reflections are distorted by the incalculable,
Invariable difference, the subjective bent of the receiver.

* * * *

You are the mysterious ignorance, sugar-coated with knowledge.
Through You, the mystery experiences its unfathomable nature.

* * * *

Forget it all.
Be anonymous without and within.

* * * *

You are a very little drop of a very big wave
In a very, very immeasurable ocean.

* * * *

Regarding the infinite,
All calculations are useless
For anything but entertainment.

* * * *

Can't You feel creation and destruction
Exploding within and without every moment?

* * * *

Remember occasionally
How much of what You believe so ardently
Really isn't.

* * * *

What choices does a rock have?

* * * *

Is the universe indifferent?
Are You?

* * * *

The devils of this world or any other
Have no dominion over any who say and mean no.

* * * *

How clean can You be in a muddy stream?

* * * *

You are the result of free will
In a choiceless sort of way.

* * * *

It is ridiculous to expect any other
To be conscious in the way You are.

* * * *

Admit it, oh fool,
This twisted world permits You endless distraction,
Endless problems with which to contend.
What would You do with nirvana?
Much too simple.

* * * *

How many universes are created and destroyed while God takes a snooze?

* * * *

Both shallow and unfathomable, and everything between, You are.

* * * *

If reincarnation is true, You will just hang out,
Again and again and again and again and again and …
Until You eventually, finally, grow oh-so-weary of any struggle,
And with a sigh, get out-of-Dodge, into the same oblivion, as You will this one.

* * * *

Do the right thing
Just because its the right thing to do.
No need for compensation.

* * * *

All your attempt to avoid your aloneness are for naught.
Still your universe is your own, no matter the play around You.

* * * *

What responsibility can You bear
For that over which You have no control?

* * * *

Of course you're immortal, You ninny.
So what! Get your blankety-blank act together.

* * * *

For the many demons,
For those who want so much,
What better avenue to another's spirit
Than an earnest smile, a ready, firm handshake,
An articulate tongue, a steady eye, and a compassionate ear?
Humor your intuition.

* * * *

A little ignorance goes a long way.

* * * *

Christ burdened us with his martyrdom,
Buddha with his pose, Lao Tzu with his disappearance.
And I leave You with whatever notions await these words in the play of time.
Apologies.

* * * *

Pray tell, monsieur,

Where is the division between heart and mind?

* * * *

A little experimentation usually brings out
The capacities and limitations of most tools.

* * * *

It is that near-constant state of anticipation
That creates the burden of tension and anxiety.
Be open to your fate, no matter how painful

* * * *

Some seem to live for what others
Will say about them after they die.

* * * *

When it comes to skeletons,
Which closet do You want to start in?

* * * *

What fools we were to ever even contemplate
That we could run this world better than mother nature.

* * * *

Your life was set into motion
Long before You had any say in the matter.

* * * *

Trust God!?
According to the standard theory,
That is what got me into this fine mess in the first place.
Trust God, yeah, right.

* * * *

Your life was set into motion
Long before You had any say in the matter.

* * * *

Real freedom is that pleasure
Which borders on pain.

* * * *

There is no death,
Just as there was no birth.
The nowness perceives neither.

* * * *

How can You believe your intelligence,

Or that of any living creature, whatever the realm,
Was not born of the same divine essence?

* * * *

What a devil You are.
Maybe even his great granddaddy.

* * * *

It is technicians and cooks
Who have always won wars.

* * * *

You are the immeasurable, not the measurement.
You are too immeasurable to be measured.

* * * *

Does love require relationship?

* * * *

Smoke wafts silently into the non-existence of all.

* * * *

Is life preparation for war or peace,
Or are both really the same?

* * * *

Eternal life becomes apparent when You realize
The shadow of death encompasses all.

* * * *

That splinter in yur eye shore do get magnified sometimes.

* * * *

How many ways the body can torture itself.

* * * *

Stay a beginner always.

* * * *

How to approach an accusation:
Guilty before proven innocent,
Or innocent before proven guilty?
How easy to quickly rush to judgment,
Before any evidence is thoroughly scrutinized.

* * * *

If we ignored the politicians, would they go away?

* * * *

Allow the oneness to heal all divisions.

* * * *

You are that essential, primary nature which some nickname love,
That which is far more than the ceaseless romantic notions
Imagination weaves for its own consumption.

* * * *

Those who harbor a sense of manifest destiny,
Will one day find out God's benevolence,
Is a razor-sharp, two-edged blade.

* * * *

We have conjured a whimsical world, where every imaginable distraction,
Only displaces us further and further, from the natural pulse of our inception.

* * * *

You can only whip a horse so long before the flies arrive.

* * * *

You are alone, You are not alone, in the all-alone-together paradox.

* * * *

Ambition requires sincerity if intention is to be achieved; mere parody is inconsequential.

* * * *

Life is not always convenient.

* * * *

So many play the game merely to survive.

* * * *

What is necessary to hear has been written.
The rest is the redundancy of time's remainder.

* * * *

All your differences have a way of making You more alike.

* * * *

One man's teeter is another's totter.

* * * *

Life shapes us in so many ways.

* * * *

Save-the-worlders.
What self-deception.

* * * *

Be satisfied with your own life
Without disrupting another's
By telling them how to live.

* * * *

The idea of You is often more enticing than the reality.

* * * *

"Ooh, big cage out here!" thought the liberated bird.

* * * *

Every predator is prey; every prey, predator, in this god-eat-god world.

* * * *

And they all wore icons of the same feverish true-believer brand,
As they marched forward to kill and maim and torture;
To engage in war, for the power and the glory,
And the deity they imagined real.

* * * *

Can You feel the competitive drive, surging through your pattern?

* * * *

In what way is your opponent so different from You, that You would destroy rather than befriend?

* * * *

The gardener may well be more powerful than the warrior.

* * * *

Cooperation is much more suited to survival, than ceaseless self-absorbed competition.

* * * *

Is detachment an actuality for You, or merely another vain pretense?
Or perhaps You are indifferent from some things but not others.
Or perhaps You are only aloof from what You cannot have,
Or toward that which You are incapable of achieving.

* * * *

Every creature ever birthed
Either adapted to the time and circumstances
Of its geography and inheritance.
Or perished trying.

* * * *

What love can find its way in a passionate mind?

* * * *

The joy of the part is in the whole.

* * * *

Kick away the ladder; traverse infinity without foundation.

* * * *

It is what You are not that gives You wings.

* * * *

The gardener allows time its course.

* * * *

Let the other fellow die for his ideals.

* * * *

How can You know a peak
But through the valley's contrast?

* * * *

So much which to give your attention.
What really matters?

* * * *

Like any river, history can move from trickle to roar very quickly.

* * * *

There will always be those warrior spirits
Who would rather die fighting in the ghetto
Rather than passively in the gas chamber.

* * * *

Gold is sand to the seers of eternal fare.

* * * *

Your fearful craving weaves the play You see.

* * * *

Truth is smaller and larger than any net ever cast.
Attempts to possess and control it are laughably absurd.
They are the irreconcilable, unfailing blaspheme of arrogance,
The mortal harvest of buffoons, the well that offers
Naught but salt to those truly thirsty.

LXX

Respecting your opponent confounds them.

* * * *

Ah, garden paradise, You never were.

* * * *

Time keeps on slipping, slipping, into the future.

* * * *

You are bound by no parameter
But those You devise.

* * * *

To be free of time You must be eternal.

* * * *

Do You listen to your own advice?

* * * *

What difference, really, between the violence
Of an alleyway or that of a battlefield?
Behind each is the stain of desire
And a willingness to take,
Whatever the cost.

* * * *

The holographic universe is the truest flag.

* * * *

Truth is a dusty concept.

* * * *

Love is what You choose it to be.

* * * *

Peace is prior to the passionate vagaries of consciousness.

* * * *

Death is merely another version of where you've been all along.
Change the mask and dimension however You will,
It is ever very much the same.

* * * *

Those who might be much more adept at wise leadership
Seldom lead because they draw so little attention,

And have so little inclination to be followed.

* * * *

Some people just don't realize
Their shit smells just like everyone else's.

* * * *

Thought is the surfer of time,
But only through volitional release
To the awareness from which it is birthed,
Can the oneness of all creation be perceived.

* * * *

There's no place else to be.
It's okay to be right here, right now.
You'll probably be there, then, soon enough.

* * * *

Who is innocent? Who is not?

* * * *

You're just the same as they are.

* * * *

What's to grok?

* * * *

When have You ever really change anybody?
Why get frustrated about it?

* * * *

What the world needs now
Is a good forty-day, forty-night cry.

* * * *

The so-called master, the adept, is merely one
Who has traversed through enough life
To understand how things work.

* * * *

What will humanity do when it has decimated the diversity
So thoroughly that its own survival hangs in the balance?

* * * *

In the harshness of a Darwinian world,
What life form can survive for long
If inadequacy is its mainstay?

* * * *

So many craving the continuity of their seed
At the expense of so many others equally divine.

* * * *

And the answer to your solution is …

* * * *

Ease into each breath.
Emancipate the many burdens
To which You confine your imagination.

* * * *

Eternal life is not bound
By the play of mortality.

* * * *

Tomorrow will be now, too.

* * * *

How well do You know the devil in yourself?

* * * *

How simple life is one You cease judging any other
As anything but another reflection of your Self.

* * * *

Once You see the mystery of your own breath,
You become much less concerned
How the world spends it.

* * * *

So many so entrapped by their spiritual mumbo-jumbo
That they cannot or will not, even for a moment,
Fathom how irrational they appear.

* * * *

What metering can there be without a meter to measure?

* * * *

Don’t know when it will collapse,
But it cannot continue like this forever.

* * * *

We know each other through our respective movement.

* * * *

In any process, one must learn

To recognize a point of conclusion.

* * * *

Pain and pleasure are both the same mirror.

* * * *

What are You missing out on now?

* * * *

Seems You have to become famous or die
Before some people finally listen to You.

* * * *

There is the way this world is
And the way the world could be.
Don't torture yourself in the big gap.

* * * *

Each of us have no choice
But to fabricate the role
We habituate in time.

* * * *

The delusion that our capability
To form great cosmopolitan groupings
Has somehow made us civilized
Is both farcical and pathetic.

* * * *

Revenge allows no conclusion.

* * * *

If it weren't for sexuality, for that genetic mutation,
Would men and women have much in common?

* * * *

Do You really believe the mystery divorced any form of its creation?
All parts are equally within the whole of all genesis.
Turn it on, call home, be home.

* * * *

A mathematical equation grasping at infinity, would be so hugely simple, as to be unnecessary.

* * * *

How incredibly picky some people are.

* * * *

Some people can be so intelligent, so aware,

Yet so naive all the while.

* * * *

The equation is always equal.

* * * *

So much to remember to forget
To remember to forget.

* * * *

Imagining a supportive deity,
Makes for comfortable rationalizations,
For all our superfluous, inane reasonings and actions.

* * * *

Set aside your pride, your self-absorption, long enough to listen completely.

* * * *

Such a wide range of thoughts; to what end only time will unveil.

* * * *

Rarely does anything need to be, can be, a case of all or none.

* * * *

You imagined that You had something to teach,
That You could, perhaps, impart something credible.
Obviously one of your more inane delusions.

* * * *

That You expect life should or could
Offer You any more is a great apparition.
Mortal fare will ever be mortal fare.

* * * *

What another thinks of You,
Or whether they think of You at all,
Is their own affair.

* * * *

So many lives just in this one.
What need would You have for more?

* * * *

Religion is organized by ignorance
Seeking something to know.

* * * *

Through years of inconsideration,

Some learn not to be.

* * * *

So many lessons of history fall upon so many deaf ears.

* * * *

Karma is the inevitable outcome of choices.
It is a dualistic notion binding only those
Who endlessly concern themselves
With so many illusory realities.

* * * *

To what degree You wake up
Is your own affair.

* * * *

Is any version of history more than rumor or conjecture?

* * * *

Even a large potato seems small when You are hungry.

* * * *

A pessimistic view: Weddings and funerals are about the same.
In one You are dead, and the other is a foot stepping into a grave.

* * * *

Language creates and stokes the duality that blinds it to the indivisibility.

* * * *

Why capitalize god?

* * * *

What other creature on this planet needs to create purpose and meaning?

* * * *

The point is, what point need there be?

* * * *

Gaze into the drop, You see the ocean.
Gaze at the ocean, You the drop.
One, one, one, all one.

* * * *

All conflict the curse of pride
Born of conscious separation.

* * * *

What a difference between instinct and so-called free will.

* * * *

There is nothing which must be,
Nor anything which should not be.
All is as it is. Ever the same
In so very many ways.

* * * *

Avalanches begin even with a whisper.

* * * *

Attachment is so pervasive.

* * * *

We will never agree on everything.
Even among seers, there will be conflicts of opinion.
How they are resolved is another matter.

* * * *

When You no longer identify with any concept born of time,
You become aware that the "what is" already fills the cavern.

* * * *

So many babbling so many romantic views.

* * * *

Death always get the last laugh.

* * * *

One is born every minute, and God, the Devil, pulls the wool over each and every one.

* * * *

You cannot exist in a vacuum, so poof!
Creation, evolution, consciousness, history.
And here You are exploring the mystery of You.

* * * *

As enticing as pleasure may be,
Its good practice in the disciplinary menu
To be able to say and mean no at times.

* * * *

Carrying a lot of religious gibberish in your head
Does not make You any more spiritual,
Just vain in another way.

* * * *

Strategic and tactical thinking

Depends greatly on the technology available.

* * * *

The worship of money, of false value,
Will play itself out in every conceivable fashion,
A blind monster to which we all contribute.

* * * *

Through the years, how many meanings, how many purposes
How many Quixotic adventures has your consciousness forged?

* * * *

Examine every reflection in as many ways as possible.
That way You may figure out what's really being said.

* * * *

Would You concern yourself with what any other creature
Besides a human being thinks of You?
Why is that?

* * * *

And it ain't done yet.

* * * *

Freedom is an attentive mind clear of time.

* * * *

Life is full of opportunities for excess and discipline.
Each has a calling and must reckon a journey
Which has only one real accounting.

* * * *

Time is the hell of it.

* * * *

Must we, like locusts, destroy every bit of diversity
In our greedy, passionate frenzy to survive?

* * * *

So many mourn their losses
Rather than care for what is left.

* * * *

Before You have children, ask yourself
If You would want to return another time.

* * * *

Such vast, intangible wealth in this very brief sojourn.

* * * *

Eternity won't let You keep or take credit for anything.

* * * *

No fraction stands separate.

* * * *

The universe courses through your veins.

* * * *

All destinations are imagined.

* * * *

A capsule summary of the human condition
Might be: We have out-manipulated ourselves.

* * * *

To not believe anything,
What is That about?

* * * *

Concepts create the dream.

* * * *

Any given garden
Is governed by many forces,
But no tree prunes itself.

* * * *

Sometimes great,
Sometimes small.
Foolish and wise,
Violence at peace,
Cruel yet often kind,
Attached to detachment.
The river is every field.

* * * *

Fascinating how many seem to consider
Having children a competition between beliefs.

* * * *

These reflections are for the remote possibility
That a larger view will someday be more important
Than this incessant quest for comfort and entertainment.

LXXI

If these thoughts represent something true,
Any mystic-scientist will realize the same unicity.

* * * *

Time is the creator of all burdens.

* * * *

Do not settle for incomplete answers.

* * * *

Learner and learned are the same.

* * * *

Alas, the sordid tales seem unending.
All from the same insatiable center.

* * * *

Fill yourself with your Self.

* * * *

How amazing that we have
So complacently allowed ourselves
To be numbered the same as cattle or sheep.

* * * *

How little You can ever truly know.

* * * *

Mark these words with an eraser.

* * * *

How weary You become of all the chatter at times.

* * * *

Count your money and things as often as your will,
They are the barren, tasteless fruit of this epic mystery.

* * * *

So many so full of the propaganda of time.

* * * *

Everyone rationalizes their decisions one way or another.

* * * *

So many who regurgitate what they consider religion,

Attempting so persuasively to convince others
To reason it as delusionally as they do,
May be even more vehemently
Convincing themselves
Their own lie true.

* * * *

What an odd thing to believe any of this truly matters.

* * * *

Detach, now.

* * * *

You have the right to say it,
But do You have the wisdom not to.

* * * *

Bullshit before, bullshit after.
No rest till death do You join.

* * * *

Life is a collage of memories.

* * * *

Why should the mystery be confined by any act or thought?

* * * *

Every form is imbued, permeated, infused, saturated, instilled, with absoluteness.

* * * *

The worst is not yet over for the world's diversity.

* * * *

Will the bureaucrats someday try to get control
Of your inalienable right to take a pee or a poop?

* * * *

Truth is the essence of illusion.

* * * *

But for your thoughts travelling through it,
Every moment is exactly the same.

* * * *

Flexibility lends itself to adaptability.

* * * *

The garden will again make itself known.

* * * *

Allow yourself to be the joy.

* * * *

Prejudice is the outcome of fear,
Of the narrowness of a mind
Unable to expand upon
Its tethered nature.

* * * *

What is freedom
But the courage to explore,
To experience anything one chooses

* * * *

So much effort to become something, or be somewhere else.
So much discontent, and so little understanding why.

* * * *

Ultimately its all just a play
Of Self creation and Self destruction.
What other point is necessary?

* * * *

Ethics is a personal inquiry, a life process of Self-discovery.

* * * *

You shall be free
When You no longer contend
With the temptation of the senses.

* * * *

It seems no niche of consciousness shall go unexplored.

* * * *

It is not easy to accept so much of what this dream entails.
So much insanity, so much confusion, so much heartbreak,
So much cruel self-absorbed intent, so much lost innocence.
A vast experiment in the madness of personal consciousness,
The corruption of free will. The vanity, vanity, all is vanity of it all.

* * * *

Adrift in the swells of time, You conceive free will.
Yet the many choices You make are so predictable
Within the parameters of your genetic predisposition
And adaptation to the playground in which You are set.

* * * *

What is yours, really?

* * * *

All one, yet so many divisions
Born of the fragmented mind.

* * * *

The upshot of history is the parable of the Titanic.

* * * *

A parable echoes back messages
Only inner vision can discern.

* * * *

Your deity can have ya.

* * * *

What suffering infatuation can wreak.

* * * *

Eternal joy is the happiness free of time's burdens.
Forsake the world and what is there but laughter?

* * * *

Past the edge, there is nowhere to go.

* * * *

Many of these reflections are the result
Of meandering of word association.

* * * *

If I were an ancestor to all this confusion,
I'd certainly be shaking my head in disbelief.

* * * *

Wisdom is just seeing patterns for what they are.

* * * *

All these thoughts pose no solution
But a return to the simplicity of being,
Something we at this juncture in time
Are quite unwilling and probably
Incapable of bringing about.
Mother nature will have
To prune her garden
Of its excesses.

* * * *

You are all the same mystery.

* * * *

All our revolutions and wars,
Really only frivolous squabbles,
Only escort us into further disarray.

* * * *

Like it or not, all abide in one niche or another.
Choices are as wide or narrow as the given nature-nurture.
Though many may long, may aspire, for more, most are but bit players,
Never achieving a slot on any of history's many timelines.

* * * *

Whether the target of notoriety or adulation, You a delusion unto thy Self.
How ironically amusing that You are so often the buffoon of your own creation.

* * * *

Across space and time, it is all You.

* * * *

Angels are aliens in the devil's den.

* * * *

With every step You chart the course of your existence.

* * * *

You refine the skills for necessity or interest.

* * * *

The pits and hollows of consciousness
Are born of your own whimsical choosing.

* * * *

Are You in desire's grip, or it in yours?

* * * *

You are ruled by the hunger of your field.

* * * *

To believe that one moment, one place,
Is any more consequential than any other,
Is, in the light of this larger view, rather naive.

* * * *

Who really gives a gnat's ass what You think?
And do You need them to?

* * * *

Why burden yourself with obligation?

* * * *

When You want nothing, right relationship is effortless.

* * * *

Herein all is taken away,
So that You can see reality as it is.

* * * *

Sexuality is a chemical-electrical high,
And like all drugs, should be treated
With great respect and prudence.

* * * *

Sit by the river until You become the river,
Wherever life's excursion may take You.

* * * *

The world is as You label it.

* * * *

You can only change change.

* * * *

Your just don't want to miss out on more of the same.

* * * *

Knowledge is the poisonous fruit of the garden.

* * * *

What any of them think
Is what You believe they think.

* * * *

You own all things, have been all things.
See the simple poverty of all things.

* * * *

The shortest distance between two points
Is in your mind.

* * * *

Your don't need to know all the details
To catch the drift of the gist.

* * * *

The answer pales in time.

* * * *

Every dream is a mirage of its own weaving.

* * * *

Concepts taking shape journey dreamtime's wave
For as long as the mortal weaving allows.
But for the mind of the many,
They existed not at all.

* * * *

Once you've put together something,
What to do but play with it,
Watch it, maintain it, destroy it,
Or reshape it into something else?

* * * *

The races consciousness concocts
Can never be won but through time.

* * * *

What happened before
Is what happened since.
The a priori does not exist.

* * * *

Live and let live somewhere else.

* * * *

Prepare for the reckoning.

* * * *

It is your presence
Which breathes life
Into knowledge.

* * * *

Every game has a set of rules.
No one will ever like all of them.

* * * *

What grace there is in forgiveness.
Yet how much more arduous
Not to take any offense
In the first place.

* * * *

Always try to keep your options unrestricted,
Your attachment to any one pattern
To a relative minimum.

* * * *

Its all endlessly moot.

* * * *

Go in all the way, go out all the way.
In the most real sense it is all the same,
Yet still all diversity must play out the game.

* * * *

When has mere pleasure truly brought You joy?

* * * *

All agendas are relative.
Purposes concocted in the filtration
Of time's countless dreams.

* * * *

Just because You seem to know a lot
Doesn't mean You really know anything.

* * * *

Vampires only give You attention
If the taste of your blood suits them.

* * * *

Expand into the meaning these words ring.

* * * *

The quantification of the human experience
Is the weight that causes its inevitable fall.

* * * *

It is unlikely anyone will agree
With every reflection written here.
They are, as everything else, subject
To the caprice of the personal existence.

* * * *

Human beings are just like earthworms
With added components and exteriors.

* * * *

You learn what You need to learn

For what You think You need to know.

* * * *

You cannot capture truth.
It becomes you

* * * *

You are the truth, the life, and the way.

* * * *

Why suffer for your aloneness?

* * * *

Another fine mess you've gotten yourself into, Ollie.

* * * *

What do You want?
The eternal question.

* * * *

If You are the staid center of your universe,
You will allow that all others are as well.

* * * *

What an appalling world
To bring a child into.

* * * *

The mystery has never seen its own face, but through the reflections of the other.

* * * *

A sovereign of nothing.

* * * *

This, too, will be forgotten.

* * * *

The tyranny of self-doubt flays the soul.

* * * *

A good breath is to die for.

* * * *

Why would anybody care about that?

* * * *

If it is worth a death,
And every sort of suffering imaginable,

By all means, come on down, live that life, dream that it is.

* * * *

So much pride over things in which none have any say.

LXXII

Free will is just another mutation,
Another change, another metamorphosis,
This ceaselessly evolving garden has spawned.

* * * *

Where is the division between inner and outer?

* * * *

A perfect moment is a mind attuned to reality.

* * * *

The intellectual spheres of all heaven and hells
Are only contrived distractions and speculations,
Imagination getting carried away from its origin.

* * * *

Only wheels need roads.

* * * *

Addiction is a state of mind
Bound so tightly to its pattern
That other options cease.

* * * *

You only waste your life
When You think it can be saved,
When You think You should be doing
Something else somewhere else.

* * * *

She told me I get angel point...
For a heaven I neither need nor seek.
What a world, what a dream.

* * * *

Go into the world, or evade it.
All the same, all the same.

* * * *

What does one do to an overgrown garden?

* * * *

The rip-tide from which there is no escape
Eventually catches all.

* * * *

People conceive a deity to excuse them from, and forgive them for, their ceaseless vain notions.

* * * *

Home are You.

* * * *

Whether long or short, life is fleetingly momentary.

* * * *

We are diversity, we are mystery, we are one.

* * * *

How few groupings of people are truly cohesive for long in this two-legged theater.

* * * *

They tell You to care,
But destroy nonetheless.

* * * *

How worthless to suggest solutions
To those who don't really want
To solve the problem.

* * * *

Violence is a part of our nature.
How we choose to compete or cooperate
Is the balance which engineers an inevitable destiny.

* * * *

When You ponder existence,
Do You only think of yourself?
Or do You consider everything?

* * * *

Be careful what You search for.
You may find it.

* * * *

Trust your instincts. Trust your intuition.
Each plays the intertwining of time.

* * * *

All your profitless hierarchies,
No matter the agenda,
Mean nothing.

* * * *

With one foot in time,
The other melting into eternity,
This mind casts its net upon the dream.

* * * *

Are You really certain
Jesus intended You to be a Christian,
Siddhartha a Buddhist, Lao Tzu a Taoist, or Abraham a Jew?

* * * *

What need have You for the limelight
Of another's power, glory or fortune?
What is this lure to another's attention?

* * * *

Corporations and nations are groups
Organized to specific and general ends.
They are a synergy of a collective mindset.
Their actions are neither totally good nor bad.
How long they last, how well they do, their impact
On this theater is the weaving of glory and revulsion
To which we all contribute however inclination manifests.

* * * *

If You are interested in whether there is life after death,
Suicide can be viewed as a rather final experiment.

* * * *

What cultural collusion in world has have been sane?

* * * *

How many are sold upon themselves for so little reason?

* * * *

Pride got us here, but its future is bleak.

* * * *

The world cannot by its very nature
Ever truly appreciate a mystic.

* * * *

You are alone in a lonely world.

* * * *

Ignorance is profound.

* * * *

There is no failure if you've given it your best shot.

* * * *

In the beginning You could not
Have asked to have been born.

* * * *

Do You comprehend the mystery
Of the sound of your own voice?

* * * *

You are just a small twinkle
Of the great relativity.

* * * *

Ah, men and women,
So much desire for union,
Yet so little in common.

* * * *

Are happiness, joy, love as fleeting
As every other human delusion.

* * * *

Little men so often carry their stature
To such great heights within.

* * * *

To close the door on intuition
Is to contend the veil real.

* * * *

There is plenty of pain ahead
Without adding more voluntarily.

* * * *

If there is no other,
What other side might there be?

* * * *

What is the mortal body
But a thing worn and tossed off
Like a set of clothing?

* * * *

If the good die young,
Why are You getting so old?

* * * *

We attach so much vain meaning and purpose to the individual persona.

* * * *

It all falls off.

* * * *

Letting the past go is simple.
Just allow all those memories to dissolve
Into the stillness of the nothingness that is source to all.

* * * *

What do You want?
So many always seem to ask.
What a wearing question.
Why want anything?

* * * *

You tell me to get a life,
And I respond, “When You find one, let me know.”

* * * *

The other one seeks no other.

* * * *

The challenge is not letting imagination
Get the better of You.

* * * *

Breathe to let go, breathe to die.

* * * *

Gluttony spawns its own retribution.

* * * *

The most extreme ignorance
Is knowledge without wisdom.

* * * *

Confusing thunder with lightening
Is a common tendency in organized religions.
The cloak of sound disguises its origin in the literal mind.

* * * *

If You try too hard to be the expert,
You miss what it means to be the student.
Knowledge is ignorance, ignorance is knowledge.
Another paradox born of mind.

* * * *

The womb is a woman's violence.

* * * *

Leave a specialist to much it up every time.

* * * *

If You cannot be your best friend and lover,
How can any other?

* * * *

Context creates the witness,
And the witness the context.

* * * *

Life? Life!?
Who's got time for a life?

* * * *

If You seek rewards in the next life,
Then perhaps behave in this one.
If not, well, enjoy your hellish time.

* * * *

Appreciate yourself.
What mattering the mirroring of any other?
The real You requires no sanction.

* * * *

Objectivity is ever an enticing delusion.

* * * *

"Do You believe in God?" so many query.
Why should You believe in anything?
Why fear for your soul, once You clearly see,
That You are, that You have always been, That I Am?

* * * *

The human paradigm, in its dearth of wisdom,
Has become all about the manipulation of energy in every way imaginable.
To what ends only the last historian knows.

* * * *

You only pretend to be mortal; ergo, your constant dissatisfaction and sense of incompletion.

* * * *

Conformity to the swarm's mindlessness
Only multiplies the confusion within.

Let no earthly quorum bind You.

* * * *

The less You want the more You have.

* * * *

Leave it to imagination to create this fine mess.

* * * *

Pretty arduous to write about someplace You have never been, or something You have never done.

* * * *

Emotion is overrated.

* * * *

These words are part of the lie, too.

* * * *

Whiners, whiners, everywhere.
Their pathetic cry ever "More! More! More!"
Alas, alas for them, the good news is there is nothing more.

* * * *

How consistently inconsistent we are.

* * * *

A little knowledge, mixed with vanity and greed, makes for good propaganda.

* * * *

All attempts to grasp the moment are equally futile.

* * * *

Who has not battled demons within and without.
Casting them from your mind is an imaginary feat.

* * * *

The mystery of life is more than any observation, any measurement, any mind, can ever grasp.

* * * *

Who does not, at any given age, feel as they did from the earliest memory?

* * * *

There is no God; there is nothing but God.

* * * *

Where next, puppet master?

* * * *

As the mystery is witness, your motivations unfurl.

* * * *

The universe is the truest flag.

* * * *

Better to avoid the use of the word love, except in the most unconditional agape meaning.

* * * *

You believe in whatever makes You feel comfortable.

* * * *

What to do in those moments, when You just do not feel like bothering with time.

* * * *

Being a human being is about as far from the mystery as You can get.
Like a rubber band and pulled so tight, it has nowhere to go but home.

* * * *

The ultimate karmic lesson is that there is no lesson.

* * * *

You are a context in history's weaving; we are all the pawns of time.

* * * *

Bliss has nowhere to go.

* * * *

All scholarly discussions are really just filler.

* * * *

See beyond the superficialities.

* * * *

The challenge is flowing in the moment,
And not getting transfixed and stumbling by
Whatever passes in those following.

* * * *

Are space and time any more than concepts
You pass through as a ghost would a wall?

* * * *

One's draw in the genetic lottery can be a hard pill to swallow.

* * * *

Is there anything You want so badly from life
That You would not welcome death?

* * * *

It is amusing how many non-mainstream types
Are embraced as saints, mystics and prophets.

* * * *

We each taint love with our personal prejudices.

* * * *

The mind comes together far better with a good breath
Than it ever will with the patchwork of fragmented thinking.

* * * *

Neither sage nor the fool has need of history.

* * * *

It is not the form that is immortal.

* * * *

Why imitate machines or computer?
Why allow a clock to dictate your rhythm?
Technology is your tool, not your master.

* * * *

Though there is only one source,
It is absolutely impossible for anyone,
Snowflakes of consciousness that we are,
To ever view it exactly the same.

* * * *

For duality's veil to thaw, it must attain
The most inflexible polarizations
Imagination can design.

* * * *

No form endures the weight of success for long.

* * * *

Are You capable of anything more than conditional love?

LXXIII

Community is wherever You are.

* * * *

So many differences, yet everything the same; envision the all in one, and the one in all.

* * * *

It is a God-eat-God world.

* * * *

Creation and evolution are equal partners, and this is our evolving dreamtime creation.

* * * *

For pride and avarice, so much suffering.

* * * *

Truth is like dust; keep brushing it away, and nothing remains.

* * * *

Separation is illusion.

* * * *

Science is the study of limitation.

* * * *

No version of this mystery
Will ever be the same.
Each is a video unto itself.

* * * *

Delve into why
You have never, can never
See your own face.

* * * *

In any question there looms an answer.

* * * *

What life, what pattern but your own
Would You best know how to live?

* * * *

You are a ticket holder in a genetic lottery; the ironic recreation of a paradoxical mystery.

* * * *

How easily You are manipulated

By the propaganda of time.

* * * *

All the false gold this world offers
Could never fulfill an impoverished spirit.
The purest stream could not quench the thirst,
Nor a banquet beyond compare satisfy the hunger.
Only those who seek within comprehend.

* * * *

Again and again
You wander the wonder
Through all the heavens and hells
Of an infinite imagination.

* * * *

Science infuses great detail in its studies,
But can never truly fathom the mind
Which intuits its every invention.

* * * *

Eternity marches on resolutely
Through the space-time in You.

* * * *

It is our attachment to that which cannot last,
To a paradigm which dooms its own future,
Which creates this morass we now slog.

* * * *

What's the sound of six billion human beings
Munching, munching, munching?

* * * *

Is there more to life than measurement?

* * * *

How easily the scholar becomes
Trapped in his own ivory tower.

* * * *

Truth is the chopping wood, carrying water
Of the moment-to-moment of the day-to-day.

* * * *

You are but
A sensory play,
A genetic blueprint,

A biological wonder,
An electrical current,
A chemical reaction,
A nuclear bubble,
A virtual reality.

* * * *

You ask if I've read the Bible,
And I wonder, "Have You read anything else?"

* * * *

Why do You keep looking for truth
To be something limited by thought?

* * * *

You can only conceive the wagon track behind.
The road ahead is history's time-bound projection,
Inevitable only to those who dare not change direction.

* * * *

The quest for heaven on earth begins within You.

* * * *

You, alone, are the one.
You are That I Am.

* * * *

What is the return to wonder
But a true amazement at everything.
It is the wonder of the newborn
With an insight into eternity.

* * * *

Idealism is just another vain face of romantic notion.

* * * *

We all find different ways to spend our time.

* * * *

If there is a Devil, God is behind the mask.

* * * *

Wisdom is just been there, done that; likely way too many times.

* * * *

Liberation is just stillness revisited.

* * * *

It can be a challenge following your own advice.

* * * *

The point of an unexamined life, is the same as an examined one.

* * * *

Belief is the lazy man's way.

* * * *

The human drama is chock full of plagiarism.

* * * *

Vanity is the demon.

* * * *

It is not the something, but the nothing which fulfills.

* * * *

It is we who are ghosts, we who are demons; separated from the mystery of our own free will.

* * * *

What is the point?
Need there be one; can there be one?
And if there is, can it really ever be more than empty words?

* * * *

Few transcend their mythological origin.

* * * *

The delusion of science is that You might someday know everything.

* * * *

The established spheres of influence of any culture,
Whether political or religious or business or medical or legal or military,
Have little or no interest in a paradigm change.

* * * *

The hard overcomes the soft
In turn becoming equally flaccid
For the next predator arriving in time.

* * * *

There is a brutal honesty about those
Who take without moral rationalizations.

* * * *

Necessity often makes for odd couplings.

* * * *

These many reflections ride the irony and paradox; the razor's edge of the pragmatic steeped in mystery.

* * * *

Is there not always at least a little dab of pain, for any pleasure, somewhere along the road?

* * * *

How can a god-man be confined by the laws of this world or any other?

* * * *

How much of that enthusiasm is real, and how much is vain pretense?

* * * *

Sometimes You gotta lie cuz tellin' the truth, will likely get You into even more bother.

* * * *

Contrary to its intent, the current educational system, does occasionally muster a critical thinker.

* * * *

Will You and your deity of choice someday squabble over your morality stats?

* * * *

Do You not have better things to do, than be bothered by insanity?

* * * *

Just setting things straight.

* * * *

The deepest, broadest view, may be blinded in the short term, but cannot be crushed forever.

* * * *

Is it not curious how many in this world, claim their perspective is superior?

* * * *

Those who cannot care for themselves, protect themselves,
Who are dependent upon others for food and security,
Eventually fade from the river of known history.

*** * * ***

Why believe anything that is not true?

* * * *

Why be with people You do not really like?

* * * *

Why travel someplace You have no need to see?

* * * *

Why work hard for something You do not really want?

* * * *

Why expect perfection from something which can never be?

* * * *

Why try so hard to be something You already are?

* * * *

Perhaps You are ready not to be in this world, but is there any other You would rather be?

* * * *

Live for nothing.

* * * *

Rules are the pretense of order.

* * * *

The slightest twist in fortune alters any life for its duration.

* * * *

How much prayer is merely begging for special privilege?

* * * *

Fame, fortune, power, only twist further the tortured soul.

* * * *

What need does the immortal have for dualistic notion?

* * * *

Piss and shit.
Food of the gods.

* * * *

Why torture or destroy some helpless creature for your angst or ignorance?

* * * *

What You crave so; just out of reach; an idea drifting just ahead in time.

* * * *

You see it today as You did yesterday, as You will tomorrow,
As You have since time began, and will until time ends.
The I-ness continues in all throughout all eternity.

* * * *

Is a tree really that much larger than a blade of grass?
Or a human that much greater than a cockroach?
We project our intelligence to be so exalted,

Yet we cannot even collectively attain
A level of peaceful co-existence
Equal to an ordinary insect.

* * * *

The mystery does not suffer the bounds of mortals.

* * * *

Is your passion real or feigned?

* * * *

You haven't got time.

* * * *

Wealth has so many values.

* * * *

Its a good day for someone else to die.

* * * *

Half-baked beginnings create half-baked endings.

* * * *

How ungrateful we are to our mother and all her children.
All life are siblings and cousins of the same great spirit.
Even the lowest life form is a part of the greater You.

* * * *

Give weight to those who espouse wisdom,
Polite ear to those confined to ignorance.

* * * *

Life operates at the tenuous mercy
Of mother nature's fickle bosom.

* * * *

Life is short enough to die.

* * * *

If You have time to ponder life, then realize your good fortune
To abide in a fair-weather point in this mystery manifest theater.

* * * *

Sometimes You accumulate,
Sometimes You consolidate
Sometimes You disseminate.

* * * *

To even think anything out of balance
Is just more arrogant, delusionary blather.
The only disharmony is the echo in your mind.

* * * *

Truth is not subject to the whims of frailty.

* * * *

You are.
Therefore You are That I Am.

* * * *

Rather than question the ideals set before You, You create and endure the suffering of struggle.

* * * *

Consistency is your problem.

* * * *

The highest high is still illusion.
When the humble "I am" is enough,
You will discern the peace of the mystery.

* * * *

Don't let words deflect You from the truth.

* * * *

Everyone counts space and time differently.

* * * *

What a comic extravaganza we play for the universe.

* * * *

Turn on the technology
And the human experience
Percolates in your mind.

* * * *

Eventually its all worth forgetting.

* * * *

It all comes out shit in the end.

* * * *

Om is the telephone dial tone.

* * * *

"If" is the middle word to life.

* * * *

You cannot be shy about this.
You are the sanctioning body.

* * * *

Jesus was not the only son.

* * * *

Without You to witness it,
Your version of the dream
Would not, could not be.

* * * *

Why would You ever
Ask another's permission
To be what You are.

* * * *

We'll likely all be third-worlding before it's over.

* * * *

Move beyond all the conditioning, all the habituation, all the taming,
Of the many indoctrinations, the many propagandas, inspired by imagination.
Any given history is but a collusion of patterned minds bound in time.

LXXIV

The eternal optimist is the one inured to death's way.

* * * *

All suffering is identification with the unreal,
The ghostlike, time-bound illusion of all forms,
With the many inventions of all consciousness.

* * * *

We've got a pile of work ahead
To straighten out this fine mess.

* * * *

Do You really expect You can prevent people
From using drugs to drown their sorrow
When they have been systemized
Upon a doctrine of win-lose?

* * * *

Have You got it, yet?

* * * *

The cosmos,
The Song of God,
The realization of Self,
The source of eternal oneness.
You are That I Am.

* * * *

The instant, free of time, expects nothing.
Nothing, offering nothing, is nothing
But what imagination imagines.

* * * *

What need for the forever of time, once the ever-present now is discerned.

* * * *

There is no way You can really be lost.

* * * *

Sometimes You get so much time, You haven't any.

* * * *

There is no path but that which is aimlessly wandered.

* * * *

Courage requires a certain detachment.

* * * *

Every tool has its time.

* * * *

If You understood what there is to be understood,
You would not be concerned about other lives.

* * * *

Hold your mind still and You will find the peace You seek.

* * * *

That some awaken, others must sleep.

* * * *

Some are allowed to live, because it will take every lifetime they can muster, to get their act together.

* * * *

Go with God, and get the hell out.

* * * *

Time seeks that which time can never know; how banal, to want most, what You cannot have.

* * * *

How often do You take on
The conduct and characteristics
Of those You most resent and detest?
That's karma, pure and simple.

* * * *

Amazing how mutative randomness
Carries one through the learning curve of life.
What coincidences are there, really?

* * * *

You are all that is remembered, all that is forgotten,
All that is known, and all which can never be.

* * * *

No matter the manifestation, the mystery cannot realize its Self
But through the dreamtime reflections of imperfect refractions.

* * * *

All this watching is just another pattern, another habit.

* * * *

Loneliness is the denial of aloneness.

* * * *

You may not agree with everything written here,
But at least it will make You think about these things.
And You may well never see your world the same again.

* * * *

A current issue of the same vein
So many have wandered before.

* * * *

Can it ever cease to astonish anyone
How much diversity abides in this creation?
The incalculable innovations of light and sound
To which imagination seemingly sets no constraints.

* * * *

You are far from the first to bemoan the idiocy of our species.

* * * *

You wail about your fate, yet pity offers no reprieve from a destiny etched in dust.

* * * *

To have heard another's story,
To have imagined a different role,
Is in a sense to have lived that part.

* * * *

Most personality roles are most likely too unappetizing
For anyone else to even remotely desire playing.
Who else would You really aspire to play?
And would your context allow it?

* * * *

What pain we create for each other.

* * * *

If You take it all personal,
You will endure great pain.

* * * *

What bluffs we play upon our world.

* * * *

How much can You get for the least investment
A common refrain.

* * * *

What adventure does the mystery beckon You next?

* * * *

A certain amount of self-restraint is good discipline
For a steady, balanced, moderate tack in any life.

* * * *

Let them think what they will.

* * * *

Let your loneliness go so deep
The You hit rock bottom
And discover its vast reality.

* * * *

A true king should occasionally
Wear rags and wander anonymously
Among the masses to understand
How he may better lead them.

* * * *

Is this all happening in the instant of blink,
Or a blink of an instant?
Too incredible for words to do more than tell.

* * * *

They sit in their paltry, isolated, stuccoed boxes
With the ringers on, hoping against hope
That even a sales call will interrupt
The tedium of their loneliness.

* * * *

The urgency of survival sometimes dictates
How quickly hesitation must be set aside.

* * * *

The scribe has been fortunate
To have never been in a real battle
In his life up to this point in time.
But the day is still young.

* * * *

You can never anticipate
When or where a krishna will show up.

* * * *

If You want to pay for something that's free,
Go right ahead.

* * * *

All must someday pay the price,
Individually and collectively
For our stubborn pride.

* * * *

A biological, chemical, electrical, nuclear paradigm.

* * * *

One's one no matter how You pick it apart.

* * * *

Death stalks all.
Immortality cannot die.

* * * *

Prey or predator,
One the other when circles close.

* * * *

Banish that attachment
With a blast of inhalation,
A wave of ocean to simplify
The ceaseless complications
Of conscious, time-bound design.

* * * *

It comes, it goes.
Why oh why, only fools know.

* * * *

Let's put it this way.
We won't be missed.

* * * *

You have always been in love,
In essence, in substance, in reality,
Whatever You condescend to baptize it..

* * * *

Some things just don't add up.

* * * *

Do You really believe there is somewhere else You can be?
It's all a big light and sound show no matter how You see it.

* * * *

You're wired to be You.

* * * *

In certain things courageous,
In others nearly petrified with fear.
Craving, craving, craving all the while.

* * * *

You destroy without hesitation that which You consider ugly,
Yet lament the ruin of some romantic, illusory notion.

* * * *

Everything is used to projected ends.

* * * *

Am I supposed to applaud?

* * * *

For what it's worth to the theater,
This is the scribe's contribution.

* * * *

Are You supposed to applaud?

* * * *

All conceptual overlays reside on quicksand.

* * * *

The rich, famous and powerful
Didn't get it by giving it away.

* * * *

There are some lives better never born.

* * * *

Why is it so many human beings
Only seem to value human life?

* * * *

Do You really have any use for any deity who would create all this?

* * * *

To see a larger picture, You must sometimes become, blind to, or tear apart, the smaller ones.

* * * *

What others think of you
Often has much to do with
How You will survive.

* * * *

Do You really love another?

* * * *

Mother nature fabricates every possibility
At every level of her earthly crap table.
The human reverie is but one permutation.
Nothing is sacred for any duration but the source.

* * * *

What a subtle corruption of the soul
Our dependency on any other
For one value or another.

* * * *

Do what You do, do for the realization of the mystery, not for fear of retribution.

* * * *

Enlightenment is not a marketable commodity.
It is the one inalienable birthright all life has in common.
It is the journey of all existence, no matter the shroud of ignorance.

* * * *

The scribe is here to remind you
Of your place on earth and in heaven,
Of that which You already know.

* * * *

The You in limited form cannot know it all.

* * * *

You can neither go back nor forward in time.
You are stuck in the now, ever absolute and eternal.
Only in the imagination of consciousness can You travel time.

* * * *

More megalomaniac rantings from a vitriolic curmudgeon.

* * * *

Everyone viewing any portion of the whole sees it
Through the screen of their nature-nurture circuitry.

* * * *

Language is the fragmentation,
And its potential for reunification.

* * * *

You are That I Am.
All else is conjecture, speculation, idealism,
Consciousness endlessly deluding itself in every sort of imaginative flair.

* * * *

So many projecting some other side.
But what of the other side's other sides,
And all dwelling beyond the next beyond?
Ah, duality creates so many diverse horizons
To cast its measuring visions so limited in scope.

* * * *

Is a cloud any more ephemeral than You?

* * * *

Osmosis is the power of real revolution.

* * * *

Why concern yourself endlessly
With the blather of consciousness?

* * * *

Not knowing has the tingle of absoluteness.

* * * *

The You is me,
The me, myself, and I
That I Am.

* * * *

I am your witness and You are mine.

* * * *

Negotiating the maze of space and time
Can be incredibly arduous.

* * * *

Casting out demons is another form of psychotherapy.

* * * *

B. F. D.

* * * *

Peter Pan will live forever, Wendy.

* * * *

This is the gospel according to Michael.
Silly as it is.

* * * *

May the curse of your parents, your ancestors, fail in every way.
May your fate, your lot, your destiny, your kismet,
Be better than it now appears.

* * * *

How easily leaders across the world use your desire for martyrdom to their own ends.

* * * *

Why not be courageous?

* * * *

Best intentions are often overridden by harsher realities.

* * * *

So arduous to recall the inward reality in the day to day of living.

* * * *

Are You bounty or cull in the harvest of imagination?
Will You be in or out in the illustrious tabulation of speculation?
Will your fate be a grander heaven, or a more irate hell?
Ah, the never-ending quest for a better ending.

* * * *

May as well forgive them if You can,
Because the patterning of space and time
Blind them, bind them, to the dream they play out.
We are all walking the same stage in different universes.

* * * *

Are vested interests, established patterns
Ever changed or eliminated voluntarily?

* * * *

These reflections are the outcome of participating
In as many ways as one frail body would allow.
Is anyone else really doing it any differently?

* * * *

In the face of over population's horror,
They breed even more adamantly.

LXXV

Inwardly You are subject to no authority but your own.
Outwardly, it's one huge fabricated pecking order.
Be the ruler of your world whenever possible.

* * * *

How is it that something so obvious is so unseen?

* * * *

Numbers,
As objective as we'd like to believe them,
Often have so many interpretations,
As to be utterly meaningless.

* * * *

The body-mind is a one-way time machine.

* * * *

How many pollutants
You have ingested,
And still You live.
Astounding.

* * * *

Love as a merely a word
Is all but meaningless.

* * * *

How easy it is to fool someone who wants to be fooled.

* * * *

History is full of extinct peoples whose fate played out.

* * * *

You are a student of irony and paradox.

* * * *

Form leads You nowhere.

* * * *

Still You ride the wave of imagery.

* * * *

You must look within to see your love.

* * * *

So many trying so hard to be happy.
How curious that we cannot let go
Of that which creates all duality.

* * * *

You must believe the part You play,
Else You would find ways to change it
And not consume your life in such anguish.

* * * *

Empower yourself.

* * * *

What effort are You now expending
To manipulate your world?

* * * *

Trust your fate, trust your destiny, trust your fortune.
You are doomed to being barely a twinkle of a memory
In the few minds who will also soon dissolve into oblivion.

* * * *

The universe is so perfectly ruthless.

* * * *

See the subtlety of a mind in a memory
And the one passing through the here-now.
Note the difference between time and eternity.
That is your salvation, oh sweet one.

* * * *

Why do You hold your love at a distance?

* * * *

You are all the deities woven of time.

* * * *

Be here now no matter what here and now it is.

* * * *

What irony that we are so attached to something
Which cannot stay the same no matter how we will it so.

* * * *

When even the most ardent rock changes form,
How can one again and again be fooled into delusion?

* * * *

How can we continue to be so blind to the obvious?

* * * *

Work is the ploy of those who own the carrots
And are not hesitant to use the whips.

* * * *

It is, first and foremost, about discerning your mystery; the rest is mere distraction.

* * * *

Tie yourself to a separate, finite deity, if You wish,
But the duality is no more than delusion.
It is the hell of any demon.

* * * *

Fear not Dorothy, your fate will bring You home.

* * * *

It's difficult to disregard thought.
Awareness is just too peaceful.

* * * *

What's the point of depriving yourself
A well-deserved laugh at all this insanity?

* * * *

Just because You comprehend the greater picture
Does not get You out of this one for the time-being.

* * * *

Playing the rhetoric game is great fun,
But where does it take the gamester?

* * * *

Is the body really much more than
A container for a pile of shit and entrails,
Neuron pathways, and reproductive impulses?

* * * *

Nothing can ever be proved.
The best You can do is sit quietly,
Realize that You are the proof,
Then wander on and find,
Some wood to chop,
Water to carry.

* * * *

Is philosophy any more than vain attempts

To rationalize a mystery that the mind
Can never totally understand
Or explain successfully.

* * * *

At the core of all scientific theory is a huge bag of empty words.

* * * *

Why do so many make such weight
Of another's color or any other difference?
Why is it we cannot appreciate the flavor
Of this incredibly amazing diversity
In which every single one of us
Plays an undeniable role.

* * * *

Isn't it odd that a day spent in nature,
Unburdened by the haste of technology,
Is for so many city-dwellers a waste of time.

* * * *

Swoon in the depths of the mystery,
In the bosom of all origins.
Thou art That I Am,
The greatness in which all abide, one.

* * * *

What an abomination all enslavement is.

* * * *

Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, no doubt
It is truly every man's greatest dream
To sell cars, furniture or insurance.

* * * *

Don't You tire of all the forces in your life
Trying to change You into something else?

* * * *

Pain invokes discipline.

* * * *

One thing negates another,
And on and on all dominoes fall.

* * * *

Be good to your men, ladies.
Treat them with respect and care.

When your looks have gone,
When your vanity is in shambles,
When make-up, clothes and jewelry
No long hide the disarray of your body,
Will your heart and mind still when him home?

* * * *

What a lot of unnecessary crap is spun
By parasitic forces in the spiritual quest.

* * * *

Tis so, Tis not, Tis so, Tis not, Tis …

* * * *

When did time begin, and who's counting?

* * * *

The politicians tell You what You want to hear
You applaud, cheer, You give them control.
They lie, cheat and steal, You become upset
And then elect new ones who do the same.
How clueless and naively hopeful You remain.

* * * *

All political correctness can go to hell.

* * * *

The answers all spring from within.

* * * *

Why create such nightmares for each other
Is beyond any rational comprehension.

* * * *

Are there any who are not sometimes
Both saint and demon in this theater of time?
Are any ever lost to their reality forever?
Nah. How could they be?

* * * *

Faith in any concept will ever fall short of the mark.

* * * *

The game of God is but a figment your mind.

* * * *

You cannot swim in a muddy river
And not expect to come out unscathed.

* * * *

You are much too complicated and way to simple
To be defined by any word ever conceived.

* * * *

We are together the many drops of mystery, drizzling across dreamtime's every invention.

* * * *

Is eternity very long? Is eternity very short? Both and neither, in a who-knows-who-cares, sort of way.

* * * *

You will find your Self even where angels fear to tread.

* * * *

Dear diary, what a day it has been.

* * * *

Sometimes You are brutishly selfish.
Sometimes incredibly generous.
Contraction and expansion.
Each have their time.

* * * *

This production will drag on for as long as the mystery
Chooses to identify with mortal hunks of flesh.
Limitation is the creator of all dreams.

* * * *

Each get our fix one way or another.

* * * *

Will God exist after You are gone?

* * * *

The part is the whole in miniature form.

* * * *

Lots of notebooks used in this undertaking.
Probably deep in some large landfill
By the time anyone reads this.

* * * *

Vanity or sanity?

* * * *

We each carve up our piece of the way in so many ways.
So different, so similar.

* * * *

What can be the point of this
But to wake up to the dream?

* * * *

The wonder of it is the beatitude.

* * * *

We separate our Selves, through the concept of God.

* * * *

Maybe something sane will happen someday.

* * * *

To discern eternity, crack the shell of time.

* * * *

Happy endings, unhappy endings; all relative in different eyes.

* * * *

How your spiritual impulse translates into daily living
Depends on the countless variations which have shaped
Your illusory individuality into the quest for indivisibility.

* * * *

Same chaos, another day.

* * * *

Trust my fellow man?
Many never, some sometimes, few anytime.

* * * *

Am I venting?

* * * *

Follow the same pattern all your life,
Or change it every moment You are able,
Your allotted time passes as surely
As sand in any hourglass.

* * * *

Let your imagination do the walking; not everything needs be experienced live.

* * * *

Mystery is in the face of every newborn.

* * * *

All fractions are the makers of illusion's delusion.

* * * *

Each gives life whatever meaning s/he will; none more or less true than the other.

* * * *

Transcribing all this foolishness,
Is postponing an awful lot of good walks.
The things one does to abide in this silly tragic comedy.
Gag me.

* * * *

Refuse to be anyone else's ideal.

* * * *

The collusion of any given madness, weaves many adroit rationalizations.

* * * *

Fate draws many conclusions.

* * * *

Why should You apologize to any other
For being what You are?
Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke.

* * * *

You can imagine it,
But would You do it?

* * * *

What guardianship inevitably follows
The seeing of another's eyes in your own.

* * * *

No rules, baby.

* * * *

Be aware that all these little ditties
May or may not be correlated by proximity.
Paper of every variety was stationed in many places,
And used randomly as thoughts bubbled up
In their madcap spontaneous way.
Truly a pathless journey.

* * * *

The waves crash choicelessly.
Find harbor where You may
For the storm is coming.

* * * *

Can You feel the viciousness deep within?
It ain't all heart.

* * * *

What a curiosity the mind is.

* * * *

The house that imagination built.

* * * *

Gold sees gold.

* * * *

Death trumps all.

* * * *

All of the technology in the world
Will not detain your last breath.

* * * *

The moment is kingdom to all.

* * * *

So beyond the pale, it's horizon long lost.

* * * *

Savor every moment,
Every bit of awareness
Your dreamtime allows.
It is all You really have.

* * * *

The mastery of contentment
Is beyond all consequence.

* * * *

It cannot be broached through this thought or that.
The stillness of the awareness prior to consciousness
Is the key to the infinite holographic matrix within.

LXXVI

Argue duality in whatever way your individualistic limitation wills,
It is all the same indivisible oneness dancing away
In the waves of conscious design.

* * * *

Curious how it sometimes becomes difficult
To recall who You are pretending to be.

* * * *

There is really only ignorance
And awareness of the ignorance.

* * * *

We argue the propaganda of time,
Of the limitations of the self-absorbed mind.
Grasping the largest view is beyond the scope
Of any parochial, unquestioning perspective.

* * * *

Life is the only real teacher,
But what is it You seem so certain
You are here to discover?

* * * *

How can You ever be truly content
With the placebo of another's truth?

* * * *

What can the vague pleasures
Of any dream truly offer?

* * * *

The pendulum swings.

* * * *

You are in the beginning
As You will be to the ending.

* * * *

Sometimes so light, sometimes so dark.
All the same dancer, all the same dance.

* * * *

Are You waging the game of life supreme?

* * * *

A set of writings for coffee tables,
Bed stands and bathrooms.

* * * *

How different any life would be
With even just a different name.

* * * *

The mind embraces every sort of speculation
As if any of them can capture a shred of truth
With even the most profound plays of sound.

* * * *

All are conditioned to believe so many things matter.
That has been the flow of the human drama.
Seeing beyond the mind's choices
Into the detachment of choicelessness
Is challenging even for the greatest minds.
Attachment to any given pattern permeates all.

* * * *

At some point a whiff is all You need
To know well enough any experience.
All delusion is born of imagination.

* * * *

Shit, piss, semen, gas, sweat, snot, blood, tears, wax, saliva.
What is the body but an amazing energy conversion unit?

* * * *

You will ether reject these world
Or harness them to You own devices.

* * * *

Following an idea promising
Something that You already have
Is the remedy of ignorance.

* * * *

When You can spin hay into gold,
You are the mystery.

* * * *

Imitating an ideal is as close a most ever get.

* * * *

What temptation to abuse privilege.

* * * *

If You believe karma is real,
You probably are due for more.

* * * *

Do You wallow in anything as much
As reflection upon your personal existence?
The trick is remembering its relativity to any and all.

* * * *

How can You ever be free
If You have any expectations
Of what freedom will be?

* * * *

This is an answer to the quagmire
Of a dysfunctional dead-end paradigm
Well on the way towards self-destruction.

* * * *

Belief is the mind's unceasing attempt
To gain security in an existence
Which can offer none.

* * * *

Why not be confident?
Why tolerate fear?
Why hesitate?

* * * *

If You believe karma even exists,
Then You are probably due
For a few more slaps.

* * * *

How can You even hope to be free
If You have even one expectation?

* * * *

Theater is theater
No matter the stage.

* * * *

One plus one equals one,
It is the most simple math.

* * * *

Change is not.

* * * *

God is the invention of a self-absorbed, fearful, uncritical mind.

* * * *

Idealistic delusion is sweet
Until the Golden Horde
Comes over the hill.

* * * *

Love the mystery simply because You love totality; not out of fear or obligation or hope for reward.

* * * *

We are all God here.

* * * *

Take it or leave it; it really don't matter to me.

* * * *

Love is a tricky word; absurdly indefinable.

* * * *

As You are more powerful than many forms,
Why should there not be many others,
Much more potent than You?

* * * *

It only takes one person
To screw it up for everyone else.

* * * *

How much of life is the bluff
Of a moderate poker hand?

* * * *

Knowing something is true,
And then coping with it in the everyday
May be two very challenging things to pull together.

* * * *

So much You don't know, so much You cannot know.
Yet without You there is no knowing, no knower.
What a mysterious paradox all creation.

* * * *

How quickly we jump to judgments
Of another's perceived shortcomings.

* * * *

The scope of truth is both broad and narrow.

* * * *

Is the mind as we know it capable of true joy?
Can it be manipulated, deceived, cajoled,
Ignored or conditioned to be happy?

* * * *

You are the research vehicle.
Send a memo when you
Figure an answer
That suits You.

* * * *

Complexity is a many-edged sword.

* * * *

The egoistic impulse for glory
Seems strong in each of us.

* * * *

Rare are those who can put aside their craving
To fully, impersonally, objectively examine
Their personal, subjective context.

* * * *

The devil is the one who takes everything personally,
Who cannot see the other's suffering is the same,
Who cannot play life any way but win or lose.
The devil is in the hell of dualistic notion,
The one in denial of the Self within.
Who does not play out that role
To one degree or another?

* * * *

Are You detached in idea or reality?

* * * *

Where mind leads, body will follow,
A shadow to the end of all beginnings.

* * * *

What bliss surrender!
Is it more than You deserve?

* * * *

All that effort, to control something over which You have none,
All that resolve, exercising remedies to a fate which lacks any.

* * * *

Managing free will is a fool's game.

* * * *

We each live the life we feel called to live.

* * * *

Life is a subscription, death its payment.

* * * *

Wisdom is just distilling things down
To the most simple equations.
It seems profound only to the mind
Snared in the complexities of its vanity.

* * * *

Unless we as a species alter our paradigm,
We are doomed by our own success.

* * * *

Change breeds change.

* * * *

Why are we so blind
To the greatest commonality
Is a mystery unto itself.

* * * *

What point to the esoteric is oneness
Cannot be incorporated into daily living?

* * * *

Every drop unique, every drop original.
All very much the same essence.
Fractions abide ever one.
No more, no less.

* * * *

Can any bubble bridle the truth?

* * * *

Create just enough courage to overcome You fear.

* * * *

What would life be like

If You truly lived it effortlessly?

* * * *

The world birthed of the human mind
Cannot stand against the immeasurable.

* * * *

Pop out into the infinity of the absolute.
Pop back into the dualistic vehicle
Which allows You to envision it.

* * * *

Those who do not manage their bodies well
Run the course of any ill-mannered mechanism.

* * * *

Manifest freedom is relative to circumstance.
The unmanifest freedom is without context.

* * * *

Muster the courage that dissipates the fear.
Summon the breath that vanquishes the dread.
Attend the mind that generates the doubt and worry.
Give pause the activity that hypnotizes the vision.

* * * *

Everything is imagined habit, patterned
By a random mix of genetics and context.

* * * *

The play of time, of cause and effect, creates a history all but concluded.

* * * *

Inward non-being is the integration meditation attains.
Only in the cessation of the concept of freedom is there freedom.
When mind stills into simple awareness, You are the wind that is not wind.

* * * *

Youthful self-absorption denies
The same sense of experience others share.
Wisdom is the appreciation of life's wider commonalities.

* * * *

Does having much more than needed prove better?

* * * *

The whole universe is contained in your mind's eye.

* * * *

Different strokes for different folks.

* * * *

Those who seek truth do it alone.

* * * *

Passion generally only exacerbates any given problem.

* * * *

The Sodoms and Gomorrahs are consumed by their own ignorance; the wrath of God is not required.

* * * *

Plead simple ignorance in the courtrooms of judgment.

* * * *

No use making yourself sick over circumstances, in which You have absolutely no say.

* * * *

How can You ever hope to find completion, fullness,
If You can't discern it in the passing moment?
It ain't gonna happen no place else.

* * * *

Even those You have killed are your teachers.

* * * *

Confusion sets in again and again
In the mind caught in the web
Of its ceaseless limitation.

* * * *

The overwhelming play of numbers
Has numbed our sensibilities.

* * * *

Is time friend or foe?
Or simply awareness
Dreaming in real-time?

* * * *

A fool is not bound by his words.

* * * *

Ponder all the fire of hell or the gold of heaven
Until You discern it is all merely the fickle waves
Of your vivid, subjective, delusional imagination.

* * * *

Interesting how so many believe their chosen deity judges them,
For an absurd theater they had absolutely no hand in inventing.

* * * *

One foot in eternity, the other in time,
Wander aimlessly purposeful.

* * * *

What limitations we each and every one compensate for.

* * * *

Life is a game with a set of rules
In which we all participate willingly or not
In so many unique permutations.

* * * *

Your life is a statistical cross section of potentials.

* * * *

What doe a cancer do
After it has consumed all
But turn upon itself?

* * * *

Successful, abundant specialization
Inevitably collides with its limitations.

* * * *

Of meaning and purpose, there is none but what is imagined.

* * * *

History is a collage of fiction.

* * * *

You are as rich as You feel.

* * * *

You need not be bound by any personal mythos.
At any point in time, You can change your mind.

* * * *

Contentment means passion hasn't got
The same shackle on You that it once did.

* * * *

Examine any event through all eyes present, and there will be as many views of its history.

LXXVII

You can know many arenas
Intuitively, and with great vision,
Yet are unable to wrench your Self
From the weavings of personal context.
Death is the key-holder to ultimate freedom.

* * * *

Where were You a moment ago?
Where will You be a moment hence?
The smoke of perception is such a dream.

* * * *

And back to this world...
If women want to know how exciting a condom is,
Try sucking on a finger beneath a latex glove.

* * * *

A woman's truth is maya.

* * * *

What is judgment but a vain attempt
To feel right about the lie You are.

* * * *

Oh, noble cause, spare us the hypocrisy and hype, please, pretty please.

* * * *

How many others pay a price
For any of our foolish visions.

* * * *

Do You play your role, or does it play You?

* * * *

An ant does not battle the wasp for some imagined slight,
Nor a grudge born five generations before,
But of an instinctual urge
Within it and all those of similar seed
To survive, to continue in the choiceless unravelling.

* * * *

Puppeteer, puppeteer, might I rest my strings for a bit?

* * * *

There are just some people who cannot be trusted,

And the challenge is discerning them
Before they compromise
Your space.

* * * *

You consume your early life creating your universe
Until one moment the overflowing dam breaks
And You wash away into immortal oblivion.

* * * *

Heart makes us behave so foolishly.
But better to have loved and lost
Than to have never loved at all.
No doubt implied, decried, sighed,
Countless times since our fall from Eden.

* * * *

What can taint truth?

* * * *

Once You see what is real,
The biggest tent is no more
Than a small town carnival.

* * * *

Your current language was once slang.

* * * *

You wander the path of your own destiny.

* * * *

It does not always have to make sense.

* * * *

What You think is going on here
Can never be more than speculation
About what is really going on here.

* * * *

How lockstep the political correctness of idolatry.

* * * *

Who is that masked man, kimosabe?

* * * *

Once You begin to really question,
What limits will withstand the siege?

* * * *

What inevitable conclusion can one reach
The irony of this world's agony and ecstasy.

* * * *

There are many much more stupid for all their intelligence.

* * * *

Learn to trust your own intuition.

* * * *

What's the point of philosophy if it does not translate into daily living?

* * * *

Invoking pity only fosters more self-absorption.

* * * *

Ahead of its time You are told.
What to answer but that there is no time.

* * * *

No one will ever decipher the life
Which created all these thoughts.
We all journey very much alone.

* * * *

Science alone is not competent enough to lead humanity out of its many creations.

* * * *

You may long for freedom,
But can You ever be free?

* * * *

Who would You be without a context?

* * * *

Even wanting badly to turn it around,
There are still inertia and vectors
Which require an accounting.

* * * *

Better not to take personally outcomes
Founded upon untold eons of evolution.

* * * *

Like every other flash in the pan,
This, too, shall pass.

* * * *

To see all we envision
Of our world and universe
Is little more than a piece of lint
To the farthest corners of this mystery,
Is a difficult blow to the pride of any identity.

* * * *

Can You endure a vision larger than your imagination?

* * * *

Absurd, eh?

* * * *

Is there anyone less humble, less modest
Than someone declaring themselves to be?

* * * *

How tiring those who continually lament their condition.

* * * *

Mother Nature misses no opportunity to create or destroy.

* * * *

How You really live is your philosophy.
It is action and deed, not self-deceptive words.
It is what one actually does, not what is thought or said.

* * * *

Despite all written and implied here,
You need not make even one argument or claim
About what You intuitively know.

* * * *

Life is just a touchy-feely kaleidoscoping dream.

* * * *

Pride cannot know the contentment of humility.

* * * *

It's about whatever You want to believe its about.

* * * *

Time is really quite still.
Only thought moves.

* * * *

How easily the hands of the clock

Become your greatest adversity.

* * * *

Notice the spaces and orbits of the afternoon dust
Swirling in a sun-filled room. Universes everywhere.

* * * *

All You can do is postpone the inevitable.

* * * *

Sincere gushing can be dubious.

* * * *

Nothing before before.
Nothing after after.

* * * *

Mistakes and accidents
Are often the inattention
Of unfocused decision.

* * * *

If the tenous lightband in which humanity dances
Erodes beyond remedy, the cast will be supplanted
By whatever creatures are on deck to rule the garden.

* * * *

The specialist will always know more,
But the generalist cannot be matched
For having seen beyond the horizon.

* * * *

Every now in which You awaken,
You are reborn into eternal life.

* * * *

Don't be impaled by your labels.

* * * *

Why bear a grudge against that
Which does not, cannot truly exist?

* * * *

The blindness of the herd is not for all.

* * * *

Down, down, down we go, where we will end up, one wonders if even the deity of free will yet knows.

* * * *

If You wish to truly lead,
Too much greed can shoot the legs
Out of your political support.

* * * *

Get control of your thumb.

* * * *

It is surely not difficult
Being a little bit of everything,
But can You be a little bit of nothing?

* * * *

Get You dogma behind me.

* * * *

What good will all your attachment do?

* * * *

What path to glory, one wonders,
Does a cockroach or snail travel?

* * * *

Modern generosity usually implies
Tax deduction or political favor.

* * * *

The only thing worth being saved from
Is the eternal play of ignorance.

* * * *

History has done many things with its mystical writings and writers.
It would be interesting to see how the spin-doctors twist this collage.

* * * *

It is vanity which makes humanity's destiny intractable.

* * * *

Politicians target short term objectives and solutions
As viable remedies for long term predicaments.
They tell the masses what they wish to hear
To retain the expedient advantage.
It is the ample difference
Between tactics and strategy
In a war for survival and dominance
About to endure a severe spin for the worse.

* * * *

The wall approaches quickly,
And we are only accelerating.

* * * *

Attachment to psyche is the crux of the situation,
An arrogant premise which underwrites
The entire human experience.

* * * *

What motivates You into doing
Whatever it is You seem
Impelled to do?

* * * *

To see past any propaganda, past any lie,
You must look outside its designated arena.

* * * *

Interesting this attachment to a body
Which has never even for one moment
Been in the same space and time.

* * * *

We're given this incredible opportunity to exist,
And we're doing what with it?

* * * *

Faster! Faster! History is catching up with us.

* * * *

Any mythology is just a fragile egg shell
To be broken when you're ready to hatch.

* * * *

Cease the measuring and You are the immeasurable.

* * * *

So few inquire deeply into their origin.

* * * *

Expand upon all your concepts
In every way, every form imaginable.
Until You release all, You swim in delusion.
When a drop ceases its conceptual separations,
The ocean attains conscious union.

* * * *

The higher the station, the more difficult to act faithfully on matters of conscience.

* * * *

What is the state of mind when all barriers cease?

* * * *

It is mastery of one's aloneness that unleashes immortal sovereignty.

* * * *

How can You even for a moment imagine that anyone or anything could last forever?

* * * *

No one can avoid their fate.

* * * *

We are all experts at delusion.

* * * *

Patterns unravel so eloquently.

* * * *

The more people, the more laws.

* * * *

You are that breath.

* * * *

Been too many hats to think any one fits.

* * * *

Travel intuition through times prior to all assumptions.
Grounded only in the vanities of the human mind,
No speculation touches the ultimate reality.

* * * *

You may sometimes think You have seen it all,
But, rest assured, there are many, many,
Many delusions left to assimilate.

* * * *

Surf the paradox.

* * * *

The mask washes off, Kimosabe.

* * * *

God's probably already seen the video replay.

* * * *

Humanity is going down to what's coming up.

* * * *

Is anyone any more than an a priori time capsule?

* * * *

What are You going to be when You grow up?

* * * *

All deities are spun of vanity.

* * * *

So many blinded by their sensory vision.

* * * *

Check out your face and body from the inside

* * * *

Any assumption brings about inevitable conclusions.

* * * *

Raise your hand if You believe ignorance will always win out.

* * * *

Revealed prophecies about an antichrist
Could be the opposite of what most
Have been taught to believe.
Always remember that most riddles
Are paradoxes best not taken too literally.

* * * *

Interesting how so many visualize a pride-filled, vain, petty deity requiring their adulation.

* * * *

The mind has naught but imagination to play out its passionate theater.

* * * *

Perhaps the reign of some antichrist, would be more heaven-like,
Than that of whatever vain deity is already supposedly in charge.

LXXVIII

We are all caged by the power of imagination.
Only in detachment can delusion discern its end.

* * * *

So much different, so much the same.

* * * *

The powerless colored powerful
So often make others suffer
For all their insecurities.

* * * *

Trial by fire, trial by fuck-up.

* * * *

Paradox, irony, riddle, delusion; all lies, all truth.

* * * *

You need not be a scholar to see truth.

* * * *

Who but the world-weary question?

* * * *

What point in being a guest in your own house?

* * * *

The ignorant will inherit the earth.

* * * *

You were the mystery long before You were born; and shall be long after You resign the field.

* * * *

What is the point of philosophy,
If there is no perception of mastery,
Whatever the context, over your universe?

* * * *

Genius and wisdom are not confined by age.

* * * *

If You tempt fate by putting yourself in harm's way,
Be prepared for the consequences.
And try not to whine.

* * * *

The demand for drugs is growing
Because they invoke a peace of mind
Few can acquire on their own.

* * * *

Dance heartily to your destruction.

* * * *

Any game runs relatively smoothly
As long as everyone follows the same rules.

* * * *

Few recognize genius until after it passes.

* * * *

“Praise buddha for this opportunity
To befriend and console my opponents,”
He screamed as they again flipped the switch.

* * * *

Is it the concept that creates the problem,
Or the mind that manipulates its use?

* * * *

Every creature ever manifested on this planet
Has participated in one niche, one context or another.
Those whose habitats collapse change or perish.
Adapt or die.

* * * *

All the concepts ever wrought
Cannot fill even a thimble of eternity.

* * * *

Is it an issue of power, or of vision?

* * * *

You who read these words
Are the seers, the chosen ones
Given free reign over all dominions
Inspired by the dream of consciousness.

* * * *

We are all the eye of mystery, but few seem called to witness it consciously.

* * * *

It is impossible for the You that You imagine

To exist in the nowness You truly are.
You cannot be resurrected into eternal life.
Until You discern the youness that is prior to time.

* * * *

You will only know, only see, what it is your destiny to perceive.

* * * *

If You do not convert something into a concept,
You deal with it directly, free of that which is prior.

* * * *

The sheen of space-time is the eternal distraction.

* * * *

Humanity is most decidedly not
The highest life form in all creation.

* * * *

Piecemeal thoughts brought together
In a random inspirational fashion.

* * * *

Being, timelessly still, keenly observant,
Is the work of those to whom Self beckons.

* * * *

The day You die is really no different
Than the one on which You were conceived,
Or any through which the temporal dream passes.

* * * *

The torture of sickness and injury and aging and dying,
Are indeed annoying disturbances in this mortal existence.
If God was truly a nice guy, truly a deity worth worshipping,
He/she/it would not make such a hellish enterprise of hedonism.

* * * *

We must each heed the call of our destiny.

* * * *

Passion is an open sore.

* * * *

Courage, Pilgrim, courage.

* * * *

Neither a borrower nor lender be.

True again and again.

* * * *

It is a tough fucking world when you're not,
But can be even more trying when You are.

* * * *

Wander into your fate.

* * * *

Despite the play of the clay, the ground is ever the same.

* * * *

Where does the universe go when You blink your eyes?

* * * *

God is your imagination, or perhaps, the lack of it.

* * * *

Only the weak, the powerless follow and imitate the powerful.

* * * *

The human condition is contrived.

* * * *

The successful bureaucrat quickly learns
That the gradual erosion of freedom
Causes only resigned grumbling.

* * * *

It is belief that gives any conceptual mirage reality.

* * * *

Even the mightiest deity must someday return home.

* * * *

Silence is the streaming without conceptual static.

* * * *

Just another moment best left passed.

* * * *

How challenging to put both
The agony and ecstasy behind You.

* * * *

Odds are You bring upon yourself far more pain
Than any other ever will.

* * * *

There is a clear, purposeful, intense purity
About the savagery of the instinctual nature
Which puts civilized humanity to shame.

* * * *

No matter how the ocean roars,
Its nature is serenely absolute.

* * * *

As if any earthbound church
Could even hold a candle to that within.

* * * *

Why compare yourself with another
Once You see all comparison,
All differences are only imagined.

* * * *

How often one day's resolve
Becomes tomorrow's foam.

* * * *

Actors who really believe their parts
Are inevitably better actors.
Those who don't become mystics.

* * * *

Without one limiting factor or another, it is likely inevitable
That any given life form will breed itself out of existence.

* * * *

The longest way is sometimes the shortest.
The shortest is sometimes the longest.
Light can blind, darkness enlighten.

* * * *

Silence is heaven's greatest orchestration.

* * * *

Some people just like making promises
They have no intention of keeping.

* * * *

Is it any less a dust storm than it ever was?

* * * *

The most real revolution in modern times
Would be agricultural self-sufficiency.

* * * *

Funny how almost every opinion seems
To invoke more and more division.

* * * *

Political correctness works well
Until the knife threatens your throat.

* * * *

All the eyes of mystery will never see themselves; only the reflections of a sensory existence.

* * * *

The movement is the measurement.
The immeasurable mind is a still, orderly mind.
It is a reflection of the all-seeing, all-knowing, all-being, one,
It is the truth, the life, the way, eternal and absolute.

* * * *

You may dominate a board game or computer simulation with great talent,
But what sort of commanding officer, what sort of leader, would You really be,
In the fiery melee, with its acrid smoke, screams of the dying, and stench of death?

* * * *

How many more millenniums will You wager on his return?
Will You ever wake up to the real message of the metaphor?

* * * *

In a savage garden, who is the most ruthless spawn?

* * * *

What need for other realities,
For dreams, visions and powers,
Once You realize the direct link-up?

* * * *

To take it all personally is a mistake we all make.

* * * *

How much our fellow earthlings have suffered for all our ‘scientific’ research.
How would we fare if the creatures of this garden orb were to judge us
For the incalculable tortures our war upon nature has inflicted?

* * * *

Life is a swirl of faces and names,
Of bodies and claims, of notoriety and shames.

* * * *

Who is this Anon fellow?

* * * *

Your universe is subjective.
Why should anyone else's be less so?
After all, is anything really anything but intuition,
No matter the many layers of pretense?

* * * *

Beginnings begin now, endings end now.
Beginnings end now, and endings begin now.
Causes become effects, effects causes, all now.
Time is the illusion, the delusion of consciousness.

* * * *

How can a circle be round?
How can time die?

* * * *

Is there anything more demonic than calculated rage,
Or more angelic than spontaneous caring?

* * * *

Mortal existence is a promise that cannot be long kept.

* * * *

The trick sometimes
Is convincing yourself
You're having fun.

* * * *

The real nightmare would be
If heaven were a corporate operation.

* * * *

A good natural disaster makes a broken nail
Seem, perhaps, a little less traumatic.

* * * *

The best loneliness is when it doesn't
Even occur to You that you're alone.

* * * *

The context invokes your passage through it.

* * * *

To smite any apparatus,
Do You become one, stay human,
Or some spiraling combination?

* * * *

Is there really such a thing as meaningful work?
Or is it all contrived by the excesses of too many too often?

* * * *

Despite all appearances to the contrary,
You cannot stop or even slow the stream.

* * * *

What a romp in absurdity.

* * * *

What You are, what You truly have,
Is yours wherever, whenever, however,
Whatever, whoever, whyever You are.
Eternity can never be quelled
In any way whatsoever

* * * *

You cannot die, but to death.

* * * *

Fear not, no matter the storm, for thou art the harbor.

* * * *

Death is as death does.

* * * *

Is consciousness as it is known truly any more
Than a hierarchy of weights and measures?

* * * *

The universe is as old as You make it.

* * * *

The mind incessantly measures all it imagines.
Judge not and You will not be judged.
Catch the paradox of the joke
You play on yourself.

* * * *

The frenzy of our creation must by its own devices
Bring about its inevitable destruction.

* * * *

Your psychological-emotional response to anything
Speaks adroitly of those things called life issues.

* * * *

Everything is connected at the quantum level,
Every action rippling to and fro across all dimensions.
Through what dark valleys will the future pass
With so much ignorance at the helm.

* * * *

You want justice?
May as well blow your head off in this world.

* * * *

Do You really need to know so much? What's the point?

* * * *

Life can sometimes be a very tiring miracle.

* * * *

How much pain, how much pleasure, will You endure before that last exhale?

* * * *

Image is a many-wondered thing.

* * * *

There is really nothing at all to worry about.

* * * *

To really not care, how freeing.

* * * *

Humanity needs for something to happen to it
That will make the flood look like a bathtub ring.

* * * *

Inevitable You will get kicked off the pedestals others create.

* * * *

Life is short, and getting shorter every moment.

* * * *

Free will is at best a superficial delusion,
A guise in which to extrapolate your true being.

LXXIX

The seeds of passion blossom into arrogance, into doubt, into fear.
Breathe so fully that there is nothing left to imagine,
And the thistles grown of passion
Wither into that prior to all dreams of mind.

* * * *

How afraid we are of time to want so much from it.

* * * *

You are guilty of everything,
You are not guilty of anything.
Nolo contendere across the board.

* * * *

Where does life come from?
Where does it go to?
All the same.

* * * *

People can surprise You with their predictability.

* * * *

There is no choice but change.

* * * *

The space within is the space without.

* * * *

Attractive imagery can create
A certain tolerance toward bullshit.

* * * *

Meaning is measurement.
Measurement is meaning.

* * * *

Even vacuums get full.

* * * *

Your are likely, at least occasionally,
The blatant asshole You most detest.

* * * *

The human drama is beyond reconciliation
Without some form of external intervention.

* * * *

Why feel guilty over fearful of things
Over which You have no control?

* * * *

Success is always trammeled sooner or later.

* * * *

We have this incredible unwillingness to be nothing.

* * * *

A happy mirror is much easier to look into.

* * * *

The meek will inherit the earth
Because time will bury them.

* * * *

Beware the humanitarians

* * * *

Have You not at many many points
Done what You so harshly
Judge in others?

* * * *

It will all be over soon enough.

* * * *

All value lies within.

* * * *

Be an indivisible individual.

* * * *

In time You find yourself knowing
Much less than You once thought.

* * * *

Why entertain such thoughts?

* * * *

Why fear your own deity of choice, much less another's?

* * * *

Being and becoming; what a gap in implications.

* * * *

Undying bliss is the quality of an unborn mind,
A mind born again into that which is origin to all.

* * * *

A great sense of dispassion
Descends increasingly equally.

* * * *

Once You really learn to think, to question, to see,
What a different world, a different universe.
Horrific and amusing just the same.

* * * *

The unattached mind holds no burden.

* * * *

Have You ever really wanted
As much as You have?

* * * *

Few seek the end of delusion.

* * * *

Do not be bound by the limitations of your world.

* * * *

Since so few see beyond the surface,
It is quite easy to play the foolish chameleon.

* * * *

Who likes being stolen from?

* * * *

You cannot help but act.

* * * *

This is what we have done to our creation.

* * * *

Heaven is the best of drugs.

* * * *

A martial artist merely knows
Where the universe is going to be.

* * * *

The scary part is that any given government

And the vast array of corporations and bureaucracies
Are made up of ordinary people not all that different from You.

* * * *

Science fiction is fiction no longer fiction.

* * * *

There seem to be two types of folks in this world:
Those who follow someone else's rules
And those who make their own.

* * * *

Caress your Self.
Take an eternal breath.

* * * *

The littlefolk abide as best they can
In the world we are creating of their Eden.

* * * *

Wherever You are,
Imagine what it was like
When You first saw it.

* * * *

Wouldn't it be something
To not have to be acting all the time?

* * * *

Will they kill you
If You don't play their game?

* * * *

If You believe in justice, You are a fool.

* * * *

You needn't try to do it anyone else's way.

* * * *

Oh, bittersweet paradox.

* * * *

How desperate so many are to find acceptance.
What a genetic agenda!

* * * *

Call God, mystery, or mystery, God; pfffffft, who cares?

* * * *

Agape only mystery, and You will be free.

* * * *

Organized religion is an attempt
To get control of something
Which cannot be tamed.

* * * *

Blood is only slightly thicker than water,
And sometimes the purity of water
Is the more refreshing drink.

* * * *

Have You every met a truly selfless human being?

* * * *

To be free, untroubled by anything, ever again.

* * * *

How often does what You judge in another
So quickly manifest in your own actions.

* * * *

So many words trying to contain
That which cannot be contained.

* * * *

The meek will inherit the earth
Because they are too busy
Sucking on Mammon's teat.

* * * *

Be careful what You study
For it may become You.

* * * *

No one has the right
To peer into your mind
Without your consent.

* * * *

Cycles within, cycles within, cycles within...
Ad infinitum.

* * * *

Do You know You are pretending,
Or have You conveniently forgotten?

* * * *

What irony that those who seek privacy
Have it ripped away by limelight,
Or those who pursue fame
Fade into obscurity.

* * * *

Our fates are all so intertwined.

* * * *

Who was it who piloted Arjuna's chariot into the midst of a most violent fray?

* * * *

The challenge to life is not having any expectations.
Then whatever comes to You becomes a gift.

* * * *

Behaving like some grown-ups is akin to being dead.

* * * *

Amazing how we weave so many lies,
How we equivocate ourselves so thoroughly,
And how we hide so efficiently from truth.
Denial is ignorance.

* * * *

That so many forms have two eyes,
Mouths and assholes must surely be a clue
Of our common ancestry, of our very common origin.

* * * *

Funny, by those who are aware of them,
How many ways these writing are perceived.
The scribe's response, "Is that so?"

* * * *

You don't even know your own mind.

* * * *

Do You really care about any of this?
What form, what personality holds You?

* * * *

A lot of effort for squat.

* * * *

All the quibbling is so tiring.

* * * *

You will never know.

* * * *

Screw human arrogance.

* * * *

When You see God, spit in his/her/its face; then wipe off the slobber.

* * * *

The purpose of life, is to play out your theater, in whatever way You will.

* * * *

Is this what You had in mind?

* * * *

The human drama is the same old political farce it has always been.

* * * *

You do not have visions or dreams or visitations, because they know You would laugh at them.

* * * *

You know a lot, but not as much as You used to think.

* * * *

Truth cannot be fettered by the diatribes of consciousness.

* * * *

There is not a label, You can tag all this with, that sticks for long.

* * * *

The aloneness permeates all.

* * * *

If You use drugs, use them moderately, sporadically, cautiously, with right purpose, right intention.

* * * *

In little things and big things, it is all the same.

* * * *

Ignorance is the root of all imagination.

* * * *

Shut up and listen to that
Which is deeper than all your blather.

* * * *

Never seeking You again
Would only add to my contentment.

* * * *

Agape is so beyond the typical human vision of love.

* * * *

Women are pleasant distractions
Until You outgrow them.

* * * *

Consciousness
Is merely the directed thunder
Of the mind's storm.

* * * *

Identity is the sum of all passion.

* * * *

From ignorance, knowledge.
From knowledge, ignorance.

* * * *

Political correctness
Is the disease of limited thinking.

* * * *

Deception finds many rewards.

* * * *

It's just one big-looking,
Big-sounding diversion
From what is truly real.

* * * *

Pretend You are not alone
As much as You please, You are.

* * * *

Every thought You witness is pattern.

* * * *

The spiritual quest
Is merely discerning
You are the weaving,
You are he weaver,
And prior to all.

So simple.

* * * *

Ignorance weaves knowledge
As great as its imagination.

* * * *

Live or die, it makes no difference.

* * * *

No pain, no gain?
Lotsa pain, what gain?

* * * *

What is the difference between Confucius and Lao Tzu?; nothing.

* * * *

They die at the end of it, too.

* * * *

Personality can never resolve its lack of foundation.

* * * *

How impatient and intolerant we are.

* * * *

How can God's will manifest but through your own?

* * * *

All things human pertain within.

* * * *

Leave behind all judgments, all values, all principles, all laws, and enter the heaven within.

LXXX

To discern the totality
The ego must be strong enough
To withstand the onslaught of all that is other,
Until no other is seen.

* * * *

Whose side are You on?
Likely everyone's and no one's
In whatever forever the dream allows.

* * * *

An life spent seeking acceptance from others
Is filled to the brim with so much of its denial.

* * * *

Why add to the lie with more delusion?

* * * *

The neurosis of affluence
Undermines all success.

* * * *

Whatever the human potential is
Is being sucked into the tangle
Of our self-absorbed vision.

* * * *

Most people tend to quickly swallow
More than one hook, line and sinker.

* * * *

Is anything more than opinion?
What a tizzy we grind ourselves into
Over so much ill-advised, futile thinking.

* * * *

You like some, You dislike some.
But who is anyone actually
But your projection?

* * * *

Everything You know is theoretical.

* * * *

Nothing more tiring than a humanitarian.

* * * *

Underscoring all human travail
Is the nagging drone of me, myself, and I
Over and over and over again.

* * * *

From beginning to end the human drama
Is filled with vain, futile, self-centered confusion.

* * * *

Many women angrily blame men for their violence,
But few realize the destructiveness of their wombs.

* * * *

Those who value life
Often mean only human life
Or life which is subjectively percieved
To be attractive or to hold some artificial value.

* * * *

What bonds between form can ever last?

* * * *

What sanction needs the author of consciousness?

* * * *

To want no more than breath can offer,
That is the challenge.

* * * *

Personality is the confinement of thought.

* * * *

What do You want
But an incomplete idea?

* * * *

Innocence is an unfragmented mind.

* * * *

Death is the fragmentation of desire.

* * * *

Truth is not a matter of aesthetics.

* * * *

If You can't see it,

There's no use
Trying to explain it.

* * * *

A sign of how genetically deluded women are
Is their believing newborns are beautiful,
Or that they resemble somebody.

* * * *

Unfortunately for all other creatures of this dust ball,
Many women seem unable to feel fulfilled
But through bearing offspring.

* * * *

You need not play out You short life
According to anyone else's conviction.

* * * *

Life is short no matter how long it seems.

* * * *

You act out what You imagine You are.
Synergistically, we are the theater of divine will
Ranging from murky hell to heavenly clarity.

* * * *

Does your authority come from within or without.

* * * *

Let the devil have his judgments.

* * * *

The windows of opportunity
Open and closes in so many ways
For each and every one of us.

* * * *

Inner vision creates its own discipline.

* * * *

The stillness before time,
The silliness of time,
That which resides at time's end.

* * * *

You expect to be rewarded for that!?

* * * *

Duality is inevitable in any sensory play.

* * * *

Pain is the impetus which creates seers.
There's really no where else to go but in.

* * * *

Why not king of your world?
There is no caste in reality.

* * * *

It's your show, kiddo.

* * * *

As ridiculous as it seems,
Despite a long resume of jobs,
This has been the scribe's life work.

* * * *

Free will is the magic carpet.
It is the click of Dorothy's ruby red shoes,
The dream's key to finding the home
That has always been within.

* * * *

Did You really think this was real?

* * * *

Though You have done many things,
Plenty of them You probably
Never need do again.

* * * *

You are already immortal.
How long You dream is only a matter
Of the mortal attributes playing themselves out.

* * * *

We entice each other into our vanity.

* * * *

You are the answer,
But what's the question?

* * * *

Time creates, time evolves, time erodes.
All things gold rise and fall
Never ending, never beginning,

The timeless paradox of the all in one.

* * * *

How can gold be attached to that which it is made?

* * * *

Dwell where naught but one can dwell.

* * * *

And if some of these are duplicates
In these writings or others by others,
Please pardon the plagiarisms of time.

* * * *

There's no place like home.

* * * *

What fraction can ever be more or less than one?

* * * *

In one geography, Self-realized souls are called God; in another they are bums; go figure.

* * * *

A moderate day is a good day.

* * * *

What is difficult to fathom, is how formidable, even impossible,
It is for most to impersonally observe their moment to moment.

* * * *

Critical thinkers are an inadvertent byproduct of any state-sponsored educational system.

* * * *

Even the darkest, deepest, most painful hell, is a spiritual adventure.

* * * *

What bounds for the mind that allows no bounds to exist?

* * * *

To want so much, as so many do, cannot equally be had by all.

* * * *

Watch how so many young early on
Become embarrassed by their bodies.
Eden is lost to all but the rare.

* * * *

When beginnings

Are born of imbalances
Ends follow suit.

* * * *

Energy lusts after itself in so many ways.

* * * *

Reality constrains all in many ways; puts all through trial after trial.
Is it God's will, capacities and limitations fumbling at mortal barriers?

* * * *

Leave everything, forget everything.

* * * *

There is peace when no sense of the "I" exists; peace is in the awareness, not the imagination.

* * * *

Each of us is the one in our individual, dualistic universes.

* * * *

That sense of there being something else You should be doing; is it real, or just imagination projecting?

* * * *

There being so little justice, so little fairness, in this Darwinian world,
The irony is how so many idealize in some future, or some other elsewhere.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god, god-talk-to-god world.

* * * *

Hard is soft, and soft, hard.

* * * *

You may encounter someone who reflects your universe without judgment,
But no one can ever even to begin to experience another's dreamy perception.

* * * *

How amazing this mystery!
How trifling and meaningless,
We are manifesting so much of it.

* * * *

Rich is as rich does.
The wise man with a dime
May be far wealthier than any fool
With castles filled with gold.

* * * *

Good luck!?
What does luck have to do with any of it?

* * * *

What do You want?
To live your life out as You are.

* * * *

The prison we call life.

* * * *

No decision is the same old decision.
More no-decisions are made than any decision.

* * * *

How to play the hand you've been dealt?
Bluff boldly or deparingly throw in the cards?

* * * *

The drag about aging is that the body
Has greater difficulty keeping up
With what the spirit aspires.

* * * *

Just say no to bureaucrats.

* * * *

Why would You consider using a tool
Which doesn't aid in completing a job?

* * * *

Bigger is not necessarily better.

* * * *

Now is much more real than forever afters.
The promise of time is the creator of big lies.

* * * *

Futile as it may well be,
Some seem born to question
The arbitrary and vain assumptions
To which so many blindly cling.

* * * *

There's real work, there's busy work
And then there's puttering.

* * * *

Hope is just more self-absorbed imagination.

* * * *

To pretend that we're much more than hairless monkeys
With great capacity for creation and destruction
Is a joke we play on ourselves.

* * * *

The temptations of this world, are far greater than many souls.

* * * *

Even God gets tummy-aches.

* * * *

Smile You angel, sneer You devil; the joke is on both of You.

* * * *

A worthy goal in life is to feel good, but can You not do it, at someone else's expense?

* * * *

Another daily dose of irrational realism.

* * * *

You might well get a headache trying to fathom
All the conceivable rhymes and reasons
Adrift in the midst of nothingness.

* * * *

Only when You lose something,
And then find it,
Can You recall how it was lost.

* * * *

Shit happens over and over and over and over.
From plankton to dinosaurs to us to....
Waste is as waste does.

* * * *

The mystery may well create all this again and again.
An addictive, sadomasochist spirit, if there ever was one.

* * * *

Is not fantasy quite often superior to reality?
Have You ever been disappointed,
In your own handiwork?

* * * *

You have been raised and brainwashed to believe in the human potential,

But at some point, after tasting it enough to more clearly wonder,
Ask more than a little incredulously, “Potential for what?”

* * * *

You are the potential; ooh, now that’s scary thought.

* * * *

Stop being the body occasionally, and realize there is no body, and never was.

* * * *

Live, learn, die.

* * * *

Every one of us is twisted by the winds of perception; what point any judgment?

* * * *

Life offers enough enticements that each of us
Finds a variety of ways to endure the suffering.

* * * *

We are full of half-promises, half-truths and half-baked ideas.

* * * *

Here You are striving to survive and thrive
In the world You have aided in creating.

* * * *

Assumptions can create many a dark hole.

* * * *

The crest jewel hidden in a pile of shit
Most likely will not be discovered
By any but the most earnest.

LXXXI

Oh sure, there is plenty of world for all the absurdities we concoct.
Plenty of places and spaces for every ludicrous possibility.
Feel free to dump upon the garden all You please.
Our only birthplace can abide the weight.
Everything sooner or later recycles.
Alas, we all know otherwise.
One day, there will be a reckoning.
One day, humanity will pay the consequences.
One day, the plague we are, will deal with the austere reality,
That no species, no matter how entitled, is exempt from the rules of the game.

* * * *

Is thinking about your deity of choice really any greater than any other fixation of imagination?

* * * *

All your judgments seem to imply You are somehow superior; hmmm …

* * * *

Peace is a full breath, a good shit, and an empty mind.

* * * *

Is there anyone who does not at some point fabricate a rational for their existence?

* * * *

How amazing the power of suggestion.

* * * *

Of promises never kept, we are so many.

* * * *

The I of which I speak will always be You.

* * * *

If You want even a breath, You will know discontent.

* * * *

The mind-body requires certain essentials to function well: air, food, water.
To deprive your Self, as high an octane as possible, short-sights the long haul.

* * * *

Forget who You pretend to be,
At least occasionally.

* * * *

What is all this but an amusement park for God; welcome to the Twilight Zone.

* * * *

Whose permission do You need?

* * * *

The ecstasy is taking up residence
In that which knows no other.
It is heaven on earth.

* * * *

Rather amazing how divisive one can be.

* * * *

Nothing has been held back.
All cards are on the table.

* * * *

One need not be bound
By any contrived perspective.
Judgment is the sport of otherness
Defining every conceivable difference.

* * * *

A gift for what it's worth.

* * * *

What now!?

* * * *

We all function at different levels of ignorance.

* * * *

The meek will inherit the earth
Because they know how
To hide and watch.

* * * *

In the biggest picture who is anybody's
Mother or father, daughter or son.

* * * *

Day and night the human drama plays out its insignificance.

* * * *

Remember when large was large and small, small.
When right was right and wrong, wrong.
When so many things were innocently assumed.

* * * *

Our ability to manipulate technologies
Has etched the illusory even deeper
On the psyche borne of delusion.

* * * *

We placate our bruised psyches
In so many twisted fashions.

* * * *

Explore the many barriers to complete surrender all You please.
It is always the same no matter how many masks call it different.

* * * *

The devil You are is quite the tool.

* * * *

Discerning the good news, that all is one, and awareness, the simple key,
And meanwhile maintaining a lucid edge of irony and paradox has made for all this copy.
Total surrender at the inception, would have been such a blissful drunk,
The scribe might never have sobered up enough,
To share the vision.

* * * *

All this is written through the banter of experience,
The interactions of life's many dramas in its river flow.

* * * *

It is a harsh, cruel world with oases of kindness.

* * * *

So many approaches created,
So many passages to eternity,
All equal in the ultimate sense.

* * * *

That vague lack of confidence in each of us
Creates so much vain, silly restlessness.

* * * *

The world is filled with so many human beings,
Most of whom lack a far-sighted vision,
Of where their world is headed.
Eight billion-plus frames of reference.
So many in division and resistance and disintegration.
Competing, thieving, lying, cheating, stealing, manipulating, killing.
Conquering and destroying in every conceivable manner.
The cancer of imagination chews its own paw,

In a destiny born of its own making.

* * * *

The time is coming when we must put up, or we will be shut up.

* * * *

Mammon has always won out in this world.
Give Caesar the value he values
And discern the only gold worth its weight.

* * * *

How many words will we destroy before the drumbeat,
The rhythm of time ceases its mysterious sound?

* * * *

In dualistic notion, there are always
At least two sides to every mask.

* * * *

Interest cannot be forced or feigned well.

* * * *

Where might You now be
If You had been more disciplined?

* * * *

Oh lordy, yet another twisted, sick form, of this grand mystery.

* * * *

How many ways there are to state the same one.
How many ways there are to see the same one.
How many ways there are to be the same one.

* * * *

You might as well go mad.
Surely, it wouldn't be any more insane
Than what's already happening.

* * * *

And Krishna waded into the fray,
Spurring the chariot into the mad brawl,
The ferocity of agony, death and destruction,
And through it all, musing it as unreal as any genesis.

* * * *

Your pattern is as carved as an etching in stone.

* * * *

Pleasure will twist You in every way
You are predestined to imagine.

* * * *

What is the world-wide web
But a billboard at every screen?

* * * *

How much information must we collect
Before we see it is understanding
We so desperately need?

* * * *

What last toy, what last experience,
What last pleasure will You seek out
Before You exhale that last breath?

* * * *

Who writes history? The victors, the scholars, the survivors.

* * * *

Re: free will, little dab'll do ya.

* * * *

Can You say no to anything?

* * * *

How large can a balloon grow
Before the elasticity ends?

* * * *

As You walk your own path to glory,
Just make sure You don't trample on mine.

* * * *

Now leader can lead without a group to follow.

* * * *

Free will is a contradiction of terms.

* * * *

How hard do You work to fit into some perception of history?

* * * *

There being no justice in this vain world; we create deities to administer it in some other.

* * * *

Why concern yourself with a trail of previous lives?

Now is where the tire hits the road, honeybunch.

* * * *

Woe unto any stranger who enters your castle uninvited.

* * * *

Innocence is twisted into the human drama in each of us.

* * * *

A child is a potential sage; a sage is the child's potential realized.

* * * *

The return to wonder fathoms no bounds.

* * * *

How many lessons we must learn
Over and over and over again.

* * * *

What's to remember?

* * * *

You are a seed come to life,
Born to unearth heaven.

* * * *

Ignorance is really the only excuse.

* * * *

The effort to surrender
Is only vain conflagration
As long as You make it one,
Or is it until You make it one?

* * * *

Somebody has to write this sort of thing, I suppose.
But why me? I didn't supplicate for this, believe You me.
If I'd known what I was seeking, I'd of tried a little less harder.

* * * *

Do not confuse attack with victory,
Nor retreat with surrender.

* * * *

Interesting how the weakest
Seem to fabricate the greatest pride.

* * * *

What makes anyone believe You were ever loyal?

* * * *

As broad as You may think your world,
It is inevitably quite narrow.

* * * *

God must love soap operas.

* * * *

Peel away the surface of your desire and see what You think then.
Romance is defined and confined by form, function by function.
Neither treads forever but through dualistic and vain notion.

* * * *

What a maddening world.
One must learn detachment
To one degree or another.

* * * *

To wear one's wealth too boldly
Risks its being stolen by envy or need.

* * * *

Karma is a subjective notion,
Unnecessary once You see
The one and only point of it all.

* * * *

Have You breached death?

* * * *

Is there a God, is a Santa Claus supreme deity overseeing all?
If there is, who would it, who could it, who should it, be?
What identity would it abide, but the one You project?

* * * *

Do not wave your flag until You have nailed the glory.

* * * *

You are defined by capacity and limitation,
By desire and fear, by dualistic inclinations,
By maya's infinite talent for the measurement
Of delusion in its incessant denial of ignorance.

* * * *

How difficult it is for beautiful women
Who want attention but not stares.

* * * *

Pay attention to the rope
In the knot's tying and untying

* * * *

Why imagine a deity outside yourself?

* * * *

Consistently inconsistent the unprincipled one.

* * * *

Why do You look around?
To see others or to see if they see You?
Is your self-esteem founded upon inner or outer vision?
The answer is the lady or tiger of your existence.

* * * *

You thought You were piloting the craft,
But one day realized You had to surrender
The control You never truly possessed.

* * * *

We are moths to flame in our cosmopolitan flame.

* * * *

To the young: Get past adulthood as quickly as You can.

* * * *

Peel any face and it's all the same beneath.

* * * *

What line to tow?

* * * *

It is all uniquely the same.

* * * *

You will not save the world.
You may, however, aid in invoking a change.

* * * *

Power does not come to the meek in this world.

* * * *

Peace is not a negotiable item; peace is a still mind.

* * * *

The potential for harmony is chipped away
By focusing on the unending array of differences.

* * * *

Oneness is so great a vision as to leave You disincorporated.

* * * *

God … How do You not hate being on a pedestal?

* * * *

What makes women think they are so attractive once their breasts sag,
And their crotches smell more and more like decomposing fish?
The hypnotic nature of illusion runs thin when the pile of chips runs low.
Best placed bets are in a kind heart, or they may end up a wretched, scolding hag.

* * * *

Who really cares how You are remembered?

* * * *

What makes You like or dislike another
Often depends how they respond
To your self-imagined play.

* * * *

Who knows what really ever existed?

* * * *

Look to You own deficiencies
Before You disparage another's.

* * * *

Another layer of dust in an ever-changing universe.

LXXXII

Can You regain innocence through greed?

* * * *

The calculation in another's eyes matches your own.

* * * *

Poor me gets old.

* * * *

History requires a witness.

* * * *

Even a rock cannot beat the river.

* * * *

Opinions are like dust.
They create a hazy film over everything.

* * * *

Time cannot give any more than eternity already has.

* * * *

You are a little bit of everything.
Everything is a little bit of You.

* * * *

Fate will not open every door to You.

* * * *

I love my children too much to bring them here.

* * * *

These thoughts are the enjoyment of a well-turned words.

* * * *

Do You really wish to save the world?
To see humanity insanely continue as it is?

* * * *

Thank You all for a great first run.
Let's do lunch sometime soon.

* * * *

How unique a breath without want.

* * * *

When did eternity begin? When does it end?

* * * *

Our sorrow is that we cannot hold on to what we crave.
That time carries on despite our vain attempts
To slow it down or stop it entirely.

* * * *

Make the best of it,
And suffer when the suffering's due.

* * * *

What was transcribed poorly?
What was not recorded?
What was mislaid?
What was forgotten?
What was edited out?
What was added later?
What is history, anyway?

* * * *

Persona is subject to the matter of time.
It is chiseled by every sort of variable,
Constant only in the deepest sense.

* * * *

Learning is the mutation of consciousness.

* * * *

You are the holy grail of time.

* * * *

Equanimity is defendant,
In a kangaroo court,
Of a zealous judge,
Of a whimsical mind.

* * * *

Find your own law and serve it as the moment allows.

* * * *

The ghosts of time harbor in each and every mind.
To lay them to rest is right action's timeless wisdom.

* * * *

Would that we could put down our arms and egoistic concerns,
And become partners in the guardianship of this savage garden.

* * * *

It is mystery's meandering through thick and thin,
Which give pause for these varied thoughts.
Perhaps a walk, a drive, a toiling sweat,
A sip of coffee, a shower head's drip.
Or time spent with man, woman or beast.
The dream, the dream, on and on it hastens,
To what end only the soul of dust really knows.

* * * *

Time will likely carry on in some form awhile longer,
And these words are for those who arrive
In that not far distant future.

* * * *

Does one do battle with the theater,
Or merely go along for the ride?

* * * *

Who will explore wisdom then?
Who will discern the grace
Each moment offers?
Who will die to live eternal?

* * * *

Life is through new eyes revealed.
Play out the rightness of each instant,
And humbly harvest what mystery allows.
That is the sum of eternal life, eternal salvation.

* * * *

Push all proclamations aside and be here now.

* * * *

The phrase 'all God's creatures' includes God and You as well.

* * * *

The state some call enlightenment,
Is but another illusive, vague, meaningless term.
You are who You are … whenever You are, whyever You are,
However You are, wherever You are, whatever You are.

* * * *

Know your master and do not bite too hard.
Allow your imagination to wander where it will,
But discipline your reality with some moderation.

* * * *

The ego tends to imagine itself more important than it is.
To abide in the blissful humility of the moment
Is something which so many miss
Much or all of their lives.

* * * *

Only the most savvy scientists ever figure out
They are always going to lag behind
In the quest for knowledge.

* * * *

One day You say or do one thing.
Another day another quite contrary.
What is this thing called free will?

* * * *

Put an autograph to these writings?
Whose signature do You want?
At what juncture in time?
There are too many scribes,
Who fathom themselves as one,
To take any credit for what is written.
A string of pearls for swine to flout about.

* * * *

Try to keep your insanity to yourself.

* * * *

Everybody's got a toll booth.

* * * *

How can one know the mystery, without the interface of duality, in all its countless formations?

* * * *

Be nothing, do nothing
And everything will be done.

* * * *

Isn't peace one of the most sought after,
Yet overruled aspect of consciousness?

* * * *

The cancer of duality runs deep
In the frailty of consciousness.

* * * *

Has there ever been a creature

As ruthless as the human being?

* * * *

We are all mortal.

* * * *

The order to all this this folderol, is anchored in divine mystery.

* * * *

To know You own relationship to the mystery, watch a grain of sand until You see it move.

* * * *

Wherever You are, the panorama of existence, is birthing and dying right before your eyes.

* * * *

So, You think You know what is going on; well, how happy I am to know somebody does.

* * * *

Conspiracy theorists seem to see conspirators in every corner.

* * * *

Obviously, another case of too much inbreeding.

* * * *

But for a shadow or a nearing foot, do You think an ant even notices You?

* * * *

Is there something wrong with You because You see the game differently? Not likely.

* * * *

How often is our vision of God between our legs.

* * * *

Everybody reads these words according to their own slant.

* * * *

Science, the creation and study of knowledge, is imagination at its finest.

* * * *

So how infinite is it?

* * * *

God created man in his own image, and man returned the favor.

* * * *

Bad, bad, bad God; You naughty little boy, girl, or whatever.

* * * *

Time, what is that?

* * * *

Your mind is the only place duality,
With all its contrary spectrums, exists.

* * * *

That penis leads You down paths
Intelligence wouldn't dare tread.

* * * *

Wisdom is stupid-slash-silly enough
To bother trying to say things clearly.

* * * *

Most people can only take truth
In small sugar-coated nibbles.

* * * *

Divide it by two, three or ten thousand,
It is ever the same one.

* * * *

For this to be the world often idealized,
All would have to work naturally, willingly
To iron out the abundancy of differences.

* * * *

Not.
No way.
Hasta la vista, baby.

* * * *

If You don't have a vision for yourself,
Someone will be only too happy
To oblige You with theirs.

* * * *

It's easy to pooh-pooh death,
But what happens when You hear
The Reaper sharpening his scythe?

* * * *

What You remember will one day all be forgotten.

* * * *

Step back far enough from anything,
And all intensity of purpose loses meaning.

* * * *

Expectation inevitably turns to disappointment.
No ideal withstands the inertia of reality.

* * * *

Mother Nature toys with you
Like a cat its condemned prey.

* * * *

Anyone can be very stupid
At any given point in time.

* * * *

Pawnder the chessboard from serf to king.

* * * *

Always have a lie at the tip of your tongue; never know when You will need it.

* * * *

Coming to grips with one's limitations is what aids in defining one's existence.

* * * *

Solve a problem before it becomes one.

* * * *

Choosing to love an object is based on subjective imagery.
Is love a subjective, willful, vain, transient matter?
Or is it the objective, essential reality?

* * * *

There are those long days
When it is so very, very arduous
To muster much interest in anything.

* * * *

Curious how peeling off a coating can change a state of mind dramatically.

* * * *

So easy to blame others for our own errors.

* * * *

That we so often believe others
Can somehow learn from our mistakes
Is forgetting how short memory is.

* * * *

Nothing more tiring than being judged by an idealist.

* * * *

The pretense of intelligence, an interesting thing to witness.

* * * *

So many enticing poisons life offers to those with the craving for them.

* * * *

Surely this scribe is as great a fool as there ever was

* * * *

Monopoly is the absorbed control of power, fame and fortune.
The obsession for it shows the insecurity and conflict of time.

* * * *

Peace is a right brain thing.

* * * *

No charge, no obligation, free gratis.

* * * *

Arrogant modesty keeps You playing the way You do.

* * * *

This world can be a pain in the butt, sometimes literally.

* * * *

Spoke with enough different people,
Traveled enough different geographies,
Experienced enough differences,
To know there aren't any.

* * * *

Who seeks the truth?

* * * *

In the scoreboard of your life,
Are You here to leach or serve?
Are You here to take or to give?

* * * *

You need not rationalize anything.

* * * *

If it is not play, what is the point of work?

* * * *

What is all this inane silliness,

About God sending us,
His only junior?
What utter vain bullshit.
We are all sons and daughters,
Born of the same indivisible mystery.
How on any earth could it be any other way?

* * * *

The point of it is that there are a lot of angry people out there.
What do leaders expect of those crowded off the monopoly board?

* * * *

What fear we inspire.

* * * *

Gistmeister.

* * * *

Nobody can really help You like yourself.

* * * *

Peace is the abeyance of all things mortal.

* * * *

May as well surrender to your existence, You will do whatever your fate ordains.

* * * *

How distracting all this pain.

* * * *

Meaning's in the vanity, vanity is in the meaning.

* * * *

What percentages of men and women
Have lead the course humanity has taken?
A statistical dinosaur of epic proportion.

LXXXIII

The trick is to have at least a scrap of paper nearby.
These synapses don't always click as well anymore.

* * * *

Back into time.
You created all this every moment.
You are witness to a virtual reality par excellence.

* * * *

Get a grip on yourself.
Deal with it.
It's not easy for anyone.

* * * *

Don't expect a prophet not to have his context
As a central focus of the day-to-day survival
Just the same as anyone or anything else.

* * * *

Can one be completely free of desire?
Needs research.

* * * *

How can You be wrong about this?

* * * *

To voluntarily put oneself in harm's way
Is an inexplicable mystery unto itself.

* * * *

Yes, You are indeed immortal,
But, alas, You must die nonetheless
At least one more time.

* * * *

Have broken every golden rule but one, and the day's not done.

* * * *

Military strategy and tactics are well-documented for every known technology.
Expansive as they may be, generalizations of the ancients hold true.
The physics of any given battlefield do not change.

* * * *

A drop is not a wave, nor a wave an ocean,
But greatness begins with elemental steps.

* * * *

These words are for those few whose destiny it is to see.

* * * *

To taste one is to taste all.

* * * *

Science only sees what it can measure, which can create stuckness in the big picture.

* * * *

Some are followers, some are leaders
Some abstain from either.

* * * *

A bloke gets what he pays for,
Acquires what he works for,
And takes what life offers
For as long as he wills.

* * * *

You smash the mosquito, letting its body lie
In a crumpled heap, quickly forgotten.
Is your fate truly anything more?

* * * *

So easy to condemn what You don't understand.

* * * *

We tend to value less that in which we have no investment.

* * * *

Shut up and go hoe some weeds.

* * * *

Why do You insist that it can be any different?
Why do You cling to such false idealism
In the face of so much horror?

* * * *

Sanjaya is Arjuna is Krishna.

* * * *

What You do, the roles You take on,
Color your view and the many predispositions
Toward the drama in which You participate.

* * * *

We seek someone who will reflect back
Friendship, care, concern, health and well-being.
What each finds often proves disappointing
If one's expectations are too high.

* * * *

The sage becomes very still
To fathom the depths of creation.

* * * *

The bodhivista patiently slogs
Through the mire of the world
To bring the message home.

* * * *

All passion is fleeting.

* * * *

You are the senses functioning.
Your identity is your many attachments
To the collation of data they collect.

* * * *

Peace is far too simple,
For most to reside eternally.
Nirvana is sought by a chosen few.
Most seekers just want to open their eyes,
And seek out another pint of brew,
Or some other distraction.

* * * *

How quickly do You perceive a change?
How attached are You to the past?
How quickly do You adapt?
How efficient is your adaptation?

* * * *

Heaven or hell,
All the same, all the same.

* * * *

Whether the glass is half empty or half full,
The thirsty sage drinks heartily of either.

* * * *

Romantic love is a matter of convenience and pleasure.

* * * *

Pray tell, what is the point?

* * * *

Do You hold your breath
In the play of desire and fear
Or calmly breathe through them?

* * * *

Same old tired headlines, absurdity infinitum.

* * * *

Pundits say so much in such a variety of ways
Of that which no words can define.
Paradox without end.

* * * *

You cannot help but be impacted, molded,
Shaped by the world in which You dwell.
But can You transcend it, can You step outside
Your individual mind into that which see all as one?

* * * *

Some philosophers like to spell everything out.
Others leave only riddles and questions.
What a ruse consciousness.

* * * *

What makes You imagine Jesus,
Siddhartha, Lao Tzu or anyone else
Ever needed anyone to believe in them?

* * * *

Martyrdom is the plague of time.

* * * *

Vanity is not a trait bound by any category.

* * * *

A salesman has no hesitation
Imbibing a passion for money.

* * * *

Most in this world die quite anonymous.
Even most of the famous are quickly forgotten
As the sand of time cover their memory.

* * * *

There You go again, looking for a new hat, but never finding one that suits You for long.

* * * *

What treaty has ever held in any court
Once one party changes their mind?

* * * *

You are eternity's means to every end
From this very moment's creation
To its inevitable termination.
A string of assumptions flowing
From the tourney kick off
To its final whistle.

* * * *

A river runs through it.

* * * *

How can You measure flame but through smoke?

* * * *

Does anyone ever really hear or see You?

* * * *

How can the persona survive, without the body, and the many experiences through which it has streamed.

* * * *

God must not be a lover of personality; else all would not so easily reach an end.

* * * *

Why fear God? You are its dream.

* * * *

Fear, guilt, shame, remorse, hesitation.; what wasteful way to spend one's life.

* * * *

Do what You do first of all for yourself, and let what others make of it what they will.

* * * *

Just say no to propaganda.

* * * *

Freedom isn't free.

* * * *

God is reflected on the frontal lobe screen.

* * * *

We are all actors acting for each other.

* * * *

Reality is for those who lack imagination.

* * * *

Praise death for it is the maker of time.

* * * *

Absurdity permeates the human drama,
Yet all carry on in all its trivial glory.

* * * *

The many faces of the other will always be happy
To expound upon the indelible truths
Of their transitory beliefs.

* * * *

The riddler is the riddle,
Question from, answer to.

* * * *

There's nothing like pain to bring one back
To the immediacy of this ephemeral reality.

* * * *

Thank God You remember very little.

* * * *

"The Stillness Before Time"
"The Silliness of Time".
What shall it be?

* * * *

Interesting how a few curves and textures
Can mesmerize one's attention.

* * * *

Some would say the best death
Will be the one You don't see.
Others seek to face it directly.

* * * *

Work can be fun if its your play.

* * * *

Who really cares what You think?

* * * *

The peace of the mystery is your original fabric.

* * * *

Say much, say little, do much, do little.
All the same, all the same.

* * * *

Stretch the knots.

* * * *

Interesting how You allow the universe
You have imagined to judge You.

* * * *

Even if it means giving up everything,
How can You resist?

* * * *

In the midst of a harsh winter,
So much flesh fashionably chilled.

* * * *

Why date yourself?

* * * *

Why depend on happiness from anything out there?

* * * *

So many seek the spring, sip from it,
Yet never realize it is really they.

* * * *

Why depend on happiness from anything out there?

* * * *

Predictability lulls one into surprises.

* * * *

Why date yourself?

* * * *

Only ignorance defines.

* * * *

Meditation is the pause button.

* * * *

Imagine history through the eyes of every witness imaginable.

* * * *

Sometimes You are so full of bullshit.

* * * *

Hard to detach when You really don't want to.

* * * *

How often, unable to help yourself,
The pattern once again casts you
Into the predictability of your time.

* * * *

Martyrdom is the playground of egocentricity.

* * * *

By its very nature, science must ever lag behind,
Willfully dragging the ever-increasing weight
Of its insatiable quest for knowledge.

* * * *

Doubt, again and again raises its stilted head.

* * * *

Apply these reflections to yourself and your world.
See both the macro and the micro of existence.

* * * *

Those concerned about another side
Only find this the other side of that other side.
Greener pastures only pursue the rancor of duality.

* * * *

A wise leader should always have a devil's advocate by his side,
One who is unafraid to stand alone and question every assumption.

* * * *

Infinity must limit itself to intuit its infinity.

* * * *

What a magnet the other.
No wonder such confusion.

* * * *

Education expands outlook,
And perhaps even inlook.

* * * *

The nice thing about dying in a plane crash
Is that You might be drinking champagne.

* * * *

Regarding love, most cater more to the word than its meaning.

* * * *

Leave yourself as many options as possible.
Only burn a bridge if absolutely necessary.

* * * *

Do You even see how much attention You give what others think of You?

* * * *

Are human cities really that much different, than any other creature's instinctual grouping?

* * * *

Insects are far superior in their capacity for cooperation, but what price conformity?

* * * *

The misfortune of a first-rate memory is recalling what You would rather not.

* * * *

How amazing we have survived this long for all our violence and just plain ignorance.

* * * *

Logical conclusions follow irrational delusions.

* * * *

Suicide can be considered a scientific experiment.

* * * *

Though these random reflections may seem unbound by time,
They do emerge from the cauldron of the moment's draw.
Nothing is held back for convention or approval.

* * * *

Would You long for heart if not for her body?

* * * *

What do others want from You? What do You want from them?

LXXXIV

How we all work it out is the tail's head.

* * * *

Set aside the craving for another version of God.

* * * *

Nary would a shot be fired in a real revolution.

* * * *

He went for a walk and found he was lost.

* * * *

If You are drawn into battle,
Never hesitate to change the rules,
Perhaps many times.

* * * *

The commander who aimlessly wanders the field
Bemuses and frightens his opponents.
The most inflexible lose.

* * * *

God's gonna kill You, same as everything else.

* * * *

We are a world civilization of clashing mindsets.
The heading we are set upon leaves little recourse.

* * * *

Will geographies someday lose sight of each other?

* * * *

Last man standing stands alone; historical curiosity, how he gets there.

* * * *

What a challenge not to burn bridges,
Or burn them so well no one can follow.

* * * *

Burst through the imaginary bubble of history.

* * * *

Take something away all at once,
Or bit by bit in such a fashion
That it is never an irritant

The same in giving.

* * * *

You looking to be a piece of history?

* * * *

When You zone in on the significance of these words,
Our minds will have achieved the common denominator.

* * * *

Who needs to forgive You once You forgive yourself?

* * * *

How pathetic we have become in our techno-civil rise.

* * * *

You snoozed, You losed.

* * * *

How preferable the humility of a commoner.

* * * *

How arid and unrewarding the sciences become
When they cannot face the chaotic order of reality.

* * * *

Science is its own form of superstition; just another collusion of illusion.

* * * *

When You want nothing more from this illusion,
You will perhaps seize the opportunity
To discern the mystery within.

* * * *

Would You stay if You were not so attached to your vanity?

* * * *

Sometimes You cannot remember anything; an alert infant-like blankness fills the mind.

* * * *

Sometimes faint glimpses of what is written here.

* * * *

How else could we ever learn,
But through our self-created destruction?
Our species lacks the wisdom to do it any other way.

* * * *

In less than one hundred years, almost every life form now living, will be the dust of the next stage.

* * * *

Extrapolate your piece of the play,
Into whatever vast diversity You conceive,
This world, this universe, all creation, may offer.

* * * *

This dream, so repugnant at times, so completely astounding at others.

* * * *

Which self-image do You play in any given moment?
One limited and fragmented by identification,
Or full-blown, unbridled absoluteness,
Fearless and free of craving?

* * * *

Comprehend very clearly,
How every drop of the whole is You.
See it or not, the all is very much the true reality.

* * * *

Persecution is denial; martyrdom is pointless.

* * * *

What point is there to the continuation of the human paradigm now playing?

* * * *

You are the revolution of a paradigm founded in the reality of oblivion.

* * * *

Sometimes do You not wonder,
How much more You can stand knowing?
How much more do You need to see?
What is it You do not understand?

* * * *

Can any particular name ever even begin to capture the flavor of the real You?

* * * *

Peace is in the stillness of awareness; not the movement of consciousness.

* * * *

Why should these thoughts be consistent, when nothing is but the chaos of change.

* * * *

Who are the antichrists the organized flock fears, but those who assert a greater vision.

* * * *

The devil is perhaps your greatest teacher.
What else can shepherd the journey out of hell,
But that portion of each who have created it.

* * * *

Is a fully cooperative paradigm even possible?
Unlikely we will ever find out as the point of possibility
Quickly recedes into memories of happier times.
As passion and pride bludgeon their way
Into a fate already far too predictable.

* * * *

Just calling it for what it is.
Take it or leave it.
No skin off this immortal schnoz.

* * * *

Thought is the creator of all, awareness the reality of one.

* * * *

Clock hands go round and round,
Shapes and sounds move to and fro,
A mask smirks gallant in the mirror,
But still here You are playing it
Very, very much the same.

* * * *

It is all light and sound spun into creation; free will just another fantasy.

* * * *

Organized religion opts for words rather than reality.

* * * *

As much as God may be all-wise, God is also equally all-stupid.

* * * *

We are all graded by the masks we inherit.

* * * *

Specialists may overcome generalists,
But only in the arena of specialty.

* * * *

Conditioned from day one
To assume some form of identity,
It is nearly impossible not to.
A do or die proposition.

* * * *

Take stock how many
Do one activity or another,
And then note how many are not.

* * * *

Dispassion
In any given circumstance
Will stead You further.

* * * *

There is really no geometry to space-time.
It is neither point nor line nor circle nor triangle,
Nor any other shape conceived of mind.

* * * *

Examine every attachment
And discern the common ground
Is the futile attempt at mortal security.

* * * *

We will forget everything.

* * * *

What a fucking pain in the butt all these thoughts have become!
More to transcribe and edit, but to what end this eye is blind.

* * * *

Cultures are an innovation of environment.
Associations of individuals adapting in groups
To geographical contexts in so many unique ways.
A good show for those in student of life mode.

* * * *

Not much use conversing
With those who cannot listen to You.
How can the narrow ever discern the broad,
Or the broad ever return to the narrow?

* * * *

Amazing how each of us
Will recollect a common event,
If it can even be remembered at all.
What different universes each visualize.

* * * *

What a hen house the media is,

All hovering for the next torrid story.
And we play into the madness.

* * * *

Answers, all You want is answers,
But first You must discern the questions.

* * * *

A worker bee passes away,
His life work boxed and stored,
Untapped for lack of interest,
Awaiting final sentencing
At the nearest landfill.

* * * *

Where exactly does the inner end
And the outer begin?

* * * *

Jesus was the anti-christ,
Siddhartha the anti-buddha,
And Lao Tzu the anti-tao.

* * * *

Grok it, baby, grok it.
Then die anyway.

* * * *

Everybody's selling something.

* * * *

What's the gap between your ideal and your reality?

* * * *

The masses, by definition, will never be ready.

* * * *

Is it mind? Is it breath? Is it heart?
None and all at the same time.

* * * *

Believe You me,
The body gives not one iota
About any of this.

* * * *

Everything nothing.
All diversity one.

* * * *

The universe has amazing ways
Of reminding You who's in charge.

* * * *

Personality is the doubt, the fear and the craving.

* * * *

So many promising a higher high,
And You so gullible for every scam.

* * * *

You didn't get here by being Mr. Nice Guy all the time.

* * * *

So challenging to have a firm grip
Upon the context of your time.

* * * *

Science is just another finite paradigm, as fallible as any other.

* * * *

More of the same.
Sigh.

* * * *

If the Pope was a real mystic,
The Church would have to kill him.

* * * *

Organized religions are for the literal-minded
And that your role is just as meaningless to them.

* * * *

When ego moves around and about,
There is ceaseless activity, ceaseless drama.
Where there is anonymity, only the silent take notice.

* * * *

Pain sort of forces You to take a look.

* * * *

There's something to be said
About ignorance being bliss.

* * * *

Nature is the only true teacher.

Nature is the only true student.

* * * *

You must not really crave it,
Elsewise, You might well have it.

* * * *

History must be understood through its context, not the historian's.

* * * *

You read so many words, yet cannot see through them.

* * * *

Sometimes You forget You are pretending
And must pretend You remember.

* * * *

Sometimes there is no choice, no time
For anything but an instinctual response.

* * * *

Only two trillion lifetimes to go.
Wallahoo!

* * * *

Why do they do it?
For the same reason You might
If You get the chance.

* * * *

Regarding the senses, it is indeed arduous
To bypass the many pleasures they weave.

* * * *

If You knew what horrors lie ahead,
Would You take your life to avoid them?

* * * *

What price pleasure?

* * * *

Steel your mind against the pain.

* * * *

But wasn't one enough?

* * * *

Assuming there is a lesson to learn,

Have You learned yours?

* * * *

All You can grok is born of time's play of light and sound.

* * * *

You wander looking for another to recognize,
A mirror who will reflect the acceptance
You seem unable to muster within.

* * * *

The rigors of time play havoc to the end.

* * * *

Is it worth it?

* * * *

At some points You just prefer your own company.

* * * *

Funny what you'll spend money on.

* * * *

How can there ever be true peace through violence?

* * * *

Learn to think but not too much,
Or about the wrong things.
That's education.

* * * *

How much unwarranted attention
We give actors, politicians, gladiators,
And other caricatures of vanity.

LXXXV

Conquest is not about morality.
It is gang warfare, home invasion, rape,
In the thin guise of flag-waving national pretense.

* * * *

Specialization, deep and broad as it may seem
Is often equally shallow and narrow in its scope.

* * * *

Think of all the actors
You have grown up with.
Just think how many people
Do not even imagine You exist.

* * * *

The innocence of youth,
What a time it was, it was.

* * * *

By the nature of bottom-line reasoning,
The world as it has been cannot long stand
To the insatiable appetite of corporate avarice.

* * * *

Get over it.

* * * *

Every prison has its comfort zone.

* * * *

What is the awareness but the oneness
Conscious of its countless divisions.

* * * *

A voice for the times.

* * * *

Aloneness need not be considered alienation.

* * * *

Whose version of common sense?

* * * *

You are the light in the infinity of eternity.

* * * *

God does not exist outside You as anything but a concept.

* * * *

All history is relative to the eye of the beholder.

* * * *

It doesn't quite work to whine
If You place yourself in harm's way
And harm comes.

* * * *

Sometimes You get put on a holding pattern
Until someone else's course comes into alignment
And a two-step later you're underway again.

* * * *

Only in complete detachment are You real.

* * * *

It is all contrived.

* * * *

The sanctity of the temple within,
Is the simple, pure austerity,
Of its infinite silence.

* * * *

How often the oppressed
Oppress their oppressors.

* * * *

Does revenge solve the problem?
Or merely appease the fragmentation?

* * * *

No matter how You cloak it,
The body is a pretty disgusting fact.

* * * *

You do your best simply because that is your nature.

* * * *

Without the attributes, the awareness lingers, alone.

* * * *

Sometimes its pretty darn scary
What delusion will get You into.

* * * *

So many things You are not.
So many things You are.

* * * *

Perhaps You really do care.
Perhaps You only pretend to.
Do You even know your mind?

* * * *

How interesting that our arbitrary measurement systems so align with our arbitrary fate.

* * * *

A calm surface belies the untamed content beneath.

* * * *

Some choose to remember, some to forget.

* * * *

What You gonna do that day
You can't make the change?

* * * *

The young are very supple.
And innocence easily stolen.

* * * *

There is killing for survival,
And killing for pleasure.
Discern the difference.

* * * *

The future is for those who have laid stakes in it,
Those who have thrown the dice of genetic lottery.

* * * *

The same one which creates
Is the same one which destroys.

* * * *

The motive for striving is that life
Could be far harsher if You do not.

* * * *

Imagine all the eyes You will,
It would be but a snowflake
To the mountain out there.

* * * *

A vision oft told but rarely heard.

* * * *

In a world founded upon greed,
The greediest dominate the board.

* * * *

Funny how insanity manages
To twist anything around
To appear sane.

* * * *

Humanity came to a point
Where it vainly believed
It could redesign the game,
Never visualizing the misfortune
It was passing on to its descendants.

* * * *

The thirst for false security is strong.

* * * *

To the degree your restless vanity allows,
Always explore new ways to see anything.

* * * *

Life is an experiment which goes nowhere.

* * * *

Statistics encompasses all absolutes.

* * * *

How will death come? Will it be fast or slow?
Will You ease through the last of your dream?
Or will You be audience to your own screams?

* * * *

Life begins pathless but trails quickly shape
Into ruts, gullies and eventually canyons,
The rigidity of stale well-worn minds.

* * * *

In the pain all endure,
Some hate, others feel.

* * * *

A meaty theater.

* * * *

How much your given sexuality
Plays a force in your imagination.

* * * *

Twisted souls wrestle reality with their vanity.

* * * *

How surreal to realize the entire identity
Is founded upon a coordinated array
Of atomic, electrical, chemical,
Biological, physiological
Often vain impulses.

* * * *

We certainly enjoy our mysteries.

* * * *

We invented the concept of God, and so many have paid the price.

* * * *

A grand theater with mixed reviews.

* * * *

Another untouchable abode-museum,
An aesthetic mausoleum devoid of life.

* * * *

Some just don't see the train coming.

* * * *

Fulfilling one's destiny takes effortless effort.

* * * *

You can get wary about who you're going
To wake up with the next morning.

* * * *

You're an independent.

* * * *

You can be sure You are not alone
Amidst so many wretched souls.

* * * *

Or is it visa-versa?

* * * *

Pure reason is a most subtle delusion.

* * * *

We are all assured the same end in so many ways.

* * * *

Passion can bring storms down on many houses.

* * * *

Change is the only thing You can depend on.

* * * *

What an inept logic that a sexual encounter
Should somehow become a forever-after.

* * * *

Without even one grain of sand,
The entire universe would not be.

* * * *

You learn what it occurs to You to know.

* * * *

Life erodes us all.

* * * *

You're so vain.
I'll just bet You think
This song is about You.
Don't You! Don't You!

* * * *

Peace is undifferentiated, unfragmented, undivided.

* * * *

Creation and destruction are the same motion.

* * * *

Through the confines of any limitation,
You will never be secure.

* * * *

Fiasco!

* * * *

The unity of form is unseen.

* * * *

Imagination's misinterpretation of data
Is the root of all dualistic notion.

* * * *

The shallowness of a diamond says it all.

* * * *

Not having any followers (i.e., groupies)
Frees You from the potential web
Of political correctness

* * * *

What amusing things words are.

* * * *

All distinctions are born of fragmented thinking.

* * * *

Scientists are really just bean counters in white coats.

* * * *

The bother with there being so much history,
So much arbitrary knowledge, tradition, and ritual
Is all the splintering born of comparison and repetition.
What is new to You is nothing to the sun.

* * * *

Whereth goeth the pride beforeth the falleth?

* * * *

Turn inside out and outside in.

* * * *

Inhale slowly, exhale slowly, pay attention.

* * * *

God forbid You ever need to walk on water or get resurrected

* * * *

Such sweet thoughts this mind sometimes has.
The savage heart near bursts at the dream of You.
You are the gold's gold well worth cherishing.

* * * *

How soft can You afford to be?

* * * *

Seeds die.

* * * *

More paradox for those who ponder such things.

* * * *

Better for the peaceful warriors
To carry the means of destruction
In anonymous, unpretentious fashion,
That opponents are none the wiser
Should tempest come to play.

* * * *

What begins voluntarily often turns compulsory, and visa-versa.

* * * *

Veils take every form.
The sage ventures the theater
In whatever way the spectacle unfolds.
Unattached to vain outcomes, s/he
Walks the tightrope effortlessly.

* * * *

Wisdom is the hard-won fruit of life's harvest.

* * * *

How can the maker ever sleep with so many eyes?

* * * *

These worlds are a call to a paradigm revolution.

* * * *

How can You ever really help someone
Who won't help themselves?

* * * *

Here today, gone tomorrow.

* * * *

Feel the mind and body as energy prior to form.

* * * *

So many immense mansions,
So many chambers so full of things,
So empty of life, all for the vanity of excess.

* * * *

What excesses will be witnessed before it is over?

* * * *

Feel the mind and body as the energy prior to form.

* * * *

What room can an expert have for change?

* * * *

You assert it to be “your” soul
As if You more than inhabit it temporarily
As if spirit can somehow be possessed separately

* * * *

How much destruction
Can the human species wreak
Before its home becomes uninhabitable?
Survival dictates conformity to the limits of context.

* * * *

Madness? By what accounting?

* * * *

We seem bound to create every concept imaginable.
Consciousness is each universe unto its Self.

* * * *

It is a maze into which all journey, some home.

* * * *

Home is wherever, whenever, however You wake up.
The only question is, how often do You choose to awaken?

* * * *

Someone can tell You something
Until s/he is blue in the face,
But You cannot hear it
Till You are ready.

* * * *

What courage it takes to face one’s death; even greater courage to take one’s life.

* * * *

What a conspiracy, God.

* * * *

What is your last temptation?

* * * *

Take responsibility or die.

LXXXVI

Storms blow into sunshine,
And sunshine into storms.
The mystery is ever constant.
The matrix creates a dreamscape,
That neither word nor form can contain.

* * * *

It is a very private existence, proclaimed only to those, who see no intrusion.

* * * *

Without the word, nothing could be.

* * * *

What is it like to walk without desire or fear or dread;
But an observer, free of the bounds of space and time?

* * * *

Are You friend or foe to yourself; are You your greatest love?

* * * *

See that wall up ahead; go ahead, push the pedal down all the way.

* * * *

Awareness is the purity, the sanctity, the mystery, of all creation.

* * * *

You are given an entire universe, that You might discern your Self its mysterious origin.

* * * *

Some will not empower themselves,
Because they lack the spirit free enough,
To be incomparable, to be indescribably alone,
To be incumbered by the confines of space and time.
Untamed, undaunted, unimpeded, by the quantum illusion.

* * * *

End the travesty of the absurdity of organized religion.

* * * *

Life motivates each of us very differently.
And, of course, you've gotta get out of Dodge
Cuz this universe ain't big enough for both of us.

* * * *

Be cautious who You allow into your innermost life.

It only takes one vampire to plunge You into hell.

* * * *

You'd stick around to protect the innocence,
But my presence would likely take it away.

* * * *

Look at the short in the long of it,
And the long in the short of it.

* * * *

Objectivity is a ruse of the mind
Pretending it can get past its subjectivity.

* * * *

What ignorance can do with a little philosophy,
Can ofttimes make one wish s/he had kept silent.

* * * *

You have yet to discern the reality of any concept.

* * * *

Embrace the insecurity.

* * * *

Witnessing is enough.

* * * *

You are a will of the mystery.

* * * *

What an incredible freedom, almost pleasure,
Comes from not wanting anything born of illusion.

* * * *

The insatiability of desire can easily dominate a life.

* * * *

What is the quality of a mind
Which knows all, sees all , owns all, is all?

* * * *

Do not cower before your own imagination.

* * * *

Try to get your own life together before
You play too many trips on everyone else.

* * * *

All value is in the eye of the beholder.

* * * *

All objectivity is subjective, and visa-versa.

* * * *

The further we separate from the nature,
The harsher will be our fall.

* * * *

Belief says it all.

* * * *

Eternity marches on with nary a step taken.

* * * *

Fragmentation ceases as tributaries merge
Into the river into the ocean.

* * * *

The acknowledgement of duality
Sets unicity as its obvious origin.

* * * *

What existence can there be
Without one vehicle or another?

* * * *

Knowing and believing are very different processes.

* * * *

Without identity who would be
Walking, talking and all the rest?

* * * *

What is the point of a philosophy that is only words?

* * * *

What's the point of talking about other worlds
When You have yet to figure out this one?

* * * *

May as well surrender to your fate; ain't gonna do no good to resist, no how.

* * * *

If You must hope for something, then pray for a painless death.

* * * *

Snicker, chortle, giggle, laugh.

* * * *

What a joke this game of life.

* * * *

Is there a center to reality?

* * * *

You want, therefore You are.

* * * *

What point to philosophy
If the words do not match the life?

* * * *

The Christian claim that Jesus died that You might live, is true,
Only in that history has played out in such a way,
That your parents met, merged seeds,
And here, voila, You are.

* * * *

Alienation is a symptom of the world we have created
With our ability to manipulate everything and everyone.

* * * *

How ridiculous to think some deity is measuring,
Every act and thought of every creature ever created.
As if this theater is some school, constantly graded.

* * * *

How many ways to discern the one mind.

* * * *

How much the deep fear of not surviving rules our actions.
What would You do if there were no limiting factors?

* * * *

You must choose to empower yourself.

* * * *

Are You hero or villain?
Perhaps a bit of both.

* * * *

Who needs a plan?

* * * *

Vanity and common sense
Rarely the twain meet.

* * * *

Is a good enemy better than a bad friend?

* * * *

There could be no contrast without the differences.

* * * *

Freedom is in the embracing the constant changing,
Flowing in the tailwind of eternity's thunderous pause.

* * * *

Tragedy or comedy?
A bit of both, but really neither.
All imagined.

* * * *

Forgive yourself for being born.

* * * *

It all becomes quite small.

* * * *

Concepts arise, overlap, intertwine and choke off
The host with their craving to dominate.

* * * *

You want for more from God, than God woulda-coulda-shoulda ever want from You.

* * * *

Your lesson will haunt You until it is learned.

* * * *

Tempt fate, and fate may well nip You.

* * * *

You are not here to survive.
Why not be fearless?

* * * *

So much expertise in every field.
Too incredible how well we have
Learned to manipulate our world.
And now how to incorporate it
Into surviving ourselves.

* * * *

If the powers that be only knew
What You have attempted to set in motion,
Some would destroy every trace of your existence.

* * * *

Be wary of curses which lurk in describable places.

* * * *

How can so many embrace such limited views of religion
In the face of such indelible evidence of its unlimited nature?

* * * *

Without every point of the history of all creation ever manifested,
Including every ecstasy, every agony, You would not be here now.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is discerning
You are the immortal one in all and all in one.
What fate can possibly contain You?

* * * *

So many schools of thought to divvy up
One's contemplation of a mystery
Beyond all vain contexts.

* * * *

Take these words as the ravings of a madman,
Or the wandering soliloquy of a god-man,
Or both, if You are a courier of paradox.

* * * *

Jesus was an antichrist, as is anyone who envisions that which creates and destroys all forms.

* * * *

What lunacy.

* * * *

Read each aphorism alone, or try to piece them all together; your reality will dissolve either way.

* * * *

Agape is opening up to choicelessness.

* * * *

Give no room for doubt to breed its insidious cancer.

* * * *

Both male and female are delusional
Each in their own unique ways.

* * * *

The devil may care more than You realize.

* * * *

Shall You harvest what it is,
Or deride what it is not.

* * * *

So many horrendous things,
But what is even more amazing
Is our unwillingness to let them go.

* * * *

Keep stepping back until your vision
Becomes so expansive as to see oblivion.

* * * *

How fortunate, how rare those who
Never learn how cruel existence can be.

* * * *

Has it ever really been any different your whole life?

* * * *

The ambitious in this world drag everyone else in their wake.

* * * *

Through the tales of others, You live so many lives.

* * * *

The leap is closer than You think.

* * * *

Perhaps a time will come,
But it is not this one.

* * * *

Stop the clock.

* * * *

Creator, preserver, destroyer.
This You are.

* * * *

What a blessing to scribe this vision.

* * * *

Judge and You will be judged.
Measure and You will be measured.

* * * *

Just another object of limitation.

* * * *

Home is the great merger of all duality.

* * * *

Who wants to know?
Who wants to be saved?
Who asks all these questions?
Who, who, who but You.

* * * *

There's something redeeming about Mother Nature's ability
To wash away humanity's vain pretension with a mere shrug.

* * * *

In the purity of aloneness You are not alone.

* * * *

Sometimes You wonder
If your aren't an alien planted here
Like a mole in a plot even You don't know about.

* * * *

The end to suffering lies in the end to all.

* * * *

Technology has opened up our world,
Yet ironically alienates so many so deeply
Because few can deal with the inane versatility
Of the no bounds nature of consciousness.

* * * *

When your soul is at peace,
You will be firmly, utterly grounded
In the vastness of eternity's
Non-existent rainbow.

* * * *

A vision shared, and if You are wrong,
You can't imagine how.

* * * *

And You still want more.
You just don't get it, do You?

* * * *

Get a grip.

* * * *

Transcend your pattern.

* * * *

What an amazing delusion faith requires.

* * * *

Can You be simple in such a careening world?

* * * *

Why is one particle of dust more sacred than any other?

* * * *

All those who do not get, that it is the same mystery for all,
Argue and battle over all their versions of God.
So many names to choose from.

* * * *

You will do what You must do to survive, or You will die.

* * * *

Of course, earth is not the only Eden; the entire universe and beyond is.

* * * *

Do You really think it has not been done before?

* * * *

How much of our fragmentation, of our hatred, is genetic.

* * * *

What makes us believe any alien, would be more alien than we?

LXXXVII

It must have been so terrifying out in the jungle without claws or fangs.
Is it really any wonder why we are so competitive and violent,
Why we destroy so ravenously, so passionately.

* * * *

No need to apologize for being untamed.
Why allow your Self to be domesticated?

* * * *

If you're foolish enough to stand in the way of Mother Nature,
You're gonna get banged around or squashed sometimes.

* * * *

So many philosophers seem to
Believe all their words mean something
In the big-bang-big-crunch of it all.

* * * *

You see what You are capable of seeing.

* * * *

Interesting to realize the whole universe,
Every single one of them is imagined.

* * * *

Human beings are not the be-all end-all of this creation.

* * * *

Wipe away all mythology and what do You have?
Bibbety-bobbity-bibbety-bobbety-boo.

* * * *

The love that does not exist
Is the love that transcends all.

* * * *

You went to all that trouble and no one was watching.
And even if they had been, they probably wouldn't have cared.
Your offering wasn't anything they really wanted to hear.

* * * *

Every day the songbird showed up singing on the same high wire.
Day after day after day, until one day it didn't,
And no one noticed.

* * * *

Pull off the mask and see no difference
Between any of the all.

* * * *

The real warrior doesn't need to huff and puff.

* * * *

What some people do for attention.

* * * *

Identity but a temporary mask,
A chameleon disguising what You ultimately are.
Discern the real You, the real Self, prior to all dreams born of mind.

* * * *

As long as You believe it real, it will be.

* * * *

Click the heels whenever You are ready, Dorothy.

* * * *

What calendar can contain your life?

* * * *

Vanity can only go so far.

* * * *

People complain one way or another, often about both.

* * * *

In history's annals, assuming the species survives it,
This period will be painted as a dark and reckless time.

* * * *

When ya'll get a real life someday,
Just give me a call and spin a better yarn.

* * * *

You needn't know all the details to discern the gist.

* * * *

Contrary to Hollywood, not all endings are happy, or romantic, or even endings.

* * * *

A set of random thoughts begun in the late thirties.
Reflections from a dude who gradually realized that all things are of the mystery,
But, alas, that simple truth did not always make it easy,

To be a human being.

* * * *

Put your own house in order before trying to clean another's.

* * * *

No two life forms will ever see,
The same smidgeon of dust quite the same.
As every snowflake is unique,
So is every eye.

* * * *

There are just some things You cannot remember well enough to ever ponder again.

* * * *

A day without some reflection is an incomplete one.
Everyone has special ways, times and places,
To realign with the wonder prior to time.

* * * *

Just sitting here under a tree, waiting for time to arrive.

* * * *

Odds are nobody told You.

* * * *

The literal mind often seems to trip over everyone else's feet.

* * * *

If anybody out there gets a life, let us know what it is like.

* * * *

Men and women.
Fish and birds and bees.
Flowers and trees and weeds.
Same new same old.

* * * *

I dream, You dream, we all dream, in so many ways, so much the same.

* * * *

Like it or not,
Believe it or not,
Want it or not,
See it or not,
You are in charge,
Sort of.

* * * *

You believe your words really define You?

* * * *

Heaven and hell are proportioned of consciousness.

* * * *

You are not so many things.

* * * *

Before enlightenment chop wood, carry water; after enlightenment, chop wood, carry water.

* * * *

Educated people are much more docile, much more easily manipulated.

* * * *

Committees are the pavers of hell.

* * * *

Why all this guilt?

* * * *

How surreal the genetic promises.

* * * *

Hope!? Hope!!??
If You must hope for something,
At least hope for a quick, relatively painless death.

* * * *

Freedom creates its own slavery and slavery its own freedom.

* * * *

How many of us become our mothers and fathers?

* * * *

The harsh cold reality of this world
Is too much for most to handle
Any way but delusionally.

* * * *

The things we do to survive.

* * * *

Every flower has its day.

* * * *

It's all about different rates of decay.

* * * *

Oh, how the mind ceaseless strives to be secure.

* * * *

An ass loses its romantic appeal on the shitter.

* * * *

Why be bound by any propriety?

* * * *

There is justice for those who endeavor to play by the rules,
Or those fated enough not to be caught by the powers that be.

* * * *

Do You pay attention to your surroundings.
Or study the ground in avoidance?

* * * *

Perhaps a better ending will redeem
Its beginning and middle.
(Guffaw).

* * * *

The vanity of all disappears in the one.

* * * *

Your born, then You die.
A few breaths between.

* * * *

Old man, take a look at my life,
I'm a lot like You...

* * * *

Amazing what some will do
For even a drop of attention.

* * * *

Is s/he really worth losing your breath over?

* * * *

I'm anti your Christ.

* * * *

Always be open to the unexpected.

* * * *

Best not to let opponents know the tools
You will use to destroy them until You do.

* * * *

Each is shaped as much by limits as by capacities.

* * * *

Motivation is a study of values.

* * * *

Life plays through so many phases.

* * * *

How many ever live normal lives?
Statistics has its share of illusions.

* * * *

To worship any form, any concept,
Is to clutch vainly at a handful of dust.

* * * *

Few will take care of anyone indefinitely
If nothing is given back, at least occasionally.

* * * *

Pleasure has many ways of killing those lacking self-discipline.
The pleasure button You live by is the pleasure button You die by.

* * * *

Violence takes many avenues.
Men have their weapons,
Women their babies.

* * * *

Be wary of those excessively craving your attention.

* * * *

One day someone finally got up the nerve to ask God
Why he created all this, and the devil in him cackled
Gleefully, “For the hell of it, friend, for the hell of it.”

* * * *

A disciplined mind chooses when, and when not, to partake of the world.

* * * *

The best moments are the ones released before they happen.
It’s the quality of consciousness which counts,
Not the space and time.

* * * *

You cannot promise time forever.

* * * *

If You are intelligent, strong and lucky,
Perhaps life will not twist You too badly.

* * * *

Mutation is the brush of mystery evolving the creation.

* * * *

Despite all your naming, what do You really know?

* * * *

Idealism sets You up for a great many falls.

* * * *

If You can imagine doing something,
You don't necessarily have to do it.

* * * *

Stopping time is as simple as stopping your mind.

* * * *

Is it courtesy to your kind that You do not ignore its insanity,
Or is it the habit drilled into You by the conditioning of time?

* * * *

Every imaginable horror and every imaginable bliss lies within.

* * * *

You never know what's going to happen.

* * * *

Same old, same old,
But for those times when You see it anew.

* * * *

Remarkable how we have allowed ourselves
To be poisoned in so many ways.

* * * *

You see your world, another theirs.
How they overlap or not is based
On commonalities and differences,
Of all the variables any life entertains.
In the course Maya meanders,

None are ever the same,
Nor are any totally different.

* * * *

Rambling the thought waves, a journey of spontaneous design.

* * * *

Most people stick with what they can stand knowing.

* * * *

Does the universe adjust to You, or You to it?
Can there be any separation, really?

* * * *

We are shaping the world into the fist that will destroy us.

* * * *

In the jungle You don't attract the tiger's attention.

* * * *

Seek ye the ocean deep.

* * * *

Probably a fair number of us could end up on the wrong side of a set of bars.

* * * *

We were not designed for these numbers.

* * * *

Color is only skin deep; hate is all the way through.

* * * *

Measurement has become an unquestioned mania.

* * * *

We invented the clock, and have been running to keep up ever since.

* * * *

You separate yourself from God, until You are ready for the responsibility.

* * * *

Learn to laugh at yourself, at least once in a while.

* * * *

How could You possibly keep up with everyone You ever met?

* * * *

Do not invest too much in assholes.

* * * *

History has always been written and read by those who seek to know
Who-what-where-when-why-how the world is the way it is,
Those beguiled by the play of their imagination.

* * * *

Is it reaching a point
Where we've done everything
Way too many times?

* * * *

A demon is anyone who You allow
To play uncensored in your head.

* * * *

What keeps You going
But the pleasures of the senses
And intellectual curiosity?

* * * *

Ah, the pain You must endure for all the things You cannot keep.

* * * *

I will save my own soul, thank You.

* * * *

A little experimentation is the best learning.

* * * *

The researcher, the expert, the professional, what faith we place in modern voodoo.

* * * *

Were it so simple as black and white; alas, that it is all as gray as gray can be.

LXXXVIII

Peel off that skin You are so enraptured with,
And see if your desire is still kindled
By the underlying reality.

* * * *

One wonders what it will take
For the worshipers of Mammon
To wake up to the harsh reality
Of what they have created.

* * * *

Women can be very expensive.
Is it love or lust which motivates You?

* * * *

Dress in whatever costume You will,
You are ever forever the same You.

* * * *

Some group is always going to be
On the top of the swarming heap,
And they are the law of the land.
The little people can only hope
Their ax is merciful and quick,
And that revolutions do not
Amplify their painful fate.

* * * *

Rich man, poor man, both die.
As to who had the better life,
That is left to the personal taste
Of the mortal observers remaining.

* * * *

Some need castles and others only long
For a pleasant siesta on a park bench,
Or a bottle of liquor and a cigarette
Shared with a passing comrade.
Pleasure is a relative thing.

* * * *

Peel off any exterior and attraction dissolves.
What difference, really, between a king's garden
And a sordid, maggot-ridden garbage heap?
Anesthetics is not a reliable gauge of truth.

* * * *

If You were so accustomed to seeing them,
If You weren't so genetically possessed,
Your fellow human beings might be
As ugly as any alien or insect.

* * * *

Truth is beauty, but is beauty truth?

* * * *

Piss will find one mark or another.

* * * *

What is beautiful and what is ugly?
Need one ask any other the answer?

* * * *

Mother Nature yield to none by her timeline.

* * * *

You forgive and forget for peace of mind.
Resentment creates its own purgatory.

* * * *

How lucky the ignorant
Not to contemplate deeply.
How blessed are those that do.

* * * *

Outer law is required for those who have no inner one.

* * * *

What do You really know of the mind
Of Jesus or Siddhartha or anyone else?

* * * *

All these people trying so hard to be beautiful.

* * * *

What a bumbling idiot You are at times.
What a genius You are in others.
But most often You are simply
Playing the middle path.

* * * *

In competition someone has to lose.
How well the winner wins tells the tale

* * * *

The wonders of technology are not always wonderful.

* * * *

Do You ever feel so lonely as when
You are in the midst of a crowd?

* * * *

Welcome to my abode said the fly to the spider.

* * * *

The wind has no form.
You do, yet You are the same.
Paradox and irony rule.

* * * *

The truly blind are limited by what is seen.

* * * *

So many things You don't need to do anymore.

* * * *

Feel the wind drawing through the nostrils
Deep into the lungs, merging into the blood,
Pumping through the heart toward the mind.
Taste the wind in each and every thought.
Thou art That I Am.

* * * *

Your passion and your ambition mold your dream.

* * * *

What kind of life is it to always be so concerned
About your nails and the color of your hair?

* * * *

Interesting how some must be so cruel to others.

* * * *

A salute to those about to die.

* * * *

We are all cast into our caste.

* * * *

To dead relatives, lovers, friends or opponents,
Say, "Thank You for the reflection."

Bon voyage.

* * * *

Everything is dust in the wind.
Everything is wind in the dust.
Dust is the wind is everything.

* * * *

Who is a professional?
Who is an expert?
Who is an authority?
Who really knows anything?

* * * *

Lies, all lies.

* * * *

How much pain will your imagination endure?

* * * *

Promises, promises.

* * * *

You are That I Am
And no form can detain You for long.

* * * *

The weak cannot long survive a determined foe.

* * * *

What You detect You project.

* * * *

You wail of your own losses,
But what of your enemy's?

* * * *

How can You know the one but through the all.

* * * *

What is anyone's life but a story to You,
As yours is to them.

* * * *

What are You but an instrument of genetic command?

* * * *

Stop looking for a point.

Discern the pointlessness of it all.

* * * *

Both and neither.
All and none.

* * * *

All day until infinity's done.

* * * *

What a wretched destiny to be born in Oz and never see Kansas.

* * * *

Don't mess with Mother Nature … Oops, too late.

* * * *

If it could be proven, there would be no paradox.
If there was no paradox, the allure of mystery would be lost.
Without the mystery everything would be right at home.

* * * *

If growing up means being a zombie cart-pusher, forget it Wendy.

* * * *

Unless someone wants to experience them,
Keep your fantasies to yourself.

* * * *

Such a quiet state of indifference sets in.

* * * *

Concepts are just as idolatrous as any other form.

* * * *

What the mystery gives, the mystery gives free gratis.
What the mystery takes, the mystery takes without permission.
Prayers are the illusory, gullible, inconsequential hope,
That there can be mercy in a merciless garden.

* * * *

You are at the end, what You were at the beginning.
You are after the end, what You were before the beginning.

* * * *

Old news, dude.

* * * *

How can masturbation ever drive anyone insane?
Orgasms are the release of physical tension,
More akin to a good bowel movement,
Than admission into madness,
Lest it be seen divine.

* * * *

What makes You feel bad about anything You do?
Why did You do it, if You know You will regret it?

* * * *

Oh, how the young play and play in that happy day.

* * * *

What a mess we are in.

* * * *

Who wants it to continue, but those who see no more than life can offer?

* * * *

What a primitive organism this body is.

* * * *

Same tired old song played again and again and again.

* * * *

On three, ready, switch.

* * * *

Ain't no expert but You knows enough to catch the drift.

* * * *

Would we be so interested in sex if it were not so pleasurable?

* * * *

If You want more You are still touched by Maya.

* * * *

We wander from crises to crisis,
From pleasure to pleasure,
From agony to agony,
From all things, situations, places,
Cycles ever cycling.

* * * *

Your flexibility urges You on.

* * * *

Surely she's flawless.
Haw, haw, good joke.

* * * *

So many waifs, so may wraiths.

* * * *

Oops! Too early, too late.
Shuckey-darn, another party missed.

* * * *

Don't allow yourself
To be indoctrinated or brainwashed
By any group dynamic, no matter how large or small.

* * * *

Organized religions teach You to fear
The advent of those who are without idolatry,
Those who refuse to sustain superstitious mythologies,
Those who decline to observe the many scams
That have been so carefully cultivated.

* * * *

The same indivisible intelligence occupies all,
But is acted out according to the patterns
Of existence into which it weaves.

* * * *

Practice dying occasionally.
Kind of like You would a fire drill.

* * * *

The intent here is to rip away all romantic notion
And discern the clearest view of reality imaginable.

* * * *

Let that thought drift into oblivion.

* * * *

Upstream or downstream
Its all the same stream
In the same dream.

* * * *

Mmmmm ... Sure smells like cookies.

* * * *

You know how time is between friends.

* * * *

A mind divided against its Self
Will only fragment further and further.

* * * *

Transcend or perish,
Or is it transcend and perish,
Or is it transcend and never perish?
Depends who's talking and what they want.

* * * *

Old mythologies, traditions and all they espouse,
As true as they may have seemed in their heyday,
Are losing out to the accelerated passing of time.

* * * *

Talk is just air blowing through the larnyx.

* * * *

Will today bring some memorable event,
Or will it join the anonymity of so many others?
Life is as long as it is short.

* * * *

For all we pretend to know, we know so little.
Rejoice in your ignorance.

* * * *

There's certainly logic in the argument
That if the pie's already nearly consumed,
Why not do whatever it takes to get a piece?

* * * *

The memory of your perceived life,
Whatever You embrace as knowledge or truth,
Is likely fairly distinct from how anyone else sees theirs.

* * * *

Have many friends and acquaintances
Who don't necessarily agree with You.

* * * *

Let us not confuse lust with love,
Nor love with lust.

* * * *

How frustrating time can be

If You expect a quixotic passing.

* * * *

In what now will You experience a heaven
Any more pure than the one available right now?

* * * *

The ultimate growth is to let go of all your vain notions.

* * * *

How inevitable that You would pen all these thoughts.
That is just the way this life has come to pass.
Just don't be deluded that anything
Will ever come of it.

* * * *

How could anyone conceive the media
Would ever consume the hand that feeds it,
Or an educational system ever deeply question
The assumptions founding its mythological motive,
Or a government not become such an entity unto itself
That it no longer protected the hive from which it birthed.

* * * *

Are not all times interesting in that Chinese curse sort of way?

* * * *

Put simply, the demon in each of us,
Idolizes its Self, separate from the mystery.
The coyote, the trickster, the thief, the prankster,
Analogy after analogy, across time's play,
Demarcate the same truth for all.

* * * *

So many ways to pay for a life.

* * * *

As delightfully, enchantingly, terrifyingly, horrifying as it may be,
All plays are as ephemeral as the light from which they are born.

* * * *

You want sound-bytes; well, here are a few for ya.

* * * *

The only glory in warfare, or anything else,
Is just more of that same old fabricated center,
Born of imagination's unwavering self-absorption.

* * * *

Love and hate are only different ends of the same worm a-turning.

LXXXIX

Ignorance finds seemingly countless ways to pretend it knows.

* * * *

Can there be objectivity in the measurement of differences?

* * * *

Being the knower means You deny the nothing known.

* * * *

Differentiate and You shall be differentiated.

* * * *

To say the good die young
Could mean they die inwardly.

* * * *

What a load of crap.

* * * *

It cannot be taught, only learned.

* * * *

Fate is a strange undertaking.

* * * *

This is it.
This is all it can be.
Accept the offering such as it is,
Or die a-grumbling.

* * * *

In the end it will be as it was in the beginning.

* * * *

Ah, if You only had the same detachment
For yourself as You do all the others.

* * * *

If these writings have merit they will survive time.
If not, well, no biggee.

* * * *

What would the world be without diversity and cockroaches?

* * * *

What a mockery so many make of religion.

* * * *

You act out your part for me and I for You.
If You wish to know who You are, find out who I am.

* * * *

Who needs another lifetime?
Haven't You already imagined everything?

* * * *

Try not to believe it all the time.

* * * *

Once You see it without
All the concoctions of consciousness,
How can You ever go back?

* * * *

What is life time?

* * * *

Just a big water balloon waiting to be popped.

* * * *

Do You follow your own advice?

* * * *

What cause captures your attention?

* * * *

There's still enough pleasure in it all
That its true sum zero nature
Remains camouflaged.

* * * *

One day the time was ripe
And that to-do on the list
Just sort of took care of itself.

* * * *

Amazing how language forms the foundation
Which weaves any given universe.

* * * *

So many implications.

* * * *

Petulant and dismissive; she buried her head in the sand.

* * * *

Praise God for a good shit; Anal Samadhi, to be sure.

* * * *

Please do not stop running; I might catch You.

* * * *

You will believe in God, for as long as You belief any conceptual framework.

* * * *

Why would God be confined by any name if You are not?

* * * *

The lights all come on and go out, one at a time.

* * * *

There is no hope,
But that doesn't mean
You cannot get on
Without trying.

* * * *

Doesn't every experience
Contain some validity?

* * * *

You cannot stop insanity.

* * * *

Everybody longing for that rainbow
And following anyone who says they know
How to get them a pot of gold for only $25 a month.

* * * *

A coffee shop philosophers manifesto.

* * * *

Real revolution requires no leaders.

* * * *

Don't show me what I don't need to see.

* * * *

Anything is important to someone.

* * * *

Mother Nature will only let the human experiment
Go so far before it get shoved into the annals of time.

* * * *

Have seen too many universes
To believe there could be any but one.

* * * *

The first mistaken assumption
Is that You are somehow separate.
Accept no conjectures, no speculations.
Even your doubts are corrosive.

* * * *

Funny how so many would rather
Quell the symptom than solve the problem.

* * * *

In the heat of the chase,
Many traps can await the hunter.

* * * *

Are we heading for the tsunami,
Or is it surging inevitably toward us?
Just remember, might makes right.

* * * *

Cracking through a woman's delusion
Is met with an adamant wall of denial.

* * * *

You don't even know what you've done.

* * * *

Rather repetitious don't You think.

* * * *

The more personal You take it,
The more You will suffer and be
The cause of others' suffering.

* * * *

Science is limited by its attachment to measurement.

* * * *

You didn't come to hell not to enjoy the carnival.

* * * *

Imagine how different life would be
If changed by even one factor.
Sex, color, culture, name,
Ad infinitum.

* * * *

One life cannot bear total responsibility
For the world but for its relationship to it.

* * * *

It's your way, neither best nor worst.

* * * *

Reflections of a world never sane.

* * * *

Thank You for the many reflections
During the time we had together.

* * * *

There have always been goons
To enforce the will of whoever pays.

* * * *

How can anyone surpass what they know?

* * * *

The universe will never go back but through imagination.

* * * *

Who would want a prissy princess
Who could be bothered by a pea
Under a big pile of mattresses?

* * * *

How much more pleasant life is
If You manage to embrace it
Even in the tougher times.

* * * *

Be Self-sufficient.

* * * *

Life can be very old or very new.
State of mind is all.

* * * *

Who can fathom a life without attributes?

* * * *

Just another confounding mystic.

* * * *

Oh, how we love our martyrs.

* * * *

What can an ocean be without every drop?

* * * *

Don't be bothered with truth.
You're too busy enjoying delusion.

* * * *

So many longing for greener grass.

* * * *

It may have been far smarter to have run away.

* * * *

Sometimes it is almost overwhelming
How stupid and vain some can be.

* * * *

Worlds can come apart very quickly.

* * * *

Why burden others with You immortality?
They are too.

* * * *

It does not matter one iota what labels You give it.

* * * *

Climb whatever ladder You will; all dissolve into the same origin.

* * * *

You cannot help but learn if You pay attention.

* * * *

Welcome to the masquerade.

* * * *

Alas, that one must lose one's innocence
To abide in the savage pleasure garden.

* * * *

You worship concepts.

* * * *

It is the imagination of will which creates
All points in an otherwise pointless infinity.

* * * *

It will be of academic interest to see
If Mother Nature will curtail her human spawn
Before they invoke a barren paradise.

* * * *

The winner is whoever survives to laugh last.

* * * *

How seriously You take yourself and this ball of dust.

* * * *

Your holding on is your own choice.
Gravity only controls the body.
Imagination travels where it pleases.

* * * *

Intuition is prior to all measurements.
It is creator-preserver-destroyer
Of all will-filled containers.

* * * *

How big must your numbers be
Before You realize how meaningless
They truly are and will ever be?

* * * *

A continuing exercise in allowing
The stream of consciousness full sanction
To flow however the moment draws it.

* * * *

Some people have a difficult time
With people meditating on public time.

* * * *

It's about all of us in particular
And everyone in general.

* * * *

All conclusions are fallible.

* * * *

Maintain your innocence as best ye may.

* * * *

Love my kids too much to bring them here.
It's just too scary that they might someday
Run the risk of running into some of yours.

* * * *

Heaven and hell are the choices of conscious design.

* * * *

Trying to be open and accepting
Is so often a great challenge.
We cling to such pettiness.

* * * *

God is the timeless awareness; not what the mind imagines.

* * * *

You are enjoying a life of social solitude.

* * * *

What in hell do they keep looking for?

* * * *

Earth, water, fire, air, heart.
The five elements.

* * * *

Eternity does not necessarily imply time.

* * * *

They see only mortal fare.

* * * *

How many ways everyone interprets anything.

* * * *

A work in progress.

* * * *

Sometimes You wonder why You bother.

* * * *

You are under no obligation to say or do anything.

* * * *

You offer some everything, and they walk away hungry, amazing.

* * * *

Time is a highly questionable concept.

* * * *

What a paranoid God You are.

* * * *

Without imagination, what could there be?

* * * *

A doctor may give a prescription, but You must take the medicine.

* * * *

Cleave to that which was never born.

* * * *

How can You commit to something You don't believe in?

* * * *

Hope is just another vain, meaningless form of imagination's longing for meaning.

* * * *

Imagination knows no bounds but its own creation.

* * * *

Scary the thought.

* * * *

What does an ocean use to make a drop?

* * * *

In all the channel surfing the scribe abides,
There is nothing to indicate any change whatsoever
At the inherent core of homosapien behavior.
The faces may change countless times
But not the modus operandi.

* * * *

Ideals are generally unattainable
Because few really hunger
To generate their reality.
It would be much too boring
To sit around content and happy.

XC

What is a plan to one man is a conspiracy to another.

* * * *

We each offer the drama whatever we offer; what the world does with any of it is fate.

* * * *

How often loyalty gets You squat.

* * * *

Never trust any historian to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

* * * *

Just different witnesses to the same fact.

* * * *

Relish your part as much as possible.

* * * *

A baebe in the hand is worth two wandering by.

* * * *

Try spending just one day in the stillness of timeless awareness
Without even one brief thought of sex or food or money or things,
It just ain't likely going to happen in these corporeal play stations.

* * * *

God: liar, cheat, thief,
And daily plotter of mayhem and murder,
Plays with a marked deck.

* * * *

Whether it be earth, wind, water or fire,
How ironic that we buy and sell
Anything and everything.

* * * *

A little discipline goes a long way.

* * * *

Are You sure You want the truth?

* * * *

In about thirty-six thousand five hundred cycles of the sun,
Every human being now on this planet will be dead.
Does it really matter when or how they die?

* * * *

We are a drastic example
Of shitting in our own backyard.

* * * *

Just one big game of roshambo.

* * * *

If someone cannot comprehend your world,
Rest assured they will not imagine it.
Your anonymity is absolute.

* * * *

How earth-shaking is anything, really?

* * * *

Die well.

* * * *

Alcoholic binges and hang-gliding
Are great fun as long as You do not correlate them
With hangovers and broken bones.

* * * *

Would You love her if her legs
Were ravaged by cellulite?

* * * *

We know so much we don't even know what to do with it.

* * * *

Each of us creates our own demons.

* * * *

Don't wait to retire.

* * * *

Who's telling the truth?

* * * *

Image is all if that's all You see.

* * * *

The only way You ever are going to be free
Is complete, unutterable, detached surrender
Of all imagination to that essence You truly are.

* * * *

Hard to want to do if You still believe imagination's reality.

* * * *

Some destinies are written in the face.

* * * *

Attached to outcomes, You limit your perspective.

* * * *

What vain deities so many worship.

* * * *

You need not trapse along with any herd.

* * * *

The personal nature is a contrived use of energy.

* * * *

Can we invoke free will to change our paradigm?

* * * *

Here is a prescription, but will You take the medicine?

* * * *

Your personal nature is the illusion.

* * * *

You can't please insanity.

* * * *

Remember who You really are.

* * * *

This compendium is an unraveling.

* * * *

You are not truly different from any other.
Imagine every lot to see what is true
And what is not true, what is real and not real.

* * * *

Only the children know.

* * * *

Practice indifference.

* * * *

History, long as it seems, is really quite transitory.

* * * *

In every beautiful flower there is a hag.

* * * *

Does nirvana have a coffee shop?

* * * *

What promise can smoke keep?

* * * *

Oh well, sucked into illusion once again.

* * * *

With which eye will You see your death?

* * * *

Words and numbers do not for truth make>

* * * *

If You are already aligned with the mystery, why on earth would You need any religion?

* * * *

Why would home ever be anywhere else but here and now?

* * * *

Just another Santa Claus deity story; third-rate drivel sponsored by ignorance.

* * * *

The devil makes for more interesting conversation; truth is the pablum of mystery.

* * * *

Judgment is really an internal matter.
A sticks and stones,
Words can never hurt You,
Life-is-just-a-dream kind of thing.

* * * *

Don't ask if You don't want an answer.

* * * *

Some folks experience one or a handful of mystical visions
And for some reason believe they've got a handle on truth.
The vanity of the human drama is unceasingly fascinating.

* * * *

Who doesn't wonder what others will say at their funeral?

Assuming they find a body, of course.

* * * *

Mother Nature does not distinguish
Between all your goods and evils.
All are pawns in the mortal game.

* * * *

Glide through time as a dolphin does water.
Dance merrily, playfully, happily unresisting.
Cling to nothing, for what is there to which
You have ever been able to truly cling?

* * * *

Puzzle pieces fall into place soon enough.

* * * *

Time wears all back into the ground.

* * * *

Go beyond buddhas, christs and other idols,
And no, it will not be some absurd dogma.

* * * *

Watch the money to see what makes
One drug more legal than another.

* * * *

Is there any Rome
Which truly serves the masses
It pretends to lead?

* * * *

Politicians are the whores of vested interests.

* * * *

Political correctness wears thin.

* * * *

Reality holds together quite well with or without You.

* * * *

Watch the little piles of gold
Become greater and greater
Till one day they all fall down.

* * * *

However You do the math,
Many things are very quickly changing

For this world's future.

* * * *

God is all the players, the playing field, and the everything and nothing between.

* * * *

Necessity is the greatest teacher.

* * * *

To play every viable part in its illusion,
The mystery must manifest every possibility.
Whether ignorant or brilliant, mundane or dazzling,
All seeds blossom from the same ground.

* * * *

Mindless repetition sustains its ignorance.

* * * *

And yet so few seem content.

* * * *

We make lemmings seem amateurish.

* * * *

Momentary glimpses of an illusive reality
Do not reality make.

* * * *

Repression breeds revolution and anarchy.

* * * *

Funny how those most adamant about halting tyranny
So often become tyrannical.

* * * *

A little power tempts us all.

* * * *

If You are content with your own life,
There is no need to please another.

* * * *

Why write all this?
Damned if I know.

* * * *

Dance while You can.
The piper is piping and the wall nearing.

* * * *

Irony after irony, paradox after paradox.
Yet what other road can duality muster?

* * * *

Think on it.

* * * *

Being detached only from what You dislike
Doesn't tend to work too well.

* * * *

The meaning may not be immediately clear.
Just be patient and let it steep for as long as it needs to.
There's really nothing to be concerned about.

* * * *

Roam the light as You will.

* * * *

There is a peace which transcends all vain ideals,
A peace as vast as eternity and its inescapable moment.

* * * *

How much time do You spend measuring your daily reverie?

* * * *

There You go, speaking too quickly again.

* * * *

Time will take its toll.

* * * *

Fads end.

* * * *

Being a human being might be better viewed
As a means than an end.

* * * *

Life is such a menagerie.

* * * *

What was it like before fear
Hadn't even occurred to You?

* * * *

Waking up from the numbing of education,
Can take the better part of a lifetime.

* * * *

Wisdom is the essence of the play
Of loneliness and aloneness.

* * * *

How challenging to surrender to the heart.

* * * *

What one puts up with
Is the source of its own wonder.

* * * *

At forty-three, how much more can there be?

* * * *

A no holds barred life
Is a challenge for anyone.

* * * *

Note every point of articulation.
There is intention in every point made.

* * * *

Listen closely to this voice, for it is one with your own.

* * * *

How useless all these words are.
What influence does any mystic have
That mammon cannot twist to its own ends.

* * * *

Though humanity may falter on the abyss,
It will still look with the same voraciousness
For the glint of gold in the pan of avarice.

* * * *

For every rise there is a fall.
Duality is founded upon statistical surety.

* * * *

Who hears any one,
But those who seek it for themselves?

* * * *

You will scribe these thoughts unto your mortal end,

For that is the conditioned nature of your choiceless fate.

* * * *

Humanity overrates its importance.

* * * *

Time will only remember anyone so long.

* * * *

Life is the meaning.
Isn't that enough?

* * * *

The trouble with focusing too much on memories
Is that life loses its many opportunities to be fresh.

* * * *

Who's the target audience?
Probably a bunch of twisted people
You wouldn't really want to know too well.

* * * *

Would You for a few moments of gratification
Diminish, ruin or end another's life?

* * * *

Watch your arrogance.
It is the great temptation
And plays every delusion.

* * * *

Do You live for your fear of death?

* * * *

A beautiful woman is a promise that time inevitably changes into a lie.

* * * *

Find what contentment You can in whatever the hand dealt.

* * * *

Immortality is a given.
Mortality is really only the briefest
Opportunity to glimpse your ultimate nature.
Don't hang onto something that only be experienced.

XCI

When will enough be enough?

* * * *

Wisdom comes to fools who wonder why deeply.

* * * *

The best-kept secrets are one never told.

* * * *

Putting one's life behind them is not for the complex.

* * * *

Live in the now with one eye toward the future ones.

* * * *

Of what significance is any particular life?

* * * *

The tide wears down rocks.
What makes You think
You can fight it?

* * * *

Time is the wind which sculpts all.

* * * *

Sages may as well shut up
For all the difference it makes.

* * * *

What an insidious scourge sexuality can be.

* * * *

The things we consider normal.

* * * *

God is the spark between the synapses.

* * * *

There is killing to survive, and then there is slaughter.

* * * *

What becomes of any species that has no predators to set its limits.

* * * *

You cannot really change your fate, much less another's.

* * * *

Stop remembering and here You are.

* * * *

What is common sense, anyway?

* * * *

Pain is trying to tell You something.

* * * *

As a child You did not suffer
The bondage of identification.
Why be held by so much now?

* * * *

How many would have to kill Christ again
If he were to return?

* * * *

Who has the true modesty
To see their world is like all the rest?

* * * *

Ideas are like throwing feathers in a sandy windstorm.

* * * *

Any group that does not invest wisely in its future will not survive.

* * * *

Be friend and lover unto your Self.

* * * *

Shut up and listen.

* * * *

The wise are circumspect.

* * * *

The plots become so predictable.

* * * *

Bandwagons play for themselves.

* * * *

What torment the worry over time becomes.
What is the nature of a carefree mind?

* * * *

To spout the popular song is the easy way.

* * * *

Do they really know of what they speak?

* * * *

How boring exciting can be.

* * * *

Sometime a little kindness is in order.

* * * *

Another self-deceptive pride-filled set of moments.

* * * *

Son of man, daughter of woman, all children of the mystery.

* * * *

If You can't play the part, find a new play.

* * * *

Life is a muddle of confusion, given order through inane reasoning.

* * * *

What a trip all this is.

* * * *

You really don't know what the fuck's happening; You really are just completely clueless.

* * * *

You cannot laugh when You are too busy crying.

* * * *

The day-to-day meandering, dictated these thoughts one by one, as randomly as imagine allowed.

* * * *

What is the point?

* * * *

What a different world You might have offered your children.

* * * *

Be harmless if your imagination allows it.

* * * *

This is a set of personal reflections

With a caveat not to adopt them as law.

* * * *

The fate of the world will take these words where it will.

* * * *

Articulation is such a fascinating passion.

* * * *

Isn't a job well done its own reward?

* * * *

More corporate bullpucky.

* * * *

Mull over life.
Steep in it like a tea bag.

* * * *

One of these days she will not return.

* * * *

You'd be a dead man in some parts of this world.

* * * *

Not to worry.

* * * *

Life pales for so many.

* * * *

How attached so many to their suffering, to all their imagined histories.

* * * *

Many seed have been planted.
Who knows to what end.

* * * *

Melt into your Self,
Your best friend
And favorite lover.

* * * *

How twisted so many become.

* * * *

How challenging to free oneself
From the traces of habit.

* * * *

Funny how governments, religions and corporations,
Weave their synergistic ego into the teeming masses.

* * * *

With some You are hones, with others You are not.
Why? Why not?

* * * *

You've seen white, you've seen black.
You've seen so many colors in between.
Light strums a universe into being.

* * * *

Nothing more tiring than self-righteous hypocrisy.

* * * *

Feel the tremors as Mother Nature swings into action.

* * * *

Life is so full of possibilities.

* * * *

How profound so many simple statements.

* * * *

Some have a thing about making hoops
For others to jump through again and again.

* * * *

Whose pleasure do You live for?

* * * *

When something's due, it gets done.
Do it well.

* * * *

When You know you're right,
Often better to keep it to yourself.

* * * *

Does one seek a fate, or fall into it?

* * * *

Is there anything we touch
Without some baleful repercussion
Somewhere down the road?

* * * *

Only a few go all the way.

* * * *

Maybe tomorrow you'll get to it.

* * * *

The harsh, blunt reality in this dream world
Is that most people just don't know any better.

* * * *

Most seem to settle for soda pop in their spiritual questing.

* * * *

There is really nothing for which to apologize.

* * * *

The organization of religion
Is so often just a numbers scam,
A spoof by ignorance on ignorance.

* * * *

If You don't understand why some get so frustrated
That they just start blowing everything away,
Then You are either a very naive saint,
Or a very self-righteous fool.

* * * *

If it's warm, fuzzy and cute, we take it home.
If not, well, make it food or kill it on principle.

* * * *

Amazing how much crapola we weave
Around that which is so pure and simple.

* * * *

Irony and paradox wear every mask.

* * * *

Out in the quiet of nature,
The cacophony of the human world,
Becomes utterly irrelevant.

* * * *

If the shoe fits, wear it, dearie.

* * * *

So little is needed to be content.

* * * *

Whoever wins against Rome becomes Rome.

* * * *

Huger than huge; smaller than small.

* * * *

You have witnessed the apex, the pinnacle, of the human paradigm; the rest is downhill.

* * * *

Been there; played that.

* * * *

No other can heal a cripple.

* * * *

A lie was set before You, and now the beast feeds upon You.

* * * *

How often they repeat the fables, without owning the moral.

* * * *

Swine break their teeth upon pearls.

* * * *

You can never quite be sure how chemistry will work out.

* * * *

Is there any way to ease the mind, but through complete surrender?

* * * *

You were born to see this.

* * * *

To be truly content with your life, now that is good fortune.

* * * *

Humanity is due a karmic redistribution.

* * * *

Let silence be your voice.

* * * *

Why should anyone martyr themselves for another's vanity?

* * * *

Believe it or not, like it or not, fate happens.
You cannot abort it, You cannot hurry it, You cannot hinder it.
You cannot do anything but witness its passing.

* * * *

What endless permutations of delusion, the sexes weave for one another.

* * * *

You can tell You are in a relative state, when the whole circus seems par for the course.

* * * *

It shall all be for as long as it is; not a moment more, not a moment less.

* * * *

Mystery is in the small things.
Mystery is in the big things.
Mystery is in all things,
As well as the things,
Which will never be.
Mystery is in the ever You,
And the ever me, the faceless one,
Kaleidoscoping eternity's playful odyssey.

* * * *

How contorting it is for ignorance to pretend it is so sure of itself.

* * * *

All it took to create this wondrous world, and we destroy our opportunity, to exist consciously.

* * * *

You are a mix of Buddha and Confucius, with your own brand of bullshit.

* * * *

How can You predict a mystery?

* * * *

The sun also was.

* * * *

What an art trivial pursuit is.

* * * *

Rules? In language?

* * * *

Street or forest; same dream.

* * * *

The tortoise can win many a race, through simple determination.

* * * *

They have got your numbers; You can only hide in the open.

* * * *

You will be sick.
You will be injured.
You will grow old.
You will perish.
Deal with it.

* * * *

What point to a life without inquiry?

* * * *

Peace is the abeyance of all things mortal.

* * * *

They who cannot discern,
Are further blinded by intemperance,
And the many judgments that harbor intolerance.

XCII

You cannot change a pattern, until You want, or are forced to, and even then, it is a tough show.

* * * *

Life's choices are more akin,
To wandering through a funnel,
Than an infinite set of possibilities.
Hardly this vain notion we call free will.

* * * *

Over-consumption creates an inevitable future.

* * * *

Why live in fear of that which You aid fully in creating?

* * * *

If You want to change something, change the paradigm.

* * * *

A brief dream in which You cannot do more than long.

* * * *

Where to go once every assumption, every conclusion, is exposed to question?
One becomes very still, very silent, in the facelessness of the inevitable answer.

* * * *

Philosophy is the highest science.

* * * *

You deal with relationship, one moment at a time.

* * * *

No thing is forever.

* * * *

The only reason these writings have been penned,
Is because of life's autodidactic discipline as a writer.
What an education can do, can be more than a tad amazing.

* * * *

How absurd that so many believe heaven is somehow patterned,
After all humanity's vain and petty and insignificant hierarchies.

* * * *

What is life but an opportunity to enjoy and suffer your creation.

* * * *

Did what happen?

* * * *

Great oceans are built with tiny drops.
Great mountains, with tiny grains of sand.
Great universes, with tiny particles of matter.
Put it together, and what have You got, but You?

* * * *

So many blindly follow, because they cannot stand alone.
Other cannot follow, because they cannot stand not being alone.

* * * *

Children are very much in the present, because they have no baggage to contend with.

* * * *

Whoness,
Whatness,
Whereness,
Whenness,
Whyness,
Howness.

* * * *

The form is only as useful as the user who uses it.

* * * *

Pray tell, what is there we have not done, seen done, or thought about doing?

* * * *

From one, all; far too many to count, despite countless vain attempts.

* * * *

Organized religion is as contradictory as military intelligence.
Co-opting wisdom through clever rhetoric, does not for truth make.

* * * *

They hedge their bets, by praying services on Sundays, will set aside their six days of hypocrisy.

* * * *

Do what You please, as long as You do not step on anyone's toes.

* * * *

The problem with hero worship,
Is that close scrutiny so often calls the assumption into question,
And then the duped followers get upset.

* * * *

Death, the final frontier.

* * * *

You think the mystery will want to play You forever? Dream on.

* * * *

Back off occasionally, to illuminate the landscape.
Close in to understand the ceaseless subtleties.
Advance and withdraw, thrust and parry.
Fluid like wind, like water, like fire.

* * * *

The elements are teachers for students of life's wisdom.

* * * *

Measure everything as much or as often as You might; it don't mean squat .

* * * *

How could it be if all possibilities were not equally present?

* * * *

How often You wish You still wore a younger man's clothes.

* * * *

Glory is in the small, unacclaimed, unspoken, unrewarded things.

* * * *

Humanity really doesn't see that it, in separation, is the devil it so fears.

* * * *

You tell me I am not realistic,
And I say there is much greater reality,
Looming ahead in a now yet to be perceived.

* * * *

How amazing how all these words continually materialize upon this tiny two-dimensional screen.

* * * *

Pleasure, You enjoy; pain, You endure.

* * * *

Flip the coin again and again, until in breath's death do You depart.

* * * *

Squash a fly, and know your own fate.

* * * *

How vain to think You deserve more.

* * * *

Any assumption can have far-reaching consequences.

* * * *

How much do You put in your head to call yourself educated?

* * * *

It is as it is, as it has ever been, as it will ever be.

* * * *

We burden the unborn with our synergistic irresponsibility.

* * * *

Why do so many require applause?

* * * *

What would You do if a knock sounds in the middle of the night?
What would You do if they came to put You in a box car
Whose destination was blanketed by ashes?
How passive are You to your fate?

* * * *

Harsh winds calm, calm turns harsh; which time is more interesting?

* * * *

How many doors there are to open and close.

* * * *

Humanity is just not, and never will be, as great as its vanity pretends.

* * * *

Take at least a few moments each day,
To fathom some contentment, some serenity.
The little tastes of the grace which is your potential.

* * * *

The big lesson here is about who is in charge.
A ship cannot right itself unless it balances its reckoning,
Within the natural forces through which it tacks.

* * * *

Amazing what lies we will over and over believe.

* * * *

Holding the universe together is a full-time job.

* * * *

Words can only convey what we all know.

* * * *

To be an individual, yet a participant;
Separate, yet indivisible; an ingredient, yet one with the whole;
Is a state of grace, from which right action flows,
As does a vigorous mountain spring.

* * * *

Alone together.

* * * *

Your wings are quickly melting, and You are hurtling towards the ground.

* * * *

How much of your life, has been spent justifying an existence, You did not ask for?

* * * *

Even the harshest wind cannot touch a still mind.

* * * *

That You might kill or die, to possess a mountain of gold, is an intriguing set of values.

* * * *

Good dogs mind.

* * * *

Free the chi.

* * * *

What a vast difference, between the conjured ought to be, and the realistic way it is.

* * * *

Why be concerned about impressing, those who see no further than the surface?

* * * *

Welcome guests help keep the house clean.

* * * *

Those who see, bear the burden of those who do not.

* * * *

A world run by demons; some even well-intentioned.

* * * *

Megalomania to say You are the mystery, megalomania to think You are not; one big Catch-22.

* * * *

Do You come to terms with the world, or the world with You?

* * * *

Try to be easily amused; expectations can turn one bitter.

* * * *

Why deny yourself? Moderation allows many things.

* * * *

This is your dream; spend it whatever way You will.

* * * *

Humanity cannot help be but what it is.

* * * *

Find Eden within.

* * * *

More energetic souls than You,
Have sought to alter the course of human history.
Have any really changed anything?

* * * *

Make plenty of friends on your way to the ovens.

* * * *

You need justify nothing.

* * * *

Ride the fence and see both sides.

* * * *

Does one thing bring out another; or another, one thing?

* * * *

Once you've gone beyond all form, what need for any flag?

* * * *

You abide in the realm of possibilities.

* * * *

You are the only one.

* * * *

For all things wisdom, You have a great memory.

* * * *

You were born into the Chinese curse of interesting times.
Will anything ever be uninteresting for humanity again?

* * * *

Whose universe shall rule?

* * * *

Why allow your confidence to be controlled by any other?

* * * *

The world will never, can never,
Give You everything You want from it.
Deal with it, get over it, get past it, move on.

* * * *

Where is the identity in an empty mind?
Without attributes, what is existence?

* * * *

Clarity comes with inner stillness.

* * * *

Less rigorous is the road less traveled.

* * * *

What was matters no more.
What will be cannot be altered.
Fate happens; You will complete it.

* * * *

Was it never not so?

* * * *

A speedy death, is a great opportunity, to discover if You are going to awaken into another tomorrow.

* * * *

Once you've seen the source, what can hold You?

* * * *

Does being the instrument for some role,
Some peculiar portion of the play,
Somehow make You superior?
Every part ever played,
Is what, entitles You to yours.

* * * *

How simple to ignore it.

* * * *

How deluded we are, that we would laugh at other creatures, if they behaved as we do.

* * * *

It takes but a moment to create the universe anew.

* * * *

The mind born of knowledge, a product of chaos, is the creator of order's temporal reality.

* * * *

Delusion is a form of self-hypnosis.

* * * *

God must be desperately lonely to have gone to all this trouble.

* * * *

Play to the dream; complete your solitary fate in whatever way You will.

* * * *

Face after face sifts through the hourglass of eternity.

* * * *

Stardust, clayness, essence; all the same implication.

* * * *

The stain of time, the grit of personality, the smudge of awareness.

* * * *

Words are so fallible.

* * * *

"Consumed by their existence"
Might read humanity's tombstone epithet,
Were the universe to even register our rumored existence.

XCIII

You many use another's ladder, but the climb is your own.

* * * *

Fabricated loyalty is a loose bond.

* * * *

The big view is sanity's heart.

* * * *

The ultimate point to all this is an opportunity
To discern where the true mystery lies.

* * * *

How frail ego.

* * * *

As long as it doesn't happen to You.

* * * *

What a strange and unique thing to be alive.
How many ways each of us perceive its passing.
How many ways we choose or choose not to value it.
How many ways we confuse ourselves in it.
How many ways we find to explain it.
How many ways we become
Complacent in our ignorance of it.

* * * *

It has all just happened.
Did You really have any say in it?

* * * *

Have You always enjoyed being alone?

* * * *

If You shit in your nest You must sit in it.
If You shit in your water, You must drink from it.
If You shit in You food, You must eat it.
A mind full of shit must dwell
In its shitty creation.

* * * *

It is indeed a troubled world
That denies its essential nature.

* * * *

Consciousness manipulates the chemistry.
It is a drug very few are not addicted to.

* * * *

You didn't ask to be here.
You don't pray to stay,
But while here,
How can You help
But see it your way?

* * * *

So, who's normal anyway?

* * * *

Any way.

* * * *

The best moments are the content ones,
The ones where just being is enough.

* * * *

What You were, You no longer are,
Lest You cling to the memory.

* * * *

How is it one fortunate and another is not?
What is this thing we call fate?
Such a mystery.

* * * *

Any sense of superiority is the foundation of delusion.

* * * *

Mind expands through surrender
To a greater reality than your own.

* * * *

Amazing what some follow.

* * * *

Cockroaches are not finicky creatures.

* * * *

What a price to be paid for this expensive meal,
And we have yet to even begin our just deserts.

* * * *

Who would have guessed
Where technology would all lead
Even a lifetime ago?

* * * *

Foolish masters of our own creation.

* * * *

I am whatever You think I am,
Yet I am none of it.

* * * *

If You have enough love for one,
You have enough for all.

* * * *

It all fades into a meaningless blur once You discern the ultimate fate.

* * * *

Easy to pretend you're detached when things go well.

* * * *

Who's pretending who's insane?

* * * *

Every act of creation has it statistical print.
The rise and fall of its temporal reality.
Permanence is ever an illusion.

* * * *

Sometimes You have to allow people
To hit rock bottom so they can decide
If they want to stay there for themselves.

* * * *

Only subjectivity differentiates any given moment.

* * * *

Disconnect.

* * * *

What will this day wrought upon tomorrow?

* * * *

How can You leave
If You really don't know
Where You started?

* * * *

Here to infinity in just a moment.

* * * *

You are insane past counting.

* * * *

You are the product of You sensitivity.

* * * *

It may not make sense now.
Perhaps You will discern more resonance
If You peruse it again a little further down your journey.

* * * *

Any community is only as firm as its foundation.

* * * *

What bores these bureaucrats,
Politicians, priests and corporate chiefs.

* * * *

Why expect another to adopt your life
When it appears You have none.

* * * *

Amazing how some are forever
Cutting away their own nose.

* * * *

Funerals seem more than a bit ludicrous.
Why would someone need to prove a friendship
To someone outside the relationship?
Or play into their self-pitying,
Self-absorbed sorrow?

* * * *

You're just fine wherever You are.

* * * *

Who give's a damn past now's favorite breath?

* * * *

You really believe s/he is any less
Self-centered than You?

* * * *

How many paradoxes can one life ascertain?

* * * *

If You think this was hell,
Don't You wonder could be in store
If there should prove to be another round?

* * * *

You will be vain for as long as You are born.

* * * *

Is there birth without ego?

* * * *

There are no guarantees.

* * * *

A daily reminder that nothing lasts,
That all passes with a steadfast surety
That cannot but be romantically denied.

* * * *

Only vanity cares.

* * * *

You would have me bound to transience?

* * * *

Are You really all that different
From the things You condemn?

* * * *

Are You supposed to be impressed?

* * * *

Is time right or left, forward or back, up or down, in or out?
Is it whatever direction You choose,
Or none at all?

* * * *

As huge as huge is, as small as small is,
Where lies the difference?

* * * *

Do You focus on the demons
Or the angels who surround You?

* * * *

One more tie to illusion.

* * * *

All creatures dumb and dumber.

* * * *

All these creations are dust.

* * * *

Rarity or abundance
Are states of mind.

* * * *

These thoughts are for those
Who no longer need elevated words
To describe the mystery in which all reside.

* * * *

You so love a world
Which will not stand still
For your delusion.

* * * *

Can it ever be more than a numbers game?

* * * *

You are the candy.

* * * *

An asshole's an asshole
No matter how sweet the fart.

* * * *

Does a cookie believe it's a cookie?

* * * *

For those who are the beloved.

* * * *

Nothing is worth not dying for.

* * * *

If You are present in every moment
You will never die.

* * * *

Presence is immortal.

* * * *

Beating You head against a wall
Is beating your head against a wall.

* * * *

Back into the abyss.
Truly never left but through
The vagaries of consciousness.

* * * *

How else can Self be known
But through those that see?

* * * *

No fate, no destiny is distinct.
Change is born of indivisibility, of the immortal nature.
You are none other than Self.

* * * *

So much unproven self-importance.

* * * *

One now drifting from one now to the next,
Like snowflakes, all uniquely the same.

* * * *

So many so confused.
From what does clarity come?

* * * *

There is no second one.

* * * *

Would You want to be reborn
Into the world we are creating?

* * * *

Take care of it now, and You won't have to later.

* * * *

Take the personal out of it and what's left?

* * * *

Where's the wisdom?

* * * *

You, You, and You again, always You.

* * * *

Nothing really to win, nothing really to lose.
Some play lose-lose, others win-lose, and some win-win.
Fairness and justice are in the eye of the beholder.

* * * *

A miracle for it to have happened.
A relief when it will be done.

* * * *

An epitaph: Paroled at last!

* * * *

You are a story of the human epic.

* * * *

The masks of God are without end.

* * * *

It is context which manifests all theater.

* * * *

What can ever be clean about a body oozing from every orifice?

* * * *

What a means to both pain and pleasure the body can be.

* * * *

Battling over pride-filled, vain notion, they could not see it was only hot air.

* * * *

The whole of human history is but an imaginary tale.

* * * *

The eternal spy, I Am.

* * * *

Sometimes it only takes one bullet
To end a problem.

* * * *

The trick to learning is to find someone
Who knows more squat than You.

* * * *

Somehow You survived.
Another was not so lucky,
Maybe.

* * * *

Caught in the net of our pattern, we are drawn to our fate.

* * * *

All this has been written countless times before,
And still so few have the ears to hear.

* * * *

Stand, sit, lie, walk, run or die.
All time, all action ever occupies
The same unfurling wave of nowness
Passing through imagination's
Infinite array of destinies.

* * * *

A two-headed question.

* * * *

How many live in a world that does not exist?

* * * *

What is boon to one species may well spell disaster for another.

* * * *

Time is the imaginary playground of consciousness.

* * * *

Apocalypse is within every moment's passing, as is creation.

* * * *

Every possible delusion awaits your gullible collusion.

* * * *

There are plenty growing rich off your dread of the unknown and desire for more.

* * * *

Imagine all the things You don't know.

* * * *

What surprises can infinity not hold in store?

* * * *

The identity You believe You are is the little mind.
The Big Mind You really are is for those
No longer enticed by the duality
Inspired by the senses.

XCIV

You've been dying since before You were born.

* * * *.

If You want to make God really laugh, tell him your plans.

* * * *

The unfathomable well of obsession plumbs the depths of imagination.

* * * *

They constructed him into the one-dimensional character he was.

* * * *

Corporate America has You on speed dial.

* * * *

So many things set in motion, before You even had a chance to say no.

* * * *

Delusion is deaf and blind, but not always dumb.

* * * *

Self-righteousness can be a useful tool in the deflection of accusation.

* * * *

Large to the small-minded, God's theater is but a tiny speck of the infinitesimal infinity of totality.

* * * *

Mad Hatter fare.

* * * *

Realize that no name, truly gives You a grasp of anything.

* * * *

What future do You imagine?

* * * *

There is the reality of Le Théâtre Absurde, and the way it will play out.
And there is the true reality, the mystery, completely detached from anything.

* * * *

You are language-immersed
When the vocabulary is completely
Incorporated in everyday speak.

* * * *

The voice in this head
Just keeps on pouring out
This stream of consciousness.

* * * *

God's will be done.

* * * *

Funny how so many think they know so much.

* * * *

You just keep on wondering
If there's a puzzle piece You will fit,
A persona that will be an intimate match.

* * * *

You want the lie just a little bit longer, don't You?

* * * *

How loyal will You be to your cause
When there's a knife at your throat?

* * * *

Yes, it's all true, you've gone off the deep end.

* * * *

Someday, perhaps you'll be as old as your parents.

* * * *

Truth puts dross to flames.

* * * *

What are we racing for?
Who are we racing against.

* * * *

Are You so desperate to live
That You would be a slave?

* * * *

Does any individual make the time,
Or time the individual?
Does the one who volunteers
Have any choice, or is s/he drawn
By circumstances beyond any control?

* * * *

Now what?!

* * * *

You owe no one anything
But what You choose to give.

* * * *

Caress the wind, water, earth and fire
As You would a lover.

* * * *

One life at a time.

* * * *

Love it for what it is,
What it was, and
What it will be.

* * * *

It doesn't really matter.

* * * *

What would it be like to live
Truly unconcerned
Whether You lived or not.

* * * *

The most enlightened drug users are mystics.

* * * *

What prophetic story will this one harvest?

* * * *

What glory the world of nature had reached
Before we, one of her finest cancers,
Gained such unruly prominence.

* * * *

So many trees, so many creatures,
I cannot remember.

* * * *

No place to go, nothing to do.

* * * *

It's getting very late.
Is it time to die, Mother?

* * * *

What dynamic seems odd to someone raised in it?

* * * *

If You want trials,
There are plenty to choose from.

* * * *

Megalomania rules its own mind.

* * * *

That same old tiring oneness.

* * * *

The unknown is duality's greatest opponent.

* * * *

Except for the mind at war,
Is there anything but harmony
On any given battlefield?

* * * *

Why demonize aliens from other worlds
Any more than creatures born of our own?
Is it because we have conquered this garden,
And know the advantage of just transitory duration?

* * * *

Why do You stir yourself with trinkets?

* * * *

Breathing into nothing; wow.

* * * *

If You chose to be here, that would mean You were God; if You did not, well, where is it?

* * * *

The hard wiring is only attachment to the consciousness of genetic design.

* * * *

Perhaps it is just that simple.

* * * *

If You want to be fearless, breathe consciously.

* * * *

Whose idea of truth will You succumb to next?

* * * *

How much more enticing white light
When transfixed by the spectrum.

* * * *

Science is just another measurable paradigm.

* * * *

Pooh lives! Long live Pooh!

* * * *

When the other is watching,
You pay much more attention.

* * * *

Where does violence take You?

* * * *

Separation is the root of all evil.

* * * *

Watch closely how the water flows.

* * * *

On the bright side,
The worst that can possibly happen
Is that You might get maimed, tortured or killed.
Or You might live a long life.

* * * *

Just walking the Irony Trail.

* * * *

Caught in change, we try so hard
To keep everything the same.

* * * *

There will never be a perfect word,
Description, equation or symbol
To articulate the perfection.

* * * *

Are You examining this for yourself?

* * * *

But for vanity, what could possibly
Concern one moment about any other?

* * * *

Outmaneuver those who would oppose You,
And You will likely wander on unassailed.

* * * *

Everything You have gained
Is what You have to offer.

* * * *

The one who has learned
There's plenty to give
Has the most.

* * * *

Is this behavior getting you
Where You want to go?

* * * *

So many things not worth doing.

* * * *

There's more to all this than meets the eye.

* * * *

I am the ocean,
And You a wave
In my play of time.

* * * *

Wander the fields of death.

* * * *

The assumption that You choose to live
Implies that You may also choose not to.

* * * *

But for the nuance of reflex,
You might have long since
Succumbed to a greater reality.

* * * *

How quickly it can all be forgotten.

* * * *

How abundant self-pity.

* * * *

Is it the act or the thought which makes You guilty?
Is it shame or guilt which motivates your alignment?

* * * *

About some, perhaps many things
You may not wish to afford compassion.
Sometimes ruthless is the choiceless choice.

* * * *

So much You would not miss.
So much You try to save.

* * * *

Sometimes You must face
The abyss of incompleteness.

* * * *

How bizarre it all is.

* * * *

Do You understand the detachment
Of true madness?

* * * *

How bizarre it all is.

* * * *

Think of it whatever You will
Makes no difference
Any more real

* * * *

Is You nonchalance feigned or real?

* * * *

Passion is attachment.

* * * *

Life is a gift so easily spurned
When the pain sets in.

* * * *

Science is methodical in its measuring obsession.

* * * *

If You do not like what You see, stop looking.

* * * *

How vain and petty everything seems.

* * * *

Can You know what it is to exist?

* * * *

Difference lies only
In the many differences.
Similarity in all.

* * * *

Is your mark really much more than a yellow stain in melting snow?

* * * *

About what do You care but that which You know?
About what do You know but what You imagine?
About what do You imagine but what You pretend?
And does anyone more than pretend to know or care?

* * * *

Political correctness is nothing new; it began upon the first gathering of two.

* * * *

It is all pretext for vanity.

* * * *

Enemies are merely those who make You least comfortable.

* * * *

You are surrounded by insanity.

* * * *

What pain duration.

* * * *

How impossible to keep up with everything concocted.

* * * *

Sock it to me, baby.

* * * *

Where's the real difference
Between me and You?

* * * *

What stock can You place in all this?

* * * *

Remorse and loss are the course of attachment.

* * * *

Just blank your mind
And all this comes to You unbidden.

* * * *

Sleep is the cradle of oblivion.

* * * *

Who is hero and who is scoundrel
Is merely a matter of perspective.

* * * *

Where do You stand in the historical context?

* * * *

Is hell hot or cold?
A state of mind stirring or still?

* * * *

Don't confuse the vain notions
Of the entertainment industry
With much to do with reality.

* * * *

It applies to every one.

* * * *

So many eyes through which to see
The infinity of this grand mystery

* * * *

Fragmented thinking can never lead to wholeness.

XCV

Not an easy thing to wander through the world
Unfragmented by the confusion of ignorance.

* * * *

What media-worthy disaster, plague, war,
Tidbit of information, useless piece of gossip,
Or comedy of errors will titillate us today?

* * * *

So much attachment blinds You.

* * * *

Looking ahead I see nirvana.
Looking back I offer the dream everything
Which comes to this active mind.
Use it as You will.

* * * *

Cultivate absolute disinterest
In whether You live or die.

* * * *

Here we go again.

* * * *

Disinterest is the key to unlimited awareness.

* * * *

Allowing the mind to come to rest
Of its own accord is the trick.

* * * *

How strange memories are.
Remnants of perceptions of time
Given the imaginary weight of reality,
A patchwork both real and unreal
Casting its cloudy shadows
Into every moment's
Eternal passing.

* * * *

True intelligence hath no bounds.

* * * *

Who was ever born?

* * * *

Your need not agree with anything scrawled here.
It a jumbled bag, a work in progress, often snagged by the limitations of the world,
The insane asylum in which it has been written.

* * * *

A sense of anonymity allows great freedom.

* * * *

Do not blame your deity of choice,
Do not whine to your deity of choice,
Do not bargain with your deity of choice,
When the sewer we have all together created,
Backs up across every corner of the living room.
There is not, there never was, any deity there to listen.

* * * *

What to do when You can no longer feel the need, to discern or bother about difference anymore?

* * * *

Those of little stature are those who lack it within.

* * * *

What a collection of losers.

* * * *

Those who cannot handle a shovel, when the dikes are leaking, are pretty useless.

* * * *

Do You stick around because
Of amusement, curiosity, obligation, fear
Or some other sweet enticement this garden offers?

* * * *

Life is a short term loan.

* * * *

The whole thing is past caring.

* * * *

What's done is done.

* * * *

A curious fate.

* * * *

Who would want to walk on water?

* * * *

Regret? Hope? Why bother?

* * * *

Nature is absolute.

* * * *

The spring won't stop
Till the mountain no longer sustains it.

* * * *

Born in the land of the muddy river.

* * * *

So you've woken up, now what?

* * * *

Excess in every direction.
Where's the balance.

* * * *

Maybe you've already figured it out.
Maybe You don't have to strive anymore
To be something you've always been.

* * * *

No bureaucrat should be allowed
To issue any rule or procedure
Unless its been trial-tested
Through personal experience.

* * * *

Get your own act together
Before You try to change another's

* * * *

People coming from a harsher world
Are generally much more willing and able
To world much harder for much less
Than the well-fed natives.

* * * *

Avoid babbling.

* * * *

Why would anyone want to be around
A bunch of ass-kissing sycophants?

* * * *

Contrary minds breed contrary results.

* * * *

God-damned clocks.

* * * *

The twists and turns of attachment are ceaseless.

* * * *

Fool's hell.

* * * *

Since when has freedom
Ever had a name?

* * * *

Ah, the gullibility of people
Who believe anything written is true.

* * * *

Die well.

* * * *

In greatness there is smallness.
In smallness there is greatness.

* * * *

Your past creates the present.
Your present creates your future.
Is there free will?

* * * *

It can get a lot worse.

* * * *

Reside in the stars.
There human travail assumes
A very distant and meaningless space.

* * * *

Written for all time to come.

* * * *

If You chose to be here,
That would mean You were God.
If You did not, where is this greater other?

Prove the pudding.

* * * *

The hard wiring is only attachment
To the consciousness of genetic design.
Any blueprint can tell You as much.

* * * *

Why start anything
You don't plan to see through?

* * * *

Can the hub know itself?

* * * *

Cherish your dreamtime as best ye may,
But let go easily when the last breath's done.

* * * *

Time is illusion, but still
There are clocks everywhere
With which You must daily contend.

* * * *

How can any knowledge be transmitted,
But through whatever foundation
The teacher knows?

* * * *

We are so obviously destroying everything
We might hope for the future.

* * * *

What a fabulous process
Mutation has taken one.

* * * *

Flesh and blood.
That's all it is.

* * * *

Be sure
To spend some of that retirement money
Before You die, You insecure beast.

* * * *

You enjoy the articulation
More than You do reality.

* * * *

What kind of life
Shuffling paper through a cubicle.

* * * *

Those who see are the flowers of Eden.

* * * *

What put yourself through all this doubt?

* * * *

Eternity washes away all memory.

* * * *

Does one flower concern itself
With any other?

* * * *

Sooner or later You will leave them all behind.
You cannot take anything or anyone with You.

* * * *

Who is that behind all those words?

* * * *

You are essence come to life.

* * * *

The universe is as mortal as the mind.

* * * *

You will do what You have the courage to do.

* * * *

They will forget again and again and again.

* * * *

Anyone is vulnerable to calculation.

* * * *

If there is going to be any relationship between us,
It will be as equals.

* * * *

Let the wraiths and demons pass by.
They are teachers in their own manner.
None can be saved from their fate.

* * * *

Missiles and bombs break your bones,
But words will never hurt You.
Yeah, right.

* * * *

Wealth is relative.

* * * *

Always measuring.

* * * *

How much is someone You can depend on worth?

* * * *

Where would You be without measurement?

* * * *

Embrace the ladder, then kick off into oblivion.

* * * *

How sweet this world would be
If only every need and want
Required no price to pay.

* * * *

We grow weary of our boredom.

* * * *

Intimidation is not a great motivator.

* * * *

Last night, another notebook completed.
What a well this mind hath been dug.

* * * *

The cave beckons.

* * * *

Life is a vortex sucking you
Through time's display.

* * * *

Is anybody out there listening?

* * * *

We find so many ways to tempt fate.

* * * *

Still looking for something, aren't You?

* * * *

Your are attached to a chemical-electrical process.

* * * *

Chances are no one is looking for You,
Nor will You be long-remembered.

* * * *

If You think it's just nice or supposed to be,
Life's reality may catch You unaware
In the grip of non-compliance.

* * * *

If a description is all you've got,
You've got squat.

* * * *

Duality is the prerequisite
For there to be existence.

* * * *

The whole fucking thing is about attachment.

* * * *

How can someone who's stupid enough to follow
Going to be smart enough to pick someone worth following?

* * * *

What exactly did You see?

* * * *

One man's beast is another's angel.

* * * *

The only one who needs
To feel right about your existence is You.
No one else matters when time takes its final accounting.

* * * *

Did You write all this, or did it write through You?

* * * *

They're really all just like You.
They just think they're different.

* * * *

Like it or not, You are one
With your favorite demon.

* * * *

The winds of fate harvest all.

* * * *

What a long mini-series, this human drama.

* * * *

Just an ordinary eccentric.

* * * *

Interesting how so many people need to be revered.

* * * *

In the way of the seed, time will do its own works.

* * * *

To thine own voice be true.

* * * *

Be sure You really want to know the truth, the actuality,
Because there is no turning back once it annihilates You.

* * * *

The mind craves the security of its conceptual pattern.

* * * *

Men of war become great peacemakers.

* * * *

You will be free when there is no longer choice.

* * * *

We enjoy making it more complex than it is.

* * * *

What as life like before sound became concept?

* * * *

Assholes come in all colors, sizes and shapes.

* * * *

All parts are equal but for the smokescreens.

XCVI

No matter how huge your universe,
It remains limited by your imagination.

* * * *

You will never get it if You try too hard.

* * * *

Tell the chief what he needs to know,
Then let him/her call the play.

* * * *

All history is but illusion.

* * * *

What part does wisdom have in this wretched play?

* * * *

One get so tired of being poked and prodded
By the limitations of bureaucratic whimsy.

* * * *

How presumptuous to think these thoughts
Will have any real impact on the human drama.

* * * *

We are far too gullible and narrow-minded
For there to be any meaningful change.

* * * *

Until spell-check, I thought I could spell.
Fortunately, I haven't got the software
To break my grammatical delusion.

* * * *

What can You expect from a small-time theater?

* * * *

How many are cast into roles
We would likely not have predicted.

* * * *

We all offer something,
Meaningless as it may seem.

* * * *

Go beyond the laws of this vain existence.

* * * *

Loving yourself is a great challenge for so many.
We take self-loathing to such great heights.

* * * *

Surrender to the unconditional friend and lover within.

* * * *

The me, myself, and I is such a limited view.

* * * *

Drift on.

* * * *

Take the pain.
A difficult gift, but a gift nonetheless.
Without it You would not be mortal.

* * * *

Genocide isn't just about killing off human beings.

* * * *

Passion in battle loses many a war.

* * * *

All enemies are imagined.

* * * *

Do You shape history? It You? Both? Or neither?

* * * *

How incredible to love and be loved unconditionally.

* * * *

Live without reservation, unrepentant.

* * * *

But who's common sense rules?

* * * *

You are in for big trouble
When You allow procedure
To outweigh common sense.

* * * *

Capacity is grounded by limitation.

* * * *

Conscience can be a bother.

* * * *

Breathe through it.

* * * *

Already it's done.

* * * *

They will do what they will.

* * * *

What would be the point
Of sending Mammon off this planet?

* * * *

What do You do with an opponent
Bent on harming or destroying You?

* * * *

Technology creates countless new vocabularies.

* * * *

Stark and raving mad.

* * * *

Some of us have had
Quite enough of this tomfoolery,
I assure You.

* * * *

Obligations are entirely subjective.
You are not required to do or be anything.

* * * *

People who steeple their paws
Show their lack of discrimination.

* * * *

Your image of me is not my problem.

* * * *

We'd all make different choices
About who would get a ticket
To our concentration camps.

* * * *

Merit finds its own way.

* * * *

If You want nothing from me,
I will give You everything.

* * * *

If You don't like something being done to You,
Why do it to another?

* * * *

Things change into new things again and again.

* * * *

You want so much that it cannot offer that much.

* * * *

There are ugly Americans,
And there are ugly English,
And there are ugly Germans,
And there are ugly Egyptians,
And there are ugly Japanese,
And there are ugly Nigerians,
And there are ugly Mexicans,
And there are ugly Greeks,
And on and on.

* * * *

Who isn't ugly some of the time?

* * * *

Can You see what You do not know?

* * * *

Isn't it remarkable how one moment
Turns into the next?

* * * *

Superficial probably works for You most the time.

* * * *

How differently all our mind sees the universe.

* * * *

Whose life are You living anyway?
May as well enjoy it.

* * * *

What lottery will You win today?

* * * *

Where is that?

* * * *

You hold onto your pain as if it's really important.

* * * *

So many trying to convince You their way is right
When, really, one way is as good as another.

* * * *

Is what You fear not remembering
Really that important?

* * * *

How challenging not to be stuck in time.

* * * *

You do what You have little choice but to do.

* * * *

If You want nothing, the pain becomes irrelevant.

* * * *

We are stuffed-up on so much bullshit.

* * * *

I operate on a need to know basis,
And I don't.

* * * *

Aging is a process
Of paying attention
To different things.

* * * *

Some things are so blatant
They can't be seen.

* * * *

Is birth always so painful?

* * * *

Imagine what it's like to be something different.
Every form plays outs its designated role.

* * * *

What is there to be afraid of, really,
That is not a concoction of imagination?

* * * *

Give it some thought.

* * * *

From some vast fountain these many thoughts come,
Each one spontaneous, randomly accessed
From the day-to-day observations
Of a rather ordinary life.

* * * *

Love is a word defined by You.

* * * *

How ruthless the world is to women.
What matter how unattractive the drone.

* * * *

Humanity's ultimate lack of cooperation
Will likely prove its ultimate undoing.

* * * *

What makes You really think anyone else
Knows any more than You about truth?

* * * *

The body is a means for consciousness
To contemplate its mysterious origin.

* * * *

Some will probably always feel the need
To have things explained to them by others.

* * * *

Some forms are more pleasing to the senses,
But they most likely won't all be unless
You perceive them all as gold.

* * * *

You have no choice but to play out the body.
Impressed by a birth You did not choose,
You have elected to stay on voluntarily.
You could slit your throat anytime,
Though who can really know

Where that might lead?

* * * *

All experts are suspect.

* * * *

Romance can be fun,
But how often is it
More fantasy than fact?

* * * *

Whether a toe or a distant galaxy,
Sometimes it all seems so far away.
All the same, all the same, all the same.

* * * *

Any culture whose leaders can be bought and sold is fated to decline and ruin.

* * * *

Is the issue whether You can do it,
Or whether You want to?

* * * *

What is the point of fearing
You will not live a long life?

* * * *

Looking for a reason to die?

* * * *

Sometimes it takes awhile to catch
How twisted someone else has become.

* * * *

How weighted thought is.

* * * *

Become your ideal,
Or don't bother having any.

* * * *

What does it really matter
If You don't see, touch, taste,
Hear, speak or think of it?

* * * *

Of drops the ocean is made.

* * * *

So what if You are not served first, or even last.

* * * *

Be free of all authority, especially God's.

* * * *

Each seed discovers life anew, within the confines of its potential in time.

* * * *

Feel like it is all a bother sometimes.

* * * *

Eternity is the timeless You.

* * * *

This view allows every possibility, and those whose destiny it Is, will not settle for less.

* * * *

Discern the kernel from the chaff.

* * * *

Take on whatever identity You please,
You will ever be the same You.

* * * *

Attached to form,
Your attempts to reconcile duality
Only fragment You further.

* * * *

Who knows what another
Will read into these thoughts?
How is it possible to ever know
How another's mind will turn?

* * * *

If it bothers You so much,
Just ignore it.

* * * *

When is enough, enough?

* * * *

How long is forever?

* * * *

Why apologize for seeing it the way You see it?

* * * *

Always strange what worshipers of Mammon will do.

* * * *

What an amazing thing to be alive, and to be a human being, capable of writing about it.

* * * *

The mystery will experience, whatever it wants to experience.

* * * *

Oh yawn.

* * * *

How can someone who never learned to play
Learn that which comes so easily to those who did?

* * * *

Peace is in the eye of the beholder.

* * * *

Anyone with a scientific inclination just naturally
Scrutinizes the many nuances and vagaries
Of whatever they happen to be doing.

* * * *

How artful we can be
At rationalizing our actions.

* * * *

Life is a big game of tag.

* * * *

The fulcrum of any law is cooperation.

* * * *

The universe does not care long, if at all, for your appearance.

* * * *

Bouquets promise something, but what is clear only to lovers.

* * * *

Read closely that You might discern the unseen of each letter's turn.

XCVII

This book is written for the end of all time.

* * * *

You know nothing well.

* * * *

We all have our scars,
Imagined as they may be.

* * * *

The literal mind can only see the literal meaning.

* * * *

What would life be like
If You didn't try to remember so much?

* * * *

Eden was lost the moment consciousness took the reigns.

* * * *

So many ways life could have gone.

* * * *

Then one day it occurred to you
That You were probably an alien.

* * * *

We are mesmerized by leaders
Who cannot lead wisely.

* * * *

What direction does smoke have but the wind's?

* * * *

Why You?
Why not You?

* * * *

Look to the source for the answer to why,
And You will find no answer necessary.

* * * *

Are You a minion of God or Satan? What difference really?

* * * *

Hear ye Eden in your silence?

* * * *

Are there ever enough of these moments?

* * * *

How many attributes does history spin in its imaginary vortex?

* * * *

Still trying to figure out your fate?

* * * *

If You must have enemies, try not to have imaginary ones.

* * * *

What attention wisdom requires.

* * * *

Do not wait for acceptance.

* * * *

If You want to know your fate, die.

* * * *

The frog rasps, “I am one.”

* * * *

Tired of it? Give it all back.

* * * *

What is there to achieve but to become one’s Self?

* * * *

Will humanity survive its infancy?

* * * *

What kind of world have we created
That our own creations receive more devotion
Than the nature which originated all?

* * * *

God forbid You are wrong; You could not stand for it to be less.

* * * *

Bound to this masquerade; there is peace only between the crashing waves.

* * * *

History is played out in the moment.

* * * *

Why would God only want to haunt heaven?

* * * *

An occasional journey through hell's halls of hedonistic narcissism,
Can be enticing fare, for even to the most virtuous, devout saints.

* * * *

From park bench to penthouse, it is all You.

* * * *

What a delusion!

* * * *

What fun, sometimes.

* * * *

The mystery is the indivisible come to life.

* * * *

Life according to Webster,
"Is a state of functional activity peculiar to organized matter."
The mystery is the organizer.

* * * *

Death is the solution; all your problems will magically disappear.

* * * *

Nature can be more than a little uncomfortable.

* * * *

Write'em, cowboy.

* * * *

Imagine a truly civilized world.

* * * *

We have gradually killed off or tamed or immobilized most of our opponents.
Now it is just us against our most deadly adversary: our dysfunctional paradigm.

* * * *

How stupid we are.

* * * *

Played out as it will; there is but one voice.

* * * *

The way is all ways.

* * * *

The unconditional, is so much more omnipotent than the conditional,
That it waits for all eternity, for all its creations, to find their way home.

* * * *

The shepherd rejoices the found sheep; meanwhile, the herd has wandered off.

* * * *

I am the one here to tell You to mellow out.

* * * *

Oceans rain upon the highest mountains, bringing them home to the depths of their origin.

* * * *

Eden lives.

* * * *

The bargain any make with the devil, is sealed by delusion and ignorance.

* * * *

Whose daddy have killed today, Mr. Leader?

* * * *

Any assumption can have far-reaching consequences.

* * * *

How many specialists lack a bigger picture, as they create even greater destruction?

* * * *

You have created time, but can You end it?

* * * *

Are we stupid, or what?

* * * *

Become the part that is the whole.

* * * *

Watch what draws You most
With your greatest dispassion.

* * * *

As if any measurement really matters.

* * * *

Pray tell, into what space is the universe expanding?

* * * *

Is her reflection in the mirror any more real than she?

* * * *

Who asks questions or articulates statements?

* * * *

Is there anything which is not arbitrary?

* * * *

Your universe crumbles with the last breath.

* * * *

There's hope when people stay friends.

* * * *

What is one's destiny?

* * * *

Why You?
Because somebody had to do it,
And You seem to have drawn the card.

* * * *

Mass murderers were children once.
What twist and turns life takes any soul.

* * * *

You assume so much.

* * * *

Realities that do no align with nature
Must eventually, inevitably fail.

* * * *

From the head, drop back into the heart.

* * * *

What happened to You?

* * * *

The truly wise have passed the final test.

* * * *

Crap is crap no matter how it's cooked.

* * * *

All trails are confined by well-worn minds.

* * * *

Both parochial and infinite this mind.

* * * *

A gift from that which passion ebbs.

* * * *

Can You be content without accepting your lot?

* * * *

Beliefs are the screen of patterns
Established by the complex play
Of time traveling through space.

* * * *

It's all one, but some are more equal than others.

* * * *

Those who wish it more embrace ashes.

* * * *

Experience is imagination.

* * * *

Your will keep asking questions
Until You answer them all.

* * * *

What do You want to know?
Whatever interests You,
Whatever You need to know,
Whatever happens along.

* * * *

Where does the dividing point
Between born and unborn linger?

* * * *

It all brings You back.
Any pair of shoes will do.

* * * *

What happens to any seed.

* * * *

Does time create imagination

Or imagination time?

* * * *

Knowledge is intuited.

* * * *

The Reaper makes house calls.

* * * *

It becomes whatever You think it is.

* * * *

Yours is the voice I give You.
Mine is the voice You give me.

* * * *

Women and their animals.

* * * *

Your are trapped by your genetic pattern
Unless You surrender to just being.

* * * *

Hey, pretty girl. Hey, pretty guy.
Best not assume that just
Because You are physically beautiful
That anyone who is looking for something more
Would want to hazard more than a few nights with You.

* * * *

You have no sense of anything
But what You see.

* * * *

God is just another invention of the human mind.

* * * *

The mystery is in the beingness.

* * * *

Some cannot be happy with a mountain of gold,
While others smile at a handful of dry sand.

* * * *

What is there to really learn
But that from which all lessons birth?

* * * *

What an assumption history is.

* * * *

So, can You think for yourself yet?

* * * *

Real freedom is pretty scary to the prisoners of time.

* * * *

Another child; dear God, do so few have any comprehension the future they are fashioning?

* * * *

What is guilt, but a curse upon those too weak, to resist the will of domination.

* * * *

You must be looking for someone else.

* * * *

I will pass on that one if You do not mind.

* * * *

What are You?

* * * *

Why are we so enticed by that which has no permanency?
Why do we cling with such passionate determination,
To all the things, that we can never really possess?

* * * *

You can do no more than experience the ever-present change.

* * * *

She leaves enough to your imagination,
To drive You into the foolishness,
Of unrequitable passion.

* * * *

Free your mind with a deep breath.

* * * *

Any idea, any notion ever conceived,
Is only as real as the weight of belief it is given.
And what will You believe this day?

* * * *

In a land filled with demons,
Whatcha gonna do?

* * * *

Another kneejerk response.

* * * *

Thoughts such as these are not for popular consumption.
Only the rare few chew content upon the eternal reverie.

* * * *

The women lead their drones who trail with the leashed poodle.

* * * *

What need have You the emptiness of any rationalization?

* * * *

Few will ever discern the real You.

* * * *

Another enticing seed vat.

* * * *

Oh joy, another revolution
(Yawn).

* * * *

We are moving so far from nature,
Reconciliation can only be great destruction.
Partial or whole is the only question.

* * * *

Beauty holds out much longer if steeped in silence.

XCVIII

Always ironic that so many who least understand
Have co-opted so adamantly the wisdom
To which they are least suited.
Conclusions barricade the seeing.

* * * *

Isn't it all just miscellaneous hodge and podge?

* * * *

Some people wake up early, some late.
Some sleep through the whole show.

* * * *

"Women don't have the same vexing control over me
As they did when I was so much younger,"
He said as he craned his neck
For another view.

* * * *

Is there anything untouched by paradox?

* * * *

Can most eyes remain closed
When there is a light show at play?

* * * *

Go to the kernel of everything observed.

* * * *

It never happened.

* * * *

You really think You can change yourself?

* * * *

How blind so many are to their aloneness
That they passionately avoid, deny or destroy
Any contaminant which might expose their eyes
To the ultimate reality from which all springs.

* * * *

Some doors open easily, some stick, some will never budge, fate is as fate does.

* * * *

Yes, that beauty who just waltzed by will someday too be a hag.

* * * *

What a cruel God to create this mortal play.

* * * *

These words are yet another wander to Self-discovery.

* * * *

It is the farm boy in You that seeds the flower to the same end.

* * * *

Allow the world its diversity.
Moderation and economy in all things.
Be and allow is the highest law.

* * * *

Passionately wave any flag
And you'll no doubt ferret
Many more than a few
Willing to die for it.

* * * *

Funny how You always wake up
In a new space and time.

* * * *

So many ways to abuse,
So many ways to be abused.

* * * *

So many surreal romantic notions.

* * * *

Life must die for life to continue.

* * * *

A deity so petty, as the one so many create, is no deity for You.

* * * *

The ruby slippers, are Dorothy's bodhi tree.

* * * *

Is the issue recycling or consumption?

* * * *

What price will You pay for your desire?

* * * *

Whose news?

* * * *

Forgive them,
They know not what they do.

* * * *

Heaven and hells
Are for minds attached to their bodies.

* * * *

There are many antichrists,
But they are no what You think.

* * * *

And all the lemming scientists measuring away,
Trying to confirm whether or not a cliff lies ahead.

* * * *

Life and death are not really.

* * * *

Let someone else have your fifteen minutes.

* * * *

Why would any deity bother saving anyone incapable of saving themselves?

* * * *

Are like and dislike any more, than simple correlations to levels of pleasure and comfort?

* * * *

Most of your life, if not all of it, is well beyond your control.

* * * *

What do You see with your peripheral vision?

* * * *

How we relish our glories.

* * * *

Does all this talk about freedom apply to anyone else?

* * * *

A conspiracy of one.

* * * *

Resistance diminishes the opportunity for joy.

* * * *

The need to pee is not an illusion.

* * * *

Cute is only fur deep.

* * * *

Pay attention to the hub.

* * * *

Every moment its own beginning, its own end.

* * * *

What is it You think you're holding onto?

* * * *

Place it all within a grain of sand.

* * * *

Seeds planted,
Dormant till winter's passing.

* * * *

Pleasure is only pleasurable
When it is not correlated
To the resulting pain.

* * * *

Handle it with reverence
As You destroy it.

* * * *

As far as timelines go,
The human species is apportioned
A scratch at best.

* * * *

Why would God choose a bunch of losers?

* * * *

You would have more regret killing a rattlesnake or a black widow.

* * * *

Like every other beast on the planet,
We have our instinctual dance,
Our genetic undercurrent.
Complex as it seems,
It is very simple,

At the primal level.

* * * *

So many things You have done;
So many, many, many more it is not
Your destiny to ever even ponder.

* * * *

Options are as options is.

* * * *

We are the flowering of free will.

* * * *

You are the mix of God and man.

* * * *

Get beyond political correctness.

* * * *

She, too, is an illusion.

* * * *

Memories echo around an otherwise empty cavity.

* * * *

You're only the star in You show.

* * * *

The need to control others
Is a sign of great insecurity.

* * * *

If You have a soul,
Why wouldn't everything else?

* * * *

Alas, your poor guardian angel.

* * * *

Your are the vanity, kid.

* * * *

If You are the primal essence,
What can harm You?

* * * *

It is called many names,

Yet in reality it has none.

* * * *

Words have so little meaning,
Yet they are the means
By which all attachments form.

* * * *

What unwritten contracts between the sexes.

* * * *

What fine madness this all is.

* * * *

Consciousness is a temporary marvel,
Life a temporary dream,
Eternity a fact crossing all seams.

* * * *

Join hearts across all divides.

* * * *

Why compromise with a lesser view.

* * * *

Irony and paradox being what it is; You are the hero/heroine of your story.

* * * *

Earth, wind, water, fire, all swirl together into the third eye.

* * * *

What a siren! Oh lord, tie me to the mast, and torture me more.

* * * *

Once You taste fearlessness, can You abide its source any further?

* * * *

What joy moves You?

* * * *

Always give your opponents an opportunity or so to change their mind.

* * * *

What scope, rationalization can cross.

* * * *

You must enjoy hell,
lest You would not remain.

* * * *

Feel the fire and ice of your torture chamber.

* * * *

Truth is a heady drink.
Not everyone covets such a fine wine.

* * * *

Project unfold one step at a time.

* * * *

Humility is a gift.

* * * *

So many ways to say one,
To exercise its countless forms.

* * * *

What inspires so many
To inflict such agony upon others?
What wicked, naughty, petty deities, we can be.

* * * *

Every single moment, from a fairly large data set, You select your universe.

* * * *

Yeah, mamma!

* * * *

A teaching obviously lower than most.

* * * *

It's a DNA thing.

* * * *

But for the words,
You are so easily forgotten.

* * * *

Why expect more than life offers?

* * * *

Ooh, what a bother a body can be.

* * * *

Sure, sure, you're supposed to care,
But sometimes You don't.

* * * *

Why take death seriously?
Or life for that matter?

* * * *

How foreign everything can seem.

* * * *

Your specialty is unknown.

* * * *

How excruciating this dream world can be.

* * * *

There is always something to do.

* * * *

When was time invented?
When did it become real?

* * * *

Humanity's biggest delusion
Is that we can outdo our nature.

* * * *

Why shouldn't what happens to everyone else
Happen to You?

* * * *

So many things to wonder about.
All to the same conclusion.

* * * *

Drifting along, not deeds to do,
No promises to keep.

* * * *

Embrace the what is of reality,
And no harm can befall You.

* * * *

Does any other seed sustain
The unwarranted sense of separation
We human beings have managed?

* * * *

Uncarved blocks contain every possibility.

* * * *

Plant a large pile of shit in that beautiful garden
To remind yourself what those flowers come from.

* * * *

History shows again and again that anything can be forgotten.

* * * *

Fairer sex?
Gee willikers, is that what they call an oxymoron?

* * * *

My oh my, You do love to yap.

* * * *

Just another set of seeds
Born of Mother Earth's garden.
Perhaps the cleverest so far,
But just as mortal as any.

* * * *

How attached You are to your resume.

* * * *

Good and evil are an illusion whose hypnotic anchor is vivid imagination.

* * * *

Who would really want to leave this garden forever
For what might well be an infinite journey
Into the ultimate aloneness?

XCIX

The only thing that could stop this insanity
Is a major set of reality therapy catastrophes.

* * * *

A general who understands his opponent
May well win the war before it even starts.

* * * *

The ocean is the surface and all its depths.

* * * *

How much of your existence is spent
Watching over your hoard?
Greedy dragons all.

* * * *

Between here and there
Are an infinity of nows.

* * * *

Do You really believe
They really care about you
Any more than You do about them?

* * * *

The fullness is found in the realization.

* * * *

What need to carry any delusion?

* * * *

A few are born to swim in the sun.

* * * *

Is any personality
More than an outcome
Of circumstance and circuitry?

* * * *

You are not the pain.
You are not the pleasure.

* * * *

Attachment is not the venue of truth.

* * * *

Death is an easy watch.

* * * *

End of that genetic line.

* * * *

How pleasant it has been,
To be able to read so many great works,
That minds given over to the mystery have scribed,
In every geography, in every age.

* * * *

What would it be like, to again be as supple as You were as a child?

* * * *

Do You look without seeing, or see without looking?

* * * *

Your hometown will accept You, if they have the wit.

* * * *

The more ably You participate, the easier your time may be.

* * * *

Born of eternal mystery, You create, You preserve, You destroy.
You invent and play out many parts, to the end of all beginnings.

* * * *

What is, exactly, an untimely death?

* * * *

So many sounds, from the depths of eternal being.

* * * *

Always so many rules to learn, as if they are all so important.

* * * *

Yawn.

* * * *

Sometimes, any panorama becomes like staring at a blank wall.

* * * *

All things miscellaneous

* * * *

Is there anything but vanity in this dream?

* * * *

Just because we're one
Doesn't mean we'll get along.

* * * *

What can anything or anyone
Truly offer which You do not
Already completely possess?

* * * *

Don't expect much
From a pot of coffee
You can see through.

* * * *

A poor smokescreen
Doesn't fool a sharpshooter.

* * * *

If You should manage to have one,
Try to stick to the game plan.

* * * *

Do not play the victim card too often, if at all.

* * * *

Didn't the human drama
Used to be more fascinating?

* * * *

What different circuits we all travel.

* * * *

A smattering of knowledge
Can go a long way.

* * * *

God is dead; he committed suicide after he realized how badly he had fucked up.

* * * *

Life has no purpose, and truth does not exist.

* * * *

Demons and their minions, rule this world, and stupid people follow them.

* * * *

You are a sovereign entity.

* * * *

Tragedy is so much a part of the human condition.

* * * *

Look Ma, I can walk on cement.

* * * *

Megalomania is its own limitation.

* * * *

Babble on and on and on and .....

* * * *

Since eternity is now,
You already have eternal life.
Why would You ever fear losing it?

* * * *

We're all using the same theater
To play lead part in our own play.

* * * *

Prior to all form is clarity.

* * * *

To bring a child
Into this harsh world
And not nurture it,
How pathetic.

* * * *

To commandeer so much
And heed so little for the nature
Which divined existence.
How pathetic.

* * * *

Take away the genetic factor,
And what was once delusional ecstasy
Can become pretty darn scary.

* * * *

How afraid so many are to see failure
Mirrored in the eyes of groups
With which they identify.

* * * *

If the student cannot see it,
How can the teacher explain it?

* * * *

You may well be able
To trust a conquering government
More than your own.

* * * *

With conscious breath,
You swim into Eden's eternity.

* * * *

Cowboys got to know
When to hand over the reigns.

* * * *

One could certainly argue
Everything's going to die, anyway.
Has existence ever been anything more
Than a short term requisition?

* * * *

There's only one real solution
To all these problems we have created,
But that remains for us to answer.

* * * *

She is still pretty enough to believe they are really interested in her.

* * * *

Your calling is whatever interests You enough to come to mind.

* * * *

Will the real one, please stand up.

* * * *

Truth is Self-evident.

* * * *

Spiritual vanity is the greatest hurdle; it is the vanity of all vanities.

* * * *

If You are not God, who is?

* * * *

Sifting through ashes, is the work of the dead.

* * * *

It does not have to mean anything.

* * * *

Sometimes it is just fun to say it yet again, but with yet another conceptual twist.

* * * *

Easy to appear confident about the things You know.

* * * *

Read the doubt between the lines.

* * * *

So many mirrors can be overwhelming.

* * * *

You may as well relax.
You are going to suffer.
You are going to die.

* * * *

Oh well.

* * * *

Once upon a time there was no money.

* * * *

Like a deer in the headlights.

* * * *

Where will all this lead?

* * * *

Interesting thing about law
Is how many there are
And how often it changes.

* * * *

Get control of your mind.

* * * *

These opinions are ultimately
No different than any other.

* * * *

How much of your life will You sleep through.

* * * *

What resolve there must be in any decision to create or destroy.

* * * *

Just another fusion of energy.

* * * *

Why do so many place the mystery, only in the high or powerful places?

* * * *

There is always one set of rules or another.

* * * *

Your vain deity will torture You for as long as possible, before sucking your soul back to oblivion.

* * * *

You are one with the lint in your belly button.

* * * *

It is all one in twos or more.

* * * *

How aggravating the play of time makes us.

* * * *

Is there anything that is not possible?

* * * *

Amazing what a clutch of nerve endings has created.

* * * *

Leaving something, no longer working for You, sometimes takes a fair amount of courage.

* * * *

What some will settle for is always amazing.

* * * *

Aphorisms are not necessarily poetic.
They often sound foolish when read aloud.
They are most useful for quiet, solitary reflection.

* * * *

Empower yourself.

* * * *

It is yours naturally.

* * * *

You are quite predictable.

* * * *

Hometowns generally have difficulty accepting changes in their spawn.

* * * *

Sorry Mr. Einstein, God loves dice.

* * * *

Peter Pan lives.
Run, Peter, run.
Die, Wendy, die.

* * * *

Will You still be friends after the sex?

* * * *

It all boils down to the real You.

* * * *

This is all quite impossible, You know; yet here we are, the pawns of time.

* * * *

How perfectly it all fits together.

* * * *

Quite equal.

* * * *

So many forces shaping your reality.

* * * *

Who will win in the race against time?

* * * *

What are You?

* * * *

Who is that masked man, Kimo Sabe?

* * * *

Subscribe only to the real power.

* * * *

Chaotic anarchy is a fundamental reality.

* * * *

This speaks to that which is for the theater,

And that which pertains to none but oneness.

* * * *

All grades fade in time.

* * * *

The revolution is full of subtle reminders.

* * * *

Curious how some middleman always manages
To plant a tollgate between You and your craving.

* * * *

How insecure vanity.

* * * *

Create when You can,
Preserve if You can,
Destroy when You must.

* * * *

What would it be like to die alone
In the middle of the desolate ocean?

* * * *

A safe prediction: More of the same.

If You cannot discern a moderate perspective,
If You cannot keep your many passions in check,
Your cravings, your urges, your appetites, your lusts,
Extremes of every sort, can easily destroy You.

* * * *

All You want is illusion.

* * * *

Dreams are the mark of a mind
Entangled in the theater
Of its own creation.

* * * *

It is acceptable not to pretend to know what You cannot.
Agnosticism is perspective of anyone who is authentic.

* * * *

The only real solution to your view of this universe is death.

* * * *

Understanding how things work
Doesn't mean You must
Participate that way.

* * * *

How insidious, identification.

* * * *

So many things yet to pretend.

* * * *

Let us try once again
To make it perfectly clear.

* * * *

Treat your body with a reasonable amount of care.
It is a very vulnerable meat machine, a temporary vehicle
Through which space-time may appear as either heaven or hell.

* * * *

Be moderate in the seven deadly pleasures:
Gluttony, greed, sloth, envy, wrath, lust and pride.

* * * *

The most innocuous spot is the best place to hide.

* * * *

Students of irony mark their own way.

* * * *

Ah, the wonder of an orderly society.

* * * *

Compassion comes
When You know others
As You do your Self.

* * * *

Who begrudges anyone great or small
A breath of air, a bowl of food, or a cup of water,
Or a secure, clean dwelling to live and sleep?
Words don't count for much without these.

* * * *

Those relatively few across time, across space,
Who have pondered things deeply,
Have a quiet kinship.

* * * *

Respect does not require any pretense.

* * * *

One of those days when You may as well
Keep pen dangling over paper.

* * * *

You are not obligated to be interested in anything,
Nor are You denied the right to be interested in everything.

* * * *

What happens when You allow
The other entry into your mind?

* * * *

Your beliefs hinder You seeing it directly.

* * * *

To associate these thoughts
With any particular era of history
Might well miss their pointless nature.

* * * *

What death is ever not timely?

* * * *

He wondered how smoothly the panties
Would slide down her silky thighs.

* * * *

Sometimes busy-busy, sometimes not.
Sometimes times pass so quickly,
Others almost entirely stopped.
Whoever knows the known
Can only briefly fathom
That which will ever
Be unknown.

* * * *

Rarely on time, the clock hands
Spin their endless course
Of round and round.

* * * *

Something new to think about.

* * * *

Who has room for those without boundaries?

* * * *

Is not life reward enough?

* * * *

A compendium,
A chronicle of reflections
A collection of aphoristic musings,
Of the day-to-day streaming of consciousness.

* * * *

You will be something's feast someday.

* * * *

How easily the corruption of greed seizes a soul.

* * * *

The costume box of your mind.

* * * *

Why do You gauge yourself by the popular line?

* * * *

It's as empty as it is full.

* * * *

We are all so susceptible to our ignorance.

* * * *

Flowers seek admiration.

* * * *

Bound to form, You ride
The ebb and flow of your passion.

* * * *

But for the inattention of consciousness,
You are always absolutely present
In the eternal here-now.

* * * *

What a mystery any fate is.

* * * *

What are You looking for in any relationship?

* * * *

Give and take without thoughts of obligation.

* * * *

Sifting through the ashes, Buddha awakens.

* * * *

Pretty hard not to detest
Some parts of your life.

* * * *

What will kill You?
How will You die?

* * * *

Alas, alas, the body does not respond
To your commands as it once did.

* * * *

Concepts are just sounds
Unless You know what they mean.

* * * *

Your life is how You use your energy.

* * * *

How far can pathetic go?

* * * *

Something's rising somewhere.

* * * *

Imagination makes great leaps of faith.

* * * *

First there was the world,
And then there was naught.

* * * *

As meaningless as it is,
We still give it what we can.

* * * *

You've got one chance at every moment.

* * * *

Thoughts are flickering energy.
To what can one be attached
But the vanity that this thunderstorm,
This barrage of the senses, is somehow real.

* * * *

In the company of like minds, there is no other.

* * * *

Do not trust any business
To weigh your best interests
Over its demanding bottom line.
They all vie for your gullibility.

* * * *

Bypass the bullshit.

* * * *

This ground is not for sale.

* * * *

In death You are reborn.

* * * *

The mirage of greener grass
Entices all but the most content.
Move any direction, it is all the same.

* * * *

Contentment is mastery.

* * * *

The existential cruelty of it all.

* * * *

A dancing wit plays to the company of time.

* * * *

The way is the creator or all function,
Yet remains untouched by form.

* * * *

We do love our memorials to vanity.

* * * *

The sun feels very warm
When the gray clouds are not
Making everything seem very cool.
Another good day to die.

* * * *

Sensuality beckons us all taste the tasteless nature.

* * * *

An existence that never was,
Mesmerized by an ethereal imagination
Which could only pretend to be.

* * * *

After awhile experience become like rain filling a bucket.
Patter, patter, patter, one after another, nothing but process.

* * * *

Does it often seem afterwards as if nothing really happened?

* * * *

Who know their world unto death?

* * * *

Innocence is the time of causes.

* * * *

Time is what You make of it.

* * * *

No devil can tempt You without your collusion.

* * * *

Money is not one of the higher indicators of success.

* * * *

Just putting it all in the same perspective as gnat dung.

* * * *

Religions make-believe their deities and demons of choice,
Are playing some huge chess game for our souls.
How naive, how gullible, the masses.

* * * *

You want so badly for it to be more, always more.
Your vanity makes what is so simple so complex.

* * * *

One of the major benefits of worldly wealth
Is that You get to move a lot of things around.

* * * *

What to do after you've realized buddhahood
May be the more pertinent question.

* * * *

We all learn so many different things.

* * * *

Ho hum.

* * * *

Pooh on all this babble.
Naps and honey are meaning enough.

* * * *

Human vanity seeks divine sanction
For all its arbitrary self-absorptions.

* * * *

Is it all You can be, or all You are?

* * * *

Caveat to all who wander into the sun:
Nothing will ever be the same.

* * * *

Can You feel the inside of your skull?

Where does infinity begin?

* * * *

Some embrace technology
And a some reject or ignore it.
But it is with us, like it or not.
There is no going back.

* * * *

So, what are your real intentions.

* * * *

To discern what it is,
You must perceive so much
That it is not, never was, will never be.

* * * *

What is true? What is false?
And is there any difference?

* * * *

Surprise attacks are dealt best surprise defenses.

* * * *

Limitations have a way of kicking in
When You reach your capacity.

* * * *

No matter how known You seem,
You really can really never be.
Others can truly only discern
Illusory presence, not the infinity.

* * * *

You've learned a lot about Maya,
But what have You really learned?

* * * *

Comparison will not take You there.

* * * *

There where?

* * * *

Just try throwing or giving things away.
Chances are You won't miss most of them.

* * * *

One was killed at the end of a bayonet when he was three.
Another by a gang of five youths while begging for food,
And the third was not recognized by the border guard,
And allowed to pass without writing anything down.

* * * *

Whether You believe or not, your vanity will someday succumb to the reality of mortal fare.
There is no deity playing favorites, despite all the delusions inspired by superstitious poppycock.

* * * *

How easy to miss the irony and paradox of any given moment.

* * * *

Boring is, as boring does.

* * * *

Yes, they are not really that much bigger than toothpicks, but they are grand.

* * * *

You really do not know where the hell You are.

* * * *

In all things, see your Self.

* * * *

It is all the whimsical nature of stardust.

* * * *

How many fellow creatures
We subjugate for pleasure or harvest,
Or destroy if they do not serve us
In way, shape or manner.

* * * *

If You get all legalistic about this,
You'll probably miss the point.

* * * *

If life was always comfortable, You might never let go.

* * * *

It is only now which counts.

* * * *

Another soul marred by personality.

* * * *

Despite all voices to the contrary, You are very much alone, a mystery unto your Self.

The answer to any koan,
Comes to those who inquire beyond,
The mandatory patterns of conventional thinking.

* * * *

Being a scientist, for many, seems to bypass the need for personal responsibility.

* * * *

Inexplicable as it is to this well-aged good old boy,
I suppose if God really wants to be a rat dog,
I just have to accept it, as the way it is.
Divine will, is indeed a mystery.

* * * *

Challenging to fly into the sun, and return unburned, unblinded, still able to fly unfettered.

* * * *

Has it been made quite clear that You are a window to eternity?

* * * *

Silence is its own reward.

* * * *

Stupid does as stupid is.

* * * *

Foolish errands are your favorite.

* * * *

When You give your attention to anything completely, all sense of identity is dissolves.

* * * *

Can You truly love another, if You do not love your Self?

* * * *

Is there any earthbound goal
Which does not seem superficial
And rather unnecessary?

* * * *

You are your own reward....
Hey, wait a minute.
What do You mean by that?

* * * *

Always wonder what it is
You're growing into.

* * * *

Self-absorbed silence is the final destination.

* * * *

The immeasurable becomes apparent
When the active mind surrenders
Its ceaseless measuring.

* * * *

If You only knew how ridiculous
Your self-absorbed game appears,
You wouldn't embarrass yourself.

* * * *

Pure mind is oblivion.

* * * *

Be sure to examine the definitions.
Meanings are often very specific,
And You may miss the message
If You bound to conclusions.

* * * *

Wisdom is to life what a quarterback is
To reading the lie upon the field ahead.

* * * *

How can You see anything truly
If You cannot see it as a child?

* * * *

What effort to maintain an illusion.

* * * *

Space adds to aesthetics.

* * * *

Best not hang around thoughts such as these, unless You wish to be fearless.

* * * *

Surely, no deity worth its salt, bargains with fools.

* * * *

Kowtow to no one.

* * * *

Stretching is exploring
The bounds of the container.
Feel the stretch fully.
Yoga is unity.

* * * *

Was it real? Or was it a dream?

* * * *

If You give me money, please do not expect me to fawn in return.

* * * *

Meaning is gleaned
In momentary increments
Of comprehension.

* * * *

Take time to savor your existence
In whatever way You will.

* * * *

Worship the deity in your Self.

* * * *

All that is seen and unseen
In the universe of your consciousness
Is entirely your own reflection.

* * * *

You can never be completely sure
Who will earn your respect or your derision.
Exteriors can be very deceiving.

* * * *

A scientist's greatest delusion is that any measurement is ultimately real.

* * * *

The delusion that these thoughts
Will significantly change anything is not mine.
All these contemplations are merely a scrutiny of a dream,
Innumerable permutations of limitation and potential
As seen through one mind's subjective vision.

* * * *

An evolving work.
A hobby, nothing more.

* * * *

It is the randomness of pattern
Which makes flypaper work.

* * * *

Extrapolate.

* * * *

Sometimes, this life only seems
As if it is happening for your amusement.
A big touchy-feely cosmic carnival.

* * * *

Free will dictates
A very small segment
Of your life's many actions.

* * * *

The human drama is about things that can be measured.

* * * *

What a boor.

* * * *

Can any short-sighted community really more than hope to survive?

* * * *

Values change, truth does not.

* * * *

There You are, minding your own business,
And, whoosh, another aphorism appears for transcription.
Fate is a mystery.

* * * *

A self-taught master of the concise.

* * * *

What use, envy?

* * * *

Where once there was a river, there is a bridge.
Where once there was a tree, there is a parking lot.
Where once there was a creature, there is a building.
Where once there was the wind, there is a fence.
Where once there were stars, there is a lamp.
Where once there was an ocean, there is a desert.
Where once there was congruence, there is contention.

What the vain will of human mind hath wrought upon paradise.

* * * *

What flowers will come
From the brew we have concocted?

* * * *

On the same set, paradigms clash.

* * * *

Oh, tortured soul,
Come out, come out, wherever You are.
The light is out here.

* * * *

A mind laid bare.
Is any other mind
Really so different?

* * * *

There are no conclusions, only process.

* * * *

A woman's body is like a toy to men.
But it is her soul which makes
Her truest statement.

* * * *

Do your homework.

* * * *

Sometimes You just have to stop
And take stock in what's really going on.

* * * *

Here I am spouting grand philosophy,
And you're bothering about dirty laundry!?

* * * *

Why don't we all just relax and pick our noses?

* * * *

Why'd y'all have to go and fuck it up?

* * * *

There are plenty of reasons
Not to like anybody or anything.

* * * *

If something upsets You,
Check out the upset.

* * * *

It isn't a matter of believing your perfection.
It is being it.

* * * *

Sometimes just seeing the potential is enough.

* * * *

Any other way is no way at all.

* * * *

Excess creates its own limitations.

* * * *

Never assume You will see anyone or anything again.

* * * *

That some aspire to it,
It shall perhaps be so.

* * * *

Living on the edge, just like everyone else.

* * * *

How often do the rich want it all
To just go away?

* * * *

Surrender to divine will.

* * * *

Make the most simple your leaders.
They will not vex or meddle or impede,
And You will learn to govern yourselves.

* * * *

Return to the hub to drink fully from its clear depths,
And solutions to problems will find their way home.

* * * *

Are You who You think You are,
Or just who You are?

* * * *

Just too delicious to swallow.

* * * *

The powerful have always suppressed the weak.
It is a fundamental nature of this garden
That the strong shall survive.

* * * *

Humanity is the conspiracy.

* * * *

You are the living mystery.

* * * *

Slip into the clarity prior to all form.

* * * *

If you're getting spotted or caught,
Then You probably aren't being very smart
About whatever it is your doing.
Others are detecting your modus operandi
More quickly than You delude yourself into believing.

* * * *

Cull out the rot.

* * * *

It is a concoction founded upon
Stern laws and magical effervescence.

* * * *

The end is as near as the beginning.

* * * *

We were having too much fun.

* * * *

We do not stop for time, nor time for us.
We being one in the same.

* * * *

In this aloneness we all dance.

* * * *

What's good is evil.
What's evil is good.

* * * *

How often enough is not.

* * * *

It need not make sense.

* * * *

All equals one, one equals all.

* * * *

Play to your own drum,
Without concern if any other follows suit.

* * * *

At the core of all these atoms,
Where there has never been its name,
Everything is very much the same indivisibility.
Nothing is as nothing does.

* * * *

You are born into the family.

* * * *

What is any deity but a blank slate, upon which all vanity is written.

* * * *

Pay attention to oncoming vehicles.
Crosswalks are not castle walls.

* * * *

Goliaths generally fall harder
Because they have more to lose.

* * * *

All vested interests crumble in time.

* * * *

God got so bored talking to itself, that it created every variety of mask, to pretend it was not.

* * * *

Some women like to blame men for objectifying them,
But look how many are playing their game with such abandon.

* * * *

Time will tell.

* * * *

Life is a theater where everyone dies every way imaginable.

* * * *

That so many inhabit cyberspace
Is an intriguing, ill-fated phenomenon.
We are so into ourselves and our creations.
How oblivious so many have become to nature.

* * * *

Everything changes far too quickly
To ever pretend anything permanent.

* * * *

Rocks sink.

* * * *

Memories are all You can hold onto,
And even then only for as long
As gravity lets You roam.

* * * *

For so little so many sell their souls.

* * * *

You mean she dresses like that,
And really believes its love
That inspires flowers?

CII

Those who rise to the top of one heap or another
Usually kissed at least one ass very earnestly.

* * * *

All self-imagery is delusional.

* * * *

Are You sure You haven't lived this moment before?
Are You sure You are living it now?

* * * *

Find peace in the sovereignty of aloneness.

* * * *

That little spot of warmth
Whittles a small, brief niche
Between cold sheets.

* * * *

Yes, I may well be
Wrong about all this,
But then, so might You.
In fact, we may all be.
The joke's on all of us.

* * * *

Can an infinite riddle ever be solved?

* * * *

Seeing is enough.

* * * *

Ain't New Agey enough for ya, eh?

* * * *

How easy to resent the body-mind
For its limitation, frailty and submission
To sickness, injury, aging, dying
And other whims of time.

* * * *

It will find its own audience.

* * * *

The mind-body is forged in time,

Its many notions blending to its relativity.

* * * *

Pleasure can cut very deep.

* * * *

Humanity's time
Began with brawn.
Will it end with brain?

* * * *

Whatever happens
After this body falls away
Ain't gonna mean diddly-squat
To this temporal witness.
It's been an amusing reverie,
But not worth much more bother.

* * * *

The way to disentangle a knot
Is to discern its infinite reality.

* * * *

Honesty may not always be the best policy.

* * * *

Mirages fade into reality.

* * * *

Every trade has its tricks.

* * * *

All the things You want
That You do not even begin to need.

* * * *

You want, You seek, meaning and purpose, yet cannot discern it but through imaginary puffery.

* * * *

The law of nature shall prevail.

* * * *

Best laid plans are fluid, open to changing circumstance.

* * * *

The real mystery, the real question,
Is why You keep doing all this to yourself.

* * * *

One asshole or another
Usually ends up thinking
S/he runs the show.

* * * *

So many worlds you'll never see.

* * * *

This is what happens when we open up to the bullshit.

* * * *

People get really confronted by blood issues.

* * * *

I really don't give a gnat's ass about what humanity does with this.
These thoughts are just a bunch of observations, field notes
For my own inane, therapeutic, irascible amusement.
A body of arrogance written till this body
Exhales its last tired breath.

* * * *

It's always been about might makes right.
Energy systems vying for temporary position,
Any given plot as vainly meaningless as any other.

* * * *

These thoughts are for people who do irony and paradox.

* * * *

Dear God, are You having a great time? Fuck You.

* * * *

Sure, we will all be happy to haul up another stone for your pyramid to vanity.

* * * *

There is a little more.

* * * *

Anybody You open up to, any door You open,
Creates an exchange, an evolution of consciousness.
Drops falling, rippling out in an imaginary pond.

* * * *

The common nature of our essential skeleton.

* * * *

Followers can be great puppeteers.

* * * *

What matters, really?

* * * *

The wider net catches more fish.

* * * *

Ignorance plods toward its inevitable ends
Through its endlessly predictable means.

* * * *

On the calendar, any event seems so far away,
Yet each moment it acquires heightened anticipation
Until finally its wave crests, as all time does, into memory.

* * * *

You're the product of an education.

* * * *

What makes human beings believe
They are any better or different
Than any other cancer,
Bacteria, virus or killer bee?

* * * *

What an incredibly warped emphasis
Sexuality has attained in the human psyche.

* * * *

Security is as probable as accurately predicting
Exactly what will happen the next moment.

* * * *

Succumb to one delusion or another,
It is all the same.

* * * *

So many believe their privileged existence is a right.

* * * *

Isn't it interesting how we seem to need
So-called experts to corroborate the obvious?

* * * *

Symbolic after the fact.

* * * *

So many things to do for things.

* * * *

The tomorrows of today
Will ever be the today of tomorrow.
Time is the play of mind.

* * * *

So ignorant of our ignorance.

* * * *

Angst is what happens
When You hold on too tightly
To any thought.

* * * *

What will the survivors of today
Think tomorrow?

* * * *

One wonders if scientists and mathematicians
Truly understand what the word infinity means.

* * * *

One day love just ambled into being.

* * * *

You are the scene, and the scene is You.

* * * *

Just another big-little headline.
A few letters upon the sands of time's
Wave-beaten, ever-present shore.

* * * *

Remain still, uncommitted to any name.

* * * *

Kill or be killed.
What difference but a few more breaths,
A few more transient, random thoughts.

* * * *

Too shy to do more,
Too bold to do less.

* * * *

Is it what You have or don't have

Which weights your day's passing?

* * * *

Duress awakens the survivor
And dampens the wonder.

* * * *

Do You cut your losses quickly,
Or wait until the anchored rope,
Quietly fastens around an ankle,
And wrenches You into the depths?
Uncoiled rope finds mischievous ends.

* * * *

Mythology is the play of a busy mind.

* * * *

Money comes and goes
No different than anything else
But though the mind's transmutation.

* * * *

Value is relative to circumstance.

* * * *

Is there any greater waste of time
Than reasoning with a fool?

* * * *

Adopt a larger vision.

* * * *

The sum is often greater than its parts.

* * * *

So much invested in nerve impulses.

* * * *

Please don't make this into another form of idolatry.

* * * *

Fragmentation only fragments further and further.
Adopting a holistic view require great indifference.

* * * *

Why this incredible desire to be entertained.

* * * *

You are a piece of infinity.

* * * *

Stop trying to solve it.
It is insoluble.
Be still.

* * * *

What a world we leave our descendants.

* * * *

You think You know so much already.

* * * *

Separate the legend from anyone
And they're probably not all that different.
Pedestals are such illusory creations.

* * * *

Some feel such a need to pretend
They are more important than others.

* * * *

Fascinating how so many utterly savage conquerors
Get such good reviews when histories are written
By those who their passing favorably inclines.

* * * *

Maybe there is a supreme deity, and maybe there never was.
Either way, all must still endure, to whatever potential capable.

* * * *

Inheriting a look can be something of a curse.

* * * *

Imagine, where even just one different turn, might have re-directed the river of your existence.

* * * *

Ahh, the art of puttering.

* * * *

Priorities change like an unfaithful wind.

* * * *

What a gift, the release from time.

* * * *

The more they try to rationalize it,

The more deluded any religion sounds.

* * * *

Respectability is overrated.

* * * *

And what does a pat on the head from God matter, anyway?

* * * *

God is free, but the mimics will cost You.

* * * *

Try not to let any demon ruin your day.

* * * *

Give yourself at least a few moments, to occasionally be relatively carefree.

* * * *

Science maintains the veils of make-believe.

* * * *

History is always just a few neurons from dissolution.

* * * *

It will find You when You seek it.

* * * *

Clear your mind of mortal spawn.

* * * *

Torn, You pull every way.
Can You have the cake and eat it, too?

* * * *

It's as simple as breathing.

* * * *

How inept all explanation.

* * * *

Any motive to measure is suspect.

* * * *

Those who want so much often get it
Because so few stand in their way.

* * * *

Holyfuckingshit, Batman.

* * * *

To expect gratitude is to be disappointed.

* * * *

Life is learning to use the body-mind, and then having to eventually let it all go.

* * * *

The penis leads many down the path of regret.

* * * *

Nothing like plucking victory from certain loss.

* * * *

Material insecurity.

* * * *

Another useless measurement.

* * * *

Some are born thinking they are leaders, and then there are those who should be.

* * * *

Most, if not all, think and believe
What makes them feel most comfortable.
Truth has little to do with anything.

* * * *

Leftovers can be pretty chilly.

* * * *

Wealth is a process of detachment.

* * * *

How delusional any self-importance.

* * * *

Perhaps You hoped, or even expected, that It would, could, be any different?

* * * *

Another gruesome lesson.

* * * *

The still mind, the aware mind is a seamless eternal portal.

CIII

For those few moments of pleasure, so much potential grief in the offing.

* * * *

Is truth of it really so difficult to see?

* * * *

Who knows but what it seems to perception's haphazard trail?

* * * *

Give the body plenty of air.

* * * *

Humanity's incessant inhumanity
Is ever a source of numbing wonder.

* * * *

Indifference.

* * * *

Our desire for fame, fortune, power
Is the desire for a security, an immortality
Which cannot long stand but through imagination.

* * * *

There is no way the human species
Will ever totally agree on anything.

* * * *

Rather fascinating how so many
Attempt to persuade and convince,
Even coerce others to see it their way.

* * * *

What better enslavement than voluntary?

* * * *

Little girls are not necessarily sugar and spice,
Nor are little boys always snails and puppy-dog tails.

* * * *

Harvest some peace in your soul.

* * * *

Fairness and accountability
Wander a two-way street.

* * * *

Is it possible for the herd to ever wake?

* * * *

Dear God, please feel free
To rapture your Christians ASAP.
We are weary of their tedious fallaciousness.

* * * *

How tiring so many personalities become.

* * * *

Find that place where time has never trod.

* * * *

Selective memory is what it is all about.

* * * *

The countless faces of personality are the contortions of time's wind.

* * * *

It is You own observation, which really settles the way.

* * * *

Anyone who cannot clearly see
What we have done with our irresponsible,
Pathetically ignorant chemical play
Is beyond mere denial.

* * * *

This witness You cannot
See, taste, touch, hear or smell,
That which cannot be sensed in any way,
It is that I am You truly are.

* * * *

Do not let society's whims hold You hostage.

* * * *

How much easier to attend a breath You enjoy.

* * * *

Turn into the moment.

* * * *

You haven't got the time.

* * * *

There appear to be many levels of introspection,
But really there is only one infinity to realize.

* * * *

Fate is a rather strange illusion.

* * * *

Take stock in your life occasionally.
See how insignificant the past becomes
As your travels spin into eternity.

* * * *

Take ownership of whatever You do.

* * * *

Who doubts?

* * * *

The universe ticks eternally on.

* * * *

It's all about process.
Goals are vain notions.

* * * *

Too many problems in our own backyard
To blast off into the final frontier.

* * * *

Allow your own experience
To unleash your intuitive wisdom.

* * * *

A work of fiction.

* * * *

Reject the notion that upward mobility is everything.

* * * *

Humanity has won many a battle
With nature's many creatures small to great,
Yet this crusade we wage is far from over.
The Great Mother has unseen tricks
For which there will be no cure
But our own mortal demise.

* * * *

Life rarely hosts a pretty ending.

* * * *

All the waves so different,
The same weaver crashes all.

* * * *

A quiet feast by most standards.

* * * *

Why would it be up to anyone else?

* * * *

Close your eyes with your hand in front of your face.
What is the relationship with that nebula so distant?

* * * *

Setting limits is okay.

* * * *

Peace is a statement of sums.

* * * *

You are in the world, but are You of it?

* * * *

Who ever came up with the idea that God was compassionate?

* * * *

Science says, if it cannot be measured, it does not exist. Exactly.

* * * *

Save the last bullet for yourself.

* * * *

You can only be responsible for so much.

* * * *

How often moral indignation, is merely a blustery smokescreen, for even more outrageous acts.

* * * *

You know how long that will last.

* * * *

How often it seems, You know more what it is You do not want, than what You do.

* * * *

I really, really, really, enjoyed your ad, but I am till not going to buy your bullshit product.

* * * *

All that really matters in life, is that You are, for as long as the container allows.

* * * *

No claims are laid upon You.
These are only a plethora of words,
Which You will use as all words are used;
By the limits of your imagination.

* * * *

Of the human species,
It can be asserted without much argument,
That most have rubber necks.

* * * *

It's all guts and glory till you're dead.

* * * *

Are You really any different?

* * * *

The breath is the way to both heaven and hell.

* * * *

Is evil what You don't like,
Or what I don't like?

* * * *

Don't pay so much attention to your thoughts.

* * * *

Remember when You did know so much?

* * * *

As soon as someone brings God into the picture, everyone is tip-toeing around a new level of bullshit.

* * * *

Clothes may dress the man, but they do not make him.

* * * *

Why is it so easy to laugh at another's misfortune?

* * * *

Commandments are not easy to follow,
Nor is wisdom easy to practice.
Obligation is a challenge
For any human being

* * * *

Hmmm....That wouldn't be so bad.

* * * *

Don't forget to remember how silly it all is.

* * * *

Just another measurement thing.

* * * *

Is there anything without irony?

* * * *

Tales of another artificial experience.

Just another human being
Lacking human potential.

* * * *

Wallow in bliss like a pig is slop.

* * * *

What You don't know about,
You cannot miss.

* * * *

Toys define us.

* * * *

May as well happen sooner or later
Because later ain't gonna be round forever.

* * * *

So shoot me.

* * * *

Time changes so as it wears us down.

* * * *

Justice is a nice idea.

* * * *

History is full of rocky roads and paved mountains.

* * * *

Integration now.

* * * *

Be as unconcerned about this moment
As You will be its memory.

* * * *

Not for all and all for naught.

* * * *

The details of your life are evaporating.

* * * *

Just a drop of Soul.

* * * *

Tit for tat and tat for tit.

* * * *

Welcome to Michael's world.

* * * *

The savage garden
Will never submit
To the will of man.

* * * *

Everybody is spinning God every imaginable way.

* * * *

Prayer is just a feeble excuse to babble to yourself.
Like, why do You need an excuse to pray, man?

* * * *

The trick is to remember to laugh at it all?

* * * *

Facades are the walls of illusion.

* * * *

Hell for some is nothing.
For others it is everything.

* * * *

Tears for all our memories.

* * * *

It's all so much more simple
Than most would like to believe.

* * * *

Hope is just another four-letter word.

* * * *

Big problems usually start small

* * * *

How ridiculous popularity polls.
Who cares what anyone thinks
Of the decisions You choose?

* * * *

Thought crawls around the mind
Like a monkey in a cage.

* * * *

Be grateful for people who teach You not to wait.

* * * *

Once a decision is made,
The pain of indecision seeps away.

* * * *

Pass along what crumbs You will.

* * * *

When You see, You detach.

* * * *

Method is as method does.

* * * *

What do we leave the children yet to come?

* * * *

What is this thought that suffers so?

* * * *

Release into the unknown

* * * *

Harmless is as harmless does.

* * * *

Our invention is just that.

* * * *

You are attached to the nervous system.

* * * *

Is reality much different
Than a television show
Without a laugh track?

* * * *

Let's face it.
This isn't what most people want to hear.

* * * *

Bother me, boy, and either I walk away,
Beat the tar out of ya, or dust ya proper.

* * * *

Mind is methodical.
Reality is chaotic.
Both the same.

* * * *

Maya is a holograph
Printed of a sensory mind.
Gaze into the picture
And You will see.

* * * *

Down to the core of DNA, we are pattern.

* * * *

Where were You?
Where are You?

* * * *

Mass hysteria is for the masses.

* * * *

We are all elite in our own way.

* * * *

Who is not self-conscious in a crowd?

CIV

Before … after … during …
What's the difference, really?

* * * *

The deep mortal insecurity
That perhaps all creation feels.

* * * *

Pride blinds us all.

* * * *

Nothing much.

* * * *

We were all children once upon a before time.

* * * *

What bullshit must You endure today?

* * * *

God forbid God is one of the Middle Eastern versions.

* * * *

Beneath all the guises, just crunchy-chewy-gooey.

* * * *

Is there such a thing as an intelligent hater?

* * * *

New is not new, nor is old, old.

* * * *

So many blind, to what others so clearly see.

* * * *

Why spend your life thinking anything permanent?
Even God exists only as long as those who imagine it.

* * * *

To achieve fearlessness, travel beyond yourself.

* * * *

Any demon is merely a sparkle of mystery in the delusive denial of unicity.

* * * *

The universe springs anew each moment.

* * * *

Where consciousness cannot tread, the eternal reigns alone.

* * * *

The fact that You are here is proof enough.

* * * *

Will this spring of words ever run dry?

* * * *

Nationalism is nothing more than barking dogs.

* * * *

A critique of the human drama.

* * * *

Blood is an interesting thing to believe in.

* * * *

Moderate your passion.

* * * *

We all like seeing our heroes kick a little ass.

* * * *

The human hive.

* * * *

Maybe I'm supposed to be impressed.

* * * *

It's an amazing thing what people will do for money.

* * * *

Feeling clever today, eh?

* * * *

Not too many people expect their children to become mystics.

* * * *

Total honesty? Are You sure you're really ready?

* * * *

If it's not already been done,
Somebody's going to try.

* * * *

There ain't no antidote to good drugs.

* * * *

A lot of us have seen through nationalism,
And only wonder what's next.

* * * *

Ahhh, back to centerlessness.

* * * *

Slaughtering is easy.
It's creation and preservation
That are tough sports.

* * * *

It's not always fun to climb the same mountain.

* * * *

Face it, something's going to kill You.

* * * *

Enjoy your delusion of courage.

* * * *

Looking good as far as the numbers go.

* * * *

Now you're scaring me.

* * * *

Time is so weird anymore.

* * * *

You're just another mask.

* * * *

The mystery births You,
Preserves You, and eats You.

* * * *

Keep your money, Mister.
This soul is not for sale.

* * * *

This world owes no body nothing.

* * * *

What's the meaning of life?
Silly questions and ridiculous answers.

* * * *

These words just keep flowing.
All this scribe does is open to the zone
And the spring runs on and on.

* * * *

Silly, eh what?

* * * *

Meditation is simply putting the persona on pause.

* * * *

Never put yourself between mother and child.

* * * *

Deny not the river within.

* * * *

A drop falls into the river and calls it birth,
Flows into the ocean and calls it death.

* * * *

Reduced to tears, she awaits your surrender.

* * * *

Confused predictability.

* * * *

Death is the quickest route to simplicity.

* * * *

How enslaved we are by our bills.

* * * *

What is wisdom
But seeing possible permutations
Of any given action.

* * * *

What a bother to have to think
About this world so much of the time.

* * * *

Think where You might be now
If You had only started back when.

* * * *

So what's the big deal?

* * * *

How many ways shit flies.

* * * *

The past is a pool of value-laden perceptions.

* * * *

History paints so many colors, gray, and grays, colors.

* * * *

At least when You are at the bottom,
You know which way the shit's falling.

* * * *

Gee, You are You.

* * * *

The beauty of revenge is its timelessness.

* * * *

Scorn runs shallow.

* * * *

A few less won't hurt.

* * * *

What's your story, Pilgrim?

* * * *

If You have self-respect, what in God's countless names, does it matter what anyone thinks of You?

* * * *

Why fathom any need for a deity outside your Self?

* * * *

Play it like You are an alien anthropologist; a spy dropped off for a lifetime of study.

* * * *

Who the fuck is in charge?

* * * *

In every realm, there will always be genius, setting the bar.

* * * *

Look at all those words and images in your head.
Why are You so attached to them?

* * * *

You are an unscripted script,
Just like everyone and everything else.

* * * *

You create your friends,
You create your acquaintances.
You create your enemies.

* * * *

What an interesting process futility.

* * * *

Let the chosen deity praise itself if it is so vain.

* * * *

Terrorism is the aspirin of poor odds.

* * * *

When false gold waylays the heart, mind rules, and worlds fall into ruin.

* * * *

Whose 'I Am' is any different?

* * * *

Deftly the mind transcends imagination.

* * * *

Bubbles sink into the surface.

* * * *

Sages merely appear less confused about their confusion.

* * * *

Piss on it, Mate.

* * * *

For every drama there is a curtain.

* * * *

The ground is without any difference.

* * * *

Confusion is as confusion does.

* * * *

You cannot discern mind,
Through the screen of thoughts;
Only through the silence of its origin.

* * * *

What really happened is going be long gone
Before You even know what You experienced.

* * * *

To believe this real is akin to a balloon
Thinking itself more than a pop.

* * * *

Sometimes the wind reminds You.

* * * *

How do You contemplate totality?

* * * *

What is your role in all the hoopla?

* * * *

The world is full of beauty, full of ugliness,
Yet it is prior to all appearances
In which truth rests.

* * * *

Respect even your opponents
And hardness will soften into confusion.

* * * *

A shot from nowhere hits its mark.

* * * *

You cannot pause or rush that which is unwavering.

* * * *

When to do, when to not do,
Is attention to the moment's reckoning.

* * * *

Discern the folly of pretense.

* * * *

What tension is created by knowing so much ignorance.

* * * *

Watch the wind blow, the waves crash,
The fire flicker, the earth shift, and realize it is all
Nothing more than your mind moving.

* * * *

Be uncertain about certainty
Without being certain about uncertainty.

* * * *

Soften up.

* * * *

The lungs are the shores of the ocean.
Hear the song within each breath.

* * * *

How much life perishes to fill those meat cases?

* * * *

Some things are more futile than others.

* * * *

How big is the universe?
How small is your mind?

* * * *

Back into the world, and its web of false intrigue.

* * * *

You attempt to pick and choose
The more pleasurable experiences,
But alas, the reality of all the lesser ones
Rises again and again in duality's wandering.
What born of time can ever attain any permanence?

* * * *

You crack me up.

* * * *

What makes You think it's my problem?

* * * *

Vanity is the ultimate enticement.

* * * *

Just more pop spirituality.

* * * *

Whatever's happening is the purpose.

* * * *

Full of the ignorance called knowledge.

* * * *

Would You have believed it in a million years?

* * * *

Without action, words mean squat.

* * * *

You may want to lead, but do we want to follow?

* * * *

Corruption creates its own just rewards.

* * * *

One often wonders what sort of movie or book
Any given critic could ever direct or write.
Parasites come in many guises.

* * * *

Fantasy is often much
More stimulating than reality.
Obviously, else we would not parley
So adroitly with the imaginary game master,
The best friend no one has ever seen.

* * * *

Why is it the people who want to lead you
Are so often the ones You least want to follow?

* * * *

The real question is why the problem even concerns You.

* * * *

Recognizing these thoughts make them yours.

* * * *

What we call terrorism is merely a matter of scale.
What difference, really, between a small alliance of rebels
Or a large group patriotically called a nation state?
All act upon one vain collusion or another.
The issue, as it has always been,
Is might makes right.
But it is ever the innocent
In harm's way who abide the suffering.

The reason there are defiant factions,
Is because society has failed so miserably,
To comprehend every human's inherent craving,
To identify with smaller more recognizable groupings.
By not empowering the sundry subcultures,
Those on high must realize the wrath,
Of those attempting to survive,
In whatever way they can.
Win-lose situations,
Create winners,
And losers.
Losers mutiny,
And civilization splinters,
Into anarchy and mayhem for all.

* * * *

Expect nothing and perhaps
You will be given everything.

* * * *

Whoops! It disappeared again.
What a strange thing memory.

* * * *

The media has the power to build or fragment a society.
Much of the chaos we are seeing is the result,
Of misguided priorities based on self-interest and greed.
If we are ever to reshape our world, the media will play a decisive role.

* * * *

How can your life be someone else's responsibility?

* * * *

There are those even more tortured.

* * * *

Pass the turkey.

* * * *

Why are You so afraid of losing this body?

* * * *

Alone, You navigate your own course.

* * * *

Humanity cannot change in a few years
What it took billions to concoct.

* * * *

So brilliantly flawed.

* * * *

New becomes old and old, new.

* * * *

You have a right to no.

* * * *

Words only lead to more words.
Leave them behind and jump
Into the abyss of clear aloneness.

* * * *

Wisdom is God's mortal therapy.
Physician, heal thy Self.
Then pass it on.

* * * *

At what point will You grow weary,
And indifferent, about all the carrots and sticks,
Of all the petty tyrants, including the deities created by men?

* * * *

As long as there is water and air and soil and light and mystery,
One seed or another will sprout, somewhere, somehow,
Upon this spinning pale blue marble of a dot.

* * * *

Movement fosters recognition.

* * * *

Ignorance determines the course; it is the blanket by which potential, returns to eternity's deep slumber.

* * * *

In time's beginning, there must be an ending; both are beyond mortal control.

* * * *

Another ordeal, done.

* * * *

The wall approacheth quickly.

* * * *

Did this get written already?
Probably.
New message?
Hardly.

* * * *

God is not Santa Claus.

* * * *

Seers seek no rewards, nor jeweled thrones next to God.
They are That which is sought, and that is reward enough.

* * * *

Vanity is the root of all mischief.

* * * *

Wander until all trace of You disappears.

* * * *

What will happen if You let go of all pretending, of all becoming?

* * * *

You will really be free when the bullet exits, hopefully.

* * * *

Science is not going to save You.

* * * *

Pretty amazing how delusion creeps into any consciousness.
Unending the permutations of confusion any of us can create.

* * * *

The noise of experience gives over,
To the silence of experiencing.
The murky puddle of consciousness,
Gives itself over to the clarity of awareness.

* * * *

What is superficially dissimilar is vastly similar.
Function supersedes form.

* * * *

Every thing at once so measurably immeasurable.

* * * *

So many ways vanity rationalizes its self-absorbtion.

* * * *

A piece of paper does not for street smart make.

* * * *

Just a bunch of observations
About the reality of unreality.

* * * *

Where is the resistance?

* * * *

So much written about things
So few really care about.

* * * *

Wisdom is just what happens
When it becomes so predictable.

* * * *

Peace is a state of non-concern.

* * * *

In what way will death find You?

* * * *

We all think according to the pattern
Founded by our earliest influences.

* * * *

We are all witnesses to the same choicelessness.

* * * *

The bother of God, is always having to choose new eyes, from which to watch the theater unfold.

* * * *

Retaliation, vengeance, punishment, are an endless cycle of odium and devastation,
And can only be ended through candid acceptance of all perspectives.
How challenging to set aside one's many divisive biases,
And forgive others, whatever their trespass.

* * * *

Suicide is just another experiment

* * * *

Distance can be a great anesthetic.

* * * *

Take people at their word
Until You learn otherwise.

It often doesn't take long.

* * * *

In terms of labels,
What are You? What are You not?
Again and again, that good old relativity applies.

* * * *

We all believe what we want to believe,
See what we want to see,
Hear what we want to hear.

* * * *

Perhaps You do live in a vacuum.

* * * *

No matter how far You stretch,
You always come up against your Self.
Stretching is just another form of measurement.
Learn to stretch without stretching.

* * * *

Birds twitter, dogs bark, mice squeak.
Are your instincts any less definable?

* * * *

It is all about name recognition.

* * * *

Joy in this world?
Only for the lucky and the dead.

* * * *

War: A more extreme version of roshambo.

* * * *

Those who think humanity has much longer
May be sadly amiss.

* * * *

You persevere and endure so much, because You want it so badly, and are afraid to let go.

* * * *

Separation is just another delusionary belief.

* * * *

We each get assigned a little role, a little part, through the dictates of identified consciousness.

* * * *

To every concept is attached to a value, to a measurement, to a whatever.

* * * *

What is this need to prove something, anything, everything?

* * * *

That point of attachment is the barrier, between You and what is, between delusion and reality.

* * * *

You cannot have one without the other.

* * * *

Sometimes You just cannot stop people,
From hurting and killing each other.
Hate is blind to any reason but its own.

* * * *

Whether or not your chosen deity truly exists is a perpetual moot loop.

* * * *

Well, maybe tomorrow.

* * * *

Anyone who offers You an afterlife, needs a lesson about the beforelife.

* * * *

Never believe any legend; least of all your own.

* * * *

If You could be doing anything with your existence,
What would it be? Where would it be? How could it be?
If You are lucky, whatever You are doing right now.

* * * *

Once you've seen the unborn nature fully,
Why would You ever choose another birth?

* * * *

Discern the operating word.

* * * *

The meaning of life depends on how vanity shines its delusion.

* * * *

You never know when this may be the best You ever feel again.

* * * *

Your greatest agony,
Your greatest ecstasy,
Your greatest purpose,
Your greatest meaning,
Your greatest aspiration,
Dictate the perspective of your world.
Be it sex, color, creed, status, money, ad infinitum,
It will bend your mind; it will shape your each and every moment.

* * * *

As my father once said to my sister and I,
In the midst of one of our insignificant squabbles,
"You're both right, and you're both wrong."

* * * *

The key to science, to mathematics, to technology, and their brethren,
Is understanding they are fashioned upon arteries of logic.
Once You discern their fundamental reasoning,
Their mystery becomes apparent.

* * * *

Believing You have free will only proves You do not.

* * * *

Separation creates destiny.
Destiny is the illusion of change.
Change is the changeless dream of maya.

* * * *

If, by the end of your existence, You have not figured out,
That endless measurement, endless judgement, is not the be all, end all,
Perhaps You will have a chat with God, if there is one,
About who the fuck knows anything?

* * * *

The key to all this, is the honesty of your true voice.
Once You begin betraying your Self, it is difficult to stop.

* * * *

Rating yourself by worldly standards
Only brings a sense of futility and remorse,
Endless second-guessing, and impossible wishes.

* * * *

Meditation can be a chore for those
Believing there's a brass ring ahead.

* * * *

Vanity is vanity,
Whatever the source of reckoning.

* * * *

Just another side show.

* * * *

Keep it on the light side if You can find a flashlight.

* * * *

What makes You happy and content?
Whatever doesn't make You unhappy.

* * * *

Is not the desire fostered by the illusory otherness
The greatest master, the most ardent enslaver?

* * * *

Nothing worse than a no-win, Catch-22 situation.

* * * *

An old man's body with a young man's soul.

* * * *

Curiosity may kill cats,
But also spurs your desire for longevity.
What will tomorrow's tomorrow bring forth tomorrow's today?

* * * *

What does it say that cockroaches
Don't seem as drawn to vegetables and fruit
As they are to puddles of grease?

* * * *

Geographical name
Does not necessarily have to mean
Geographical identity.

* * * *

No matter how it pans out,
We are all going to get out of Dodge
With less than we started.

* * * *

Be open to what's actually happening.
An infant is, without hesitation or anticipation.
Neither life nor death has gained a hold.

* * * *

It is only the vanity of imagination
Which make You feel superior.

* * * *

Smaller things have happened.

* * * *

Some tomorrow, mañana, maybe.

* * * *

How each of us together play it out is how it will more than likely end.

* * * *

How could You be the only one?

* * * *

We recede further and further
Into the creations of our minds.
Can virtual reality ever truly live?

* * * *

How mad the wealthy must be to be so driven, so greedy.

* * * *

What use hope if action lacks intent?

* * * *

Loyalty to your species, your kind. who are You to be loyal to anything?

* * * *

Unless you' feel like a over-the-top workout,
Why throw yourself against a wave?
Why race against the tide?

* * * *

We are all living on borrowed time from day one.

CVI

Are You hearing anything You don't already know?

* * * *

Just another predictable, repetitive plot.

* * * *

Once You truly discern the witness within,
You are home: free, clear and sovereign.

* * * *

The hardest thing about letting go
Is realizing all You have to do is let go.

* * * *

Self-consciousness is a genetic,
Socialized predisposition of every human being.
What does it take to withstand, to mutiny, to revolt, to annihilate,
The conditioned, fabricated, brainwashed mindset,
Of the You that is not really You.

* * * *

What point to any drama?

* * * *

After you've been around the block a few times,
You get to know any neighborhood pretty well.

* * * *

By whose standard can You be judged?

* * * *

Poor God; used by everybody for every variety of personal gain.

* * * *

The course of the human drama, is founded upon so much discontent.

* * * *

The answer to everything exists within.

* * * *

There is no place to go, no deeds to do; be baffled and drowsy and ready to sleep.

* * * *

It is really all okay; try to relax; try to go easy on your Self.
Downsize some of the all but impossible expectations.

That sense of responsibility, that vain martyrdom.
All that self-absorbed, rather poetic imagery.
Appreciate the real You prior to all forms.
All that vain suffering is for naught.
Be freely, peacefully, content.
Perhaps, even learn to love thy Self.

* * * *

Odds are what You like is what you're used to.

* * * *

Cast out all want and concern.
Things will be as they will be.

* * * *

Aren't You surprised it hasn't already happened?

* * * *

All the names and definitions
Won't count for much someday.

* * * *

God is just another invention, another concoction, another abstraction, of the human mind.

* * * *

Individuality in the group.

* * * *

Yummy yum-yum-yum.
What torture must You endure this day?

* * * *

Why be limited by any context?

* * * *

We are all accomplices to the crime.

* * * *

Every culture reeks of one religious delusion or another.

* * * *

It was inevitable that the mystery,
Would eventually cast its Self into You.
Any limitation has only its own bounds to keep.

* * * *

At a time when this world needs real leaders as never before,
There are so few capable of stepping into the paradigm required.

* * * *

Paths to glory follow many trails.

* * * *

The human drama boils down to belief.

* * * *

No use arguing with the inmates of an insane asylum.

* * * *

Is the pattern random, or the random a pattern?

* * * *

The drive for acceptance is a powerful attachment.

* * * *

It is not just the body that should remain flexible.

* * * *

Pierce the veil of ignorance,
Of loneliness, pain and sorrow.

* * * *

The ultimate is nothing and everything.
Try as hard as You might, struggle every way imaginable,
The infinity will never be more or less that that.
Get over it. Deal with it. Move on.

* * * *

They still only want carnival tricks.

* * * *

Your wanting it to become so much more
Will never make it more than what it ever is already,
An overdose of concoction, speculation and wishful thinking.

* * * *

What contentment can mortal fare know
But that one day all this dramatic rigmarole
Will finally cede as all destinies must.

* * * *

Enjoy your vanity while ye may

* * * *

We are all the children of crones and geezers.

* * * *

So many non-issues raised again and again.

* * * *

Observe where You are,
Not where You want to be.

* * * *

No mercy, Mama.

* * * *

So often we behave more stupidly
Than any other creature on this planet.
It is a wonder we have survived.

* * * *

So many things words concoct.
We reside at whim of our passionate interactions
And the wheel of time rolls on and on.

* * * *

What can one ever say
That the deaf can ever hear,
Or show, that the blind can see?

* * * *

Evil comes to those who believe it.
Good knocks at the door of those who need it not.
The sage yawns and wanders aimless.

* * * *

It seemed to make sense at the time.

* * * *

Mortal fare is mortal fare is mortal fare is …

* * * *

A mind grounded in mystery
Is alone in a intriguing fashion
The other will never comprehend.

* * * *

How amazing that words of wisdom
Can be so thoroughly twisted
By the many agendas of ignorance.

* * * *

How challenging to realize fully:

All judgments, meaningless;
All measurements, useless;
All differences, contrived;
All standards, fabricated;
All frames of reference, relative.
You are all, You are none, and all is one.

* * * *

How useless to argue with a mule.

* * * *

Hard to give up the comfort
Of habits born of time.

* * * *

It's the quality of your experiencing, not the quantity,
Which make life worth living.

* * * *

Let the devil have it!
Malice consumes itself.

* * * *

Just because a pacifier makes a child comfortable
Doesn't make it truth.

* * * *

What is god-like, anyway?

* * * *

Attachment to ideas, endless and often overwhelming,
Has become the bane of our future existence.

* * * *

Take Mother Nature down to her knees, and she,
With merest shrug, will consume you
From toes to spiteful nose.

* * * *

How can a mystic be bound by the rules of mere mortals?

* * * *

Let those who crave attention find their limelight.

* * * *

It's an analogy, You ninny.

* * * *

Can anyone really care about You as more than an idea
If they do not discern that grounded reality within themselves?
And even then would it be but through a detachment beyond words?

* * * *

No use battling your fate.

* * * *

Does one break a habit or release it?

* * * *

No one likes being oppressed,
Yet we continue in the same vein
Of pecking orders and hierarchies
In every realm this world sustains.

* * * *

Hide You best stuff where it can be easily stolen.

* * * *

The end of time
Is merely the end of consciousness
As we know it.

* * * *

Do You really believe You would be
Any more content somewhere else?

* * * *

Is there any novelty
That does not inevitably,
Often quite quickly, become passé?

* * * *

If You think it, is it?

* * * *

That last breath, a tad scary no doubt.

* * * *

Another dreamy day.

* * * *

From the countless menu of laws available,
You pick which You will render your own.

* * * *

Hope is imagination's concoction,

And could be considered maya's foreplay.

* * * *

Are You too full of yourself to listen to anything else?

* * * *

How desperately the mind tries
To hold on to its time-bound creations.

* * * *

There's a time to receive knowledge,
And a time to dispense with knowledge.

* * * *

Is there any time that is not relative to another?
What You consider of short duration
Is an infinity to a gnat.

* * * *

What is this forever so many claim?

* * * *

You behave so often as if You have any real say in anything.

* * * *

To care or not to care, that is the question.

* * * *

What a ruthless madhouse of a carnival.

* * * *

How much time do You spend worrying?
At what level of anxiety do You operate?
Why is it so challenging to be fearless?

* * * *

Honesty within is the best policy.
Be true to thy Self.

* * * *

Aloneness can be the source
Of wretched despair or unending joy.
Paradox frolics impartially the hands of time.

* * * *

What a shame.

* * * *

Getting past the genetic screen is a great challenge.

* * * *

Who knows who is?
Who knows who is.

* * * *

Some people are just never satisfied.

* * * *

So many imbalanced, sorrow-filled, walking wounded.

* * * *

Death plays no favorites.

* * * *

A slot in history offers great delusion.

* * * *

No point blaming your parents,
Your village, or your nation-state
For doing the best they know to do,
No matter how wretched the outcome.
The trick is to overcome all obstacles
And become master of your realm.
It cannot be left for others to do.

* * * *

Ignorance compounds its foolishness every moment.

* * * *

How self-absorbed You are
To believe someone should love only You.

* * * *

Many are called, few are inclined.

* * * *

Sometimes the greatest demons become the greatest saints.

* * * *

Silly drama.

* * * *

The past, being the indicator that it is,
Holds little hope that we will transcend ourselves.
Frankenstein's monster ain't got nothing on what we've created.

* * * *

Of nearly six billion human beings,
How many are even remotely free of ignorance?
How many truly see the oneness that bonds all into one?

* * * *

Whole worlds heading for a crash course in reality.

* * * *

Even the om goes silent.

* * * *

Most are real into pleasing their imagination.

* * * *

Humility is just feeling very ordinary.

* * * *

The You that's You is the same You that's me.
The me that's me is the same me that's You.
The cloak of form disguises us all equally well.

* * * *

How can so many be blind
To their kinship with a grain of sand,
A drop of water, a flicker of fire, or a breath of air?

* * * *

Heard it all before.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

* * * *

To live in fear of death
And all the suffering living demands
Is to miss the opportunity it offers.

* * * *

Peace be with You, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Who cares, really, when anyone was born
When all numbers are arbitrary from the get-go.

* * * *

If the community interferes with youth,
There will be rebellion and disrespect.
If they ignore them, there will be chaos.
If they shepherd them gently, respectfully

There will be the continuation of order.

CVII

How will You serve with your given time?

* * * *

Thanks for your support.

* * * *

Is it conspiracy at much as mindset?

* * * *

What presumption.

* * * *

Keep your nose on your own face.

* * * *

My oh my, another day so quickly bye.

* * * *

To look at nothing in particular
Is to see the everything in all.

* * * *

How many, how few truly appropriate
The course their lives have taken?

* * * *

Look without desire, see without fear.
Learn without holding, know without grasping.

* * * *

What makes one set of moments
More important than another?

* * * *

Have You spent your short life
Worrying about way too many things?

* * * *

Got better things to do than sit around
Listening to pretend-to-know-it-all people
Who don’t really know any more than I do.

* * * *

Rather curious
How some chemical combinations are legal,

And others, often much less harmful, are not.
Tis an insane world run by vested interests.

* * * *

History will soon forget You.

* * * *

If You don't have it in your garage,
It's probably in your head.

* * * *

Never quite understand
Who people think they're following.

* * * *

We all seek our own level of mediocrity.

* * * *

Consciousness roughs up everything.

* * * *

Time passes impervious to even
The most resolute challenges.

* * * *

Nothing to hide,
Nothing to pretend,
Nothing to defend,
Nothing to borrow,
Nothing to lend,
Nothing to protect,
Nothing to contend.

* * * *

All is Om.
Om is all.

* * * *

The irony is beyond measurement.

* * * *

You are as pure as the driven snow
Smashed into tire-blackened slush.

* * * *

Only the mind born of time is finite.

* * * *

Surrender to the eternal reality; plug into the silence of it all.

* * * *

As long as there is an other,
There will be contention.

* * * *

Got no commitment to time
Other than surviving mine.

* * * *

Why am I with You?
Because I never met myself before.

* * * *

Life is a game, and those who play
Win by their own rules.

* * * *

The passerby saunters aimlessly along
Observing his/her image in the many windows.
What is window shopping all about, anyway?

* * * *

Churches are all about numbers.

* * * *

If You live it, You won't have to say it.

* * * *

Creation and destruction are the same thing.

* * * *

Think about it before You jerk your knee.

* * * *

Once you're dead, it isn't going to matter when.

* * * *

Trying to talk others into seeing it your way...
What a joke.

* * * *

Ignorance is the winner.
Stupid people breed more.

* * * *

Fates are such strange things.

* * * *

How purifying detachment.

* * * *

Subtlety is lost upon ignorance

* * * *

There must surely be an answer in the yellow pages
In the phone booth along the Yellow Brick Road.

* * * *

If You cannot understand the ground,
How can You ever hope to win any battles,
Much less an entire campaign or war?

* * * *

Nothing can insure victory
If there is inattention, sloth or arrogance.

* * * *

Models of virtue are so easily toppled.

* * * *

What range personalities have
In their adaptive synergies.

* * * *

The seed of creation are hedged
By equally capable and determined
Flames of destruction.

* * * *

Logic is logic, no matter the route taken.

* * * *

Virtue is its own reward.

* * * *

Some things bear repeating.

* * * *

What is this doubt?

* * * *

How extraordinarily ordinary.

* * * *

So easily whispered, so easily forgotten.

* * * *

The nets of God are tattered by the blades of hell.

* * * *

Tell me it ain't so, and I will say, "Look again, closer, friend."

* * * *

Consciousness is the maker of all games.

* * * *

Play till the curtain falls and the stage is struck.

* * * *

Look out into the stars
Until You can discern your own eye.

* * * *

S/he did it again.

* * * *

Pawns are blessed to be of little importance.
Kings, queens, and their myriad minions,
Are deluded by the echoes of history.

* * * *

Hope is the grasping straw of fear.

* * * *

Life is so predictable, but for all the changes.

* * * *

Everyone is missing the fucking pointlessness.

* * * *

From earth, wind, water and fire,
The understanding that all things
Change in their own due course.

* * * *

All over the world, lots of soap operas,
Lots of dull stories made into soap operas.

* * * *

Never shop for food when you're hungry.
Never shop for a mattress when you're nap-ish.

* * * *

At or with, a laugh's a laugh.

* * * *

So many so close, yet so far
From discerning a free reality.

* * * *

Amazing what comes to pass
When You surrender your sail
To the passing wind of another.
So many experiences You would
Never have adventured otherwise.

* * * *

Sometimes You wonder when it will end.
Other times You realize You will miss it so.

* * * *

It's all illusion, not just the parts You don't like.

* * * *

So many way to addict to illusion.

* * * *

Pandora's Box was opened long ago.

* * * *

To all of You who need to hear this:
Get over it.

* * * *

Ahh, again and again, the insanity of vanity.

* * * *

So many out of balance,
So many spinning in orbits
Beyond hope of recovery.

* * * *

Some see how it is to be another
And become compassionate.
Other merely intolerant and cruel.

* * * *

Death is just consciousness
Slipping back into the ground.

* * * *

What, pray tell, are You holding onto?

* * * *

How sweet the oblivion of personal experience.

* * * *

Dissipate now.

* * * *

Which catastrophe will it be today?

* * * *

A wind without a wake.

* * * *

Pride taints everything and everyone,
But for the most detached discernment.

* * * *

Is that so?

* * * *

Aladdin's Lamp, Pandora's Box.
What do they mean, anyway?

* * * *

You can't measure what really counts.

* * * *

Why do You ask?

* * * *

How full the empty moment.

* * * *

So quickly it passes,
But for the traces of memory,
As if it never happened.

* * * *

This moment of serenity was brought to You,
By a quiet, desireless, fearless, detached mind.

* * * *

Keep the slate empty.

* * * *

This moment is brought to You by your Self.

* * * *

Humility comes cheap.

* * * *

Remind yourself how little say
You have in anything.
Real choice is an illusion.

* * * *

The "great adjustment" is an inevitable when, not if.

* * * *

Wisdom is something of a loner sport.

* * * *

The trouble with so many things
Is You just cannot start over.

* * * *

Nothing done,
Nothing left undone.

* * * *

It's all about process.
Once You understand that clearly,
Everything unfolds into its rhyme and reason,
Whether You stream with it or resist it,
You will have to deal with it.

* * * *

Who were the first to think about such things?

* * * *

You need not take another's fate as your own.

* * * *

All fates are comprised upon one fact: The same moment transports all.

* * * *

Another night of aphoristic indulgence.

* * * *

Call it, call me, call anything whatever You please.
Names matter to those who do not understand.

* * * *

Wisdom comes from not needing to do it all anymore.

* * * *

What tragedy will the news bring this day?

* * * *

Eden drifts like smoke, unaware of its essential nature.
Only consciousness intuits the glimmer of the illusive truth,
And even that bit of awareness must be called fallacy.

* * * *

Discover your Self; it matter not if anyone else does.

* * * *

What is fame but a bunch of people
Finding out a bit more about your delusion.
What's the big deal?

* * * *

Nursing a cigar, You ponder the smoke
And wonder at its simplicity.

* * * *

There is no quest, there is no path,
There is naught but the illusion
That existence is somehow real.

* * * *

What is not vain in the human mind?

* * * *

So much to unlearn, instantaneous as it may be.

* * * *

Illusion is as illusion does.

* * * *

Could by expect more or less from any other way?

* * * *

Any groupthink is ultimately founded upon one flawed assumption or another.

* * * *

Nothing really matters.

* * * *

Remember to forget until You forget to remember.

* * * *

No need to be shy about the truth of the real You.

CVIII

You are but one of a near infinity of universes,
One facet of a crest-jewel diamond
Too huge to fathom.

* * * *

Prepare as You may for any given circumstance
There are many moments, many days,
When only spontaneity will do.

* * * *

Rooting for the comet, but also open to erasers and C4.

* * * *

Become buoyant again.

* * * *

The farthest we'll ever get into space will be the movies.

* * * *

Truth is truth,
Relative in appearance only.

* * * *

"But you're supposed to do it my way,"
Whined the child.

* * * *

You are left with a teaching
Which requires only students.

* * * *

Sand is sand no matter the beach.

* * * *

So much want leads to nothing.

* * * *

Follow those who have no desire to lead.
Lead those who have no desire to follow.

* * * *

Explore how little You know.

* * * *

To become one with the primal source

Is the harvest of this mortal existence.

* * * *

You cannot kill anyone or anything.

* * * *

Humility is by far the most arduous, effortless journey.

* * * *

Poor little body, poor little mind.
What a challenge, this mortal play.

* * * *

People who use drugs do so
Because they change the suffering
Into a preferable, more tolerable state.
Some use it to consciously explore
The relativity of all plays of mind.

* * * *

Life is full of risks, and no one gets out
Without paying one dear price or another.

* * * *

The challenge in any given endeavor
Is discerning when moderation
Transforms into excess.

* * * *

Never corner a tiger
Unless You are prepared
To match claw and fang.

* * * *

These thoughts only come
Because You listen very closely
To the still depth of your beingness.
They will come to any prepared to listen.

* * * *

What reckoning can there be to so much insanity?

* * * *

Shackles only create adversity.

* * * *

Tune in.

* * * *

So many enduring so much pain of their own imagining.

* * * *

You can only help another
If they are willing and capable
Of helping themselves.

* * * *

Need and want are too very different motivations.

* * * *

What a burden vanity.

* * * *

True philosophy has no structure
And is as primal as before dust's beginning.

* * * *

Suffering is an option, not a requirement.

* * * *

Plumb the depths and there are none but one.

* * * *

Death becomes us all.

* * * *

Oblivion is such a peaceful state of being.

* * * *

Aren't we all rather lost
In the maze of space and time,
Trying so hard to be sure?

* * * *

There is nothing absolute be absoluteness.

* * * *

Insignificant as it and anything else ultimately is,
What a major fuck-up humanity has become.

* * * *

Songs are sung of many notes.

* * * *

Tack beyond the restrictions of the human pale,
Beyond the mythologies of all creation.

* * * *

What an enticement the intellect.
We are drawn to the whimsy of thought
As a moth is the moon's albedo.

* * * *

Let us at least try to agree
That what You think is your business,
And what I think, is mine.

* * * *

Pause for as many moments as possible.
In that moment You are awakened to eternity.

* * * *

Is it need or want which drives You so?

* * * *

Dare to say no.

* * * *

How ridiculous to think humanity's ballooning population
And overwhelming dependence on technology can be sustained.
Even more deaf, dumb and blind are those who still delude themselves
That our conduct is not having a huge impact on the natural world.
See it or not, everything is connected and every action ripples.
Pandora's Box was opened long ago, and like it or not
We will all be paying a price for our arrogance.
The "great adjustment" is inevitable.

* * * *

Amid so much plenty, another impoverished soul.

* * * *

Live to whatever degree your fate allows.

* * * *

What a state on wonder not to know anything.

* * * *

See through the facade as You may,
The facade lacks the memory to be concerned.

* * * *

Question bad decisions
Before the become bad outcomes.

* * * *

The one hand clapping doesn't make a sound.

* * * *

Do it
Before You prompt others to follow You.

* * * *

Enjoy You Self.

* * * *

So many things just don't have
The same fizzle they once did.

* * * *

What an illusion to think your life
Makes more than an imagined difference.

* * * *

One breath serves the same purpose as any other.

* * * *

So arduous to be a child in this world.

* * * *

Just because somebody makes the effort
To write their perception of something
Doesn't necessarily make it true.

* * * *

Nothing comes from a vacuum.

* * * *

Would there be passion without conviction.

* * * *

The advantage of so-called education
Is that You may actually learn to learn.

* * * *

Great expectations so often
Create great disappointment.
Question the expectation.

* * * *

Draw a blank.

* * * *

No one but You will ever know.

* * * *

So artificial everything humanity has created.

* * * *

World weariness raises its tired eyes
And finds nothing has changed, again.
Could the world be anything but what it is?

* * * *

How much more simple can it be?

* * * *

The words blur together.

* * * *

Put food out and perhaps the guests will come.

* * * *

What pleasure is without some form of pain?

* * * *

Movement is inevitable.

* * * *

The reason sages teach is probably
Because they have nothing left to do.

* * * *

Ever wonder how many people pick their noses
When they think no one is watching?

* * * *

Be gentle with yourself.
Most tortures are self-inflicted.

* * * *

All this work, and so few pennies for it.
And yet is there anything as freely given?
Nor anything as unlikely to cease flowing?
So many journeys, so many occupations,
But what did You ever really yearn to do
But drive a forklift twelve hours a day?
When was it some friend suggested,
“Why don’t You write some poetry?”
And these thoughts the honed result
Of those twenty-five years-plus hence.

* * * *

What a fucking mystery existence is.

* * * *

How obtuse to blame a devil for any given misfortune.

* * * *

Status is overrated.

* * * *

Just another fairy tale.

* * * *

My gift to the drama.

* * * *

To be clear about what You want, blessing or curse?

* * * *

Why is it some seem to study the sidewalk so intently when they walk about?

* * * *

Confusion is merely a lack of insight into the order.

* * * *

‘Nuff said, but still You chatter on.

* * * *

From ignorance springs knowledge,
It being the same.

* * * *

All times have their moment.

* * * *

What difference, really, between selling cars and God?

* * * *

The mind in time is both creator and eraser of history.

* * * *

Are You really any closer to death
At the end of this sentence
Than You were at its beginning?

* * * *

Why bemoan stupidity suffering its due fate?

* * * *

Where will You be when the questions stop?

* * * *

Ahh, the pulsations of the play,
The drama to which illusion applauds.

* * * *

Allow thoughts of this world,
Or any other to dissipate,
And what do You have?

* * * *

It is a vision that rocks mere mortals.

* * * *

The best of the worst.

* * * *

No, no, no …
Where have all the yeses gone?

* * * *

I might with You.

* * * *

It was somebody else's dream.

* * * *

Perhaps I have made you
Terribly frustrated with me.
Oh well.

* * * *

What's the point of a parade
If You can't throw candy?

* * * *

You just want to listen to your own chatter.

* * * *

Having more power or fame or fortune does not make You a superior human being.

* * * *

He cannot help it; he is a man.
She cannot help it; she is a woman.
Patterns rule.

* * * *

The smell of old.

* * * *

How many species of human beings there are; so different, so alike.

* * * *

No one else is responsible for your vanity.

* * * *

An undated, unordered, uncategorized journal of reflections.

* * * *

Nothing better to do with their lives, I suppose.

* * * *

One path to glory is as good as any other.

* * * *

Wishing it could be different is about as futile as it gets.

* * * *

A universe away the pain ceases.

* * * *

This moment of peace brought to You by inner harmony.

* * * *

How far measurement has come; how much more can we stand?

* * * *

You really can't do much about that which is given.

* * * *

The words just keep coming inexplicable state of mind, indeed.

* * * *

Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit, it's all bullshit, except when it's cow manure.

* * * *

There is only to illusion to which the mind ascribes so much mischief and mayhem.

CIX

Can there ever be an end to the panorama of disguises, worn by this mystery some call God?

* * * *

Nothing more wrenching than a pattern
That has fallen into the abyss of madness.
How overwhelming maya is for so many.

* * * *

In the grand scheme of things, nothing matters.
But in the day to day, what does not to someone?

* * * *

Cute is often from a distance.

* * * *

A healthy dose of cynicism is part of the course.

* * * *

Life survives to the degree it strives.

* * * *

Oh, tragic air.

* * * *

True winners know how to lose.

* * * *

Smooth, healthy skin is so deceiving.

* * * *

Oh, irresolute mind.
A monkey would be right at home.

* * * *

We may all be one,
But an asshole's an asshole
No matter the form.

* * * *

By your own mind You must die.

* * * *

Friends don't sell to friends.

* * * *

How many drops does it take
To wear down the greatest mountain?
Or grains of dust to build it anew?

* * * *

Phenomenal.

* * * *

How ancient is new?
How new is ancient?

* * * *

The eye of the beholder
Creates all value.

* * * *

One thing leads to another,
And another to one thing.

* * * *

What a bunch of yappers.

* * * *

So quickly one moment, one minute,
One hour, one day, one week, one month,
One year, one decade, one life turns into the next.

* * * *

That You need to do it all
Illustrates a lack of imagination.

* * * *

Physics is physics, not matter the widget.

* * * *

What exactly is it You believe
You can really claim credit for?

* * * *

Why get worked up over things You cannot change?

* * * *

It's never too late for anyone
To take responsibility for themselves.

* * * *

You give them power,
And expect them not to use it?

* * * *

Quit it now, or You will probably embarrass yourself.
But then again, a little embarrassment
Can be a great teacher.

* * * *

All that glory sheltered
By the whimsical nature
Of flesh and bones.

* * * *

It is your fate to play out
The destiny You are choosing,
As if You have any say in the matter.

* * * *

You have to really want to get laid to keep up with a woman's world.

* * * *

Laugh at yourself as often as You can remember to.

* * * *

Fate is a many-colored rainbow.

* * * *

This moment of heaven and/or hell is brought to You by …

* * * *

Food and drink swirl madly in the dust storm of your chewing.

* * * *

Don't You wish they weren't so predictable so much of the time?

* * * *

No word shall go unturned.

* * * *

Change the world?
Pray tell, into what?
Your own image?
Isn't it already?

* * * *

Woe unto those who enter the spider's web.

* * * *

One man's heaven is another's hell.

One man's suffering another's pleasure.
One man's virtue another's vice.
It's all what you're used to,
What You accept
And expect
It to be.

* * * *

One wonders what they think they're on top of.

* * * *

First you're given knowledge,
Then a bit more on top of a bit more,
In an endless drive to somehow become more.
To what end?

* * * *

Why not be bold?

* * * *

Sometimes You love it so much
You can't stand it abysmal insanities.

* * * *

Take things in stride.

* * * *

Some enjoy watching others suffer.
Perhaps more than most might guess.

* * * *

If all You seek is approval from the herd,
Then You may well end up feeling short-changed.
Better to create your own way whatever the many voices say.

* * * *

Becoming a famous talk show host
Is a probably sign of something.

* * * *

No psyche shall go unturned.
No perversion shall go unexplored.

* * * *

After a while your tolerance level becomes more of a crap-o-meter.

* * * *

Freedom is a state of mind bare of any identification.

* * * *

What burdens we accept,
What a universe each of us
Lug about in our heads.

* * * *

What do You want from anyone else?
Can any other truly bring real contentment?

* * * *

One wonders if spiders, scorpions and other predators
Could ever be as delusional about their given nature.

* * * *

Live within the balance or perish.

* * * *

Look where all your grandfathers have gone, and know You will one day join them.

* * * *

Look in the mirror and see a face of mystery,
A mask of divine will, a paradox of time,
Playing out the delusions of form.

* * * *

What was ancient Eden like before wires and pits,
Before tainted water and land laced with countless poisons?
Before the ruthlessness of humankind tinged every creature's marrow?

* * * *

Some things just are not worth the consequences.

* * * *

The future plays the price of the unfolding now.

* * * *

Feel the beat of the one.

* * * *

Trash blows from every end to every end; oneness makes no exceptions.

* * * *

No point in judging this thing some call a plan.
It is the best God could do with the clay available.

* * * *

No point in telling anybody anything

They're not ready or wanting to hear.

* * * *

It's all what you're used to.

* * * *

As long as the human drama
Comes from the mind rather than the heart,
The outcomes will continue the same
Old tired set of permutations.

* * * *

If You cannot win the game You are in, start up a new one with your own rules.

* * * *

God is just another fairy tale; a Santa Claus for wishful believers.

* * * *

History cannot always be on the up and up; it is a statistical wavelength thing.

* * * *

Time may well be an exclusively human invention.

* * * *

The universe is as big as I Am.

* * * *

Just a bunch of memories, and then You lose them, too.

* * * *

The trick is not to be fooled by the attributes.

* * * *

You can forget about that pretty easily.

* * * *

What makes one act
More spiritual than another?

* * * *

Your life will be complete
When You decide it is.

* * * *

Which now were You referring to?

* * * *

What burden do You not choose to carry?

* * * *

So many insisting on one infantile flag or another.

* * * *

Only through fear can You really
Force anyone to do or not do something
Against the choices they see given.

* * * *

Will your death match your pride?

* * * *

Experience teaches You to see problems
Before they even appear on the horizon.

* * * *

Laughable our assumption
That we are so crucial
In every theater.

* * * *

Amazing how the literal-minded
Misconstrue so much so often.

* * * *

Is right action based in the right brain?

* * * *

Eternity is as long as it is short.

* * * *

Figure it out, dude.

* * * *

The salesman banker knows no enemies.

* * * *

One drop makes no difference,
But ten thousand storms
Create a world.

* * * *

An asshole is an asshole
No matter the size or shape.

* * * *

What future is being created for the unborn?

* * * *

Some people are just never satisfied.

* * * *

The plot will take You wherever
The director wants to go?

* * * *

Must everything be rated for our protection?
What ever happened to personal responsibility?
What ever happened to common sense?
Did such things ever really exist?

* * * *

Who can ever really begin to know
What any tomorrow will bring?

* * * *

Merrily the river runs home to the sea.

* * * *

The contagion spreads.

* * * *

Surely, no one's done or said that before.

* * * *

Nature has no memory,
Nor bears any responsibility.

* * * *

It's okay to feel real joy.

* * * *

You cannot take anything home.
Even imagination must discontinue.
Total negation is the simple way
Of eternal life's eternal death.

* * * *

Let us be perfectly clear.

* * * *

No brag, just fact.

* * * *

How now, brown cow?

* * * *

Insight, outsight, what sight isn't blind?

* * * *

How much of every human being's day
Is spent in one sexual fantasy or another?
'Twas probably the source of imagination.

* * * *

You have much better odds playing the lottery
Than humanity does radically changing.

* * * *

Your idealism is spent.

* * * *

Isn't it curious that You have never
Peered into your own eyes?

* * * *

In what way do You deceive yourself this day?

* * * *

You must be very secure about dying
To transverse the ultimate journey.

* * * *

Pretty hard to be detached
When the body isn't healthy.

* * * *

How incredible the intricate webs
Imagination weaves into believing.

* * * *

How tiring your hate.

* * * *

If You must follow,
Follow leaders, not politicians.

* * * *

What is death?
One moment you're here,
The next you're not … Gone … Poof!
What's the big deal?

CX

Take responsibility for your behavior.

* * * *

If You argue over any religion,
You've missed the whole point.

* * * *

Three is usually a crowd.

* * * *

The entire human drama
Is a synergistic collusion
Of capacity and limitation.

* * * *

Suicide is really just saying to consciousness,
"I don't think so."

* * * *

Where will all that pride go
When there's no body
To contain it?

* * * *

The relativity of war and peace.

* * * *

Don't be holding your breath
That anything's gonna change
Into some nirvanic paradigm
Anytime soon or even ever.

* * * *

Don't expect that life will ever be
Any more than what it can be.

* * * *

Just because it hasn't happened
Doesn't mean it won't.

* * * *

Some are more adaptable to change than others.

* * * *

What You have chosen to do

Is what You are already doing.
Is this really what You wanted?

* * * *

Is there an answer to a pattern,
Or merely a predictable outcome?

* * * *

What does everything have in common?

* * * *

Keep coming back to the origin.
It is the mother of endurance.

* * * *

It was your fate to explore the world in every way imagination wandered.

* * * *

The stillness lights the compass
To the unfathomable journey home.

* * * *

Have and have-nots,
Predators and prey,
Herders and herded.

* * * *

To abandon ship is to face
The peril of a merciless sea.

* * * *

A child solves a puzzle easily
Because s/he is not yet bound
By the constraints of experience.
The mind is as fresh as the problem.

* * * *

Civilization is not always civilized.

* * * *

Immortality playing out mortality
Can be very plainly at the time.

* * * *

Don't get fooled again.

* * * *

Explore the fear of not-being.

* * * *

If at all possible, bypass assholes.

* * * *

Stand above the crowd.

* * * *

The biggest delusion is that You are God; the second biggest delusion is that You are not God.

* * * *

You are just getting too lazy for your own good.

* * * *

Paths beyond number; same number.

* * * *

The world is a comic tragedy for all, a drama of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

How lonely when You are not alone.

* * * *

Your suffering likely does not bother me near as much as my own.

* * * *

All that dancing alone in each other's presence.

* * * *

Formidable.

* * * *

How much bother we put
Into trying to save that
Which cannot be saved.

* * * *

The quarterback calls the play
Unless the coach sends one in.

* * * *

We must all succumb
To gravity's insistence.

* * * *

Slowly, very slowly, we all
Melt back into Kansas.

* * * *

All creatures come and go.
Some die fast, some die slow.
Any way will do when its time to go.

* * * *

You cannot know That I Am,
You can only be it.

* * * *

You will be well on the way
When the world's countless ills
No longer consume your attention.

* * * *

Interesting how dates and days of the week
And all the events designated in time
Shape one's brief existence.

* * * *

How far will humanity's manipulations of stardust go?
All is conjecture at this time's writing, but history's future will no doubt remember,
Until comes the reckoning of all time's forgetting.

* * * *

All I can say it that it made sense at the time.

* * * *

It is a harsh fate to be cast into a life that memory cannot forget.

* * * *

These thoughts are reflections,
Not necessarily truth,
Though some may hint of it.

* * * *

This a field guide to the play of consciousness,
Anthropological notes of sorts,
To tide You over
Until something better comes along.

* * * *

Oooga Booga.

* * * *

A good friend slips someone a plastic bag and a rubber band,
If things should go sour, and something quicker isn't at hand.

* * * *

Can You live a spiritual existence,
A day-to-day awareness of the oneness,
Without imposing your egotism upon another?

* * * *

Is food a means or and end?

* * * *

Group dynamic is a multi-faceted synergy.
How many variables in any social equation.

* * * *

Why do we give so much power to nerds and jocks?

* * * *

Children are too busy living
To bother about philosophy.

* * * *

We're all on a Titanic of our own making,
Adrift in a vast ocean of ignorance.
And the lifeboats are leaking.

* * * *

Is money the root of all evil,
Or is it the mind which cannot moderate
The weight of its imaginary value?

* * * *

Who would seek that fate?

* * * *

Why is it so many oppressed people
So often end up suppressing others
As soon as they get a little position?

* * * *

Every concept expands your frame of reference, but in the end, what good will all that filler be?

* * * *

All this information
And who can even begin
To keep up with more
Than a pinch of it?
Ignorance overwhelms
Even the greatest intelligence.

* * * *

Drama is drama no matter the drama.

* * * *

Message machines are the best answer to unsolicited callers; screen ‘em, Dano.

* * * *

What in God’s name besides friction and fantasy,
Does a younger woman have in common with an older man?
Or an older woman, with a younger man?

* * * *

Once You see past the nature of concepts, what is there to fear or want?

* * * *

What a game of imagery job interviews are.

* * * *

How many ways and means,
Both subtle and blatant, to idolatry.
Perhaps everything is idolatrous.

* * * *

Life is much more of a bother than death will ever be.

* * * *

Your immortality is the primal essence.
Mortality is the delusion of form.
Oneness is the only reality.
All is the delusion of light and dark.
Be serene in the still point of awareness,
In the knowing that birth and death
Are the play of consciousness.
Nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

These thoughts are for those
Who survive the wall.

* * * *

The secret of life is attitude.

* * * *

If You weren’t so accustomed to encountering them,
If You weren’t of such similar genetic material,
A public assembly of your fellow primates
Might well scare the hell out of You.
We are aliens, too, You know.

What's the difference
Between you
And a microbe?
Check the mirror, baby.

* * * *

The truth perceived is not the truth.

* * * *

Humanity has a lot more in common
With cockroaches than most
Would probably care to believe.

* * * *

Much easier
To recall the truth
Than a web of deceptions.

* * * *

How the data is read by the senses
Creates the paradigm of illusion.

* * * *

The physics will hold up
Wherever the vehicle can travel.

* * * *

Very difficult for a tree
To part from its roots.

* * * *

A disciplined people inevitably decline
As decadence feeds off the excesses.

* * * *

Why go where You are unwelcome?
Why not travel where laughter greets You?
Why not lend smiles to those needing them most?

* * * *

You never know how ignorance will challenge You.

* * * *

Any good book
Can stand several readings
To fully fathom the author's intentions.

* * * *

How is it we imagine any concept,
Any artificial intelligence
Can ever gain a life of its own?

* * * *

Dead horses don't wake to beatings.

* * * *

The powerful, rich and famous
Are often not as fascinating
As they'd have us believe.

* * * *

We are all hypnotized by our own desire
To believe there must be more than we can see
With the mind and senses of which all dreams are made.

* * * *

Avoid giving anything out of obligation.
Give simply because You want to.

* * * *

Your fate is written in time, is written in space.
You will laugh, You will suffer. You will be injured, You will be sick.
You will know great pleasures, You will age, You will die.
But in all that it is, will You have truly lived?

* * * *

The best labor force is a voluntary one.
Allow them trinkets and toys, and let them
Delude themselves that they are free.

* * * *

There's no place else you've got to be.

* * * *

Breathe in the moment.

* * * *

Revel in the mud of time.

* * * *

There is nothing You cannot be,
There is nothing You cannot play out,
In the wander of your day-to-day imagination.

* * * *

It's really about those

Who hate the world
And those who love it.

* * * *

The worst is that feeling there's
Some other place You oughta be.

* * * *

How can You be nothing
Until You tire of being something?

* * * *

Wear your gray well.

* * * *

So many ways to look at it all.

* * * *

This blob of protoplasm has no name.

* * * *

Image nation.

* * * *

There is no man-made law,
Which cannot be stretched or broken.
Only the natural laws born of quantum mechanics,
Are absolute and inexplicably unalterable.
And they are probably illusion, too.

* * * *

Are You talking to another individual, a group, the world, or God, or your Self?

* * * *

Those who know find their kind through a sharing of mind.

CXI

You do enjoy the curve of a well-turned phrase.

* * * *

Any distraction will do.

* * * *

There is just something missing, in the linear nature of a lumber company forest.

* * * *

The pain You have endured may be nothing compared to what could lie ahead.

* * * *

Do You not wonder why You bother sometimes?

* * * *

It a judge-for-your-Self kind of universe.

* * * *

There are some lies You would rather hear.

* * * *

How green the grass is everywhere else.

* * * *

You never know when a treasure, might be learned or remembered; which are, of course, the same thing.

* * * *

Follow any train of thought, and You will eventually find an answer.

* * * *

There are way too many variables for us to believe we control the experiment anymore.

* * * *

If You cannot see with more than two eyes, You will miss the point and purpose of everything.

* * * *

How difficult it must be
For the life forms of this planet
To be subjugated and destroyed by us.

* * * *

Don't let the reflection in the mirror
Convince You that You are growing old.
You are far older than any mirage.

* * * *

Another tube of toothpaste squeezed dry.
How quickly life passes.

* * * *

There are times to attack, times to defend,
Times to retreat, times to hide, times to surrender.
You cannot resist an unfathomable opponent.

* * * *

To abide prior to all form and function
Is to see the commonality
Of all attributes.

* * * *

Marines complain a lot, too.
But the job gets done.

* * * *

What discipline is sometimes required
To be loyal to just one woman.

* * * *

Not that disloyalty is a bad thing.

* * * *

So bold as children.
Why so many inhibitions
As time grows older?

* * * *

You may pretty clever,
But are You very bright?

* * * *

In your adult life, have You ever even taken one breath
Free of the anxiety of desire's imaginary play?

* * * *

Consciousness is the creator of all delusion.
Its still end is the ending of all delusion.

* * * *

What a difference between digging a ditch
And talking about it.

* * * *

As to what the point is,

Don't we each make that up
As we go along?

* * * *

Do don't have to submit.

* * * *

The last traces of compassion drain away.

* * * *

Be one with both creation and destruction.
The are flip sides of the same illusionary coin.

* * * *

Find the most elemental within
And You will see it everywhere.

* * * *

Another gift from God.

* * * *

What a curse to be so driven.

* * * *

Are You a human being?
Or a human doing?

* * * *

Be careful what doors You open; they are not always easy to close, nor rooms easy to leave.

* * * *

Oh, that some things would never change.

* * * *

How locked in habitual patterns each and every one of us.

* * * *

Just because someone else is attached does not mean You must be.

* * * *

Disappear into a breath.

* * * *

Perfection is.

* * * *

What is your life?

* * * *

Give your eyes and ears over to the mystery.

* * * *

The mind is a screen of virtual reality, filled with dramas to suit your nature.

* * * *

Learning happens in so many ways, with so many costs, and so many methods of payment.

* * * *

You forget, else You would be here now all the time.

* * * *

There is something timeless about revenge.

* * * *

There will be peace soon enough.

* * * *

Only the innocent bear no grudges.

* * * *

Just another drug weaving
Its spell upon consciousness.

* * * *

You are very, very equal
To everything and everyone.

* * * *

Mazemaker.

* * * *

The difference between war and terrorism
Is merely a matter of economic scale.

* * * *

There's not much reality base
In the view from an ivory tower.

* * * *

Life is suffering, and most people do.

* * * *

An infinity of analogies.

* * * *

Irony walker.

* * * *

This is the mortal exchange.

* * * *

What penis doesn't think it’s cock of the walk?

* * * *

Remember
What You used to remember?
So much forgotten.

* * * *

More of the same old same old.

* * * *

Ponder the agony
All life since creation
Has endured.

* * * *

Despite all sensory stimulation to the contrary,
Every moment is exactly the same.

* * * *

Guaranteed they’ll only care till the next headline.
How is it we have become so comfortably numb?

* * * *

Personal responsibility
Is what its all about.

* * * *

You can statistically count on the reality
That any given life form, human or otherwise,
Will act in whatever way suits its own best interest.

* * * *

We are all acts of incongruity.

* * * *

Isn’t there something quite incredible
About the everyday ordinariness of it all?

* * * *

Some wade, some float, some swim.
The drama runs every course
Under the sun.

* * * *

Stupidity has a very good batting average.

* * * *

So many dramas, so many dreams; call them dreamas.

* * * *

So, what do You want from God?

* * * *

So many dreams playing out each other.

* * * *

It is all cycles and phases.

* * * *

Well, it didn't kill You, so are You stronger?

* * * *

Look, but don't touch,
May be the wiser policy.

* * * *

The trick is to enjoy the process of futility.

* * * *

How often a face seems to show the underlying spirit.

* * * *

Despite all appearances to the contrary,
You are not the role You play.

* * * *

In reality, history has never been more than a short term proposition.

* * * *

A lot of things get done in youth that would never happen down the pike.

* * * *

If You listen fully, there will be no room for thought.

* * * *

God must be so weary of us; neither dead nor alive; just stopped paying attention.

* * * *

As real as she seems, she, too, is a ghost, a spirit passing like smoke, across the screen of your senses.

* * * *

We have all got more words than we need.

* * * *

Everyone plays out the play, according to the script, their imagination has written.

* * * *

It is as simple as that.

* * * *

All plots wash into oblivion's stillness.

* * * *

I have got nothing to do well.

* * * *

A little power, a little fame, a little fortune, shows one's true character very quickly.

* * * *

Nice theory; what remains of your life will be its test.

* * * *

Bodily functions; how wearing they can be.

* * * *

If You have to ask, 'What's the point?' – then it is probably not for You.

* * * *

You are not thirsty, You are not hungry,
You are not wanting for anything,
Yet still You crave for more.

* * * *

Nothing left to prove, nothing left to gain; nothing left to become; what to do?

* * * *

Good manners are so much more pleasant.

* * * *

The time that is known
Is not the time that passes.

* * * *

Some observers spend their lifetimes studying pygmies in South America, or gnats in a funded laboratory.
Moi? I have spent it channel surfing space and time in every manner this dream of time offered.
Special thanks to the many denizens of California in the United States of America.
Whose performances offered endless grist for the mill of this mind.

* * * *

This one's for You.

* * * *

Seek wisdom
And then release its shackles
As You have all others.

* * * *

You are blessed to be so mad.
Would that it were so contagious
That this human extravaganza
Might retrieve some sanity.

* * * *

Always assume the bullet
Is chambered and the safety off.

* * * *

The separation created by the senses is ever an illusion,
One that the seer must become blind to, to see clearly.

* * * *

Every strand of beingness
Is the point that has no point
The center that has no center.
The babbling of consciousness
To which You hold is all illusion.

* * * *

The knower discerns only a limited frame of reference.
Wisdom is the extrapolation of the distillation of experience.
Of consciousness, kaleidoscoping through the mystery of awareness.

* * * *

The bricks of time have erected
The illusory walls of separation
In minds across the human play.

* * * *

You may have all the answers,
But do You really believe You need
To be thinking about them
All the time?

* * * *

Who knows who's who
Where's where,

What's what,
Why's why,
When's when,
Or how's how?

* * * *

Most seekers only seek
To stroke their vanity.

* * * *

Even wisdom becomes noise; nothing more than conceptual entertainment.

* * * *

Ask yourself who You are, until You discern who You are not.

CXII

Where would the ocean be
If it resisted its play between
Tranquility and devastation?

* * * *

Once desire is sewn,
Passion is the harvest.

* * * *

Even the top of the food chain
Must someday succumbs to the bottom.
The cycle of existence is ever in perfect harmony.

* * * *

Get back to square one.

* * * *

Who exists but an imagined, delusional entity
Born of space-time's light and shadow illusion?

* * * *

Normal has a relative foundation.

* * * *

And it looked around at all the other amoebas
And wondered why it didn't feel like one anymore.

* * * *

You speculate until it's no longer necessary.

* * * *

Consciousness is scribed
Upon the indivisible nature,
A document which leaves no trace
But though the delusion of individualism.

* * * *

So many sets dreamed,
So many plots rehearsed,
So many more to pretend,
Before dreamtime's end.

* * * *

You cannot see beyond your Self.

* * * *

We drift in maya; we ourselves maya.

* * * *

Sometimes the best way to avoid a conflict with your fellow man, is to avoid your fellow man.

* * * *

The I Am You think You are, is not the I Am You are.

* * * *

Sometimes complete destruction is the only avenue to clarity.

* * * *

So-called addictions
Are a great opportunity
To practice discipline.

* * * *

Those who discern the impersonal
Discern it the same.

* * * *

We are absorbed by our sexuality
In so many blatant and subtle ways.

* * * *

Destruction is as sure as each moment's creation.

* * * *

A leader who does not value all life
In his strategic and tactical maneuvers
Is no leader worth following.

* * * *

You are truly the wealth prior to all dreams.

* * * *

The picture is far bigger than any
Can ever do more than imagine.

* * * *

The collective will is the sorter of space and time.

* * * *

Play the part all puppets are.

* * * *

Through the senses the mind demarcates

Time in order to sustain its finite existence.

* * * *

When You were a child, You did what children do.
When You became an adult, You did what adults do.
When You became that which is mystery,
It became all one in the same.

* * * *

The unimpeded river, washes away the traces of personal identity.

* * * *

What is not the ocean when all mountains are seen as sea?

* * * *

It was our attachment to sound given meaning which cast us from Eden.

* * * *

You are that which sets all burdens free.

* * * *

The truth is somewhere between the lines.

* * * *

The vampire's potential is within each and every one of us,
But what delights, any gives the devilish nature,
Is the story of any spirit's journey.

* * * *

The fulfillment of time is imagination's chore.

* * * *

Beware those who want to lead You.

* * * *

Was it me? Was it You? Who can say what in life, each of us was born to do?

* * * *

I have seen many tacks,
Charted quite a few, and those left,
I leave to You, the who's who of this vast dream.

* * * *

It's tough being appreciated and honored
Only for things which do not really matter.

* * * *

Oh, valiant dreamer, dust's glory in time's theater.

* * * *

Let the chips of arrogance fall where they will.

* * * *

You may identify yourself
As one concept or another,
But in fact You are That I Am
The truth, the life, the way.

* * * *

It is that which is timeless
Which sets its Self free.

* * * *

Did You wake up today, still alive?

* * * *

You think You are, therefore You are,
Yet are You some uniquely special You are,
Or just a general run-of-the-mill You are?
Do grains of sand vie for position?

* * * *

Can any world be understood
As anything more than it is?

* * * *

Is time really worth that pile of gold?

* * * *

Let the river wash away all the glory
In that finite mind of your imagination.

* * * *

We each pretend to be what pops into our heads.
Where is the choice in any puppet's dance?

* * * *

Just an energy transfer unit
Held together by the same.

* * * *

How many countless times has the ocean rained
Upon the mountains and then run back to itself?

* * * *

You have seen through the many who have not.

* * * *

When You look in a mirror
Or at a photograph of yourself,
What but delusion makes You believe
That two-dimensional image is really You?

* * * *

So many clues before You.
Are You too blind to see?

* * * *

Is space travel for us
Any different than a flea
Jumping to another host?
Or any other parasite
To another victim?

* * * *

All your judgments
Cannot change a thing.
They only create more bother
In an already very bothered dream.

* * * *

Time is the separation within us all.

* * * *

The harvest of any soul is within.

* * * *

Masters become masters after many beginnings.

* * * *

A blind man asks You what you've done,
And how can You begin to explain
The countless times you've been one?

* * * *

If time were real,
Wouldn't You be able
To travel it more than once?

* * * *

Time is an endless string of waves
In which every rise is subject to a fall,
Some greater, some lesser, all hinging
On the indifference of the ocean beyond.

* * * *

How challenging it is
To be civilized, to be human
In an uncivilized, inhuman universe.

* * * *

The echoes of your ancient ancestors
Reverberate in your genetic predispositions.
You are another seed blooming in time,
Pretending your choices real
In a choiceless field.

* * * *

Ignorance makes many bargains with delusion.

* * * *

How quickly the masks change,
Often deceiving even the most astute.

* * * *

When attachments to space-time's illusion fall away,
The witness becomes absorbed by the eternal silence.

* * * *

Methinks You pretend to know too much.

* * * *

In memory all things twist and turn and turn and twist.
Time's passing sees histories change in so many ways
Whose version of any event can ever be known fully?

* * * *

The attributes of any given seed,
Its potential capacities and limitations
Define its play in time's unfolding.

* * * *

You cannot live forever in any form.
Only in timelessness are You immortal.

* * * *

The universal is so obvious that it is inane
To deceive yourself and others
That it is not.

* * * *

Gods are invented to justify our fears and dreads of everything imaginable.

* * * *

The last hurrah before me final trampling.

* * * *

Beneath the timeline of those remembered in human history,
Are buried the anonymous masses who made everything possible.

* * * *

Why are You still hanging here?
Your usefulness is coming to a close,
And You want so little from this vain drama
That it has becoming more effort than it's worth.

* * * *

As any field, the mind needs
To occasionally lie fallow
That it is not depleted
By the rotations
Of consciousness.

* * * *

Where is the choice in all this?

* * * *

Does it not make perfect sense that the mystery, would create and allow every possibility?

* * * *

If there was truly a point to all this, would we not all have the same one?

* * * *

Such things are for those caught in the flurries of illusive form.

* * * *

Try applying everything about others to yourself.
The karma of it all becomes instantaneously clear.

* * * *

You are the same here and now, in countless forms, in every point across all time.

* * * *

Life requires many dues.

* * * *

Death shows no mercy to any life.

* * * *

We are genetic balloons filled with the mystery of the mystery.

* * * *

Enemies have a way of making themselves,
Often without much help from those they resent.
Resentment and hate keep the boredom at bay.

* * * *

Duty and obligation
Are will inspired outwardly.
What come from within naturally?

* * * *

See this and all schisms are healed instantaneously.

* * * *

As long as consciousness is deemed real,
You will be caught in the endless
Ebb and flow of duality.

* * * *

Some are born to be mystical fools.
It is truly less a choice than a calling.
They are drawn like moths to the flame.

* * * *

Dredge the harbor of all delusion.

* * * *

Human existence is not the be-all-end-all
So many delude themselves into thinking.

* * * *

All these writings don't even amount
To a dribble of snot on a gnat's nose.

* * * *

Are thoughts such as these a denial of life,
Or a clear exposure of what it truly is?

* * * *

So many make every attempt
To drag You back into their limitations.

* * * *

A good leader voices what needs to be heard
Which may often not be what many people want.

* * * *

Laugh your self-imagery away.

* * * *

Our ultimate failing is that we lack vision.

* * * *

The only way to stop the tears is to peel the onion all the way down.

* * * *

You have truly not aged one iota.

* * * *

Fate is God's plan; chance, God's humor.

* * * *

How many incomprehensible moments
There are in any life when decisions
Can often never be sure until
Well after, if ever at all.

* * * *

What do You know
But what You have chosen to know
For whatever reason.

* * * *

Do not be bound
By the parameters of any other.
Freedom is the inner vision.

* * * *

It is prior to all recognition, all knowledge.
It is the all-knowing awareness of amness.

* * * *

The irony of showing others the way to freedom
Is their often wanting to bind You in their prison.

CXIII

This is what You have done with your life.

* * * *

How else would the mystery know itself, but through You?

* * * *

Suffer no delusions.

* * * *

The strains of life need not mark your spirit.

* * * *

Only in sensory-inspired consciousness can duality pretend to exist.

* * * *

The pressures to become something are fierce.
What do they inspire but added misery,
To an already difficult situation.

* * * *

You just got it back.

* * * *

Remember,
Despite what You read here or anywhere else,
That it doesn't really matter.

* * * *

How can a doctor
Help heal a patient
Determined to be ill?
Patient, heal thy Self.

* * * *

Positive thinking
Tends to accept and embrace
A great deal of delusion.

* * * *

Who are You imitating now?

* * * *

No name, no concept attaches
But through the glue of your mind.

* * * *

We are a species deathly afraid of not being.

* * * *

Others can hold your hand,
But You must take the pain alone.

* * * *

This moment, too, will fall
Through the sieve of memory.

* * * *

You really only need to please yourself.

* * * *

At some point, why should You allow
Anyone to define or restrict You?

* * * *

Whoever invented time was the first historian.

* * * *

What do You want to do with your life,
Your dreamtime, your sojourn, your path
Through this misty three-dimensional mystery?

* * * *

Explode into the ocean of your being,
The wind of your eternal nature,
The fire of your true Soul.

* * * *

The book that never was.

* * * *

Pass what You will to your children.
They will pay their own price for the die we have cast.
Big fucking crap game, don't You think?

* * * *

As an infant the senses had no meaning.
Only in time's passing did an order gradually arise
As the environmental pattern was sponged into personality
By choiceless inclinations of your genetic predisposition.
Do You really believe your personal view is any more
Than an ancillary outcome of random circumstance
And the collective delusions of consciousness?

* * * *

When it becomes obvious this world of dreams,
Must eventually, as all change must, be relinquished.
How challenging it is to, in one way or another,
Participate in whatever way fate dictates.

* * * *

What is consciousness but the awareness
That every act creates a ripple which impacts others.
It is not obligation, but consideration which creates angels.

* * * *

The concept is not the thing,
But what is the thing without the concept?

* * * *

We all seems irreversibly drawn
To one passing inclination or another.
The choices involved are quite choiceless.
Were You to truly attempt changing the pattern,
It would probably prove all but impossible.
Most changes are relatively superficial
And really only amount to resistance.

* * * *

Don't battle your Self.

* * * *

Why these aphorisms, each so unique,
Keep bubbling forth unsought is a mystery.
What impact, if any, they might have is for a time
These eyes will only view through those yet to come.

* * * *

The wings of angels tickle your soul
To awaken to eternal life.

* * * *

It is silence that is golden.

* * * *

Cast yourself adrift in the abyss of your mind.

* * * *

Root out that which causes your pain.

* * * *

The analogies may change, but truth is ever the same.

* * * *

The eternally damned, have nothing to fear, but their own imagination.

* * * *

We all exist in collusive, delusive, fantastical dreamtime.
A mystery, impervious to the apparent mortality;
Drifting in time, which has never existed.

* * * *

Why fear any deity that is your own creation?

* * * *

How long will one hand support another?

* * * *

A still mind travels the moment.

* * * *

Will You embrace life,
Or that which was never born?
Or, perhaps, if You can walk the paradox,
You will manage an affair with both.

* * * *

No one leads until there are those willing to follow.

* * * *

So many have so much, yet only want more.
What did it finally take for greedy Midas
To wish away his golden touch?

* * * *

Just because everyone else is doing something
Is not a good reason.

* * * *

Imagine all that human pride has wrought.

* * * *

Through You all things come to pass.

* * * *

If You cannot be your own best friend
And lover, who else will want to be?

* * * *

Seek the diamond at the core of your beingness,

The true worth of the dream's golden nature.

* * * *

If You think yourself invisible, You are.

* * * *

So many Christians have missed completely
What the man they profess to emulate
Was truly trying to point out.

* * * *

Have You always felt life are
Something of an alien here?

* * * *

Waves wash away all writings
Without thought or concern.
Each breath the same.

* * * *

How does anyone know anything
But through their own choosing?

* * * *

What do You hope for,
But that your delusions are real?

* * * *

How lonely one can feel
In the midst of any given crowd.
Discerning the aloneness at the source
Is both difficult to remember and easy to forget.

* * * *

What makes You think human babble
Has any more significance than
That of any other creature?

* * * *

Western industrial, technological, scientific thinking
Has infected the rest of the world to such a degree
That the result can only be disaster and mayhem.

* * * *

All You really need to be told
At any given point of your time
Is that You are That I Am.
The rest is academic.

* * * *

All your attachments boil down
To the imaginary concoctions
Of a few trillion brain cells.

* * * *

It is all the naming which creates
The You, You happen believe real.

* * * *

Whatever You think
Of anyone or anything
Is only an imaginary idea.
It can never be what is.

* * * *

Personal identity is the delusion.

* * * *

What do You finally learn from pain
But that You probably don't need
To do whatever caused it again.

* * * *

How many faces
Have You not had?
You are the everything,
Nothing less, nothing more.
So simple, so simple.

* * * *

All pride eventually falls
For it can only be sustained
By the vain delusions of the body.

* * * *

Unless there was some other life
You would rather have lived, why
Would You do this to yourself again?

* * * *

How incredible life is.
How amazing that we endlessly
Seem to insist on creating more sorrow
Than existence already requires.

* * * *

When creation and destruction, are each moment's passing,
How can You ever assume that You were ever truly born?

* * * *

No person or place or thing or idea is godless; it is impossible in the indivisibility of all thing manifest.

* * * *

Have You not always been watching?

* * * *

A successful life is finding contentment in your own.

* * * *

Relax, if You cannot manage it on your own,
Death will permanently silence You soon enough.

* * * *

Do our personalities carve our features, or the features shape the personality?

* * * *

How beautiful, how horrifying, so many things are in this magical-mystery dreamworld.

* * * *

Why do You continue to bind your Self in this field of dreams?
What entices You again and again into the habit You call thinking?

* * * *

Patience is a device worth cultivating.

* * * *

Your dream has always been; what other dream could possibly be?

* * * *

Just think, none of this is really happening; it is You own convictions which burden You.

* * * *

The dross is burned by clarity.

* * * *

A dream is a dream
No matter the dream.

* * * *

How is this happening?
A fool's question if ever there was one.

* * * *

We all are demons, until we return to the grace of the mystery.

* * * *

The only conclusion, no matter when or where your origin, is that we are all That I Am.

* * * *

This human world will obviously never be perfect,
But must we flaw it so, with our vanity and avarice?

* * * *

Duality requires the stream of consciousness.
When thoughts are stilled, all separations,
All polarities, all fictions of imagination,
Cease to play their time-bound realities.
The drama humanity is playing, simply put,
Is the product of this straight-forward correlation,
A function of the mind gone astray in dreamtime's play.

* * * *

The mystery blows up the balloon, and pop!
There form goes, and where are You,
But where You were all along.

* * * *

Is it a question that is the statement, or a statement which is a question?

* * * *

So-called evil is merely self-absorption, ignorance, denial, greed, eternal death.

* * * *

Go forth and explore this world You have created, until You see what there really is to be seen.

* * * *

What else but vanity would believe vanity has any continuity?

* * * *

Activists are replete with self-satisfied righteousness,
Irrespective of the futility of their many outcomes,
In the ebb and flow of the ever-changing nature.

* * * *

Time is filled by one thing or another.

* * * *

So many concoctions stewing in the same brew.

* * * *

By their nature, dreams are ever ethereal,
Like clouds, rivers and waves

Never be fooled by even those appearing solid.

* * * *

Idealists must eventually absolve themselves
Of responsibility for that which they cannot change.

* * * *

Different mountain, same clayness.

* * * *

Dancing with illusion.

* * * *

Is superstition an inherent feature locked into the genetic structure?

* * * *

What do You really have but a mind full of memories?

* * * *

If You hadn't been conditioned
To believe in heavens and hells,
Would You concoct them yourself?

* * * *

The depths cannot be plumbed.
They are infinitely small, infinitely large,
Beyond all mortal comprehension or conclusion.

CXIV

You will never find sanctuary in any form,
Yet without form, there would be no creation,
No theater for the mystery to sculpt in imagination.

* * * *

Groupthink is just shared delusion.

* * * *

There is no place to go You are not already.

* * * *

Even freedom is illusion.
What is integrated, non-dualistic,
Non-resistant, uninhibited consciousness?

* * * *

Duality can only pretend to terminate You.
Immortality is not known for dying easily.

* * * *

Knowledge may be unlimited,
But it requires time to learn.

* * * *

Revolutions are merely disagreements
Over whose law should rule the masses.

* * * *

It is the seed of pride which sows hell.

* * * *

To be free of death,
You must die to time.

* * * *

Even ignorance is truth.

* * * *

Dualistic notions are just the
Capricious winds of the mind.

* * * *

More is rarely enough for many.

* * * *

One man's glory is another's farce.

* * * *

Every head spinning the same vanity
Over and over and over and over....

* * * *

When You are your own law,
You travel the field spontaneously
In whatever way your disposition wills.
Lordy, the mystery-given blueprint,
Of your mortal manifest vehicle,
Sure can take You for a ride.

* * * *

So many creatures must fear us
And our mutated ways.

* * * *

Struggle as You might to cleave
To people, places, things and ideas,
You cannot, never have, and never will,
No matter how tempting the mirage.

* * * *

Why do people bring into life,
Lives for which they have
No caring intention?

* * * *

The other wanders the senses into no-otherness.

* * * *

No concept is real but through delusion.
All knowledge is the play of ignorance.

* * * *

Attention washes the mind free.

* * * *

Is history any more than personal vanity on a larger scale?

* * * *

Right action seeks no rewards.

* * * *

What's the point of anything but process?

* * * *

Though You may see across eternity,
You must still deal with assholes,
Including, unfortunately, your own.

* * * *

Can You look and see and not see at the same time?

* * * *

Within all things is the great maker,
Detached creator, witness to all yet none.

* * * *

Somehow it still manages to work.

* * * *

Why hedge your bets?
There is no security
In this mortal lottery.

* * * *

It's ironic how well greed works.

* * * *

The lowly water drop
Erodes mountains
And fills oceans.

* * * *

The meek will inherit the earth
If they hide well enough
From the bold.

* * * *

Any words are meaningless without intent.
Always give more weight to actions and deeds.

* * * *

Thought there are many apparent imperfections,
The theater rides upon absolute perfection.

* * * *

Fear only impede the action now requires.

* * * *

The mystery begins and ends within You; the witnessing, born of limitation, yet infinity all the while.

* * * *

Space and time are the constraints of the mind.

* * * *

What difference between gold and sand?
A state of ignorance.

* * * *

Delusion requires hope to sustain the mirage.

* * * *

You may prefer the nice folk,
But assholes are truth, too.

* * * *

The ship's bow chopping
Through the waters of time,
Is non-existent.

* * * *

Some roles are definitely
More interesting than others.

* * * *

Where do You really think You go,
But where You came from
In the first place?

* * * *

Be the surrender that knows no bounds.

* * * *

Imagine your Self
A clear glass of water
Submerged in an ocean of it.

* * * *

Who can explain the unexplainable?
Who needs to?

* * * *

All trials are created
By the resistance of pride.

* * * *

Aren't the dregs always the last to go?

* * * *

No one can lead you

To where only You can go.

* * * *

Gee, You are you
(g-u-r-u).

* * * *

You are an atomic generator
Generating a sensory universe.

* * * *

Just as no one task begins
Without a moment of initiation,
None ends without the intent of completion.

* * * *

When You are ready, You will
Forsake the world You imagine.

* * * *

What can be proved
But through your own insight?

* * * *

Do You think the ancients attempted as we do
To be so vainly perfect, so politically correct?

* * * *

Some things are best forgotten quickly.

* * * *

Do You think we have always been so stupid?

* * * *

How much of your vain existence has been spent
Rationalizing your personal idiosyncrasies
To yourself in the guise of others?

* * * *

To take human history, and project it into the future, is not a pretty sight.

* * * *

When You were a child, You did not give diddly-squat,
What anyone thought, and history was not near the burden it is now.
How naturally sovereign You were, until the conditioning,

Began to restrain, to domesticate, its beingness.

* * * *

As a newborn You were all potentials,
The eternal faceless nature, mysteriously perfect,
Totally vulnerable to the world into which You had sprung,
Cast from oneness into separation, into a timebound fate yet to unfold,
A fate both cruel and kind, merciless and compassionate in an infinity of flavors.
An uncarved immortal innocently thrust into the struggle of life and death,
In which your choice in the matter remains at best idle speculation.

* * * *

God's will seems quite whimsical; which football team do You think he/she/it will choose this year?

* * * *

The only thing that is born and dies is illusion.

* * * *

Will humanity's fall be accepted gracefully, or punctuated with arrogant denial?

* * * *

Can consciousness born of division ever do anything but cave in upon itself?

* * * *

Wandering in your bubble of perception, all that is out of sight, is out of mind.

* * * *

We argue incessantly over words,
Legalistic jargon, pride-filled vain reasonings
And claims which have no lasting duration
But through continuity of imagination.

* * * *

Your self-imagery binds You in time.

* * * *

The way is blind but for your
Manifest vision of its mystery.

* * * *

Do You buy into anything for long?

* * * *

Here You are biding your time quietly,
In the soliloquy of this moment's passing,
Until the inevitable need for action requires,
You to move on to another part of the set.

* * * *

Judge not another lest You be judged
With equal or more harshness.

* * * *

The mystery abounds in the blind who come unto sight.

* * * *

You have created and destroyed,
In every temporal manner imaginable,
That mystery that has ever been your Self.
You are the sojourner of all appearances,
Lord of all the five senses fabricate,
Witness to a dream whose origin,
None but You can discern.

* * * *

Who knows what You will do after time ends.

* * * *

The way is so simple,
Only the blind cannot see.

* * * *

You are the totality, the origin of all origins,
The means of all means, the end of all ends,
Creator and destroyer of eternity's rainbow.

* * * *

Within is the spigot to eternal life,
The salvation of all origins in time.

* * * *

In the same way You cannot see your face,
You will never see what is behind it as well.

* * * *

Have You ever really belonged to this world
Of vanity, passion, glory and false wealth?

* * * *

Each day You survive to brave another.
To what end only false prophets assume.

* * * *

Eden is still thriving,
But do You have
The eye to see it?

* * * *

When You die a few people will miss you
Until they, too, inevitably take the big leap.

* * * *

Some people see an ancient, majestic tree
And want to sculpt it into some other form,
Or use it for some critical utilitarian purpose.
Few seem content to leave it to its own destiny,
A block of potential uncarved by the human mind.

* * * *

Make ends meet.

* * * *

Who, what, where, when, why and how
Could You be if You were not that?

* * * *

The demons and angels You long for
Will find their way into your dream.

* * * *

Wherever thoughts dwell
Are the surest markers
Of your heaven or hell.

* * * *

Those many skeletons in your closet
May be among your greatest teachers.

* * * *

Argue whatever differences You wish
As passionately as a splintered mind allows,
There are truly none outside imagination's realm.

* * * *

Follow your nature and it
Will lead You to a conclusion.

* * * *

We all harvest conclusions
Which give us a great sense
Of security and/or insecurity,
Whichever the case may be.

* * * *

Rebirth into the Holy Spirit is so often
Used for personal aggrandizement.

* * * *

All are equal in the ultimate sense,
But in humankind's savage garden of good and evil,
Some are far more equal than others.

* * * *

Eternity will wash away all remnants
Of humanities countless vanities.

* * * *

Take the cracker and crumble it into dust.
Let no collusion stand.

* * * *

Are You the mystery, yet?

* * * *

You may reject these thoughts,
But is your vision of reality
Any more rational?

* * * *

The trick is not letting your creation overrun You.

* * * *

Is it I am, therefore You are
Or You are, therefore I am?
Or perhaps a portion of both,
Or maybe even neither?

* * * *

The mystery is life's most intoxicating purpose.

* * * *

The inhabitants of any Sodom
Adhere to their delusive ignorance
Even in the face of the surest destruction.

* * * *

The fiercest battles of good and evil are imagined by all parties concerned.

CXV

If You are comprehending these many thoughts
You are close to being done with tailoring
Your mind to the will of any collusion.

* * * *

You are the revolution of consciousness.

* * * *

Can there be any reflection without
The movement of consciousness?

* * * *

Anytime a mythology is adopted, it is uniquely fashioned within each dreamy frame of reference.

* * * *

It doesn't have to make sense.

* * * *

We are all accountable in our own unfolding way.
The mix of desire and fear casts a tint across every life.
Hell is self-absorption and heaven Self-absorption.

* * * *

A complete breath brings more peace, than any malleable thought ever can.

* * * *

You spend your life chasing one rainbow after another,
Performing, achieving, maintaining, forfeiting
Dream after unfulfillable dream.

* * * *

You are not your name, nor are you
Anything any other word implies.

* * * *

Contentment is when dissatisfaction is not.

* * * *

We are all so busy in one mischief or another,
The synergy of which only time's passing will tell.

* * * *

If the history of the universe is in any way an accurate indication,
The human experiment in free will appears doomed to a quick exit.

* * * *

Stretch your mind to its indivisible infinity.

* * * *

Go to sleep, dream, wake up.
Dream, dream, dream and dream again
Each and every illusion possible.

* * * *

Your world will accept whatever weight You give it.

* * * *

How can You fathom the surrender required?
It is You, You are it; That which is unknowable.
Surrender to the immeasurable eternal silence.
Offer everything You imagine real and true.

* * * *

It is whatever You think it is,
So why give it any thought?

* * * *

Crap is crap no matter how You comb it
With all those vain therapies.
Dump the load.
Let the ocean fill You.

* * * *

The senses do not touch the awareness.
But for the web of your many attachments,
They are like distant echoes in the vastness.

* * * *

What need anymore for sugar-coated stories?

* * * *

What do You continually seek to be
But that which You are not.

* * * *

God is the opiate of consciousness.

* * * *

Without thought, where would You be?

* * * *

So many putting so much struggle
Into becoming what they already are,

Have always been, and will forever be.

* * * *

At this writing there are too many human beings
For peaceful reconciliation of all the polarizations.

* * * *

It is a dream You can only pretend to touch.

* * * *

We are all that
Of which all endings begin
And all beginnings end.

* * * *

The body is a temporal vehicle
Which will enable You to go home
If You have eyes that see
And ears that hear.

* * * *

You never know what skills, what frame of reference, will be useful to your future.

* * * *

* * * *

There is effort and pain
Only when You are resistant
To the unfolding process.

* * * *

Humanity can at best only postpone the inevitable.

* * * *

Those who venerate power and fame and fortune
And the swirls of passion, are not the leaders we need.

* * * *

Any society is the mix of collusive enterprises that enable the survival of its members.

* * * *

Someone telling You to believe in Jesus Christ
Is about equal to your parents telling
You to believe in Santa Claus.
Both are the make-believe of ignorance
Pleading for rewards and avoiding punishments.
Naughty or nice has nothing to do with spiritual endeavor.

* * * *

Contemplate all the thoughts
That have ever crossed your mind.
Then visualize all that have manifested
In every conceivable nexus of consciousness
Throughout eternity's infinite potential.
In what possible way are you
Not connected?

* * * *

You are the face of the faceless,
The trace of the traceless.

* * * *

It goes beyond physics.

* * * *

Are not real communism and real democracy very much the same?
It is the quality of mind that creates equality and freedom.
Individual welfare is tied to individual sovereignty
And no society ever runs smoothly
Without mutual respect
For the rights
Of all.

* * * *

Become that which is prior
To everything You can imagine.

* * * *

The challenge of life is to have no regrets.
And those things You do regret,
Do no more.
It's as simple as that.

* * * *

Awaken to the womb of your conscious beingness.

* * * *

Awakening is akin to a feast
To which all are invited
But few can find.

* * * *

The sands of time burn away
And there is nothing You can do
But become one with its eternal truth.

* * * *

Oblivion is as simple as a still mind.

* * * *

In the quest for God, truth, reality
– Whatever You may choose to ponder it –
You will settle for whatever quenches the thirst.
How many perch at the first mirage they stumble upon?

* * * *

How vain we become about bodies we have absolutely no say in choosing.

* * * *

So many assumptions, so little proof.
Superstition and repetition are so much easier,
Than the unrelenting discernment of critical thinking.
Ignorance is really the foregone result of unquestioning sloth.

* * * *

The one mind is unfragmented awareness, from which all creation originates.

* * * *

Image is not all.

* * * *

You look for approval from another, when your own is all You need.

* * * *

Never assume anyone
Has really seen or heard You.

* * * *

Bear with me while I wander
Through consciousness
As I perceive it.

* * * *

It is right here now
As it has ever been
And will ever be.

* * * *

Whatever You may think important to become
Will ever be an illusion of your own vain creation.

* * * *

One life form may live only a few minutes,
Another hundreds or even thousands of years.

What difference, really?

* * * *

What are we but little balloons,
Filled with mystery, wandering about,
In every form, pretending every sort of dream.

* * * *

To become a mystic, a master craftsman of mystery.
Requires an perspicacious insight into the unborn nature,
The origin from which the seeds of all diversity bloom.

* * * *

In one sense there are many things You will never do,
And in another there is nothing possible without You.

* * * *

You raise the dead every time
You fathom yourself real.

* * * *

Cry not for me.
Cry for the dead who call it living.

* * * *

These words are nebulous
To those of limited insight
And specific to those who see
The universe within their own eye.

* * * *

The question is not
How long You will live,
But how well.

* * * *

From womb to crib to bedroom
To neighborhood to city to county
To state to country to world to universe,
And given the insight to see it all,
Back to the womb of origins
From which You came.

* * * *

How many try to shape You into their limitations?

* * * *

Has common sense ever been common?

* * * *

Happiness or unhappiness,
What does dust care for either?

* * * *

Why do so many human beings
Crave applause and approval?

* * * *

Is replacing Gaia with a world covered in concepts, what the concept of God had in mind that first week?

* * * *

We are all raised from the dead.

* * * *

Nothing fills it.

* * * *

There is not much You can do but caution someone, bound and determined to suffer the wrath of passion.

* * * *

There's no hook to be let off of.

* * * *

How real it all seemed at the time.

* * * *

What are You abiding for?
What drives You to continue?
What meaning do You imagine?
What purpose have You fabricated?
What rationale have You rationalized?
What do You still imagine You can gain,
From this dreamtime, or any other?

* * * *

A blade or bullet may enter the body, but the unmanifest can never be killed.

* * * *

You cannot really blame the world, for being what You believe it to be.

* * * *

Beyond the scope of the senses
And the mind into which they feed,
What limitations can ever truly exist?

* * * *

It is all something of a game, and as with all games,
Each of us has our own interpretation of the rules.

* * * *

How vain we are
About bodies over which
We have such transitory custody.

* * * *

Destruction is the inevitable conclusion to all creation.

* * * *

All beginnings and endings
Are only the concoctions
Of time-bound delusion.

* * * *

If You must revere something,
Venerate that which is unseen
Within all things small to great.

* * * *

Humanity's capacity for manipulation of the manifest
Is countered by its inability to match it with wisdom.

* * * *

Take two bullets and call the mortician in the morning.

* * * *

When all You rely on is form and image,
The foundation and structure rot away.

* * * *

In a relative sense, is anyone really
Any stranger than anyone else?

* * * *

What is humanity's collective agenda,
Consciously or not?

* * * *

Heed the call of your nature
If You seek to learn the lesson
Your manifest time will offer.

* * * *

What a bunch of bullshit.

* * * *

The sum of all knowledge is not even a thimble
Of this mystery's vast unknowable nature.

* * * *

Sophistry will get You nowhere.

* * * *

It is not possible to truly know your Self.
You can only conceive the reflections
Your senses weave into thought.

* * * *

In eternal life there is a completion untouched by personal craving.

* * * *

Be sure to take your own advice.

* * * *

There ain't no glory but what your own mind concocts.

* * * *

In countless ways You witness your eternal beingness.

* * * *

Even the flesh of your greatest desire will never satisfy your deepest hunger.

* * * *

Try being grateful for what You do have rather than pursuing what You cannot.

* * * *

We each create our own hellish maze,
Yet few ever discern heaven's fabric
From which all creation is woven.

* * * *

It is the images of your own desire You crave.

* * * *

It is only ego that falsely delineates one form superior to another.

CXVI

You have many more words to describe life now,
But You are probably very much the same
As You were in your younger years.
Personality tends to possess
A strange consistency.

* * * *

You are, therefore You must be that.

* * * *

Will humanity ever understand the outcome
Of its vain arrogance, or will delusion
Carry on until the bitter end?

* * * *

Does anyone really control their fate,
Or is free will merely the play of ignorance
Parading in the choicelessness of dreamtime?

* * * *

The pain brought on by choice-filled resistance
Creates hardship and escalates delusion.

* * * *

You are a warm-blooded bug.

* * * *

The effort required to perpetuate your delusion
Can probably be correlated to how much
You and those around You suffer.

* * * *

It is You who must somehow become
Student enough to teach your Self
The freedom only seers know.

* * * *

What will be left as the desire
To suffer passion becomes
Less and less and less?

* * * *

Holding onto anything only perpetuates false pride.

* * * *

You realize, of course, all this
Was necessary for You to awaken.

* * * *

You believe all your measurement,
Calculations and labels add up to something?
Hah! You only fool yourself in ways beyond counting.

* * * *

In your giving, do You truly give freely,
Or do You only give to get or take?

* * * *

The body is subject to mortal rules,
But what law can contain the immortal nature
But what You your Self engineer?

* * * *

For humanity to suddenly change its behavior
Is something no statistician would be likely to predict.
Only a diehard idealist could possibly believe it even possible.

* * * *

Me? I'm a realist.
I don't need any hope.
I just call it the way I see it.

* * * *

Melanin counts do not for supremacy make.

* * * *

Circle lazily content above the fray.
The passions of human consciousness
Do not climb more than a few miles
Into the deep reaches of space.

* * * *

Prove it?
How can You prove anything
When You are the only proof?

* * * *

Of course the drop cannot be the ocean,
Yet without it the ocean would not be whole.

* * * *

Explain why You will never see your own face.

* * * *

Each drop will evaporate as its turn arises.

* * * *

Expect nothing.
Tap into infinity's timeless patience.

* * * *

Why take responsibility for what
Ignorance and delusion have created.
All any can do is be responsible for themselves.
Right living, the peaceful co-existence
With the moment's unfolding
Is eternal salvation.

* * * *

When You die the world will no longer exist.
Without You as witness, space and time are not.

* * * *

Time is a fickle mirage.

* * * *

Do not covet thy neighbor's life.

* * * *

The original sin is merely the birth
Into ignorance to which the rarest
Atone by discerning the eternal way.
It has nothing to do with right or wrong.
it is the fact for all born into manifest being.

* * * *

Stop trying to always remember time's dream.

* * * *

If You think You will gain eternal life later on,
You have truly missed the whole point
That it's happening right now.

* * * *

Forms keep pulling You into the reverie
Your sundry inclinations daily crave.

* * * *

Even wanting only happiness brings on suffering.
Craving anything insures the pain of existence.

* * * *

Refusing to examine closely
Your own complicity in this delusion
Is a denial of your ultimate reality.

* * * *

Savor the eternal through the flow
Of a breath filled with awareness.

* * * *

Imagine whatever You will,
You need not do it
To know its illusory reality.

* * * *

It means whatever You want it to mean.

* * * *

What is it to want nothing from what space-time offers?

* * * *

Better be content now
Because the clock's battery
Is slowly running down.

* * * *

The dreamers dream they are awake
While the awakened know they are dreaming.

* * * *

The dead bury the dead in every way imaginable
Weeping before tombs bound to time born of mind.

* * * *

Is what we call caring any more than attachment
To selected forms which make us feel secure?
Reflections which give a token of comfort?
Divisive pleasures which merely distract
You from that deep aloneness which few
Have insight to see and embrace within all.

* * * *

The oneness is, prior to all forms.
Do not allow the astonishing diversity
To blind You to their eternal union.

* * * *

Learning to go with the flow of the dream

Can be very arduous to even the most adaptable.

* * * *

Who is anyone but the one in all?

* * * *

In their pride they created a deity, to which they dedicated all their folly.
Forgetting all the while, to include themselves in their dualistic delusion.

* * * *

Why worry, the Angel of Death already has your number.

* * * *

You only remember a fleeting perception of the now through which imagination streams.

* * * *

The universe is your mind.

* * * *

What group does not laud itself as being superior?
What individual does not pretend to be greater within?
What is the state of mind that requires no vain perspective,
That is done with the pretenses of human egocentricity?

* * * *

In the beginning there is every ending,
And in the end there is every beginning.

* * * *

The masses teem in so many ways,
Seeking identity, playing out mortal fare,
Adding to the chaos of their soul.

* * * *

Practice contentment.

* * * *

The perfect moment comes when inner vision
Aligns with whatever action has created.
The trick then is not giving into pride
Believing it was You who did it.

* * * *

To remain unfazed and aloof
Even under the greatest pressure
Is challenging for any one.

* * * *

God give You the strength to overlook the idiocy.

* * * *

The need to be known is shallow and intemperate.
Who can know You as well as You do yourself.

* * * *

Human beings are group animals,
But we are really small group animals.

* * * *

God can obviously do what it wants to any spirit, but can it really touch its own essential nature?

* * * *

Having read many works of literature
Does not mean You believed any of them.
Some of us are just students of life,
Nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

This is the part You are both privileged and condemned to play.

* * * *

Does life choose us, or we life?

* * * *

Was he talking to himself?
Was he talking to You?
Is there really a difference?

* * * *

Divine madness allows any question
As well as any solution>

* * * *

Does anything really astonish You anymore?

* * * *

He supposedly walked on water, You pick your nose.
He supposedly healed the sick, You scrape wax out of your ears.
He supposedly raised the dead, You scratch your ass.
Isn't it all rather mysterious and profound?

* * * *

You know you're close to death
When You dreamily wonder
If you're going to survive this one.

* * * *

As if God could ever be confined by any building.

* * * *

You hunger for this or that
And then, as soon as You find it,
You are searching for something else.
More, more is there truly any?

* * * *

Contentment is an attitude.
A few simple breaths of it can
Make everything worthwhile.

* * * *

Dream on through oblivion.

* * * *

You are a speck of God's will.

* * * *

It is the desire for life which tends
To creates the correlating fear of it.

* * * *

Death is a great night's sleep.

* * * *

All mystics meet at the same pointlessness,
Despite all words and deeds to the contrary.

* * * *

Freedom is no longer needing to prove
Or disprove anything to anyone, anywhere,
Including your own manufactured self-imagry,
It is a state of mind where belief is unnecessary,
And truth is the youness of every passing moment.

* * * *

Words hurt when they do not match your own,
When You allow your fabricated image
To be their compliant target.

* * * *

Taking life personally
Only magnifies the pain.

* * * *

It is a divine madness untouched by insanity.

* * * *

Any grouping is held together or broken apart
By the concepts upon which it is founded.

* * * *

It is the wind vane of attitude and attachment
Which creates the joy and suffering
Of personal existence.

* * * *

You are space temporarily formed.

* * * *

At what point will You satiate your
Hunger for more and more and more?
Can there be an end to it without
The disciplined abstinence
Of a detaching soul?

* * * *

The rigors of excess play every sort of havoc upon us all.
No dream is immune to the reality of the ever-changing nature.

* * * *

Throw yourself into your fate, there is no other.

* * * *

You are going to make mistakes, it is inevitable.
The trick is to carry them lightly,
Or not at all.

* * * *

You are not bound to play it out any certain way
But through the choices of your habitual nature.

* * * *

When You wipe away identification with the mind-body,
What is there to save, maintain and protect?
What is there to give purpose?

* * * *

As new or old as it gets,
It's really all the same age.

* * * *

You will get through it the same way

You have every other moment
Since this eternal play
Was first cast.

* * * *

The premise that time exists is founded upon ignorance and its continuing delusion.

* * * *

Why allow the world to entrap You?

* * * *

What makes You think You deserve heaven if You cannot create it here-now?

* * * *

It is what your passion deems it.

* * * *

Carry on with the detachment of the sun, and the infinite universe beyond it.

* * * *

History has few students able to comprehend the infinite nature of its illusory context.

* * * *

His story, her story, their story, our story,
Call them tale, epic, legend, opus, saga, myth,
Chronicle, adventure, escapade, fantasy, legend,
Fable, allegory, parable, narration or yarn,
Every story has ever been just a story.

* * * *

Do not rely on your mind-body,
Your health or your looks.
They are all fleeting.
Only You, the witness, are real,
And even then only as long
As consciousness exists.

* * * *

How many times in its brief history has the church we call science
Proven itself to be just as dogmatic and narrow-minded
As what Galileo faced in the church of his day?
Why is it so difficult for so many scientists
To understand their theories are merely
Works in progress, not security blankets.
That we are never ever really going to be sure
Of very many things in this incredible mystery theater,
And that science has ever only been tinkering with limited data.

CXVII

So many things said one way and meant another.
So many things meant this way and said another.

* * * *

Congratulations. Whoo-hoo. Yippee-ki-yay.

* * * *

Discern that You really are beyond limitation,
Beyond the sandbox fray in which You play.

* * * *

Indifference is a sage thing.

* * * *

So this is what happens when...

* * * *

Be whatever totem You perceive courageous.

* * * *

Find your aptitude, your talent, your genius.

* * * *

Trying to be concrete, but God, it hurts.

* * * *

If You are not into talking about some other, of what interest are You?

* * * *

How do You realize what You already are?
The struggle to attain one's perfection, one's tabula rasa,
Is the eternal dilemma, the paradox of time.

* * * *

The things we consider normal.

* * * *

Just words to me.

* * * *

Death for all.

* * * *

Why would I need your puny little vision of God?

* * * *

Despite the hold your DNA has over You, sex is overrated.

* * * *

Why should You feel bound to any collusion?

* * * *

To worlds we are so drawn,
Like moths to moon's flame.

* * * *

Life comes and goes,
Rocks into water flow.

* * * *

The senses unplug,
Sometimes suddenly,
Sometimes very slowly.

* * * *

We rush around madly trying
To touch, taste and see everything we can
Until we grow either numb and bitter
Or Innocent and content.

* * * *

The same thing said again and again
In so many ways the same thing said....

* * * *

The difference between
Tourists and travelers is belief.
The tourist does.

* * * *

Men seek trophies their way,
Women in theirs.

* * * *

Destruction has no master.

* * * *

Kill yourself moderately.

* * * *

Without the grace of insight, even an infinity of frames of reference, will not awaken the buddha nature.

* * * *

Can't imagine anything more dull
Than watching videotapes of my life.

* * * *

How big will we build this house of cards?

* * * *

True words seem paradoxical.

* * * *

No matter how You struggle,
You cannot explain this mystery
To someone who cannot hear.
You may as well be silent.

* * * *

Recognition is its own form of vanity.

* * * *

Once You discern that You are
All sentient beings throughout time.
Other lives and paths fade in importance.
You are the everything of which all are created.

* * * *

Do often doing something
Right in plain sight
Goes completely unseen.

* * * *

All those pictures and videos You take,
Are You really going to waste time
Watching your memories?

* * * *

The creatures who can survive
And even thrive humanity's domination,
Are they what we would prefer to have around?

* * * *

When dealing with any opponent,
Try to find out what hasn't
Been anticipated.

* * * *

Unlearn your life right now.
Are You awake, yet?

* * * *

The state of effortlessness is very still.

* * * *

Nothing is preserved forever.
Destruction has final say.

* * * *

The bliss is detaching
Into the swimmingness
Of an eternal state of mind.

* * * *

Has anyone else ever said it this way?
Probably, but it's a needs research question.

* * * *

Humanity has become a plague upon this world.
We charge too high a tax upon other life forms
Who have just as much right to exist as we.

* * * *

Non-caring is a great relief.

* * * *

Love your Self and You will
Discern the heart of the matter.

* * * *

So many ways we engage the mating ritual.

* * * *

It is your quest for continuity
Which limits your presence.

* * * *

Words from a trance called life.

* * * *

We, us, me, You, I …
All that I Am
Individually and collectively one.

* * * *

Look and You will see.

* * * *

Strategy is the big view.

Tactics are in the details.

* * * *

Sometimes You don't know
What you're talking about.

* * * *

So many seem to have
Cameras, videos or mirrors
To remember themselves by.

* * * *

We are all bluffing with the same blank deck.

* * * *

Politics and leadership are not necessarily the same thing.
Politicians are swayed by money, polls and getting reelected.
Leaders examine the impact of their decisions hundreds,
Perhaps even thousands of years down the journey.
And not just for their own tribe, creed or nation,
But for all beings across the entire world.
There are few real leaders among us.
Who are You choosing to follow?

* * * *

Short term remedies get short term results.

* * * *

If You were going to follow advice,
You wouldn't need it in the first place.

* * * *

The grand indifference beckons You home.

* * * *

Why should You be consistent?

* * * *

Who made up all these rules, anyway?

* * * *

Life is much more bearable if You take a 'Who cares?' attitude.
Seriously, what is the point of worrying about most anything?

* * * *

That there is a God is the absurdity of our own creation.
Who needs it, but those too lazy or ignorant,
To explore the reality within all?

* * * *

The dance of desire and fear
And their futile quest for continuity
Only make for a noisy, inattentive mind.

* * * *

To become the universe consciously
Is the task at hand, the ultimate purpose
If there must be one.

* * * *

All attempts to retain security
Are doomed ultimately to failure.
All are temporary pacifiers for minds
Unable to negotiate the reefs of reality.

* * * *

The existential void can be frightening
Until You embrace it with all your being.

* * * *

No matter how real
That mirage may appear,
It will never quench any thirst.

* * * *

Illusion likes to pretend its not.

* * * *

Another thief caught in his own light.

* * * *

Beauty transforms into ugliness and ugliness into beauty.
That is the way of all things whether great or small
Which rise and fall in the course of time.

* * * *

The usurpation of homo sapien consciousness over the natural order is bound to tumble.
Those who do not abide by the rules of the game must eventually be thrown off the board.

* * * *

Eternity is now.
Infinity is all.
Nothing is not.

* * * *

Do You really want all this,

Or do You just think You do?

* * * *

Integrity requires discipline.

* * * *

Whatever game You may play,
It is ever upon the same field.

* * * *

Would your imaginary existence
Ever even begin to work
For anyone else?

* * * *

Why do so many imitate others?

* * * *

I am You pretending to be me
And You are me pretending the same.

* * * *

Dance or sit, walk or run, sing or stay silent; it is all the same.

* * * *

Would having all the answers change anything?

* * * *

Perhaps the purpose of life
Is to just be whatever You are,
And to do whatever You do.

* * * *

Most people will do
Whatever they need to do
To get whatever it is they want.
This would probably not be a problem
If there were not so many wanting so much.

* * * *

You are creator and destroyer of the universe,
Yet must ever heed the limitations of mortal capacity.
It is the ultimate irony of any finite existence.

* * * *

The laws of physics are not breakable.

* * * *

Surrender and the silence is ineffably immutable.
Even amid the greatest storms of conscious design.

* * * *

The assertion that You have
Free will is highly questionable.
In the spectrum of unlimited choice,
Your options are really very few.

* * * *

We all rise to our highest level of delusion.

* * * *

Of all the things I can offer this dream,
These reflections, as silly as they may seem,
Propose the most enduring possibility.
To all yet to come, I wish the best.

* * * *

The Self You truly are needs no explanation.

* * * *

What is this human craving for glory
Which molds such a harsh future?

* * * *

Don't look a gift life in the mouth.

* * * *

So pointless the point.

* * * *

How quickly we become slaves
To our own inventions.

* * * *

The clocks keep changing, but do You?

* * * *

Ten thousand reflections,
And still it is untouched.

* * * *

Did time even occur
Before You were born?
Will it go on after You die?
When does it exist even now?
The origin of all dreaming is You.

Without You as witness, it never was.
Within You are all beginnings and all endings,
The sensory theater of consciousness
To which all illusion attaches.

* * * *

You are a nuclear reaction playing out
The creation and destruction of dreamtime.

* * * *

You are defined by your limitations.

* * * *

By the time however many read these many thoughts down the pike,
The scribe will at best be just another equivocal name lost in history's foggy duration.
Why he did not just shut up and stop scribing, was as curious to him,
As it may well be to myriad across-the-board others.

* * * *

If You have to ask what the point is, You are not getting it.

* * * *

Gold is sand, sand is gold,
And it's all the same dust
To the eternal essence.

* * * *

How can any teaching ripen fully
If the teacher is killed while the fruit is green?
Throw that Jesus image out of your mind.
His real point was missed entirely.
It was not about martyrdom.

* * * *

Some desire to control the whole world,
But having control of yourself is enough.

* * * *

Give it a rest,
Get over it,
Let it go,
Deal with it,
Don't sweat it,
Don't let it get You down.
Whatever it is.

CXVIII

More of the same.

* * * *

How we love to beat dead horses.

* * * *

He had something to say
But too few were interested.

* * * *

What a relief to release the obligation to care.

* * * *

What is good, what is not good?
Eyes of the beholders all see
What they choose to see,
And in that reality they often
Find so many ways to disagree.

* * * *

So many charging fees for that
Which is free to all for all time.

* * * *

Isn't life scary enough for you
Without the countless contrivances
Concocted by unreigned imagination?

* * * *

Even if You could have
Everything, anything
You needed, wanted,
Would You be happy?
Would You be content?

* * * *

What is done even well will ever be undone.
The changing is the ever-reflecting nature,
The ever-changing truth of this reality.

* * * *

The peace You idealize
Comes when You reject that
Which worldly existence conjures.
It is the heaven-sent repast

To which all are invited
But few truly seek.

* * * *

For the lack of better wording,
We call it common sense,
But in this world's confusion,
It does not seem all that common.

* * * *

There are no stairways to heaven,
But there is a deep elevator to hell.

* * * *

What a challenge not to tell another
What to say, think or do.

* * * *

Slaving for the man,
You wonder why.

* * * *

To own the mystery, You must negate any concepts of God.
Any deities You imagine, any deities You project,
Will ever be but products of limitation.

* * * *

It is much easier to condemn than it is to understand.

* * * *

Use your pain to question deeply.

* * * *

A drop can never be an ocean,
Yet the ocean cannot exist
Without every single drop.
It is the mystery of all mystery.

* * * *

Mystics are aimless wanderers
Without origin or conclusion.

* * * *

How many ways will we argue it, before we see it is all the same?

* * * *

In this mystic seeing, all are rich and impoverished within the same breath.

* * * *

Any other can only perceive
Your mask and its projected behavior.
You are probably only rarely what others think.

* * * *

What's the difference between possessing and being possessed?

* * * *

The Stillness Before Time … brought to You by You.

* * * *

How can You win an argument with someone caught in ignorance?

* * * *

Does this God You imagine really strike bargains?
Really play favorites, really answer prayers, really give a hoot about You?
What is your batting average on that delusion?

* * * *

To observe attentively without wanting,
Without collecting or pursuing,
That is the groove.

* * * *

It is the mother of all mothers,
The father of all fathers,
Giver and taker of all creation.

* * * *

How many different faces each of us display
In the many circumstances of our daily living.

* * * *

Sometimes You don't even know what You mean.

* * * *

Consciousness can only exist in time.

* * * *

Too hot, too cold … whine, whine, whine.
A world of pea-under-the-mattress whiners.

* * * *

You play in the sandbox
Until You decide it's time to go home.

* * * *

Balance is.
What's your worry.

* * * *

Every creature dreams a different dream.
Why should You be attached to any?
Including, of course, your own.

* * * *

Anyone who is anti the Christ
Created by western religions
Is the antichrist they dread.
And there are many of us.

* * * *

True words have always seemed the opposite
To the literal-minded bound in ignorance.

* * * *

You are not I, You are You.
Break the boundaries.
Discern the chaos of all.

.

* * * *

Solve a problem before it becomes one.

* * * *

The bottom feeders
Feed upon whatever drifts down.
The take what the winners of the game choose.

* * * *

The cycles of anger can only be broken
Through detached determination.
Its ceaseless feeding frenzy
Will otherwise never be resolved.
Co-existence is a paradigm beyond self.

* * * *

All speculations, all reasonings, all vain notions
Are fanciful dusty fabrications without real meaning.
You are, and when that is viewed clearly, it is enough.

* * * *

By the chances of genetic lottery,
You partake the existence of this particular form.
How to play it is full of choices played out
On the field of choiceless design.

* * * *

The end of the story will have no readership.
It is the irony of the author's joke upon its Self.

* * * *

What would You do if, suddenly,
You could not remember?

* * * *

You tell me You value life,
And I wonder how many types of poison
Are under your kitchen sink.

* * * *

The mind in its linear nature ever seeks a truth which is tangible.
The irony is that that which is immeasurable, infinitely timeless,
Cannot be encapsulated within the meager boundaries of time.
The intangible will never, can never be more than it already is.

* * * *

If your truth is tangible,
It is the delusion of idolatry.

* * * *

It may seem hardcore and resolute
But that's the way this umpire is calling it.
If I'm wrong, oh well and no big deal.

* * * *

Mindsets and universes come and go,
Founded upon one delusion or another,
Dreams all within the context of oneness.

* * * *

Miscellaneous thoughts for miscellaneous minds
Delving into oneness in so many ways the same.

* * * *

Patterns run deep.

* * * *

Even the humble screw is necessary
To keep the most vital machine afloat.

* * * *

Dust is dust no matter its form,
No matter the pointless reasonings

Of finite nature rationalizing its context.
There is naught but one for those perceiving
The indivisible reality beyond all the appearances
Of the time-bound kaleidoscoping play of light and shadow.

* * * *

World weariness is born of the gradual realization
That You cannot really change anything or anybody,
That You have no real choice in the matter, whatsoever.
It is a stage You can muddle past if it is your destiny to see.

* * * *

Why are You doing this?
The sunny river rock beckons.

* * * *

You are the omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscience.

* * * *

The craving for recognition is is shallow fodder.

* * * *

How many decisions does a lifetime entail?

* * * *

Life imitates concept.

* * * *

Ethical codes are easy to assert,
But challenging to maintain.

* * * *

All that individualized self-hood
Is the unending fiction of imagination.
It is an island on which each suffers alone.

* * * *

The rules of the game are not negotiable.

* * * *

Cuteness wears thin
If it's not got substance
To keep it funded.

* * * *

All things arise from obscurity
With the utterance of the first word.

* * * *

Self-imagery is as ever-changing as the wind.

* * * *

Even moderation can be an extreme.

* * * *

There is still time.

* * * *

Sweetness can quickly sour,
And sourness is perhaps sweet
To that You have yet to consider.

* * * *

It will always be now sometime.

* * * *

The river meanders from the spring trickle
To the ocean's great pulsing depths.
The drop, caught in the sweeping
Currents far beyond its control,
Is beckoned by clouds yet to come.
All ever now at every point of the journey.

* * * *

From each moment flowers a new reckoning,
Ever fresh until soiled by mind's conceptions.

* * * *

Without your traditions You are nothing.
With them You are nothing deluded.

* * * *

It is your resistance and craving which creates time.

* * * *

The mirage molds dust into time,
Into the You imagination breeds.

* * * *

Your craving casts your suffering.

* * * *

You've perceived the world through your own eyes.
But how would it be to view yourself through
All the eyes that have seen You?

* * * *

It finally boils down to there being little need to think about it at all.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is simply having the fate
To discern that time does not exist as the mind insists,
That this delusion is no more than an illusion,
Touchy-feely-real as it may appear.

* * * *

To end all your problems, You must perceive clearly
That your craving creates them again and again.
Discerning and returning to inner stillness
Is the discipline of the adamant seeker.

* * * *

All your life others have reflected: do this,
Don't do that, believe one thing or another.
How challenging to discern reality for oneself
Amid the roaring waves of cause and effect.

* * * *

How far will we as a species take it?
Have we really even seen anything yet?

* * * *

So many saying it's this or that.
All You need reply is, "Is that so?"

* * * *

All your dualities are unreal delusion
Concocted in imagination's
Dream of time.

* * * *

God's theater is an infinite repertoire; all one, nonetheless.

* * * *

Declare yourself to be one thing,
How often You find it to be another.
To be nothing inwardly, undeclared
In that private space most eternal,
Is the freedom at journey's end.

* * * *

So many demons to ignore.

* * * *

Death negates all pride.

* * * *

Why should You ever fear that which You are?

* * * *

A declaration of independence.

* * * *

It is the inward journey which envisions
The infinity beyond the farthest shores.

* * * *

Fairness garners many visions.

* * * *

Perhaps the end has already passed,
And the beginning never began.

* * * *

The shortest views are of identity,
The longest are of the indivisible infinity
Which comes to rest clearly within.
One cannot truly know Self.
One can only be it.

* * * *

The river is You.

* * * *

Your resistance is the level
Of attachment to your delusion.

* * * *

It is the death worth seeking.

* * * *

Buddhas and christs are passe to the narcissistic pleasure seekers.

* * * *

What's never born yet is forever? That which is inconceivable?

* * * *

These many thoughts would not be written if it were not the truth as these eyes discern it.

CXIX

Just another testament, another oracle,
Another seer, another of so many others
Come and gone, and still yet to come.

* * * *

Alone together, all one, despite ourselves.

* * * *

Sometimes You wonder why You continue.
Other times You just can't get enough.

* * * *

Only the mind creates disparity.

* * * *

Isn't it all rather obvious?

* * * *

Sit eternally, and you'll forget everything.

* * * *

Perhaps if enough people can come
To an agreement on something truly fundamental,
They can at least tolerate the countless imagined differences.

* * * *

Who are the good guys, anyway?

* * * *

You'll have your own conclusion.
You won't need the scribe to idolize.

* * * *

Laws may be the blackest black
Or the whitest white, but life
Is all the gray in between.

* * * *

Another one captivated by the delusion
That s/he is really a human being.

* * * *

What was I going to jot down.
Darn, I can't remember.

* * * *

Cycles within cycles within cycles
Ebb and flow, rise and fall, crest and dip,
And You, witness to their histories
And projected futures.

* * * *

You statistician, You.

* * * *

From where do all beginnings come?
To where do all endings go?

* * * *

How can every now help but be exactly the same?

* * * *

What is contentment?
Is it a thought? Is it even attainable?
Does it exist as anything more than a surrender
To the unfolding ever- present moment?

* * * *

How can so many human beings
Ever hope to co-exist peacefully
Given the rivalry over so many
Unreconcilable differences?
We seem destined to clash
Until there is nothing left
Worth the squabbling.

* * * *

How many languages,
How many schools of thought
Are there mesmerizing our minds?
Humanity has excelled in so many forums,
Yet we are really no different than our ancestors.
Human receivers may be appear increasingly intricate,
But are ever gathering, collating, comparing and interpreting
In the same passionate, willful manner as any other, in any other time.

* * * *

The amazing thing is how much You will forget,
As well as how much You must forget to remember.

* * * *

You may be omnipresent and omnipotent and omniscient,
But You still have to put one leg at a time into those pants.

* * * *

From now, life springs eternal.

* * * *

Who chose You to be an authority?
It is the same arrogance that has
Infected the entire human drama.
Pride blossoms before all great falls.

* * * *

The dust contrives countless forms
And consumes itself in every way.

* * * *

Play it again and again,
In whatever context You choose,
It is ever the same one, ever the same You,
Witnessing all things playing out,
The Song of Mystery.

* * * *

Tall order, not likely,
But it amuses the witness
To contemplate the architecture
Of a dreamy possibility.

* * * *

Romantic ideals are meaningless.

* * * *

For this human drama to somehow make
The paradigm shift survival requires,
Each must discern a light within,
Reconcile the confusion, and then act
Upon its vision in a manner which works for all.

* * * *

We are all children of the mystery.
There are absolutely none who are not,
But for delusion in thought or deed.

* * * *

The good gardener does not hesitate
To destroy to in order to create.

* * * *

Go ahead, blame God; in part, You are right.

* * * *

What parasites critics are; where do people get the audacity, to criticize thing they cannot do themselves?

* * * *

Your God's vanity is no less foolish than your own.

* * * *

Armies, criminal gangs, what is the difference, really?

* * * *

Observe your dread, your resistance, your denial; try looking forward to something for a change.

* * * *

The way it is as the scribe sees it,
Communicated as clearly as he can
With the concepts of his native tongue.
And expansive vision built upon limitation.

* * * *

Ridiculously so.

* * * *

When are You ready to discern at the prior to consciousness You truly are, You will take the time.
You will find your river, You will find your bodi tree, You will find your desert,
And You will sit, and You will walk, and You will run,
Until it all becomes obvious.

* * * *

Leaders need followers, followers need leaders; what synergies they weave is the story of man.

* * * *

Give your politically correct spiel to someone who cares.

* * * *

If You have to ask, You obviously do not get it.

* * * *

You are that which is mystery, but must clear away all delusions, to comprehend its reality fully.

* * * *

What is the quality of mind, clouded by context?

* * * *

Thank, but no thanks.

* * * *

The challenge of knowing You are the mystery, is pretending You are a human being.

* * * *

Sustaining vanity takes a great deal of effort.

* * * *

Let Caesar have back his coin when You are done with it.

* * * *

Hokum and bullshit, neck-deep and deep-fried.

* * * *

Our technological promiscuity has proliferated far beyond our ability to use it wisely.

* * * *

Like a potato absorbing salt, You will eat, drink and breathe the poisons of your time.

* * * *

You cannot hear until You are ready to remember.

* * * *

Will You ever forgive yourself completely for your huge bag of imagined flaws?

* * * *

Space-time continuum?
Or space-time confabulation?
Or perhaps a space-time collusion?
Or maybe even a space-time conspiracy?
Oooh-eeeh-oooh.

* * * *

So many things matter to us, that do not really matter at all, and never have.

* * * *

Just spending my time writing words that don't even pretend to rhyme.

* * * *

Those dots in front of your eyes
Offer proof of your electrical nature
As does a hit on the funny bone
Or even a jab at the right spot
With an acupuncture needle.

* * * *

Get past yourself; hang out about three miles above the garden.

* * * *

There are too many false deities to bother counting.

* * * *

Consciousness cannot do more than, skim the surface with its own knowledge.
It can never really fathom the depths, of the ineffably immeasurable expanse.

* * * *

The lock to the Soul is your mind.

* * * *

The eternal step is the one forever.

* * * *

Each has a story that even
They cannot know completely.

* * * *

Seers have planted many reflections throughout time,
That their brethren might realize the same insight.
Can any see that have no inclination to light?
How could they but for that fate's destiny?
Many are called, but few are chosen.

* * * *

Any given ladder only takes You to the edge of the roof.

* * * *

It is the resistance to outcomes
Which offers the deepest sleep.

* * * *

That tiny splinter in your eye
Can appear to be very large.

* * * *

We are all eternally wedded
The the space and time illusion.

* * * *

Once You discern a train of logic,
Any conceptual edifice falls
To your knowing.

* * * *

How enamored we are with the artificial.

* * * *

Who can lead You out of this morass but your Self?

* * * *

Will the last human being be god-aware, or just another sampling of what we all too often see today?

* * * *

Expand your conception of history until it includes, and transcends, the before and after of all creation.

* * * *

Kick the other out of your mind; You are Soul law, Soul creator, of the cosmos blooming within.

* * * *

We are all legends in our own mind; futile paths to glory born of imagination.

* * * *

Why allow your dream to be a nightmare?

* * * *

Each moment is as fresh as You aware it to be.

* * * *

The demon lives his own mirror; that which is mystery is all mirrors.

* * * *

Living forever is not what You think; You have never existed as You think.

* * * *

Every answer is in the question; discern where it is not, and the insight will appear.

* * * *

Choose to care, to participate, or not.
Choices, choices, nothing but choices,
In this ineffably choiceless dreamtime.

* * * *

Eternity is attained through consciousness and the dream it creates, but is not a product of its nature.

* * * *

From the body to systems to organs to cells,
To atoms to that within all which is not,
That is the source of all creation.

* * * *

Every life form has a part to play,
To judge another seed for the role it is given,
Is to misunderstand how little say You have in your own.

* * * *

Sometimes it may be a good idea, to at least take a quick glance, at the gift-horse's mouth.

* * * *

Withdraw from all assumption.

* * * *

Drift along or strive about; what difference, really?

* * * *

Time is fleeting because it can offer nothing but dreams of pretense and passion.

* * * *

A vampire is anyone who abuses another in mind or body or spirit, or any reason imaginable.

* * * *

Can anyone really help but see what they see, do what they do, or play out the fate existence creates?

* * * *

One lie usually weaves many more.

* * * *

From the forgetting comes the remembering, and to its immutable oblivion, all form returns.

* * * *

We all have a sword upon which we eventually fall.

* * * *

Lots and lots and lots of things to which only pretense clings.

* * * *

To think You are anything, is to act out a delusion; all identification is a lie, no matter how subtle.

* * * *

The book of oneness.

* * * *

How quickly sweetness turns bitter, and bitterness, sweet.

* * * *

Consciousness toys in so many ways.

* * * *

Try making all your body's tension
Into a restful bliss of its own.
State of mind, attitude, is all it is.

* * * *

Seek sustenance from the origin.
Everything since is only transitory
To those reckoning upon eternity.

* * * *

Do You eat when full,
Drink when You have no thirst,
Sleep more than your body requires,
Busy yourself when there's nothing to do,
And do too little when there is?

CXX

How can the mind of an infant be anything but ever-present?
When its future past has many moons hence to be imagined.

* * * *

Rest assured that many others judge You just as You do them.

* * * *

Who do You think You are fooling?

* * * *

A convenient or entertaining story does not make it real.

* * * *

A world nearly filled to capacity with meaningless bean counting.
How much data does history need to see the disaster looming ahead?

* * * *

Riding the edge of time,
You wander the play of consciousness,
Knowing it unreal, yet unwilling to transcend its nature
Because death is ultimately unimaginable.

* * * *

Evidently we are not planning to share the good times with the future.

* * * *

Maybe there will come a once upon a time when these thoughts will prove useful.

* * * *

Consciousness is a trick of the mind, a slight of hand played out in imagination.

* * * *

To wallow in murky details
Makes for a muddy big picture.

* * * *

When given the choice between money
And the right thing to do, what odds
Do You wager the outcome?

* * * *

How far does infinity go?
Look within.

* * * *

The curse of imagination
Is that it believes itself real.

* * * *

Drop, river, ocean … You wander alone.

* * * *

Why even bother speaking to people
Who cannot attempt the act of listening?

* * * *

Resolving it through thinking is impossible.
You must wade insecure into the open field.

* * * *

The mother ground is infinitely fertile.
And sustains without need of reverence.

* * * *

Seeing all through the eyes of aloneness,
You once again embark upon adventure.

* * * *

Let the world rise up against You.
You are That I Am and can be nothing less
But through voluntary servitude to your own delusion.

* * * *

Another bit of the dream passes into vague memory.
A new adventure, a new dance, buds into consciousness.

* * * *

Do scientists really believe all their measurements add up to anything?

* * * *

The rich, powerful and famous hide behind their paper walls.
We are all subject to the world we have all aided in creating.

* * * *

Easter Island is proof enough
That history has no dearth of anecdotes
About how foolish human beings have always been.

* * * *

Raising children
In an industrialized world
Is a daunting task.
Is it worth it?

Not to me.

* * * *

Imagination concocts a God to preserve the delusion, that there must be a reason to endure.
Evidence of God is an act of hopeful thinking of the credulous mind in which it generates.

* * * *

When You are Self, what need for God?

* * * *

If You are not ready to awaken,
You are not ready.
It is no big deal, really.
Eternity's got nothing but time,
And You are free to do with it what You will.

* * * *

Superstition is the province of mediocre statisticians.

* * * *

How many times
It has taken to remember
To try not to forget?

* * * *

Don't You believe it.

* * * *

Guess this is what I was consigned to create.

* * * *

Who else would the antichrist
Frighten most but the false church?
Idolatry finds so many ways to twist truth.

* * * *

The process of birth and death
Is the same every moment.

* * * *

Madness is in your blood.

* * * *

Why bring in an unwanted child?

* * * *

Get a fucking clue.

* * * *

In the darkness,
Senses corked,
Thoughts stilled,
Who are You again?

* * * *

The rambling consciousness
Of a guy named Michael Jay Holshouser,
Yaj Ekim in the play of letters.

* * * *

Ignorance begets its own form of bliss.
While thinkers ponder the purgatory of existence
The meek play out life as suits their talent.

* * * *

Be without posing.

* * * *

Another to-be-forgotten dream in the making.

* * * *

Still looking for that something
That never existed in the first place

* * * *

Faceless wandering.

* * * *

Alone, there is nothing You must be.

* * * *

So many people so oblivious, so ignorant, so foolish, about history.

* * * *

Phenomenal what savagery this world breeds.

* * * *

Sorry, no hope offered in this corner.

* * * *

Can't go back even if You wanted to.

* * * *

It is consciousness and consciousness only
Which weaves this pathos-ridden drama.
Surrounding it in every directionless

Direction is nothingness forever.

* * * *

When will You finally grasp
How utterly, meaninglessly pointless it is
To give anyone unsolicited advice they cannot hear?

* * * *

Favors have a sure way of backfiring
If granted with any expectation of return.

* * * *

What line do You walk in your world?

* * * *

There is only so much to take.

* * * *

Gnats feast upon the honey
With no thought that the future dies
At the bottom of the jar.

* * * *

Pride is for the vain.

* * * *

We all chatter about
Whatever the media presents.
It fills the time.

* * * *

As far as these reflections go,
You owe the scribe nothing.
Some things in life are gratis.

* * * *

Just doing what You are to do,
Going along with what's going on,
Keeps the mental burden relatively light.
Going it alone can be a long, wearing journey,
But the conclusion is a timeless peace
That few have the inclination
To ponder fully.

* * * *

The masses will not complain too heartily
If they have enough for they and theirs.
Be careful that they know no different.

* * * *

The judgments You net are the ones You cast.

* * * *

How much of our world
Has succumbed to insanity
And the worship of its many faces.

* * * *

So many looking for something they cannot ever find,
And endless spirals of delusion the unending result.

* * * *

Space is the time between me and You.

* * * *

Everyone seems to have,
No matter how pathetic the reasoning,
A rationalization for what they do.

* * * *

It is all swallowed by the oblivion of the silence eternally still.

* * * *

All patterns submit to the destiny of their origin.

* * * *

If You were truly humble,
Would it even occur to you
Whether You were or were not?

* * * *

If You actually met one of the great teachers,
Would they be the packaged sound bytes
Time's propaganda has tricked You to expect?

* * * *

Even moderation can be dangerous.

* * * *

Is there anyone without delusions here?

* * * *

Always not the qualifications
Before You take any offers.

* * * *

So much bullshit, so little time.

* * * *

The worth of the some is in the all.

* * * *

Move on if it doesn't make any sense.

* * * *

What is it You are attempting
So ardently to become
In your imagined universe?

* * * *

What matters now
Did not matter before,
Nor will it matter at all after.
Attachment to the drama of time
Is the creator of suffering.

* * * *

From your entry into this imaginary realm,
You have been convinced You must
Become one thing or another.
But it's all the pretense
Of consciousness,
A collusion
Of manifest origin.

* * * *

Those caught in delusion
Are individuals who believe
Space and time the only reality.
The seers are indivisibles
Who just consider it
An odd dream.

* * * *

Look at your Self, bound in all.
These obstinate and instinctive patterns.
Helpless puppet pawns all, in this song of mystery.
Each and every one, with its countless variations and themes.

* * * *

Sometimes death just can't come soon enough.

* * * *

Tell me You don't feel this way occasionally,

And I will wonder if You pay much attention.

* * * *

Do not bind your Self
In the limits of others.

* * * *

You think it is You as an individual who is reborn
Because You do not fully realize and comprehend
The indivisible nature of your ultimate creation.

* * * *

Recall, at least occasionally,
That all that imagination
Is leaping around
Only in your own head.

* * * *

Resolve is so easily forgotten.

* * * *

Great storms rise and fall,
Filled, exhausted and filled again
By the yearning to become
And the fear of ending.

* * * *

Meditation is the space intelligence requires
To get away from the mania of manifest reality.

* * * *

Is there no end to it all?

* * * *

Tale, chronicle, epic, legend, opus, saga,
Adventure, escapade, fantasy, fable, myth,
Parable, narration, yarn, call it what You will.

* * * *

What have You got to lose?

* * * *

No more pedestals.

* * * *

Round and round words go,
Where they stop nobody knows.

* * * *

Your life is free,
But living will cost You.

* * * *

Cannot imagine that most of this hasn't been
Said or thought countless times and places before.

* * * *

If measurement is your foundation,
You are adrift in endless confabulation.

* * * *

You are the ground, the field
Upon which all eternity dances.
Shed the many attachments
And You are life eternal.

* * * *

You so often struggle to remember
And daily assert who You are and what You believe
Because thoughts have nothing to do
With what is really real.

* * * *

We all play out our given nature our given way.
Though there are similarities, there is no duplication.
To be and allow is most arduous when pride
Creates so many false distinctions.

* * * *

Examine all patterning from small to great
And see it is your own mind measuring
A dream it created out of nothing.

CXXI

Let God figure out his own plan.

* * * *

The irony is when You are in the moment,
You are not.

* * * *

Never aspire to another's limitations.
Why feel any obligation to see life
Any other way than You do?

* * * *

The good times have no sway over the bad,
Nor do the bad times any over the good.
They are both very equal in reality.

* * * *

What makes You seriously believe
You are anything but the same
As anyone or anything else?

* * * *

Passion clouds the awareness.

* * * *

How many must die for You to be appeased?

* * * *

Why concern yourself with the judgments of others?

* * * *

Take your ashram wherever You go.

* * * *

You will respond to your universe
As You perceive it responds to You.

* * * *

Death is really the least of your worries.

* * * *

There are many who are one.
Are You one of them?

* * * *

What so many consider love
Seems more like an emotional tar pit.
Perhaps the real question is not, “What is love?”
But, “Are You capable of it?”

* * * *

Allow for the relativity of all language
In your mortal comprehension
Of the greatest view.

* * * *

Do You wander life incessantly seeking
Or assume from the beginning the final conclusion
That You are that which is sought?

* * * *

Never subvert the message with the messenger.

* * * *

Gravity takes everything down.

* * * *

Believe only what You see,
And be sure to doubt that, too.

* * * *

Truth is beyond all conclusions.

* * * *

You are as guilty as anyone else
Born involuntarily into separation.

* * * *

There is no aspect that is not
The glory of the ultimate nature.

* * * *

No expectations.
No attachment to outcomes.

* * * *

Should You wander blindly, doggedly seeking?
Or maybe just assume from the beginning
That You are that which You seek
And let the fact get clearer
As You go along.

* * * *

Never disallow your strategy the element of surprise.
Consistency is the hallmark of ignorance
And all its principles.

* * * *

Detachment does not necessarily lack compassion.

* * * *

Sometimes a good spanking
Many be a compassionate act.

* * * *

Can You ever break your own law?

* * * *

This has never been a free dream but in the highest sense.
Any manifestation is bound by one set of limits or another.

* * * *

Why rely on any narrow interpretations.

* * * *

What would Christianity have evolved into
If Christ had lived to complete his teaching?

* * * *

Eternal life is not a concept.

* * * *

Death will be no different than any other moment,
But with neither breath nor consciousness.

* * * *

Be so idealistic as to have none left.

* * * *

How deftly and insistently
We do seem to enjoy cultivating
Mayhem and tragedy.

* * * *

The bottom line enslaves all.

* * * *

Why does it interest You to become
Someone else's dream?

* * * *

How do You ease self-inflicted pain?
Mend that never rended.

* * * *

To love your ego is one thing,
To love your Self quite another.

* * * *

So many just wanting to have fun.
But at whose expense?

* * * *

Taking this world personally
Is a sure-fire way to suffering.

* * * *

If You must prove something,
Prove it to yourself first.

* * * *

Offense is most often readily taken
By those most disposed to give it.

* * * *

Earth, wind, water and fire, and the myriad creatures
Make no apologies for their many passions.
All morality and its inherent suffering
Is contrived by the vanities
Of consciousness.

* * * *

The more You define, the tighter the noose.

* * * *

Give up being responsible
For what others think of You.

* * * *

No two contexts will ever be the same.

* * * *

Somehow, it always seem to work out,
With death taking care of the remainders.

* * * *

How we always seem to define ourselves.
Those who don't observe the status quo
Get a negative tag and those who do,

Those who play, get a glowing one.

* * * *

Challenge your denial.

* * * *

Without You as a reference point,
What could there be?

* * * *

When You were younger,
You were even more confused
Than You seem to be now.

* * * *

Once You step outside,
Your first frame of reference,
No wall can ever stand firm again.

* * * *

How remarkable to conceive one's death,
One's birth, all that lies between, and all prior and post.
And then to realize its linear nature never real at all.
Cry until You laugh, for surely tis cosmic foolery.

* * * *

Surrender is what the definition implies.

* * * *

Whatever You think You see in a mirror is what You are.
Your projections in consciousness imply your complicity.

* * * *

You are so intolerant
Of the weakness of others,
And so blind to your own.

* * * *

It may well be
The greatest story ever told,
But it is still just a story.

* * * *

Surrounded by so much ignorance,
What's a soul to do?

* * * *

All your hopes rest in your own hands.

* * * *

The answer is before You.

* * * *

Hope is the fantasy born of the desire for continuity.

* * * *

Don't bait the bull and then not expect it to charge.

* * * *

In the monopoly game, who profits
From the motels and hotels
Sold to all sides?

* * * *

What exactly do You think the mystery would use, to create this vast theater, but the You, that is it?

* * * *

What do You justify but your imagination?

* * * *

Forever begins now.

* * * *

I am here to tell You, in no uncertain terms,
Again and again, until this mind fades into oblivion,
That we are all That I Am; the pure, unadulterated infinity.
As divine as our eternally immortal visions will allow.

* * * *

It is your own ignorance which continually deludes You into believing all You pretend to know.

* * * *

Destiny is a myriad mix of metaphors.

* * * *

Find a fishing pole within, and teach yourself to fish.

* * * *

There they went, going to all the trouble of creating one God, and then forgot to include themselves.

* * * *

What a fine mess.

* * * *

How useless to want more, than any moment can offer.

* * * *

No way, shape or form can divide You, but through your own ignorant volition.

* * * *

It generally does not matter what really happened
As much as what people perceived happened.

* * * *

Fitting your body into an idea can be very agonizing.

* * * *

What a flimsy, insubstantial veil consciousness is.

* * * *

What can happen to You but for your belief in it?

* * * *

Handling too many things at once,
Coupled with any resistance or doubt,
Creates fragmentation and inattentiveness.
The mind can only perform one deed at a time,
No matter how many balls it is attempting to juggle..

* * * *

Will the scientific mind, whatever the discipline,
Ever see that not even one measurement is real?

* * * *

One man's truth is often another's lie.
Truth resides where words have no say.

* * * *

What is the state of mind of a scientist
Who has discerned the mystic awareness?
Clean laboratory, light Bunsen burner.

* * * *

Life may be much easier if You shift
Any resistance into at least pretending
You are enjoying whatever You are doing.
Attitude is all anyone can really manipulate.
Sure, it's self-deception, but what isn't?

* * * *

It is all so connected
That one becomes weary
Of cataloging all the differences.

* * * *

Never deny those on the field the option to call an audible.

* * * *

The entire play is contingent upon attributes.

* * * *

Just another fad.

* * * *

Are You any more than any other seed born of the garden?

* * * *

Only in imagination.

* * * *

When is go, stop, or stop, go?

* * * *

Luck is what You make it.

* * * *

The breeze blows through You mind.

* * * *

All veils lead home.

* * * *

How to fearlessly embrace existence,
And in the same moment be totally
Detached from the empty offer presented.
Now that is a most arduous path for any sojourner.

* * * *

Whether You live in the middle of a city
Or upon the highest mountain,
It is the same dream.

* * * *

You have done many things,
Thought many, many more.

* * * *

So many people wandering
Around trying to convince others
To regard the dream the way they do.

* * * *

Glory, like all other delusions, is very tenacious.

* * * *

What great expectation
Doesn't eventually befall
A sense of disappointment?

* * * *

Give me fanfare with follow-up any day.

* * * *

Always afraid of getting in trouble,
But sometimes taking the chance anyway.

* * * *

The further we get from nature, the greater insanity will manifest.

* * * *

What an interesting thing proportion is.

* * * *

This editorial thesis is getting a bit long, don't You think?

* * * *

Doesn't pretending to know so much get tiring?

* * * *

How spoiled so many of us are; entitlement is like that.

* * * *

Turn fear into joy, if You dare.

* * * *

Humanity on this tack is not on its way
To transcending anything as a species.
Only the rare indivisible sees the truth of it.

* * * *

Just calling a spade a spade.

* * * *

Make death your best friend.

* * * *

Sex is about how enticing pleasure is that some would risk everything for it.

* * * *

Sometimes You disappear for a brief awhile,

But You always manage come back for more.

CXXII

These thoughts are aimed at the heart of the matter.
Attached to no tradition, no frame of reference,
They are free of all time-bound assumptions.

* * * *

What kind of God would God be, if You were not witnessing it first hand?

* * * *

You are a holograph.

* * * *

Does the mystery have anything to do,
With the egotism of consciousness,
The idolatry of vain personality,
The many pretenses of free will,
Or is it merely the grand witness,
To the ineffability of all beingness?
Your ignorance is ever confounding.

* * * *

No matter how enlightened someone may be,
They are still caught up in the quandary of living,
And what to do about that annoying mosquito.

* * * *

Anything less than all is idolatry.

* * * *

There is a counter to every move,
And a move to every counter.
Which is effect and which is cause?
Both, yet neither as You see it.

* * * *

How tortured we can make the eternal passing of time.
One moment is truly no different than any other,
Yet the flux of the mind clings and resists
With such passionate reasoning.

* * * *

You deceive yourself in so many vain ways.

* * * *

One's creation is another's destruction.
Every frame of reference has its persuasion.

* * * *

Until they let it all go, seers are burdened
Not only with a personal view,
But with the workings of total functioning.

* * * *

Be kind to yourself.
There's no point to a mind
Imagining so many vivid tortures.

* * * *

Approval or disapproval,
Who needs either?

* * * *

Inequality is entirely the creation of the human mind.

* * * *

How far past yourself can You see?

* * * *

Pretending the emperor has new clothes
Is a lie children need no play.

* * * *

How difficult to see and move
Beyond the habit of self-abuse.

* * * *

When You meet the moment fully, your destiny gracefully unfolds.

* * * *

So many choices in any life,
And which ones are embraced
Are the seeds of the obituary.

* * * *

How can You, why should You,
Save what was never spent?

* * * *

You suffer for your passion.

* * * *

There are no followers
But they who reside in Self.

* * * *

All identity is a ruse of limited origin.

* * * *

Freedom is the delusion of madness.

* * * *

There is no serene harbor in the many differences.

* * * *

What fare will the mortal stage today offer?
An empty page, an empty canvas full of possibilities
On which the drama of existence slowly unfolds.

* * * *

Logic?
Pray tell, who's logic?

* * * *

Mystery, in the infinite wisdom that mystery is,
Decided to experience infinite stupidity as well.
Such a harsh joke the cosmos plays on its Self.

* * * *

How can the faceless be attached to any mask
But through the vain delusions of consciousness?

* * * *

What would it be like to have an original thought?

* * * *

A faceless by any other nameless
Would be just as blameless
In all the sameness.

* * * *

Muddy minds do not wash pure instantly
But through the greatest detachment.

* * * *

The original sin is the belief
That such a concept is real.

* * * *

If no one notices You,
You must be doing something right.

* * * *

That stillness most sweet and unswerving,
The immortal friend most humbly beloved,
Let it burn You to the ashes of never more.

* * * *

Death frees all.

* * * *

It doesn't have to make sense.

* * * *

Few realize the uselessness of knowledge
In the most profound picture imaginable.

* * * *

Never burn a bridge unless absolutely necessary,
And then only with the most expedient execution.

* * * *

Not much point to being in a great rush.

* * * *

The depth of all things is imaginary.

* * * *

Idolatry is a tough one to see through.

* * * *

Many fear that which they do not understand.
It's not easy daring to closely examine anything.

* * * *

Your thoughts of separation
Can never be more than delusion.

* * * *

No thing can sate the hunger or slake the thirst.
Consciousness amplifies the animal nature at the core,
And a good deal of discernment and discipline
Is required to temper the beast.

* * * *

See it or not, we are all,
The elysian tools of mystery.
Only some awaken to it.
Most slumber on.

* * * *

That is what makes it one.

* * * *

Dragons are immortal; immortals are dragons.

* * * *

If You listen very closely, intuitively,
You will perhaps occasionally find things,
Speak to You in an unspoken fashion.

* * * *

Good luck, bad luck, or merely the fate of dust
Dancing in the space-time matrix born of light and sound,
The lila of a quantum cosmos and its impromptu collusion of puppets
Manipulated by the awareness of an omnipresent puppeteer,
Who exists only through the guise of imagination.

* * * *

Hell if I know what's going on here.

* * * *

Time lapses when You are not.

* * * *

You are the way You have been
Since your first memories of it.

* * * *

It is your own creation that frightens You,
Tempts You, confuses You, enrages You,
Tortures You, suffers You, pleases You.

* * * *

To believe, to suppose, to assume, the mystery is only one thing or another,
Or only that which subscribes to sentience, to consciousness,
Is the narrow vision, the blindness of ignorance.

* * * *

Perhaps, if the masses were not deceived from the start,
The mystery they are, would not be so difficult to intuitively grasp.
But, then again, maybe it would make no difference at all.

* * * *

It is just one big fucking experiment; we are all guinea pigs of our own creation.

* * * *

Explore and harvest the infinite stillness,
The inexplicable serenity of your true beingness,

The domain in which the sovereign suckle.

* * * *

We are all the same mystery,
And so many seem to be overwhelmed by it.
Why is it so hard for people just accept they will never know?

* * * *

You think, therefore You imagine You are.

* * * *

The priceless soul is rare.

* * * *

My God, my Self, your God, your Self, and everyone else's, too.

* * * *

How ironic that so many believe their color, is so much more than a melanin count.

* * * *

A Christmas tree is dying to come home with You.

* * * *

Once You see that You create all reactions within,
An equanimity begins to seal the crevices.
Gradually, it all comes together.

* * * *

To have seen it untrammeled by the hand of man.

* * * *

Every one wants to be secure, but that is impossible
The way we behave so rudely to all the differences.

* * * *

Some have no choice but to think for themselves.

* * * *

Here we all are living out our distinct little dreams.

* * * *

Memory is only as good as the synapses it inhabits.
Life is short no matter how long it sometimes seems.

* * * *

Way to many human beings.
What's the point?

* * * *

You are dying as You read this.

* * * *

Man's mind will never duplicate God's; imitation is always artificial, always second-rate.

* * * *

How driven we are in our own accumulation.
Yet we snicker at the pack rat, snicker at the raven,
For their meager collection of shiny baubles.

* * * *

Serve the ground.

* * * *

Put to the ultimate test,
What advantage have brains
Ever really earned without muscle?

* * * *

The trails of our dreams intersect and weave
Into a tapestry of consciousness which dissolves
So quickly in the timeless expanses of eternity.

* * * *

Heaven is a place where nothing ever happens.

* * * *

All you've got to do is stop thinking.

* * * *

Can You even remember yesterday sometimes?

* * * *

Some walk away from their roots.

* * * *

Would You have it any other way.

* * * *

You were born to understand.

* * * *

Why fight what cannot be?
What resist what is inevitable?

* * * *

Always on guard.

* * * *

When did we become so embarrassed about our bodies?

* * * *

For a moment, at least feign contentment.

* * * *

Who is mad and who is sane?

* * * *

A foregone conclusion plays itself out.

* * * *

How quickly memories fade.

* * * *

The swirl of insignificance continues.

* * * *

The blank wall beckons your attention.

* * * *

Revenge has a long memory.

* * * *

How fickle and vain this God we imagine.

* * * *

Significance fades as memory leaves it behind.

* * * *

Are You, foot or hand, head or neck or shoulder, or any other meaty piece or part?

* * * *

Imagine how many human beings there might be, if there were not war or famine or pestilence.

* * * *

The bully rules till someone bigger comes along.

* * * *

One of those people who asked why so often, s/he does not even care anymore.

* * * *

They sure got your number.

* * * *

One wonders what ignorance will make of all this.

* * * *

Anti your Christ.

* * * *

Some thoughts are worth resisting.

* * * *

Luck is a five letter word.
Lucky has five.
Make of it what You will.

* * * *

Pay attention to the reflections on the shiny surfaces.

* * * *

This is my seed cast into time.

* * * *

So many fates dancing so many ways.

* * * *

Death will harvest You at its own convenience.

* * * *

Always handy to have the right tool at the right time.

* * * *

Life goes on, most of the time not all that exciting.

* * * *

Pure thoughts require pure vision.

* * * *

At the time You really didn't think anything of it.

* * * *

Almost ten years of thought.

* * * *

Gone so quickly again.

CXXIII

What more could anyone really want?

* * * *

Language conspires in so many ways
To inform ignorance of its puzzling origin.

* * * *

Why write all this?
Because it is enjoyable,
And seems to be an inclination.

* * * *

You came here to have as good a time as possible,
But did You read the small print that said,
"Through it all You will suffer."

* * * *

What is required of You,
But what You yourself require?

* * * *

You can only eat one meal at a time.
How much of a pig will You be?

* * * *

What useless creatures we philosophers are.

* * * *

Some waves pass through everything,
Including You.

* * * *

Contentment is not wanting it any other way.

* * * *

A life well-lived is one remembered.

* * * *

Telescopes and microscopes see further and further,
And scientists measure in every way possible,
But still they have not found the answer.

* * * *

The puzzle remains.

* * * *

Free your Self.

* * * *

Sidestep the vanity.

* * * *

You and your father are one.
You and You mother are one.
You and your pet gerbil are one.

* * * *

Get it?

* * * *

All these thoughts are spontaneously created.
It's a random, inspirational process.
Nothing is planned.

* * * *

All that out there is a ploy to keep You from looking inward.

* * * *

How curious our investment in time;
All the imagined births, dates, holidays
Traditions, wars and other delusions.
As if any remembrance has any
Real association with another
Except for its having passed
In the same now as all do.

* * * *

The attachment is in your head,
Not your hands.

* * * *

How do I know?
The same way anyone
Knows anything.

* * * *

Passion without discipline
It a path of self-destruction.

* * * *

If You preoccupy yourself overly much
With either perceived past or projected future,
You will not adequately meet what is happening now

With the attentive spontaneity survival requires.

* * * *

It is not as much survival of the fittest
As it is survival of the most adaptable.
A bit of good luck always helps, as well.

* * * *

Once any pattern is grasped to some degree,
The black box within which it resided disappears.
Everything born of the human mind is based
Upon an arbitrary conceptual foundation.

* * * *

You learn by paying attention,
Just like everyone else.

* * * *

Selecting which details to prioritize
Seems to be the gist of your existence.

* * * *

You lose out on the transient depth of reality
If You think in terms of investment
Rather than process.

* * * *

When has it never been now?

* * * *

Blaming others only
Deepens the confusion
And widens the polarizations.

* * * *

What to do when all the alternatives seem like bullshit?

* * * *

Do You see your Self in everything?

* * * *

The mind can be like a hammer banging away.
Most humans involve themselves only with results.
Few investigate the hammer and its fundamental nature.
Buddhahood is disciplined, choiceless attentiveness.

* * * *

We cannot just suddenly turn around billions of years of evolution

With idealistic notions born of a relatively recent civilized existence.

* * * *

Is silence ignorance?
Is silence wisdom?
Is it both between or beyond
All boundaries of limited distinction?

* * * *

You are the only way reality
Can experience material illusion.
And though many are supposedly called,
Few are chosen at any given time to see beyond.
Those who do journey a tumultuous reverie,
An epic banquet in the mortal dream
Between heaven and earth.

* * * *

No concept does more than brace you
In the windswept delusion born of time.

* * * *

When You figure out
A way to save anything forever,
Be sure to let us know.

* * * *

What was never born never dies.

* * * *

Your existence is founded
On the assumption that You do.

* * * *

This is your life to spend as You choose.
Will You finish it feeling complete and content,
Or will your conclusion be bitter regret and sorrow?
Will You have added or diminished, created or destroyed?
Will You have grasped the singularity, or be caught up
In the divisiveness of ignorance and delusion?
This is your life to spend as You choose.

* * * *

There is an immeasurable distance within all
Which cannot be crossed by any other.

* * * *

You do not have to experience it

To know it is all happening.
The witness is all one.

* * * *

An accident waiting to happen.

* * * *

Things often become clearer in retrospect.

* * * *

You can only show someone what it is to fish.
They must teach themselves.

* * * *

Only imagination suffers.

* * * *

How well do You really remember any pain or joy,
Or any other passion, thought or circumstance?

* * * *

Enlightenment is the pinnacle of immortal delusion.

* * * *

It is much easier to feel good about life
When the body is feeling healthy and strong.

* * * *

Heroes die as all others do.
It is only the mythology of glory
Which carries them on in time.

* * * *

Where is there to go,
What is there to do,
Really?

* * * *

Righting a wrong takes a little effort
If there is a fair and equal intent by all.

* * * *

Sage advice is rarely heard clearly.

* * * *

Any game is more enjoyable
If You are not too attached
To the win or loss of it.

* * * *

Whatever the terms and conditions,
It is always a good day to die.

* * * *

What sage needs this world, or any God spawned of it?

* * * *

Death is closer than your shadow.

* * * *

The best criticism enhances.

* * * *

It is whichever one it happens to be.

* * * *

Tear down, toss aside, be done, with all the so-called holy places, to which all cultures cling.
With all their temples and statues and symbols and prayers and scriptures and dogmas and traditions.
Empty the mind, still the body and spirit, to perceive, to glean, the sanctity of the mystery,
Whoever and whatever and whenever and wherever and however, You may be.

* * * *

Do You not sometimes tire of the ego-pride blindness,
Of your attachments to your body, the sensory play,
And all the things which surround this fabrication?

* * * *

Where death was never born, what shadow can enter?

* * * *

Grow up into your true childhood.

* * * *

Debate these thoughts however You will,
Or let them steep into the seed of your origin,
That You might blossom into its manifest potential.
Look around, perceive the garden, and discern your role,
As guardian angel rather than pride-filled destroyer.

* * * *

Death is more like evaporation than anything final.

* * * *

Scientists and baseball aficionados share a passion for useless data.

* * * *

What times they were, they were, they were, those times before money was the measure.

* * * *

Are You interested in understanding, or only condemning?

* * * *

Any place can seem large, until You see it on a map

* * * *

All chatter is relative; the play of consciousness is without absolutes.

* * * *

The only universe You need fit into is your own.

* * * *

Grieve for all suffering; not just your own.
All forms dissolve, all reflections end.
Embrace them or detest them;
Conceive every passion imaginable.
All melt equally into eternity's infinite unity.

* * * *

Do not resist dying.

* * * *

Does a child doubt itself?

* * * *

We have concocted so many ways of delving into the unknown.

* * * *

There is no prescribed way.

* * * *

Agape is the oblivion of the personal nature.
It is the relinquishment of all becoming.
It is the surrender to total beingness.

* * * *

Paradise and purgatory,
Are not mutually exclusive.
One cannot be without the other.
How would we ever know anything,
Without the relativity of opposites?

* * * *

We are all mutations of the original seed.

* * * *

You may annihilate the vanity, but You can never slay the me that I am.

* * * *

Are You weary enough to make your way home?

* * * *

It sounded so good till You found it.

* * * *

Remember and forget
Again and again.

* * * *

What is too true to the relativity of illusion?

* * * *

You participate because You want and fear not having.

* * * *

How many are sucked down by the whirlpool
Of their own Frankensteinian creation?

* * * *

Do not muck it up with another absurd attempt to organize some new vain religion.
Just get together with friends who can enjoy, rationally discussing whatever subjects come up.
Relax on the hierarchical deities of delusion; allow your Self to dissolve into the singularity of beingness.

* * * *

The only universe is the one in your imagination.

* * * *

How many times You shit and piss your purity.

* * * *

It is the fear of fearlessness,
The preference of smoke over flame
Which keeps You from discovering truth.
Rather than be consumed by the blaze,
Rather that dying to the pride of time,
You prefer the smoke of delusion
And inevitably miss knowing
The freedom of eternal life.

* * * *

Does being born again,
Really have anything to do,
With the pride of becoming?

Is it not rather the end of time,
The surrender to true nature,
To the majesty of mystery,
To the gold of all in one,
And the joy of one in all.

* * * *

Give your children room to enjoy the bliss of innocence.
Perhaps they will recall the laughter clearly enough
To rediscover it that day adulthood wears thin.

* * * *

All bounds are of your own device.

* * * *

It will matter less what I meant, than how You take it.

* * * *

Curious that what seems obvious is not always obvious to everyone.

* * * *

Beware the mountains
And pitfalls of consciousness.
Travel the course between extremes.

* * * *

The lonlies come about when You feel rejected, forgotten, ignored.
When You have not said what another wants to hear,
When You feel something "out there"
Is necessary
For You to be happy.

* * * *

For You to reach this manifest point in time,
The journey, neither good nor bad, is what it is.

* * * *

Take not one step of regret for what it has taken.
Put time behind You in your downstream adventure.

CXXIV

Each day cuts the pie of your life
Into thinner and thinner portions,
All passing more and more quickly
In the most momentary eternal sense.

* * * *

What is the body, truly, but a fleeting bag of protoplasm
Playing in the space and time born of consciousness?

* * * *

Discern within the union of know and unknown.

* * * *

You are in a no-deposit, no-return reality.
Spend it all in whatever way You will.

* * * *

You are going to die anyway,
So why be afraid of letting go now?

* * * *

See the relativity of your measure.

* * * *

Organized religion is an oxymoron.

* * * *

Another one-man revolution.

* * * *

Notoriety in another's head is meaningless
But for imagination's insatiable craving
To override its eternal aloneness.

* * * *

What a fool be the fool
Who pens these thoughts.
Where do they appear from?
To what end do they travel,
These words declaring
The silliness of time?

* * * *

By not succumbing to fear of loss,
You gain control of desire passionate flame

From which all action springs eternal.

* * * *

You must learn in order to remember to know.

* * * *

Is inner vision left or right eye dominant?

* * * *

Who writes these thoughts but the most real You?

* * * *

How much of anything do You remember
Of what You supposedly learned?
What do You really know
About anything?

* * * *

There is nothing more.
This moment is all You ever get
No matter who, what, where, why, when
Or how You may be.

* * * *

Patterns can be plundered.

* * * *

How many still remember how to plant a seed
And grow a successful, healthy garden?
Don't forget, in the final analysis,
A computer can't feed You.

* * * *

No bubble can avoid the burst.

* * * *

Follow the babbling bubbles of thought
Until their source becomes all-consuming.

* * * *

Walk the fog.

* * * *

Life is short and getting shorter.

* * * *

You are your own moral accounting.

* * * *

Do You live your life for what others think.

* * * *

If it makes money, it's good.
If not, well, it gets its own category.

* * * *

Positive and negative intertwine
Like snakes consuming each other.

* * * *

The ultimate weaning.

* * * *

Nothing to pray for.
It's already a done deal.

* * * *

Don't live your life for a mirage.

* * * *

Environmentalists, despite all their good intentions,
Are like dogs barking at the moon.

* * * *

Some will not be confined
By the narrowness
To which others subscribe.

* * * *

What battles will You wage with the windmills today, Don Quixote?

* * * *

There is an unmatchable contentment
In the integration of mind, body and heart.

* * * *

Every pleasure eventually collects its asking price.

* * * *

It is arduous to let go of everything all the time,
One of those unnecessary tasks to most.
Why would You but for your own amusement?

* * * *

Discern eternity
And feel the striving

Of vain personal ambition
Exit your bones.

* * * *

We each have our brief little time.
Each unique, each very much the same.

* * * *

You would probably laugh if an amoeba
Claimed an aristocratic bloodline.

* * * *

Spiritual middlemen
Are the anachronisms
Of geographic attachment.

* * * *

The vampires delude themselves and the masses,
But the seers only laugh at their vain foolishness.

* * * *

The unwitnessed tree falling in the forest
Knows well the sound of its crashing.
Every life form is its own witness.

* * * *

As to death's knock,
Sooner or later, despite
All your vain mortal appeals
Something will catch up to You.
Each of us is very much a equal part
Of the statistical nature of all measurement.

* * * *

Remember, it's a sum-zero theater.

* * * *

We are not really human beings.
We only think we are.

* * * *

Purpose seems to have a great relativity about it,
Largely powered more than a pinch of vanity.
Does anyone stay the same for more
Than a few moments of time?

* * * *

Exclusivity is an act of insecurity.

* * * *

Amazing what neuron trails can accomplish.
And to think that the entire human drama
Is founded entirely upon their relativity.

* * * *

Time's origin is in consciousness.
The absolute is not burdened
By the clock on the wall.

* * * *

Surrender unconditionally.

* * * *

Humble your Self.

* * * *

Another no-brainer.

* * * *

So many perceptions melding
Into the emptiness of none.

* * * *

So many always trying to be
Somewhere or something else.

* * * *

If You only see what others tell You to see,
Your awareness will remain very finite.

* * * *

Don't pay attention to the scribe.
Just let the magic of the words
Work their subtle purpose.

* * * *

What frightening forms flesh can take.

* * * *

Only conceit makes You think You are so unique.

* * * *

You will feel complete only when totally present.

* * * *

Don't be lonely, be alone.

* * * *

It often seems that any given face and body
Takes on the attributes of its personality-soul.

* * * *

To survive a man's brawn,
What could women do
But grow in wile?

* * * *

Your breath is the only continuity there is.

* * * *

How difficult to lead wisely.

* * * *

May have thought I was saying something else.

* * * *

Who will notice those who offer them nothing?

* * * *

Power and fame and fortune are no match for death.

* * * *

Fool-at-large journeying through eternity in time.

* * * *

You believed, You hoped, You prayed
That someday You would have it all,
And now you're dead is as dead does.
What happened to all those dreams?

* * * *

Harsh and soft are not really all that different.

* * * *

Chances are You do not see me the way I do You.

* * * *

Words have so little stamina without vanity's support.

* * * *

How You dread the effort sometimes.

* * * *

Another flat, firm, healthy pelvis,

Breeding ground for the next generation.

* * * *

As if any other could give You this contentment.

* * * *

You play along as if You belong in this world,
Breaking as often as You can remember
To remember what You really are.

* * * *

Why would anyone want to sit in judgment of another?

* * * *

Eternal infinity, with all its parts,
Washes clean of any taint, despite
All appearances to the contrary.

* * * *

Funny how practically anything can be misinterpreted.

* * * *

Even education can only accomplish so much
Against the relentless tide of human ignorance.
What can You expect from two-legged animals
With only two thumbs, a marginal frontal lobe,
And the remnants of a lizard's disposition?

* * * *

So many memories to carry
And someday forget.

* * * *

How fortunate those who are spared
The true horrors of mortal existence.

* * * *

Even the so-called enlightened
Must play out the theater real,
And perhaps often wish it were.

* * * *

The wash of time cleans us all.

* * * *

How formidable life can be.
So much endurance required.

* * * *

Step out, take many chances.
Settle only when you're ready.
Dance till your grave is filled in.

* * * *

No reason to grow up, Wendy.
This world needs more children.

* * * *

With each breath, gather in, then surrender.
See the mind-identity, allow its dissolution.

* * * *

Ignore the senses and the mind opens to the eternal way
Beyond the chattering forest of words and meanings.

* * * *

You suffer to the level of your attachment.

* * * *

It is so incredible how we box ourselves in.

* * * *

Concept and experience are eternally intertwined.

* * * *

You can only communicate the concepts You know.

* * * *

We done fucked up big-time,
And our unenviable progeny
Are going to pay a heavy price.

* * * *

The slaves who work harder get rewarded.

* * * *

Why are we so afraid of this world?

* * * *

What emotional creatures women are.

* * * *

We are all the dance watching itself happening.

* * * *

We are the froth at the edges of the ocean's middle.

* * * *

Oh frail, mortal body,
What torturous adventures
Do You yet have in time's store?

* * * *

The masses are so easily swayed by the heady winds of persuasion.

* * * *

No wind can sustain its passion forever.

* * * *

Fluids encircle solids.
The inflexible surrender to flexibility.
Victory comes to those most capable of disguising
The intentions of their many maneuvers.

* * * *

Emptiness becomes desirable when You are stuffed to groaning.

* * * *

Will cannot stem the tide of time.

* * * *

How fitting that we are the initiators of our own demise.

* * * *

How absurd a flagpole looks standing near a tree.

* * * *

You deserve eternal joy if You are clear enough to realize its source.

* * * *

It is not You who sits, stands, walks or runs.
It is not You who sleeps or wakes.
It is only your imagination.

* * * *

The city, with all its human dramas,
Draws us into a web of gluttonous confusion.
In contrast, nature is so simple and orderly
That most can no longer endure it long.

* * * *

No use envying what doesn't come out of You.

* * * *

Unscripted, yet very precise.

* * * *

We idealize Mother Nature as we consume her heart.

CXXV

How strange to see the mystery so intimately,
And yet to continue sequestering in the closet.

* * * *

What promise can ever stand the reality of time?

* * * *

The pretending is the lie.

* * * *

Smoke and ashes do not for a fire make.

* * * *

Come out, come out, wherever You are.

* * * *

One day You feel cursed, another blessed.
So arduous to surf the wave without falling.

* * * *

Is there one without the other?

* * * *

Respect what deserves respect.
Ignore what ignorance begets.

* * * *

It's a freebie unless the mystery
Wants to see to it that I'm paid.
No effort is the easiest way.

* * * *

Why worry about money and security
If your basic need and simple wants are met.

* * * *

Be good,
Or be evil and don't get caught.

* * * *

What an amazing set of contradictions You are.

* * * *

Everybody disappears sooner or later.
Tomorrow's oblivion will quickly forget.

* * * *

Embrace the all within.

* * * *

What becomes of a drop returned to the sea?

* * * *

We are all prisoners of one fate or another.

* * * *

Do You not get tired of filling your head with crap?

* * * *

Funny how we expect the world to match our vision.

* * * *

Hell is heaven forgotten.

* * * *

Wisdom is seeing every view.

* * * *

You could live in paradise
And probably stop seeing it
The second or third day.

* * * *

Familiarity breeds apathy.

* * * *

Buddha comes in many strange,
Often unexpected packages.

* * * *

Character flaws define personality.

* * * *

The choice to be only mystery, is an arduous death, into which to be reborn.

* * * *

The things people pay to see; every gate a tollbooth.

* * * *

You are everything seen and unseen.

* * * *

We ache for what we cannot possess.

* * * *

You look to enjoy,
You look to judge,
You look to recognize,
But You mainly look to see
Who looks back.

* * * *

You are already the mystery; why would You want to label yourself anything?

* * * *

The mind just sort of dissolves of its own free will.

* * * *

The diversity fools You for a time.

* * * *

A cohesive group brews the best decisions.

* * * *

What doesn't kill You can cripple You,
Or if you're lucky, make You stronger.

* * * *

Consciousness longs for the reflections of its limitation.

* * * *

Sometimes time goes so slow,
Others so fast that you're already
Well into the next day or year.

* * * *

Knowledge is not necessarily knowing.

* * * *

Relax, it will all be over soon enough.

* * * *

To want only what the dream offers ....

* * * *

Reality cannot be measured.

* * * *

So have You figured out what was perplexing You?

* * * *

What is the everywhere and the nowhere?

* * * *

Does your dying mean
You won't be in the drama anymore?
How can the play go on without the lead witness?

* * * *

Don't know, don't really even care.

* * * *

To what are You obligated?

* * * *

Bright and clever is a tough edge to hold.

* * * *

You used to be so happy with words.
Now they have so little to do with it.

* * * *

What one usually gets from revolution
Is more brutality and hardship,
Especially if the idealism
Was only words.

* * * *

Can violent means ever bring out peaceful ends?

* * * *

What will I have to endure
If I wait for You to catch on?

* * * *

The right might brings ain't necessarily right.

* * * *

Smoke dissipates without a t race.
Maya is the smoke of space and time.

* * * *

How can You hope for heaven elsewhere
If You cannot discern it here and now?

* * * *

How would the river run if water was only a word?

* * * *

The vision inspired by any drug
Is in the mind of the beholder.

* * * *

Sometimes the pen only hits the paper
And a thought takes ink's scrawled form.

* * * *

Dust, kindling, smoke, fire, smoke, ashes, dust.....

* * * *

Men have their vanity and women theirs.
The operating word is the same.

* * * *

Pathetic sampling everywhere You go.

* * * *

You cannot help but act your part well.

* * * *

What does a swine know of pearls in its muddy pen?

* * * *

Thank God You are not playing that part.
As much as You dislike your fate,
It could be much worse.

* * * *

Like it or not, You will complete your fate.

* * * *

You is me, and me, You.

* * * *

You've obviously never been hungry.

* * * *

So many You would relish
Kissing and touching,
Even just once.

* * * *

Let go your imagination,
And where are You?

* * * *

You write of the drama You see unfolding.

They are reflections of a personal stance.

* * * *

Why not be fearless?

* * * *

Arrogance is only posing courage.

* * * *

Is your patter functional?
Have You the discipline
To reshape the mold?

* * * *

We are all functions
Of the data available,
And our impressions of it.

* * * *

The advantage of youth
Is that our foolishness
Is not so embarrassing.

* * * *

How horrifyingly twisted a mind can become.

* * * *

A still body is not necessarily a still mind,
Nor is a still mind necessarily a still body.

* * * *

Is happiness any more than ecstatic comfort?

* * * *

If You enjoy it, pass it on.

* * * *

Why aspire to another's delusion?

* * * *

Accepting one's life, one's fate, is challenging if You long for another's.

* * * *

With women, it all seems to boil down to romantic notions.

* * * *

If somebody puts it out there,
More than a few will probably believe it.

* * * *

You cannot expect your lot
To change without great effort.
Even then it may well not.

* * * *

Saints keep their impulses to themselves.

* * * *

You are driven by desire fueled by fear.

* * * *

Angels play their own games.

* * * *

Eccentricity can be a commodity
In a world thriving on oddity.

* * * *

If you're put in an insane asylum,
What are You going to do
But participate in the insanity?

* * * *

How can intelligence
Ever hope to win out over ignorance?
They breed more and faster.

* * * *

Will scientists ever run out of things to measure, or see that nothing can be?

* * * *

Secret agent man.

* * * *

If its happening
Somewhere else,
It can happen here.

* * * *

Your fate is calling, a siren beckoning You journey the illusion of space and time.

* * * *

How can You trust a God who would do this to You?

* * * *

In all your imagined incarnations,

You probably have never had going for you
What You have got right now.

* * * *

It's not another's respect You need.
It is your own.

* * * *

Truth is nebulous.

* * * *

Fool's gold.

* * * *

Do You share the ambition?

* * * *

It's probably more enjoyable
To be the one who makes things happen.
Witnessing is for fools.

* * * *

Don't force another to kill You.

* * * *

Make of it what You please,
For it matters not to me.

* * * *

Your hands are washed of it.

* * * *

What would You have if your pacifier were taken from You?

* * * *

Who can follow all this?

* * * *

Hope is just another abysmal four-letter word,
Another concept without a reality to stand on.

* * * *

Cast involuntarily into the mood,
Alone, You and your words again.

* * * *

You must walk moments, from exalted to barren,
The tightrope honed by the tension to a tentative balance,

The only sanity truth can offer those who would see.

* * * *

Are You sane?
Only You can answer that.

* * * *

Better not to know the scribe.
You are your own measurement
Of that which none is required.

* * * *

Just leave the all behind if they
Will not walk where You must.

* * * *

Earthquake, or spinning washer?
What difference, really?

* * * *

Let Jesus carry his own cross.

* * * *

Another failed teaching.

* * * *

Is the teacher or student to blame
When all are truly blameless?

* * * *

Can a parent ever clearly see their progeny?

* * * *

The true antichrists are much less harmful
Than any dogma would have You believe.

* * * *

You are a figment of imagination.

* * * *

You need not believe any label.

* * * *

Combine them as You will,
They stand alone or separate
In the halls of time's mystery.

CXXVI

Repression is the will of those denying dissent.
Terrorism, the futile voice of the powerless.
Hunger, the inheritance of the meek.
War, the voice of the inarticulate.

* * * *

Interesting how Rome survives
Despite its crumbling walls.

* * * *

Don’t most fashions
Seem ridiculous down the road,
Yet still we clamor about the walkways of illusion.

* * * *

The point?
Don’t You see there is none?

* * * *

The true path to greatness is not seeking it.

* * * *

War is the voice of the inarticulate.

* * * *

Is there a new depth to sink to?

* * * *

Please forgive any errors of language.
The scribe is but an average scholar
With an increasingly poor memory for details.
As his mind drifts unresisting toward oblivion’s rainbow.
He is the gristy smile born of Cheshire Cats in Wonderland’s mill.

* * * *

Sometimes clever is just too much bother to keep up with.

* * * *

The books and articles You imbibe
Become facets of your character.

* * * *

Life requires discipline,
Yet it is not always easy
To establish or maintain.

* * * *

They who would control
Control only through the meekness
Of those who acquiesce.

* * * *

It begins again.
Same stage,
New set design.

* * * *

What an incredible thing to be alive.
What an incredible thing it will be to die.
How will You face its arrival in time?

* * * *

So many uneducated to a broader, empathetic view.

* * * *

Maybe tomorrow.

* * * *

So many self-images.

* * * *

You are confined by the narrowness
Of the society into which You are born.

* * * *

This time, too, will be looked back on
As being full of ignorance and superstition.
History has the pedantic luxury of 20/20 hindsight.
Rarely, however, are such insights seen acutely enough
To augment and clarify the confusion of the unfolding present.
Humanity learns so little from history that it would as well be ignored.

* * * *

You are full of loopholes.

* * * *

Absurdity pirouettes with mad abandon.

* * * *

Anyone who puts themselves on public display
Becomes an enticing target to anyone of such inclination.
Ironic who accuses who of being the demon.

* * * *

Your role is determined by an inclination
You cannot easily nor rationally explain.

* * * *

Grasp You soul through inner vision.

* * * *

Chasing mirages again?

* * * *

Somebody had to write all this down,
And for some incomprehensible reason,
It turned out to be You at the keyboard.

* * * *

What a mystery, fate.

* * * *

Is martyrdom anything more
Than the ultimate vanity trip?

* * * *

Will anyone ever read
And comprehend all written herein?
How unlikely.
You should have taken more walks
And drunk more coffee.

* * * *

"Sure," he acknowledged to an older friend,
"The good die young, but at least I have the satisfaction
Of knowing I probably won't live as long as You."

* * * *

Why not go out with a bang?

* * * *

Except for random acts of procreation,
One often wonders what so many human
Males and females have in common.
Would we entangle near as much
If not for lust and its genetic
Commitment to time?

* * * *

S/he's right, You know.

* * * *

You cannot even for a moment pause or change your fate.

* * * *

Technology shapes us all
Into something nature could not.

* * * *

Break free.

* * * *

An act of will to become less so.

* * * *

Just a journal of thoughts
That endlessly come to mind.
No sure beginning, no sure ending,
Every sort of reflection this mind entertains.
A fine bit of madness, the delirium of consciousness
Entangled by all the vanity playing out the human drama.

* * * *

Enjoy your breathing.
You never know when
It will be your last.

* * * *

Season to taste.

* * * *

Pshaw.

* * * *

The well of eternal life,
The fount of youth, is within
Every infinite thread
Of your tapestry.
You are
The immortal
In the highest sense.

* * * *

Must be time for it to play.

* * * *

Good food, water and air,
A restful night's sleep
Are great healers.

Take care of that body.

* * * *

Do what I say, not what I do.

* * * *

It is all changing right now, yowza.

* * * *

The numbers are so ridiculously big and small,
Only a computer could keep track of them.
Will we ever cease our fascination
With all our measuring?

* * * *

Our technical capability has proved dazzling,
But the vessel has neither navigator, map nor compass,
And we are blowing by our own wind toward the world's cruel edge.

* * * *

We are all the products of light and time.

* * * *

What poison do You drink, Socrates?

* * * *

Whose blade do You pay attention to in a knife fight?

* * * *

Atoms do not die.
You are made of them.
Therefore, You are immortal.
Do the math.

* * * *

Are we in the new dark ages yet? By what idiom shall history call it?

* * * *

What is personality, self-imagery,
But a deep-seated craving to survive,
To be accepted, to belong, to be less alone.

* * * *

Eden will prosper without us
And our free will pretensions.

* * * *

Cockroaches will dance upon our graves.

* * * *

Do You know enough, yet?

* * * *

It's a nice abstraction to love one another,
But some people can't help but be assholes.

* * * *

Not being judgmental is challenging for any gossip.

* * * *

Whoooee, the things some people believe.

* * * *

It is not a matter of whether You want your fate or not.
These are the cards You were dealt, and any hand, any destiny,
Is only as pleasing as the context in which it is played.

* * * *

A culture that envisions no future has no future.

* * * *

Every moment You look right past your Self.

* * * *

Take it, take it, take it all.
Don't want it no more.

* * * *

It ain't all bad, sometimes.

* * * *

Requiem for a suicide.

* * * *

Some operate in the power suite,
Others at the gladiator stadium,
Still others on the park bench.
What difference not imagined?

* * * *

Could not help it, 'twas destiny that this be written.
Another forest on some shelf, to what ends unknown.

* * * *

To be, without mythology.

* * * *

You will find this
When nothing else
Appeases your quest.

* * * *

Driven by something You barely comprehend; You cannot help but become what You seek.

* * * *

Arrogance is the delusion of superiority.

* * * *

The universe is the mind of mystery; You are a synapse of its timeless weaving.

* * * *

Do not get cocky about it; it is not like You really have anything up on anyone else.

* * * *

It is all your imagination.

* * * *

Down the halls, the laughter echoes: Joke's on You.

* * * *

An editorial of space and time; once a reporter, always a reporter.

* * * *

You would rather think than breathe.

* * * *

What a ruse the catechism
Of any given public education.

* * * *

Any movement inspires the potential for delusion.
Only the action of total surrender to reality is immune.

* * * *

Sit there and either enjoy or detest your persona,
And You will see the nature of the human panorama.

* * * *

Life just sort of carries You along.

* * * *

What will that last breath be like?

* * * *

What an eerie image to realize
Someone could have you
In their sights right now.

* * * *

Perish the thought that maya controls your soul.

* * * *

You are but a synapse of consciousness,
A witness to a three-dimensional dream,
So real You cannot help but participate,
So unreal You cannot help but wonder.

* * * *

Never hesitate to possess
Whatever it takes to survive
To the degree You wish to.

* * * *

Don't You weary of being rolled over
By the investments of this world?

* * * *

My name is Who of Who Knows.

* * * *

What a drag it is to be forced to learn
If You don't enjoy the subject
Or, worse, the teacher.

* * * *

Youth is wasted on so many.

* * * *

What a bother it all is sometimes.

* * * *

What makes You think
Anyone wants to listen to
What's going on in your head?

* * * *

How irresponsible we are.

* * * *

You really are a soap opera addict.

* * * *

Just a line man from the county.

* * * *

Sometimes even the greatest Buddha
Just doesn't want to bother anymore.

* * * *

Entertaining, but can't we finally let up and get along?

* * * *

Now, children.

* * * *

A string of thoughts that will ever seem new.

* * * *

Most miss the whole point.

* * * *

The world is an academic paradise.

* * * *

You have a fate to fulfill.

* * * *

What will be your last ambition?

* * * *

Governments are just big gangs

* * * *

Each influences the other.

* * * *

Can the minority ever more than hope to sway
The masses to a larger more unified vision?

* * * *

How long can You stand being alone?

* * * *

Is human history really much more,
Than the seemingly never-ending repetition,
Of the ravenousness mayhem of assault and pillage?
It is patterns, not history, that ceaselessly repeat themselves.

CXXVII

The myriad creations of mind will scar Eden for eons to come.
Imagine the skeletal remains of cities across the world,
In which our descendants will someday wander.
What will they think of all our amusements?

* * * *

Another fateful decision.

* * * *

The lure of romantic notion is a promise time drowns.

* * * *

Thank God You were not born into that life.

* * * *

It is value which creates all suffering.

* * * *

If You haven't already figured it out,
Governments, businesses and the like
Are only concerned about your usefulness.
Talk of your welfare can end quite quickly
Once your productivity begins to falter.

* * * *

Want an answer?
Ask Vanity.

* * * *

Why do some so enjoy inflicting pain upon others?

* * * *

Even the greatest human artists
Will never rival the wonders
Created by the elements.

* * * *

How can anyone not discern the human drama
Is chock full of instinctual patterns of an animal nature?

* * * *

What an incredible set of coincidences
Have gone into creating this moment.

* * * *

Imagine what it was to be one
Of the first creators of language.

* * * *

You will find the answer that suits your nature.

* * * *

No matter how well they market the lie,
It will ever be the nature of corporate enterprises
To care much less about your wellbeing
Than what is in your wallet.

* * * *

How quickly the generations
Lose their self-sufficiency.
Specialization will have
Its share of limitations
In the time to come.

* * * *

Become the baebe's smile.

* * * *

Even if Jesus were to come back,
The Christians would probably kill him
Because he wouldn't be saying
What they were expecting.

* * * *

What does the biblical assertion
"The meek will inherit the earth" really mean?
Probably something about mass graves,
Sharecropping, or hiding in the hills.
The bold will always dominate
The innocent only hoping to survive.

* * * *

Believe it or not, a lot of other people are suffering here, too.
In fact, some endure a lot worse fates than You,
So please, quit the whining.

* * * *

Any up and coming generation
Will putter out their lives as they see fit.
None will survive that much longer
Or shorter than any time does,
No matter the character
Of their choices.

* * * *

The human species
Is not going to change anytime soon.
Get over it.

* * * *

A collision with a huge comet might well be merciful.

* * * *

Know how to moderate your pleasures.

* * * *

How often envy brings down success.

* * * *

Friends are great,
But even a worthy opponent
Helps pass the time.

* * * *

No use worrying about the future.
It will do what futures always do.

* * * *

How intensely grotesque
The human body can become
Without all the vain ornamentation.
How fortunate animals with fur coats are
To be able to conceal the form flesh can take.

* * * *

Think of your body as a field day
For some form of death.

* * * *

Lust is most enticing
When the form and flesh
Are young and still deceiving.

* * * *

So easy to become a target for someone.

* * * *

To tempt fate is to take on a very worthy opponent.

* * * *

With or without a container,

When have You not been?

* * * *

Forever being what it is and is not,
How can the mystery not be patient enough,
To fashion and experience every infinite possibility?

* * * *

Desire is the harbinger of fear and dread.

* * * *

Image lock is a held breath.

* * * *

You got a name? Well, keep it to yourself.

* * * *

How will You appear to the young when You are old?

* * * *

Imagine yourself in a permanent state of deja vu.

* * * *

True virtual reality is indestructible.

* * * *

The media love to fan the public frenzy.

* * * *

Perhaps the devil is your savior.

* * * *

Cultivate your courage to face this existence squarely.

* * * *

The relentless quest for numbers is a murky swamp
Which contributes little to the balance
Life requires to survive.

* * * *

It's your level of ignorance which rates You and your world.

* * * *

Political correctness permeates every part and particle of the conscious play,
Even those deluding themselves and the world that they are above it all.
It's a group thing that happens whenever two or more get together.

* * * *

No artist's work is always great.

* * * *

The mystery is not limited to the forms prescribed by your limited imagination.

* * * *

You only postpone the inevitable.

* * * *

Why do they call it love?
Does that mean love will kill You?
How unromantic.

* * * *

How can You teach what You do not know?

* * * *

Desire breeds fear and dread in that held breath.

* * * *

It's what You don't see that can be
The greatest cause for concern.

* * * *

If You can imagine it, it needn't be done.

* * * *

No matter what happens to humanity
The course of Eden will not run quite the same
For some time after our extinction.

* * * *

You'll probably be back.
Hell's too much fun.

* * * *

You are alone together
To gather the harvest You sew.

* * * *

Now that's hell.

* * * *

Spiritual experiences seem to come to those craving them,
Those who believe them for some reason important,
Those who need signs of one sort or another,
Those who don't realize the whole
Damn thing is spiritual.

* * * *

Vanity, vanity.
That's all it is.

* * * *

Ignorance does not have to be the norm.
Superstition does not have to be accepted.
Foolishness does not have to be tolerated.

* * * *

The Great Oz, Mother Nature, will know what to do.

* * * *

What wordsmiths we have become; so much history to play with.

* * * *

A vast secret open to all.

* * * *

Hello, little god.

* * * *

Tolerate the differences as best ye may.

* * * *

Ideas are all the malarkey of the ignorance
Upon which imagination is fabricated.

* * * *

Those who want the most
Tend to step on those who don't.
Which have the most fear?

* * * *

Are the parts of your body any different
Than the galaxies and nebulas of any universe?
Illusory, but still there none the less.

* * * *

This is the everyman's buddha

* * * *

Good comes from bad, and bad from good.
Where's the dividing line so many keep pointing to?

* * * *

Total attention is giving yourself

Over

* * * *

If who knows how many of your ancestors hadn't murdered,
Tortured, kidnapped, raped, plundered, lied, and cheated,
You wouldn't be here to be so freely outraged by such things.

* * * *

The reason so few grasp this mystery is that more
Finite patterns are easier for the limited mind to focus on.
Baseball, booze, babes, cigarettes, money;
Now those You can count on.

* * * *

What a unique point in human history we are traveling.
You will play whatever your future past draws out of You.

* * * *

How relatively few human beings can ascertain
A broader perspective at this point in time's passing.
Will they ever? Who knows? Who cares?

* * * *

Well, at least You got yours.

* * * *

In these thoughts are a vision of how it seems,
And how it might be if it is the human fate
To generate a different paradigm
In some distant future
For a brief time.
Not betting on it, of course.

* * * *

Who knows how You many yet choose to play it out?

* * * *

Mystics see what is really going on.
A burden in its own right,
One to shed.

* * * *

Music has to be shared now,
Because it can only be read later.

* * * *

Do You wonder if this has all happened before?

* * * *

We dominate so harshly.
No mercy, baby.

* * * *

There really is no other way it could be, is there?

* * * *

Again and again I'll say it,
You are so predictable.

* * * *

Meditation is nowing, gracefully.

* * * *

You are so tainted by your judgments.

* * * *

So much compromising.

* * * *

You are not wrong about all this.

* * * *

God may be very patient and good, but Mother Nature can be a demon if You do not abide by her rules.

* * * *

Dear God, I do so enjoy writing these little ditties.
Your little creation amuses me so, and I cannot help,
But feel gratitude to have been chosen,
For the role of diligent scribe.

* * * *

Secret agent man.

* * * *

You are a bug crusher till the bug's crushed out of You.

* * * *

Can You love unconditionally?

* * * *

So many You cannot even remember.

* * * *

It's okay to be soft and supple
Even if it is so challenging.

* * * *

Politics is the art of getting along,
Even if You have to kill a few
Along your merry way.

* * * *

You have absolutely no loyalty,
But can often be depended on.

* * * *

So many thoughts lost for the want of a pen,
The lack of a scrap of to write on, or the
Instability of a spacious mind.

* * * *

It's proportion which fuels our lust.

* * * *

You seek so many distractions to pass your time.

* * * *

You waste your love on ideals.

* * * *

Amazing the parts some must play.

* * * *

The show must go on.

* * * *

Who to believe this time.

* * * *

What an actor You are.

* * * *

What silly shows You play out
For those fifteen minutes of fame.

* * * *

Whether it be heaven or hell,
The more is now.

* * * *

Why do I bother doing this
But for my own vanity.

* * * *

You will someday return to the ground
From which all life springs,
And will resume that
Which nature has always been.

CXXVIII

Any population that cannot sustain itself
Must depend on the excesses of its neighbors.

* * * *

You must be kidding.

* * * *

Beauty and brawn offer only so much solace.

* * * *

In any revolution there can be many casualties.

* * * *

So innocuous for some, so harsh for others.
Who can fathom any why of it?

* * * *

If You think too much about what's going to happen,
You may well miss what's happening.

* * * *

Some are active, others passive.
Each follows an unwritten, unchosen nature
An intrinsic, unavoidable, undeniable, self-generated fate.

* * * *

How can anyone really explain twins separated at birth being
Reunited wearing the same baseball cap and belt buckle?

* * * *

Some mysteries will never be solved.

* * * *

What a drag to transcribe and edit all this,
And still the thoughts keep pouring into the notebooks.
What a well this vain stream of consciousness.

* * * *

Okay dude, move over, your fifteen minutes are up.
It's someone else's turn.

* * * *

Can consciousness
Exist without some container,
No matter how ethereal?

Needs research.

* * * *

The thief is a rambler-and-gambler-
And-a-sweet-talking-ladies-man.

* * * *

Just a new version of a very old play.

* * * *

Because they want it as their history, it is so; unlikely as it may be in your own.

* * * *

Want to catch a horse thief?
Leave a pot of honey untied.

* * * *

Perhaps you'll figure it out
When you've pushed the balance
To the edge of your survival.

* * * *

If You can no long appreciate your existence, if You are weary beyond words,
Then perhaps You will be closing down the narrative in one soon or another.

* * * *

It is the pride of separation needs surrendering.

* * * *

A fate worse than death is one that does not die.

* * * *

Sometimes its good to walk alongside your pony.

* * * *

Do not always run through life.
Saunter at least occasionally.

* * * *

Getting to be like an old cat,
Feisty and a bit stinky.

* * * *

How numbing civilized life can be.

* * * *

What effort passion takes.

* * * *

Go, Buddha, go.

* * * *

Why is it so many people
Seem to never outgrow
Their preadolescent
Behavior patterns?

* * * *

If a natural setting is your neighborhood,
You pay the same attention to trees and rivers
As You do streets and storefronts in a civilized one.

* * * *

An iffy prospect from the word go.

* * * *

Populations unable to sustain themselves
Will often be tempted to take advantage
Of the excesses of their neighbors.

* * * *

Peace comes through an inner acceptance.

* * * *

What subtle little tortures life can offer.

* * * *

What is the difference between
A concept inspired by nature
And one for civilization?
Both are man-made.

* * * *

Industrializing nature is a short-term proposition.

* * * *

Is it your imagination that has created all this?

* * * *

What a strange thing time is.
Sometimes it seems to take forever
Journeying from one place to another.
Other times not even a snapshot is recorded.
What a mystery the ebb and flow of consciousness.

* * * *

Without the mechanical trappings of human creation
Time would be, as it has always really been,
A vast eternity of sun, moon and stars.
Under which life dances in an
Ephemeral veil of light.

* * * *

Some play monopoly, some hearts.

* * * *

How history will look upon last few centuries, is a book You will never read.

* * * *

Is there really evil, or just imagination we call evil?

* * * *

Every part has its vision; this one includes You.

* * * *

Looking for an audience of like-minded.

* * * *

Why bother with the angst of passion, the abyss of ceaseless craving?
What solace can there truly be in anything but an mind free of longing?

* * * *

Coming down from the eternal mountain to the mortal plain,
The sage find it arduous to recall what he discovered up there.

* * * *

Why explain the mystery to a fool?
How can s/he hear anything real?

* * * *

You are the hole at the wheel's center.

* * * *

Self-absorption is like any friction.
The more it manifests, the more energy
Required to overcome it resistance.

* * * *

Little men are little men,
No matter how big they get.

* * * *

A drop is not an ocean, but it is a part.

* * * *

Our technology molds us.

* * * *

I'm putting my money on a virus.

* * * *

What were we before we transformed into monkeys?
Isn't it rather coincidental that so many creatures
Have four legs, two eyes, two ears, one mouth,
One nose, one tush, one mind, and one heart?
We even seem to have similar sexual orientations.
Distant cousins all, whatever our minds may construe.

* * * *

You are the rock upon which your church is founded.

* * * *

What's the difference?

* * * *

Learn how things work.
Learn how to make things happen.
Perhaps life will be a little easier to mange.
Perhaps.

* * * *

Chronicling samsara is busywork.
Keeps You out of trouble.
Sometimes.

* * * *

The first thing a child must master is breathing.

* * * *

How can You play a game
If You don't understand the rules?

* * * *

Feel the weather.

* * * *

Sometimes You must hear something for years
To understand what the author intended.

* * * *

What creates life
Is so much more fundamental

Than a material body.

* * * *

The You that answers to you
Is not the You You think.

* * * *

So many varied experiences
You will play out in this theater,
Yet all in one life as You know it.

* * * *

Ever notice how smoke requires light to be seen?

* * * *

Once You comprehend physics, the rest is history.

* * * *

So astounding that sounds
Combined in every conceivable way
Create this ethereal, dubious conscious reality.

* * * *

Every step You take creates your fate.
There is no going back, there is no rewind button,
No matter how cautiously You tread.

* * * *

The piper will be paid.

* * * *

Ambition requires discipline.
But what is the discipline
Of those who have none?

* * * *

Accept no substitutes for the real thing.

* * * *

The pursuit of a safe haven
Is the unending human delusion.
There is naught but imaginary comfort
But for those discerning their true immortality.
Even that reality can be slippery footing
Given the way of consciousness,
Insidious monkey that it is.

* * * *

Can't capture that smoke,
Or get more than a quick snapshot
Of the river's churning journey.
No atom can stop even
For a moment
No matter how you
Smash at its essential nature.

* * * *

History is already written, and long since forgotten.

* * * *

You are the intuition of a dream.

* * * *

How frustrating it must be for those
Who spend their entire life measuring
That they can never complete their work.

* * * *

Political correctness is the will of one herd or another.

* * * *

Alas, You keep forgetting,
But that is the way of time.

* * * *

Flowers succumb so quickly
To the harshness of extremes.

* * * *

How far will intelligence take us?
Will we ever use it wisely?
Or must ignorance
Always overwhelm best intentions?

* * * *

That fossil was once as full of life as You.

* * * *

Once a mind is switched on,
The instrument must be dissolved
For consciousness to return to oblivion.

* * * *

Death insures that all your concerns will someday cease.

* * * *

The winds of time
Will blow these words
To a well-deserved landfill.
Where that will be only fate knows.

* * * *

Peace be within, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Examine the vastness within your mind
And You will see the infinity of eternity.

* * * *

Find that fundamental security
And You will discern
The wisdom of insecurity.

* * * *

What genetic lines will dominate the legacy of our time?

* * * *

What a harsh bargain this savage garden exacts.
How can anyone not occasionally feel
Great compassion for what so many must endure.

* * * *

You never asked for this.
Something happened
And here You are,
A seer of all potentials.

* * * *

Yet another tortured soul.

* * * *

Memory slips slowly into oblivion
Like gravity sucking down the rain.

* * * *

Is there to be any end anytime soon
To the insanity of how f

The further we get from nature,
The more insane it will get.
Despite all the diversions we enjoy,
We were not meant to live in large groupings.

* * * *

Not everyone is a specialist.
Not everyone is a generalist.
The world caters all dispositions

* * * *

Sooner or later, after any fall
Ya gotta get up, dust off, and get on with it.
There is really no failure or loss,
Only experimentation.

* * * *

It isn't about how You die,
It's about how You live.

* * * *

There are many fantasies not worth carrying out.

* * * *

The pull of the senses
Draws You into the samsara of suffering
Pleasure, fear, anger, every sort of passionate response.
To find peace, return to the unknowable within.

* * * *

Try doubting your version of history; it likely is not the way You believe, anyway.

* * * *

Did I say any of this was easy or worth it?

* * * *

Another empty bag full of opinions.

* * * *

There is no past, there is no future, there is only now.

* * * *

All your life you've struggled to maintain an identity,
Only to realize it is only a figment of imagination,
A bag of thoughts to which You habitually cling.

* * * *

Please excuse the repetition and monotony.
It's probably more interesting to write than read.

CXXIX

Who does not want to stay forever young?
Every rose fades, get over it.
No drama, just fact.

* * * *

The wrong bait catches an empty hook.

* * * *

Set too high a goal and people will not bother trying.

* * * *

Those who imitate lack the inclination to be original.

* * * *

You are the church.

* * * *

You only need a guru if You are not ready.

* * * *

How can anyone's love ever be enough
If You have not learned to love yourself?

* * * *

Isn't your own soul enough?
Why would You need another's?

* * * *

What makes You believe your version of history
Is anything more than a random hodgepodge?

* * * *

Satisfaction is a personal issue.

* * * *

Never let it be said that God lacks imagination.

* * * *

Where can words ever really take you
That You were not already forever?

* * * *

Just another irony of being alive
Is that in order to be still You must move,
And in order to move You must be still.

* * * *

Your will be beckoned when it is time.

* * * *

Coincidence just sort of happens.

* * * *

History notes many instances of what risks messengers of truth hazard.

* * * *

Where is the difference between
Earth, wind, water and fire?

* * * *

Why cast your lot with any ist or ism,
With any limitation, with any limited view?

* * * *

Even the truth is a lie.
Even a lie is the truth.

* * * *

The vast indifference need not be a downer.
It can be quite amusing with the right frame of mind.

* * * *

What is this need so many have,
For one meaning and purpose or another?
How is it that this ineffable existence is not enough?

* * * *

We are all prisoners of gender.

* * * *

What You think of anyone is your own business,
And does not matter one iota, or spawn
Any real difference whatsoever.

* * * *

It ain't about You or me.
It's about us.

* * * *

Intuition comes to those who pay attention

* * * *

We so admire and envy ambition,

Yet where does success so often lead
But injury and anguish for so many
Who are trampled in the process?

* * * *

Discern the mystery in You; see it in everything.

* * * *

It wrote itself through You as witness.

* * * *

Choice?
What a laugh.
What a cry.

* * * *

Benign artifice burns to a crisp when the fire rages.

* * * *

Does the ocean care?

* * * *

Image is deception.

* * * *

Whether locked or open, the door will speak quietly.

* * * *

The rock, so still, moves
Until it washes away.

* * * *

Once You feed the beast,
Its insatiable hunger demands more and more
Until You are spent and blow away like an autumn leaf into a snowdrift.
The masses remain unfulfilled despite all your glory.

* * * *

You may often not feel like the mystery, but that must mean even God has bad days.

* * * *

Who does not pay a price for their birth?

* * * *

Sometimes You finally realize that some things
Just aren't worth putting up with anymore.
Infinite patience is a pleasant hope
Whose time has yet to arrive

In all but the most rare.

* * * *

Women jabber about relationship and clothes and children.
Men about money and sports and hunting and gambling and sex.
What in God's name do the sexes have in common,
But the lust for friction and fantasy?

* * * *

To have come through
What You have come through
Is, indeed, a miracle.

* * * * *

Father, brother, mother, sister
Who art in heaven, hallowed be thy names.
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done,
On earth as it is in heaven.

* * * *

Know everything until You can know nothing.

* * * *

Minding your own business,
The thoughts keep bubbling
No matter where or when.

* * * *

The less You want from any of it,
The more at peace You will be.

* * * *

Experiments tend to supply further answers and questions.
Sometimes the answers are non-answers, and often
The questions supply only more questions,
Some of which have no answers.

* * * *

Another beautiful face.
Another gorgeous body.
Yawn.

* * * *

Become the smoke of maya.

* * * *

Is it even possible for everyone
In the game of life to be a winner?

* * * *

You are an antichrist as Jesus himself was.
The true church has ever and will ever be within.
Any lesser foundation cannot help but be incomplete.

* * * *

Can violent revolution ever cure what ails us?

* * * *

Do You suppose anything's possible?

* * * *

An audience limits those who require one.

* * * *

Disregard the enemy without.
Find the friend within.

* * * *

Across the universe of imagination,
Angels sing and demons howl,
The unison sounding Om,
The great mystery, one.

* * * *

What a confused world to bring a child into.

* * * *

Truth seems paradoxical
To those caught up in words.

* * * *

Is the universal sound Om or Mo?
Dang, I cannot remember... again.

* * * *

What is contentment
But the cessation of passion.

* * * *

Do You really need to see it all
To know it completely?

* * * *

Keep running, please keep running
I don't really want to catch You.
The chase is just enough.

* * * *

To see and not go insane.

* * * *

You write all this for whatever godfolk happen upon it.

* * * *

Refuse to worry.

* * * *

Can You transcend your genetic pattern?

* * * *

Can You break the universal weaving?
Hah!

* * * *

The guys with the bigger laws win.

* * * *

Why should a woman's leg
Be more enticing than a tree trunk?

* * * *

What patterns the gene?

* * * *

So You haven't figured it out yet.
Oh well.

* * * *

To be free not just of your pain
But of pleasure, as well,
Now, that's freedom.

* * * *

Don't even think about it.

* * * *

Feel free to be your Self.

* * * *

Same old ho-hum.

* * * *

What's the point?
What's the no-point?

* * * *

You need not perform
The same old song and dance.
You do not require the mirrors anymore.
Neither applause nor jeers
Need be a concern.

* * * *

The trick in war is to hit your opponent
Harder than they were expecting.

* * * *

What so many seem to call civilization
Is just a big win-lose monopoly game.

* * * *

This has got to be some sort of joke.
This pathetic dream cannot be for real.

* * * *

How difficult it is
To pretend something
In which You do not really believe.

* * * *

Humanity is bound by its countless limited visions.
To survive it may need discern the one common to all.

* * * *

The world has ever changed.
Humanity has only briefly inflicted
Temporary scratches upon the surface.

* * * *

Transcending consciousness
Is merely releasing what is no longer necessary.
You have seen what there is to see.

* * * *

It is very much a solitary journey,
And each finds their own route
To the source of all dreams.

* * * *

It is not so much a matter of you
Becoming whatever You believe it is
As it is letting go what You think You are.

* * * *

What vain pretense is worth
Denying your divine origin?

* * * *

Vain pride is the linear mind's baseline.
With it as your crutch You condemn yourself
To the blindness of the eternally damned,
Those to whom time is the imagined
Cornerstone of this brief dream.

* * * *

What loyalty does the scribe have to time?
Enough to write this silliness about the silliness.

* * * *

So many so busy making a statement
About one vain thing or another.
How blind we ever are
To where pride always leads.

* * * *

These words address
That slim segment of humanity
Capable of examining their limitations.

* * * *

Fair would be fair if everyone agreed what fair is.

* * * *

Concepts are not capable of being ends in themselves.
They should be considered servants, not masters.
Consciousness is a touchstone of reality,
And can never be reality in itself.

* * * *

Most cannot begin to comprehend
How appalling the fall must eventually be.
No climb is without the journey down.

* * * *

Extinction is an option.

* * * *

Humanity's rise and fall
Will probably graph like a
Single heartbeat from an EKG.

A short-lived flurry of consciousness
In the eternal drama of it all.

* * * *

In any wager, the gambler calculates probabilities.
What are the real odds, what are the real outcomes
On all the ventures humanity is staking its future on?

* * * *

Conveniently forgotten again.

* * * *

The world changes one soul at a time.

* * * *

Find love wherever it finds You.

* * * *

Who are You to stop a soul
From sleeping through eternity.

* * * *

Take the romance out, and what have You got.

* * * *

Got to do it the first time to know.

* * * *

The only point of reference in any given eternal part is that still point within.

* * * *

Rediscover it each time anew.

* * * *

Good thing your criminal mind yet known.

* * * *

What do You really know without whatever authority upon which You so depend?

* * * *

It's just a matter of time.

* * * *

Give it all to whatever game you're playing.
Don't save it for the poor sportsmanship afterwards.

* * * *

Taking on the separations of the world is a heavy weight contention.

CXXX

Oh, plague upon the capricious, fleeting, whimsical moment,
Which doeth perfectly endure forever its eternal way,
All the while presenting an ungraspable reality
To its myriad voracious components.

* * * *

How often no comment is the best comment.

* * * *

If You must ask what the point is, maybe there isn't one.

* * * *

Another mark, another piss in the indifferent sand.

* * * *

Yet another hamstrung persona.

* * * *

So many people worry about past and future lives
That they aren't paying attention to living this one.
The tire only hits one spot at any given moment.
Be here now whenever your attachment allows.

* * * *

Why do You even bother?

* * * *

Evolution and creation really have the same definition.

* * * *

What vanity lies derelict?

* * * *

May as well give them something to whine about.

* * * *

What compassion I feel for the children of tomorrow's morrow.

* * * *

This has long since become a world where the innocent are guilty
And the guilty saunter scot-free to the echo of roaring applause.

* * * *

You run around accomplishing so much,
Leading your vain white rabbit calendar life,

Missing out on so much You cannot even see.

* * * *

When faced with immediate danger in nature
An instinctual survival response will take action.
Humanity now faces great danger from many fronts,
And yet is unable thus far to discern a moderate remedy
Because the problems facing us are so beyond
Our instinctual or intellectual capacity
To confront, much less solve.
So we pretend there is no problem
And will deal with it piecemeal, as is our way.
What a heritage we leave the future.

* * * *

Though You may have done it times beyond counting,
You cannot remember what sound it makes each time.
Attention to all the many details is always challenging.

* * * *

Transcend bitterness.

* * * *

“Tis is a shame it is this way,
But sometimes You must choose
To lie, cheat, steal and even murder
If You wish to carry on in this silly theater.
No body’s forcing You to do anything
That You couldn’t refuse to do.
It’s all about collusion.

* * * *

He who dies with the most toys
Leaves a lot of clutter for others
To sort, clean up and throw away.

* * * *

Those who wander prior to all the dualistic notions of good and evil,
Can wade through both righteousness and sin unscathed, untouched.

* * * *

How can anyplace not be considered home
In an existence founded upon transience?

* * * *

How easy it is to take life for granted,
As if its dreamy, timeless nature is forever.
Have You done with it all You wish to do

With no regrets worth remembering?

* * * *

What can You give back
Which has never been taken?

* * * *

Those who aspire to a comfortable, indolent life
Will likely not find these thoughts entertaining.

* * * *

No matter what You have
Drunk, eaten, inhaled or injected,
You have always been the point of reference.

* * * *

We are all stuck together on this spinning orb,
And so many things we do impact many others.
We are no longer isolated as were our ancestors.
Sink or swim, we are all in this time of man together.
How long can we afford the pride and avarice
Which brought us to this epic juncture?

* * * *

Evolution is the mystery unfolding as it naturally selects.
Mutations are merely new branches of exploration.
You are a reflection, a morsel of that one mind,
As it witnesses, with great detachment,
Its eternal sojourn through consciousness.

* * * *

We can take and take and take until we consume everything, including ourselves.
Or we can discern the art of balance and become, guardians rather than destroyers.

* * * *

Be content and sip the nectar of mystery without concern.

* * * *

You cannot be whatever You are not, nor do whatever You cannot.
You must adapt to what You are, and cultivate contentment,
In the adventures You are predestined to experience.
The dream of life is not untroubled for any,
But it is more formidable for many.

* * * *

The list of things You will never do again, seems to get longer and longer.

* * * *

The age of exponentiality.

* * * *

Another misguided superiority complex.

* * * *

Did You write this? Do You remember when?

* * * *

We all have our little libraries,
Where books are transported and berthed,
To look impressively intelligent,
So many never read.

* * * *

Even though your body has never,
Even for a moment remained the same,
You are attached to the idea of its continuity,
And the identity with which You bind it.

* * * *

It is a decision each must make alone.

* * * *

All political distinctions are arbitrary.
All boarders are manufactured.
All laws are man-made.
None are real.

* * * *

Ask for nothing and what You need
Will be there when You need it,
Even the most appropriate death.

* * * *

The ancients of every geography
Devised conceptual paradigms
To explain the mystery of existence.
None will ever fathom the unfathomable,
Yet it is the nature of consciousness
To seek immortality in a time
Which can never be.

* * * *

Those who may someday read these writings
Will travel a maze which will remain fresh
No matter how many times it is read.
That is the nature of eternal fare.

* * * *

You are that eternal reality which is irrefutably,
Undeniably, undoubtedly, unconditionally one.

* * * *

Unless consciousness gets a grip on itself,
Unless it gains insight into its temporal nature,
The course of the time of man will come to an end.

* * * *

You can never go back, and must wait for forward to come.
And there You are, through it all, the same awareness,
No matter the endless chatter of passing passions.

* * * *

Will we entertain ourselves into extinction?

* * * *

Standing on any given beach,
Watching just one patch of shoreline,
How many waves have crashed through the eons,
In just this one place, this one small carpet of sand and rocks?
Stretch the heartbeat across Eden.

* * * *

What can any creature know of another's journey, but through empathetic extrapolation of its own?

* * * *

The pursuit of the highest is within; all else is vanity and vexation.

* * * *

What is your existence or any other's, but a collection of perceptions,
In which You reap either pleasure or suffering,
As imagination calls.

* * * *

Grappling with the baffling mystery of it all
Is the old push-the-rock-up-the-mountain schtick.
Completely foolish, meaningless, irrelevant, absurd, futile,
Yet seemingly as fated a drive as that for food and water and air.

* * * *

The moment You want anything from any other,
You are easily mesmerized and seduced,
By the alluring sway of maya's veil.
Tis the game of life and death.

* * * *

The moment is uncalled for.

* * * *

Can You really take care of another, if You cannot take care of yourself?

* * * *

How enticing it is to reminisce one's life to others, but how many are very interested for long, if at all?

* * * *

Is the human species really that much more sophisticated, more evolved,
Than a cluster of maggots, driven by patterns they have no control over?

* * * *

Life is dust imagining its form real.

* * * *

Some are better than others; of that, there is little argument.

* * * *

When You grok the kneading of evolution,
What is the problem, the difficulty, with acknowledging,
All our ancestors, way back when, were shaggy, tree-swinging primates,
And way further back, microorganisms in soupy slime?
Bread takes a bit of time, You know.

* * * *

How can anyone not be humbled, by the infinite vastness of the abyss?

* * * *

All manifestation is but a flame quickly spent.
Yet that from which all originates is the eternal fire,
In which all creation rises and falls, ever and ever again.

* * * *

The scale upon which humanity prances,
Is only a thin sliver, a minuscule portion,
When contrasted with that of all creation.
Our unending egocentricity is unwarranted.

* * * *

What grief and bother is saved when a problem is solved early on.

* * * *

Persona is humbled by realization, liberated by complete surrender.

* * * *

Perhaps this time You will learn.

* * * *

The dreams of mystery may as well be infinite, but through it all, there is only one reality.

* * * *

Vanity, vanity, all is vanity, from beginning to end, again and again.

* * * *

What is this drive, this tendency,
Of identifying oneself as anything?
Who perceives what they actually are,
But they who inquire deeply into the mist,
And discover the clear way home.

* * * *

How can there be an end to time, when there was no beginning?

* * * *

No word will ever become the thing,
No matter how many times it is repeated.
The mystery is not the babble of consciousness.

* * * *

The steam wafts spontaneously
As does the sparrow's twittering song,
The slight breeze, or the far distant super nova.
Humanity waxes and wanes in dreamtime,
The controlling nature of the linear mind
Unwilling, unsuited to comprehend
That its resistance is laughable.

* * * *

You are a habit unto your Self.

* * * *

It is all in the eye of the perceiver.

* * * *

The rich build their huge, desolate piles of gold,
Taking, hoarding, giving only to take more and more.
Withered souls, barren existence, envied only
By those who do or would do the same.

* * * *

Your perfection is not for the senses to discern.

* * * *

Before any origin, You are.

* * * *

More can becomes less, less more.

* * * *

The body-mind is a receiving unit, what You are tuned into is the play of a temporal existence.

* * * *

The notion of a personal, living God, is the invention of a personal, living mind.

* * * *

All anyone can really do in life,
Is pay very close attention,
And let it pass as it will.
It is the clinging passions,
Which create all the suffering.

* * * *

One grows weary of the body, and its many ignoble features.

* * * *

Who to believe?

* * * *

Some seem to need the laws of others
Because they have no clear insight
Into establishing their own within.

* * * *

Is there anything more bothersome
In this so-called civilized world
Than a sticker on a new item
That will not peel easily?

* * * *

How many ways we exhibit
Our dread of the world?

* * * *

No matter how it is rationalized
In one orderly context or another
Everything is totally arbitrary.

* * * *

Death is not a choosy beast.

* * * *

How often technology is more about amusement than necessity.

* * * *

You may possess far more than You deserve
If You cannot appreciate a few breaths of clean air,
A saunter along a winding mountain path,
The warmth of the afternoon sun,
Or the free, precious gift
Of life in general.

* * * *

Are words unspoken better said.

* * * *

Personal responsibility, an often tough road, indeed,
But one some, for good or ill, must travel
To care for those who will not.

* * * *

Is coming to grips with one's mortal fate ever easy?

* * * *

When does one and one
Not equal one?
When all is said and done,
And all that is left is naught but one.

* * * *

Whatever its raison d'être,
Any given mind plays out the neural thunder.
To give over to the unknown, to be eternally thunder-perfect,
One must reject all that is known, and the innumerable vain pretensions therein.

CXXXI

Three recurring algorithms that hold up in the human drama:
Most seem want the bread of life more than the bread of mystery.
They will submit to many forms of enslavement rather than being free.
And they will choose the absurdity of good and evil over the reality of chaos.

* * * *

The genetic lottery is certainly tougher on some than others.

* * * *

Even if he was somehow able to reincarnate,
Most believers probably would not recognize the real Jesus,
Because they at best only have some artist's idolatrous rendition in mind.

* * * *

Two thousand years … and counting; if not this millennium, perhaps the next.

* * * *

Houdini also promised to try to return.

* * * *

The concept of a personal deity, is the invention of a personal mind.

* * * *

All one can really do with their existence is pay close attention,
To the many details, and let it pass as it will ever manage to do.
It is the clinging to passion that magnifies the inherent suffering.

* * * *

The newborn has no design in its heart or on its brow.
It is alone and open, so innocent, to what is yet to come.

* * * *

Drift immaculate.

* * * *

Maya will make up any argument, use any temptation,
To persuade You its veiled reality is real and forever.

* * * *

The senses are merely specialized nerves, designed to read the mystery as real.

* * * *

What rapture can words bring?

* * * *

For a time most cannot yet see in this unwieldy drama.

* * * *

No part remains untouched,
No matter its declarations.

* * * *

We must collectively hit the wall
For this paradigm to develop
Into anything more viable.

* * * *

Another one for the history books, bulky and unread as they may be.

* * * *

Believe You me, the scribe
Plenty of vanity to contend with.

* * * *

History requires your presence.

* * * *

What You believe
Has absolutely
No effect on what is,
So why believe anything?
Doubt not that it will all
Take care of itself.

* * * *

All You can really do
Is witness your version.

* * * *

You've got your own soul,
You don't need mine.

* * * *

You take so much for granted
How precious that now unnoticed breath will be
When it is your last.

* * * *

Each day as timeless as the next.

* * * *

What a strange thing, fate.

* * * *

So many lack the discipline
To say no to their pleasure.

* * * *

You are the pendulum by which time swings.

* * * *

Is it Monday again already?

* * * *

Hell is filled with Hallmark holidays.

* * * *

A little advice to people who want to live a little longer:
Don't be where others are shooting each other.

* * * *

You rush around in your calendar life,
Getting nowhere and missing everything.
Who runs time, You or the clock?

* * * *

What's really amazing is that Mama Terra
Has put up with us so long already.

* * * *

Sickness is passed on in so many ways.

* * * *

Whose right is right?

* * * *

Insanity is its own license to cast itself
Into its own version of freedom.

* * * *

Doesn't the suffering of existence
Make You sometimes weep?

* * * *

The point and purpose,
The meaning and reason
Is right now.

* * * *

Invasions take many forms.

* * * *

Be wary of people who want to lead You.
Their sense of direction is often askew.

* * * *

Genius pays its own price.

* * * *

Life is going to kill You.
You may as well enjoy it.

* * * *

If humanity were rational,
The world wouldn't be in the fix it is.

* * * *

One mirage chasing another.

* * * *

You have nothing but ideas.

* * * *

Truth or consequences.

* * * *

Let it grow very still.

* * * *

So bright, so stupid at the same time.

* * * *

Amazing what You can get used to.

* * * *

Courtesy is laughing at jokes that aren't funny.

* * * *

Can You believe sometimes what shit sells?

* * * *

Baby, I may want You,
But do I want to be with You?

* * * *

Cute is just another four-letter word.

* * * *

Why does time go so slowly when You don't want it to?

* * * *

Whose eyes are waylaid
By the glossy bauble
Or the cleverness of a shape?
Who will always prefer form to function?

* * * *

So many of us so jaded, so cynical.
Innocence lost early on is not
Easily resurrected.

* * * *

Is the body a reflection of the soul,
Or the soul a reflection of the body?

* * * *

Alas, women never know what it's like to pee standing up.

* * * *

The human drama, the human soap opera.
Probably just as pathetic from the opening scene.

* * * *

So many so distant,
Any surprise is short-lived,
Almost contrived out of obligation.
Self-righteousness is baptized passion,
Ambition truth, law justice, and money divine.

* * * *

How many clocks there are ticking-tocking.

* * * *

Will your quest for the higher high every reach its goal?

* * * *

How to, whether to maintain vulnerability
In a world that will slit your throat without hesitation,
That is the question.

* * * *

Whatever You call it, it is the game,
And You must play by the rules
Or die stubbornly refusing.

* * * *

News is what newsfolk choose to report

And what readers choose to read.

* * * *

It all boils down to the same thing.

* * * *

Perhaps there's a small sliver of hope to be grasped.
But only perhaps.

* * * *

Who knows You?

* * * *

Well-trained people bring fewer headaches.

* * * *

To find some measure of happiness
Is the goal of so many unhappy souls.

* * * *

Sometimes you've just got to break the record.

* * * *

Does there always need to be a point?

* * * *

What a trip obligation and guilt.

* * * *

Rushing, rushing, rushing,
Always rushing off somewhere
As if all the rushing in the universe
Is going to get You anywhere.

* * * *

Clever people often mistakenly think
Those around them less clever.

* * * *

The biggest problem may well be
That we take ourselves so seriously.

* * * *

Time is the sculptor of all things.

* * * *

Even the biggest, best and baddest
Will succumb eventually.

* * * *

Don’t worry, be happy.
Don’t stress, relax.
Don’t work, play.

* * * *

Funny how so many
Require outward sanction
To support their sense of freedom.

* * * *

Don’t confuse morality and law
With what is right and just.

* * * *

Assuming there is a point to existence, what exactly is it?
If there were a point, wouldn’t we all agree what it is?
Wouldn’t that point be the same from birth to death?
Wouldn’t it be true no matter the shape or form?
Wouldn’t it be the same no matter the time?

* * * *

Usurping nature in every way, imagination creates its own reality.

* * * *

What is not vain?

* * * *

Take away romantic notion and what do You have?

* * * *

How many prefer words or pictures
To seeing or touching the real thing?
What an enticement imagination.

* * * *

So many artists insanely trying to create
Something that has never been done before.

* * * *

If You don’t want to see it, don’t look.

* * * *

You have to choose to be strong, to be courageous,
To have the strength to face all odds, even death.

* * * *

Is it what You want,
Or what others want from You?

* * * *

Of Y2K it will be said:
Midnight came and went
As countless others had before,
And many others no doubt will hence.
The universe will continue its chaotic order
Despite the tides of human confusion.

* * * *

Sedition being what the powers that be disagree with.

* * * *

The press of time squeezes us all.

* * * *

Not easy for the unruly mind to comprehend.

* * * *

Only the names and numbers change.
In the changelessness of the garden.

* * * *

Does that really surprise You?

* * * *

All the things You think you're going to do,
But never really will.

* * * *

Why is it that when You have more time,
You so often seem to have so much less?

* * * *

Something's going to come along
And make AIDS look like Pop Warner.

* * * *

How stupid that we battle about religion and spirituality.

* * * *

How well we can train ourselves not to look.

* * * *

What would the death penalty be like
If it were an eye for an eye

In the same way the eye was taken?

* * * *

Contentment is free.
All You have to do is change your mind.

* * * *

No problem being one with creatures small to great.
It's human being that are are hard to stand.
People don't have an excuse.

* * * *

Is the world cruel, or merely indifferent?

* * * *

With reluctant anticipation,
You watch the body slowly fall apart.

* * * *

You can count on some people
Changing as little as possible.

* * * *

Reflect upon what You really are.

* * * *

When enlightenment ceases to be a goal, You may be closer to it than ever.

* * * *

Have You gone crazy ... or sane? A Catch-22 in any insane asylum.

* * * *

Sometimes it seems You must make a fool of yourself to learn something.

* * * *

Don't be too cynical, don't be too naïve, strike a balance.

* * * *

So much to do and so little inclination to do it.

* * * *

Pointing out the obvious can be rather dull.

* * * *

Have fun, but not at everyone else's expense.

CXXXII

One geography is not superior to another
Except in the relativity of assumption.

* * * *

So many scampering about,
Thinking only of me, myself, and I

* * * *

At the depths of the inner You,
Melt into the nothingness of union.
Allow all sense of individuality to dissolve
Into reality's impersonal, timeless indivisibility.

* * * *

Let time publish it.

* * * *

Look at all you've gone through,
All the things you've done and seen,
And now, it all seems a dream
From which only death
Can free You.

* * * *

Rigid, confined, limited, ignorant, undiscerning, resistant, shallow.
The forces which impel us toward the steep cliff so quickly nearing.

* * * *

Ethnic cleansing is nothing new,
Nor is it confined to the human species.
We wipe out, without hesitation, any life form
Which does not serve us well or at all.

* * * *

Shortsightedness is nothing new under the sun.

* * * *

How vague it all is.

* * * *

Revolution can be a lovely sport.

* * * *

Sometimes, if You really don't want to know,
It's best not to ask.

* * * *

Of what use is the exactness of science when measurement is no longer important?

* * * *

We have briefly altered a unique world.
It will never again be what it was
Before we took over.

* * * *

What now?

* * * *

The irony for any cancer
Is that the host eventually dies.

* * * *

Michael's testament.

* * * *

There are no problems, only opportunities for solutions.
Nothing was ever a problem before You were born.

* * * *

You are God's breath.

* * * *

Capitalism gives the masses so many pleasant distractions,
There is neither time nor inclination to do more than complain.

* * * *

What is radical today is elevator music tomorrow.

* * * *

Mystics come in all shapes, sizes and colors,
All capacities and limitations, all geographies and backgrounds.
Do not be blinded by assumptions or conclusions of any sort.

* * * *

In the way there are many alls.
In the all there are many ways.

* * * *

The ground sprouts every seed imaginable.

* * * *

We burden the future with an unresolvable dilemma.

* * * *

A day that's trying to decide.

* * * *

Only after a great deal of deliberation
Should You ever occupy the no man's land
Between people who hate each other.

* * * *

All life suffers in its own particular way.

* * * *

Just checking to see if You were paying attention.

* * * *

How committed You are to maintaining your identity.

* * * *

Words are like water falling
Into the yawning, unstained abyss
Of eternity's cavernous infinity.

* * * *

Sometimes You do important things; sometimes, unimportant things.
What difference has anything ever made to eternity's ineffable moment?

* * * *

It comes, its goes; why-oh-why, nobody knows.

* * * *

Who said it, or wrote it, or did it, does not really matter.
That it happened, is the only point and purpose.
The mystery leaves no stone unturned.

* * * *

Do not waste time feeling sorry for yourself; regrets are only imagination torturing itself.

* * * *

Therapy is for those who cannot figure it out themselves.
And even then, how many ever really significantly change?

* * * *

Agape is not exclusive; it is eternally inclusive.

* * * *

Many of those on top probably laugh, with great disdain,
At the bottom-feeders, who pay for their expensive appetites.

* * * *

Sooner or later there will come a time
When You must endure a death.
It is the way of all things.

* * * *

Let go of it.

* * * *

You've missed the point entirely.

* * * *

Will there come a day when You wish you'd saved
Some of those things You now throw away
With so little thought or concern?

* * * *

Who would have dreamed all this would have come to pass?
Who can even begin to predict what is yet to come?

* * * *

How interesting language is.
Concept creates us and we them.

* * * *

Sometimes You need to just throw it all out and start over.

* * * *

There's always tomorrow in the play of time.

* * * *

You will do what You perceive You need to do to survive.

* * * *

We all have our own way of looking at things,
But things really being ultimately the same,
There is no need to make a problem of it.

* * * *

If You respect and care for yourself first,
You will probably find others
Doing the same more often than not.

* * * *

Those who can only see the surface are blind.

* * * *

Time may grow still, gut that god-forsaken clock, keeps on going round and round.

* * * *

The antichrists are simply those,
Who do not buy into all the absurdities,
Endlessly propagated by the agents of ignorance.

* * * *

You are the coyote's promise.

* * * *

Were You born yesterday, or the day before?

* * * *

Gazing across all time, across all space,
You see neither colors, nor sizes, nor shapes,
Nor sounds, nor ideas, nor differences, of any variety.
You see only the ever-kaleidoscoping quantum machinations,
Of an indivisible, unfathomable, indelible, ineffable, eternal mystery.

* * * *

If wisdom be true, it will be seen by all who see; that is the science of inner vision.

* * * *

To understand madness, discern your own.

* * * *

Humankind is powerless to avoid the fate which it every moment is creating.

* * * *

Truth is a conceptual pastry
For philosophers and religions
Who imagine there is such a thing.

* * * *

Every cause has its cadre of adherents.

* * * *

Truth implies something fixed
And that is just not possible
When chaos is the order.

* * * *

Loyalty is learned.

* * * *

The greater view is a surrender,
A release, an embrace, a breath.

* * * *

There is the immortality of eternity
And the immortality of vanity in time.
Guess which one is forever.

* * * *

Youth have probably always questioned
The assumptions of their elders.

* * * *

Aren't the favorite days the ones
Where the calendar begins
Empty of any plans?

* * * *

If there are politics, it is not pure science.

* * * *

Losing your mind may not be such a bad thing.

* * * *

Saying God is only righteousness, is rather questionable,
If it is indeed omni-everything, everywhere, all the time.

* * * *

Who would ever begin to envy those who will be inheriting what is left this world?

* * * *

From one project to the next,
Endlessly, aimlessly, time passes.

* * * *

Courage come easiest to those
Who can endure, even laugh at fear.

* * * *

Time blurs according to perception.

* * * *

Small or large, ugly or beautiful,
Painful or pleasurable...
Relative to what?

* * * *

Remarkably, accidents, mistakes and happenstance
Often open interesting and useful permutations.

* * * *

So many silly arguments over nothing really important.

* * * *

You are a juggler of time.

* * * *

If You felt it calling You, You would do it.

* * * *

Private or public, what a powerful force, sexuality.

* * * *

That damned work ethic again.

* * * *

No use worrying about it.

* * * *

Intelligence has its time, but must succumb
The the origin as does everything else.

* * * *

It makes sense and it doesn't make sense.
Paradox again.

* * * *

Don't keep remaking a decision.

* * * *

All decisions are based on one bias or another.
Objectivity is an ideal to which many aspire,
But none can really achieve without
The indifference of death.

* * * *

Introspection can bring great order
Or nearly infinite torturous self-absorption.

* * * *

Positive or negative thinking,
Are they a choice or an inclination
Driven by the hand of an unseen fate?

* * * *

Keep remembering that You really know nothing
But the assumptions born of your space and time.

* * * *

If You can turn it on, You can turn it off.

* * * *

Don’t bite the nipple that feeds You.

* * * *

Perception is ruled by the maker of light and sound.

* * * *

If You cannot be honest with yourself,
Can You be honest with yourself?

* * * *

From one seed, the universe awoke.

* * * *

Only rarely can death be predicted,
So do whatever needs or wants doing
While there is still the stage of time.

* * * *

Who doesn’t play hero or heroine in their head?

* * * *

If You didn’t care, why deny it so?

* * * *

Time is the great leveler.

* * * *

We are all quite insane.
Some are just more focused about it.
What is called normal is just another way of saying
The average level of lunacy.

* * * *

Why is it some see so clearly and others are completely blind?
What is it about the frontal lobe which creates such paradox?

* * * *

Educators say they want You to learn to think,
But do they really want more than regurgitation?

* * * *

Analogies and parable are great.
Just don’t get too attached to them.

* * * *

And what about all those keys whose locks are forgotten?

* * * *

Jesus was probably a well-intentioned Deadhead
Who naively believed the leaders and followers of the time
Would truly be interested in what he felt called to say.
Only to their own ends was their lesson for him.

* * * *

Would that we could just start the show over,
And somehow try and come at it
A bit more rationally.

* * * *

Save, save, save.
What can You truly save?
How refreshing to give it all away.

* * * *

Who are You fooling?

* * * *

Who are You when You are alone?
Who are You when You are with others?

* * * *

Concepts form the lie.

* * * *

Walk lightly.

* * * *

Money and toilet paper both come from trees.

* * * *

Poison your food and water and You poison your future.

* * * *

If pride comes before a fall, what comes before a spring?

* * * *

Why defend a position that is impossible to prove, and has no point even if You could.

CXXXIII

The God of the partial is maya, ruler of the senses,
Bender of the mind to temporal purpose.
That which is unlimited is timeless,
A vision to which only seers,
Are granted the key.

* * * *

Hoping is not knowing

* * * *

Without a rudder in the eternal reality,
You are subject to the whims of passion,
The hellish journey of the damned.

* * * *

The veil of perception is a magical mystery
Founded upon the mind-body receiver's ability
To transform the essence into the pretense
Of conjured reality, one so believable,
Few explore that which is prior.

* * * *

Burn away the dross of imagination.

* * * *

Habits are the routines which help the mind
In its craving to feel comfortably secure,
A coping gimmick for this journey
Through manifest limitation.

* * * *

How can a drop ready to evaporate
Explain the mystery to one that is not?

* * * *

Interesting how some treat things not belonging to them.

* * * *

Look at that dead body and tell me
What glory You see in it now.

* * * *

God will show as much mercy to You as it does to everything.

* * * *

You cannot explain that which cannot be explained.

* * * *

A theatrical maze.

* * * *

Don’t let money be more than a means.

* * * *

Avoid regurgitating misbegotten assumptions.

* * * *

Trial by fuck-up, baby, trial by fuck-up.

* * * *

Normal is just a large grouping of insanity.

* * * *

Don’t forget to shave your ears once in awhile.

* * * *

Some things You just really don’t need to know.

* * * *

Are You a means to an end or an end to a means?

* * * *

Simply inconsequential.

* * * *

Duped again by your conditioning.

* * * *

Destroying that which can be recreated
Is a very short-sighted agenda.

* * * *

To move in only linear fashion
Misses the intuitive potential
Which fathoms no bounds

* * * *

Once upon a time we were all so pliable.
Youth is of such sweet, short duration.

* * * *

Surrender to the changing; become oblivious to your desire, your fear, your hold on time.

* * * *

Any political system founded upon bribery inevitably grows corrupt.

* * * *

God must be embedded deeply,
In each and every part and particle,
For everything to be unfolding as it is.
It is the quantum mystery of every origin.

* * * *

You try to be invulnerable, but the armor is imagined, and the body only flesh.

* * * *

Your hunger for the human drama diminishes daily.

* * * *

Laugh or it may crush You.

* * * *

Surrender to the futility.

* * * *

“A little more hemlock, please,” asked Socrates.

* * * *

We’re drowning in an ocean of itty-bitty details; sustaining all our self-absorption is so arduous.

* * * *

Creating a separate deity excludes You.

* * * *

Just remember everything You eat; a cockroach does, too.

* * * *

The literal-minded would rather ignore,
Worship, torture or murder than listen
To the wisdom a sage might impart.

* * * *

Walk away from what doesn’t suit You.
There is always ground ahead.

* * * *

If You are at all attached to the history of any concept, then, yes, we are different.

* * * *

Be what You are.
Envy is futile.

* * * *

So, how's the shit falling today?

* * * *

Only the mind is finite.

* * * *

Being handicapped is, in a great part, a state of mind.

* * * *

A can of Raid in every kitchen.

* * * *

Who feels compassion for the cockroach?

* * * *

Same skins of a different color.

* * * *

The irony will be that when it does come down,
Most will probably not understand why.

* * * *

What a nightmare things can become.

* * * *

The idiocy of it all never fails to astound You.

* * * *

Money is just one of time's many expressions.

* * * *

What doesn't kill You doesn't always make You stronger.

* * * *

Every moment is absolutely still.
To live one must move through time
Like film through a projector.

* * * *

What a tiny fraction of total knowledge
Anyone can ever begin to comprehend.
The paradox is that any imagined universe
Is the sum total of everything it is believed to be.

* * * *

It's as if You said it all to yourself.

* * * *

Explore not knowing.

* * * *

Sort and resort and resort again and again and again...

* * * * *

What time is it?
What time is it? What time is it?
What time is it? What time is it? What time is it?
What time is it? What time is it? What time is it? What time is it?
What time is it? What time is it? What time is it? What time is it? What time is it?
What time is it? What time is it? What time is it? What time is it?
What time is it? What time is it? What time is it?
What time is it? What time is it?
What time is it? …
Does anybody really know?

* * * *

The lists of things to do goes on and on and on...

* * * *

In utter revulsion, he reeled back in shock and dismay.
Stretch marks, cellulite, and sagging mammaries
Were beyond his innocent comprehension.
She did the same with his appendage.
And then they carried on stoically
As their genetics allowed.

* * * *

Whether or not You are as mad as a hatter,
Or balanced to the point of having a checkbook
A banker would envy, it is all the same.

* * * *

We can no longer afford to be short-sided in our daily living.

* * * *

The mind is the imaginary reservoir of infinity.

* * * *

You've done You duty, now leave in peace.

* * * *

How many comings have there been?
How many mystics have come and gone?

* * * *

Life is short no matter how long.
You may as well adventure to your capacity.

* * * *

That, too, will change.

* * * *

Today are You sure You feel like caring?

* * * *

You, my friend, are a real yawner.

* * * *

So many people need a lie more than the truth.

* * * *

That ring around the finger can so quickly
Become a ball and chain around the neck.

* * * *

There may be free will, but the choices are limited.

* * * *

We just don't get it, and the future will pay the piper.
Pity all the children yet to play out time's curse.

* * * *

A rubber band can only stretch so far.

* * * *

You are confined to the matrix,
The holograph, the set, the infinity
Of your time.

* * * *

The shiny-on-paper army
Quickly loses its glossy sheen
When the bullets start flying.

* * * *

For the glut of ideas, the world was lost.

* * * *

You can call it any name You wish.
I call it me.

* * * *

Amuse me, think about it.

* * * *

Despite all our technological advances,
Time always manages to fill itself
With or without any aid.

* * * *

Build a bridge, get over it.

* * * *

The goals of one generation may not motivate the next.

* * * *

To unclench You fist, unclench your mind.

* * * *

Best not to shit in anybody's back yard.

* * * *

Unless you're using force,
You can't force someone
To pull out that wallet.

* * * *

The ceaseless chatter that you
Or the rest of humanity has uttered
Since the origin of consciousness
Doesn't really amount to squat.

* * * *

Be silent, and enjoy the serenity.

* * * *

You never know when someone will change their mind.

* * * *

Most of us take a lot of things for granted when we're young.

* * * *

Out of endless stream of data,
You concoct your personal reality.

* * * *

Innocence cannot stand long against
The churning cauldron of civilization.

* * * *

More than some, less than others.

* * * *

Dig below the surface and who knows what you'll find.

* * * *

There are some things about which You care,
And countless ones about which You do not and never will.
We are very selective, limited, parochial creatures.

* * * *

How much crap You have been fed.

* * * *

How does it feel to be the monkey in your mind?

* * * *

Epiphany after epiphany, life rolls on.

* * * *

Depends whether or not the tiger is hungry.

* * * *

How fixated You are on yourself.

* * * *

Only You can let go of your past.

* * * *

How much less effort is required
When You do something for its own sake,
Simply because You enjoy the process.

* * * *

Carry a demon and it carries You.

* * * *

Are You dreaming the dream,
Or is the dream dreaming You?

* * * *

Build silence into your daily routine.
Go placidly amid the noise and haste.

* * * *

The soap operas we weave.

* * * *

Nothing is proof enough.

* * * *

We're all delusional,
We're all quite insane,
We're all scurrying madly
Toward one cliff or another.

* * * *

Why would anyone want to end up
A picture on someone's mantel?

* * * *

We all keep repeating ourselves.

* * * *

Our little short term free will experiment
Must someday face the reality of what it has destroyed.
Are we so different from any petri dish bacteria?

* * * *

Worry about forever tomorrow.

* * * *

Even the worst demon was once a child.

* * * *

Who will take responsibility?

* * * *

You know who You are.

* * * *

Dance like You ain't no body.

* * * *

It is your limitation which hurts.

* * * *

Now is the time.

* * * *

Can't You see how the linear mind will twist it again?

* * * *

Get back to simplicity if You can.

CXXXIV

You think what I think You think,
And I think what You think I think.
Our worlds are entirely projections.
How I see You is my own creation,
And how You see me, is yours.

* * * *

Travel to the farthest reaches of your universe,
Look back and find how tiny your world truly is.

* * * *

Wander from memory to present and back again
Until You discern the same eternal witness remains
Ever-present no matter the play of consciousness.

* * * *

If life doesn't pound the arrogance out of You,
Death most certainly take care of whatever's left.

* * * *

You are the holy ghost, the awareness,
The witnessing, profoundly untouchable.

* * * *

Every day is the day it is.

* * * *

If You do not want all this, to what is there to attach?

* * * *

Watch with grand amusement how many ways, the limited mind finds to torture itself and others.

* * * *

So be it.

* * * *

We all have our little moments of frenzy.
You just have to ride them out as best You can.

* * * *

Develop a reservoir of breathing methods
To quickly remedy the mind's many traps.

* * * *

Do away with time.

Erase the other from your minds.
Neither truly exists.

* * * *

Win some, lose some, win more later, die anyway.
So it goes.

* * * *

Can You love yourself clearly?

* * * *

Life is a tragedy which time one day or night ends.

* * * *

We all burrow into one routine or another
To compensate for that we lack the courage to be.

* * * *

Who doesn't suffer from pre-traumatic stress syndrome?

* * * *

Care free.
What does that mean?

* * * *

So where does logic eventually lead?

* * * *

Why bother if it doesn't call You?

* * * *

You who see know what I mean.

* * * *

What is sound relative to silence?
What is light relative to darkness?
What is life relative to death?
Transcend all.

* * * *

Doest thou have no compassion for anyone but thyself?

* * * *

The only thing to transcend is You.

* * * *

Unless something major happens,
It's just going to keep on deteriorating.

* * * *

True wealth is prior to all dreams.

* * * *

There's a universe of creation and destruction
In your own mouth every time You eat.

* * * *

You are Self's means of inquiry.

* * * *

What took so much effort and bother today
Is done tomorrow.

* * * *

History need not be a taskmaster.

* * * *

Sometimes You feel so grateful,
Other times so resentful.
What a challenge to be caught in time.

* * * *

Tell me it ain't so, Ma.

* * * *

Why are You always so serious?
Life is a prank on You.
Try to laugh.

* * * *

Will any apology suit the future we daily create?

* * * *

The mirth of God's many passions ripples to and fro across the universe.

* * * *

Eternity is ever the same no matter the time.

* * * *

We are all posers.

* * * *

The vastness is beyond all comprehension
Unless You are it.

* * * *

You should see how many for which
I've had neither paper nor memory.

* * * *

When it comes to language,
You may not know the rule
And still know the rule.

* * * *

How long and short any life.

* * * *

Another drifter.

* * * *

Few things or either one way or the other.
Black and white are more often various shades of gray.

* * * *

Bell curves, baby, bell curves
Is what how its all best described.
Probability is what it's all about.

* * * *

Haven't You had enough of processing
The same garbage over and over?

* * * *

How sorry I feel for those yet to be born.

* * * *

Insightful experience is one of the greater forms or worldly wealth.

* * * *

Look out to the stars, look in to the mind.
Without or within, see the infinity
Of all that your truly are.

* * * *

What's wrong with having a monkey for an ancestor?
And slime even further back.

* * * *

We just don't get it.

* * * *

Wherever You go, more faces.
An endless sea of faces

Shifting like sand
In the infinite chaos of time.

* * * *

Why does there always have to be a point to everything?

* * * *

Get a clue.

* * * *

When faced with any problem, whether simple or complex,
The trick is not to panic, to remain clear-headed and receptive
To the solution awaiting your simple, intuitive presence.

* * * *

If it wasn't necessary when You were a child,
It may well not be necessary now, either.

* * * *

The human species:
Pestilence, infestation, cancer, virus.

* * * *

You do not need a piece of paper
To tell You that You are free.
You make that decision within.

* * * *

Would Jesus wear a tie?

* * * *

Consider it a good thing You aren't in charge.

* * * *

No one can decide for another
How s/he will choose to live.

* * * *

It is amusing to ponder anything that comes to mind.

* * * *

Try never to play a game with ego in charge.

* * * *

A lot of life is dying to keep humanity afloat.

* * * *

Chew well.

The universe is unfolding.

* * * *

How many twisted souls there are.

* * * *

A teacher only Self has.

* * * *

Democracy is yet another face of tyranny.

* * * *

Being brilliant does not necessarily mean you're intelligent,
Nor does being foolish make You stupid.

* * * *

The stillness through which You travel is only in your mind.

* * * *

What proof is in any assumption that there is a supreme deity; faith is not an acceptable answer.

* * * *

Are You running time, or it You, or a bit of both?

* * * *

There can be little peace in a restless mind.

* * * *

All those things You discover when You are not even on the lookout.
The outcomes of mutative, coincidental happenchance.
The natural selection every moment offers.

* * * *

You are the dreamer of the dream, and all dreams have beginnings and ends.

* * * *

How many heroes are cowards on a courageous day?

* * * *

No going back,
But where are we going?

* * * *

How can the arrogance of ignorance
Ever discern humility?

* * * *

Fat and getting fatter.

* * * *

The liar and his lie
Over and over again.

* * * *

And now it's over.

* * * *

Oh ye of little courage.

* * * *

Oceans, rivers, creeks.
Arteries, capillaries, veins.
Freeways, roads, alleys.
How many ways time flows.

* * * *

Feel the whip of our creation lashing us toward a destiny favored by fewer and fewer.

* * * *

It's not so bad if You don't know any different.

* * * *

Oh the absurdity, the absurdity.

* * * *

Do You always get so riled up over nothing?

* * * *

We shred our garden into chaotic disarray
Fit only for rats and cockroaches, crows and flies.
What will this world look like in hundreds
Or thousands of years hence?

* * * *

How ridiculous to think You could ever change anything.
No one can change a pattern but though total awareness.

* * * *

If You can't beat them, join them, is one way.
Another might be to just sit by a road
With an outstretched thumb.

* * * *

Though it may be modified somewhat,
Everyone sees the world through
The screen created in the early years.

* * * *

The unity of all things
Is that which is prior to all things.

* * * *

Just because there's a void
Doesn't mean You have to fill it.

* * * *

Sometimes you've got to raise the bar.
Sometimes you've got to lower it.
All relative, all relative.

* * * *

Mighty hard to strive for things
You don't give a hoot about.

* * * *

Testing one, two, three.
Can You hear me?

* * * *

Fast, cheap and out of control.

* * * *

How many ways history can be written.

* * * *

What can You really expect
From any creative undertaking?
Critics should be tarred, feathered,
And driven far, far away.

* * * *

The good news
Is You can ignore the world
And figure it all out for yourself anyway.
You do not need the incessant babble of Babbleon.

* * * *

Death always wins.

* * * *

No one conclusion will every satisfy everyone.

* * * *

The masses will never be interested

Unless there's money in it.

* * * *

To all the beautiful people,
After all that surface is said and done,
What else have You got to offer?

* * * *

The point is whatever crosses your now.

* * * *

Most Sunday Christians
Would probably be quite appalled
If they were to come across into the real Jesus.
They would not comprehend his words,
His color, clothing, smell, culture,
Nor the eternity in his eyes.

* * * *

Death is nothing.

* * * *

What a dream you've had.

* * * *

Just another talking head.

* * * *

The memes have too strong a grip
For independent questioning
To invoke real change
In the paradigm
Of human consciousness.

* * * *

Drift at the now of the bow.

* * * *

What meaning and purpose need there be but whatever moment this matrix illusion has provided?

* * * *

Your parents' lust assured You a place
In the heaven and hell of existence.

* * * *

Get a life or die.

* * * *

Fear and loneliness play a huge part in any religion.

CXXXV

If You cannot approach something with an open mind,
Your conclusion cannot help but be tainted
By your conditioned persuasion.

* * * *

Grok the day.

* * * *

Just seeing if You have anything
I desperately don't need.

* * * *

We are each transfixed by that
To which we are most attracted.

* * * *

The human species is far more frightening
Than any other life forms in the know universe.
There is nothing we will not destroy
If it suits our purpose.

* * * *

Another material ghost wanders by.

* * * *

The eternal now
Is the commonality of all existence.

* * * *

Do You really need to be know
By any other once You know your Self?

* * * *

What doesn't kill You now
Will have another chance later.

* * * *

If not for consciousness,
What would,
What could matter?

* * * *

There are no winners and losers,
Only life and death.

* * * *

Sometimes it's best not to tell others
What's going on in your head.

* * * *

So many words,
So many equations,
So many symbols,
So many things,
Time creates,
Time erases.

* * * *

Life flies by so slowly, so quickly.

* * * *

Sorrow gives time great pause.

* * * *

Don't quake at pennies.

* * * *

Journey prior to your origin

* * * *

Be a light unto thy Self.

* * * *

God is the absentee landlord; Jesus, the absentee savior.

* * * *

So, I am supposed to be attached, to what You think of this bag of bones?

* * * *

Yeah, right.

* * * *

Serve the dream in whatever way your nature bends.

* * * *

Nothing will ever be exactly what You expect.
Free yourself of expectation and hope
And life will be one surprise after another.

* * * *

If there is a God, he/she/it should be begging your forgiveness.

* * * *

More mumbo jumbo.

* * * *

The jolly front.

* * * *

Are You God to a microbe?

* * * *

What foolish things we do.

* * * *

Insurmountable.

* * * *

What a tiring piece of work.

* * * *

Why fear such a pitiful God?

* * * *

What makes You believe your Jesus would want anything to do with You or your world?

* * * *

Wake up, sweet demon.

* * * *

What greater role than to be a conscious eye of mystery?

* * * *

Talent's talent.

* * * *

A general sense of harmlessness, just sort of happens.

* * * *

It is the shit of cotton candy.

* * * *

You never know what hoaxes time will play.

* * * *

Water has no enemies yet conquers all.

* * * *

Thanking You in advance.

* * * *

A world recovering from the life it has spawned.

* * * *

To go to the meat of the matter, ss to wash away all hesitation.

* * * *

Let the infestation have its way.

* * * *

Yes, maybe, no.

* * * *

Forget it all and it is free energy.

* * * *

What a lonely task.

* * * *

The truth is beneath all surfaces, and all surfaces, as well.

* * * *

Some ventures should be quickly dismantled.

* * * *

You are the answer to all questions.

* * * *

Sometimes it takes a long time, to discern the pattern underlying all.

* * * *

The root of all evil is a busy mind.

* * * *

Too small to count for much. too huge to mean anything.

* * * *

Toss away the security blanket, and what do You have?

* * * *

Create an unlimited question, and You find an unlimited answer.

* * * *

The belief that God created man in his own image,
Is just too surreal and vain and absurd to even consider.
Why would any supreme deity be restricted to any pattern?

* * * *

Original sin? Or original vanity?

* * * *

Nobody's hero.

* * * *

To hell with world peace.
Peace would be too boring
For most humans to maintain
For more than half a day.

* * * *

Another master of the little picture,
A bean counter a la supreme.

* * * *

Jesus is jus another drug.

* * * *

Amazing what stupidity arises from a little intelligence.

* * * *

Hell is an invention of those who fear their imagination,
And in so doing make themselves unworthy of heaven.

* * * *

From a garden of weeds come few flowers.

* * * *

There's no limit to what the irrational will rationalize.

* * * *

What point to Eden without a witness.

* * * *

Those who have more than they need
Must take some care of those who do not,
Or risk losing everything, including their heads.

* * * *

Mother Nature is without pity or remorse.

* * * *

Oblivion trumps all heavens, all hells.

* * * *

Only the beautiful know love.

* * * *

It's a gift.

* * * *

Nothing more serene than an unscripted day.

* * * *

American spiritual practitioners sit by the river
With a fishing pole in one hand and beer in the other.

* * * *

Another a priori zips into place.

* * * *

Astonishing, eh what?

* * * *

A bridge to sanity.

* * * *

Always pushing on, aren't we?

* * * *

Some parents cause more bother
By constantly yelling at their children
Than their children ever will.

* * * *

Vision takes You beyond
The smallness of your world
Into the vastness prior to all creation.

* * * *

No one can be sure what it means.

* * * *

You ascribe attributes to a God a lot like You.

* * * *

What serenity it brings to see beyond the absurdity.

* * * *

Do You think in one crippled manner or another?

* * * *

A born-again agnostic.

* * * *

One wonders what modern day Christians might be wearing around their pious necks,

If Jesus had been killed by a noose, electric chair, bullet, guillotine, rock, or plastic bag.

* * * *

The hourglass is running, my fine pretty.

* * * *

The things You shall never know.

* * * *

You play your role immaculately.

* * * *

Time for a nap; yay oh yay oh yay.

* * * *

The only thing You really have is right now,
And even that slips away so quickly
In the foggy morass of time.

* * * *

Too many drugs, too often,
In too great an amount
Is probably not a good thing.

* * * *

What happened to You?

* * * *

Another nostalgic memory.

* * * *

Don't get sucked into drama.

* * * *

You can't fix anyone
Without their vigorous participation.

* * * *

Don't hesitate to enforce consequences,
But do it in a somewhat detached manner
If You don't want to exacerbate the situation.

* * * *

Through the eyes of infinity.

* * * *

Let the process have it.

* * * *

Once upon a time You thought like that.

* * * *

No time for silence.

* * * *

The irony trail.

* * * *

Keep your big picture clear
And your details manageable.

* * * *

Most people don't even see their lie.

* * * *

Crazy only to them who don't see.

* * * *

Consciousness spans a vast relativity.

* * * *

So You think you're normal?

* * * *

Who wanders completely aloof?

* * * *

Get a job, Buddha.

* * * *

Is life any less brief than a flash of lightening?

* * * *

Nice fantasy,
But otherwise useless.

* * * *

End the becoming.
Be here now.
What will be will be.

* * * *

Peer into the madness of a mystic's eye, and You will see your Self.

* * * *

Who isn't at least a bit loco?

* * * *

Still looking for that niche?

* * * *

Does it really matter how silly it all seems?
We still play it out as best we may.

* * * *

Courage is as courage does.

* * * *

Those who are aware make room for others.
They play win-win whenever possible.

* * * *

A worthy challenge.

* * * *

Some are leaders, some are followers, some play the role the moment intuits.

* * * *

What is it You know but an arbitrary collusion?

* * * *

Be it bitter or sweet, all things pass from one moment to the next.

* * * *

To remain the same in this manifest dream is impossible.
To not remain the same in this manifest dream is impossible.
You will forever change, You will forever remain the same.

* * * *

How fatiguing to always be justifying one's worth,
To be measured by one fraction or another
For every inane reason imaginable.
That it will someday be over
Is a pleasant thought.

CXXXVI

Why bother getting rich
If You are likely going to dress
In grubby clothing, wander aimlessly,
And sip bad coffee, anyway?

* * * *

Observe the stillness moving
And the movement still.

* * * *

You never know, the next moment
Could change your life dramatically.

* * * *

Amazing thing how the mystery of existence
Dictates your time and molds your illusion.

* * * *

Watch your mind like You would a ping pong ball.
As it wanders to and fro, back and forth, here and there,
Your task is to follow it wherever, however it goes.

* * * *

That a computer will ever achieve virtual reality
Is the fantasy of programmers and writers
Whose connection with the real thing
Is as tentative as floating dust.

* * * *

Some spend their lives building empires,
While others are content just to watch
The sun disappears into the horizon.

* * * *

So many things You can ponder,
So many You never will.

* * * *

Sometimes You wish you'd never bothered.

* * * *

Why this all-consuming craving to be entertained?

* * * *

One soap opera after another

Without any discernable end.

* * * *

In a smoggy valley, it's easy to forget
The mountains on the horizon.

* * * *

How often a deep understanding of the motivation,
The line of thinking, the frame of reference,
Behind another's vexing actions,
Softens, perhaps even dispels the judgment.

* * * *

Death will finish You at its leisure.

* * * *

Neither memories nor piles of gold
Mean much when it's all said and done.

* * * *

Unless we get past our self-absorbed greed,
This consuming need for continuity and security;
Unless we transcend into a more egalitarian paradigm,
The time of man will end on a destructive note
Which will make the Twentieth Century
Look like a walk in the park.

* * * *

Those who have not, those who cannot,
Recognize early the boundaries of their existence.

* * * *

Only in death is the deck reshuffled.

* * * *

Oh, grand impermanence.

* * * *

The tension some feel even in the most relaxing moments.

* * * *

A forgone conclusion is unfolding.

* * * *

And what havoc will that little misstep wreak?

* * * *

In the right state of mind,

Anything can be an adventure.

* * * *

Trusting those who would lead you
Can be naive and perhaps even lethal.

* * * *

What's the fucking point?

* * * *

Detours happen.

* * * *

Flies, cockroaches, crows, seagulls, vultures, rats…
And other opportunists are the legacy of the human drama.

* * * *

More of what you've already seen too much of already.

* * * *

Why be Jesus or Siddhartha?
Be what they were.

* * * *

Not to be confused, are having balls, and being just plain stupid.

* * * *

Vision and lack of vision sum up the human paradox.

* * * *

What fools we mortals be.

* * * *

Sometimes you've just got to wait for the universe
To catch up to your fear, will, and desire.

* * * *

It is the destiny of the day.

* * * *

Why in any deity's name, do You have need of some authority,
Be it family or work or church or state or whatever,
To affirm You are doing the right thing?

* * * *

Another unintentional child born into the circus of man.

* * * *

It didn't take faith to birth You.

* * * *

Along for the ride, are we?

* * * *

Process always seems to continue after all "The Ends."

* * * *

History generally does not matter much
To those who do not know or understand it,
Or know and understand it all too well.

* * * *

Faith is really some sort of Santa Claus thing, ain't it?

* * * *

Be wary of those who manipulate history to their own ends.

* * * *

Only fools and cowards imitate.

* * * *

Santa Claus, Puff the Magic Dragon, Peter Pan, Cinderella
Buddha, Lao Tzu, Krishna, Jesus…ad infinitum.
Stories for those who need stories.

* * * *

Believe what You want,
It does not matter one iota.

* * * *

Bought into the fear again, didn't ya?

* * * *

Follow the desire.

* * * *

At the root of false humility, resides a poser.

* * * *

God is not the one judging You.

* * * *

Wisdom can be pretty humdrum.

* * * *

Every generation sees only the world their ancestors have left them.

* * * *

Do not hold your breath for anything or anyone.

* * * *

To cut yourself off from nature is to separate from unfolding mystery.

* * * *

Is any delusion superior to another?

* * * *

Is a religion that puts mind above all, a true religion?

* * * *

Too many blind following the blind.

* * * *

Infinity has no bounds but imagination.

* * * *

In every thing, paradox.

* * * *

Life is full of waiting.

* * * *

After awhile, You just don't really want to know
What's going on in some people's heads.

* * * *

The challenge in life is learning to discern the difference
Between reality and delusion, and not getting all caught up
In all the falseness, the ridiculousness, and the pettiness.

* * * *

Another just-in-case moment.

* * * *

There's nothing to have.

* * * *

Play out the role you've been given,
And discard the mask when you're done.

* * * *

Do You really believe any human law means squat to some supreme deity?

* * * *

If this is a world created by a loving God, then god forbid we ever have one who hates us.

* * * *

Superstition will inevitably win out, because it suits the ignorant, of which there are far too many.

* * * *

Time to wake up, folks, time to wake up.

* * * *

Ironic how human beings across the world imagine a God as petty as they are.

* * * *

A nice smile to that demon, but a demon, nonetheless.

* * * *

No house is built in a day, nor a universe in seven.

* * * *

It takes a moment.

* * * *

There is no solution in time.

* * * *

Have patience
For that which You so desperately crave
Will soon come and be long past.

* * * *

You haven't even begun to unfurl.

* * * *

Your psychological struggle
Against the tide of time
Is utterly futile.

* * * *

Look too many directions,
And You see there are none.

* * * *

Another inexplicable fate.

* * * *

Ain't no going back.

* * * *

Moderate the wearing of corporate logos.
Only one at a time, no more than two a day.

* * * *

Third existential crisis today,
And You haven't even finished your first cup of coffee.

* * * *

Every port an adventure.

* * * *

The target of so many failed expectations.

* * * *

How loose and flaccid the body becomes.

* * * *

Lost and confused, tired and bemused.

* * * *

Don't need no more stuff.

* * * *

Cigarette after cigarette,
Pleasure's exchange for life.

* * * *

Do You see how the fear,
The worry, the guilt, the passion
Chip away at your well-being?

* * * *

Death just got a little closer.

* * * *

Without a witness,
It never happened.
But then again,
Even with a witness,
It never happened.

* * * *

Death just takes You back to the ground.

* * * *

How many dances in the mating ritual.

* * * *

To be young is to be carefree.
There is no tomorrow, there is no yesterday.
Even a desolate pile of mud is gold.
When you're old, there is only
Yesterday and tomorrow,
And every penny is counted.

* * * *

Mother Nature is not touchy-feely,
Warm-fuzzy, romantic, or merciful.

* * * *

There's a little Rip Van Winkle
In all who return to memory's youthful preserve.

* * * *

Anyone can have a lucky day.

* * * *

What is it to be truly, completely alone?

* * * *

A little more flesh to sell the wares, please.

* * * *

Can't make a good sculpture with the wrong material.

* * * *

The vanity of mind and mirror.

* * * *

Even in the cruelest lie
Dwells the truth.

* * * *

Most need the order of the story.
Few can see it in the dust
Whipped by the wind.

* * * *

The only absolute in consciousness
Is its source.

* * * *

All stories are written upon the face of essential nature.

* * * *

Watermelon sugar everywhere.

* * * *

Can’t sell if the item’s not on the floor.

* * * *

What a bother things can be.

* * * *

Separate soul, or just a bubble of time floating through infinity’s maze?

* * * *

Why some accept so much,
While others leave no stone unquestioned,
Is indeed a mystery.

* * * *

A little education all too often goes an unintended direction.

* * * *

Whether or not You believe in anything does not matter one iota.

* * * *

Can You trust someone who doesn’t trust You?

* * * *

The irony of faith is that it requires so little.

* * * *

What’ a cold greasy meal to a cockroach?

* * * *

You got yours, so why worry?

* * * *

Be happy, if You can manage the endorphines.

* * * *

Imagine Jesus in Wrangler’s, a baseball cap,
And a tin of chew, all part of the timeless disguise.

* * * *

Life is a dust storm come into form.

* * * *

Few will ever even begin to ponder, begin to care,
What You have done with your brief little existence.

CXXXVII

Let go what You know; reclaim what You do not.

* * * *

How much greater the truth of it is, than any deities that can be imagined.

* * * *

Sometimes You just gotta move on.

* * * *

Even the ice is hot in the hell of imagination.

* * * *

Entertainment is less and less entertaining.

* * * *

What was it like to have a mind
That wasn't full of thoughts?

* * * *

What a dream we live in.
Bigger, faster souvenirs for everyone
Fortunate enough to be born
Into the right place,
The right time.

* * * *

Not a good idea
To tally the miles too often.
Bean counting is a wellspring of limitation.

* * * *

By this definition of mystery, God sure seems to be experiencing it all.

* * * *

You don't know nobody, and nobody knows You.

* * * *

The ultimate nice guy, aren't ya?

* * * *

Pleasure seeking, or pain avoidance?

* * * *

Nobody needs to know.

* * * *

So many different faces between then and now.

* * * *

How differently You see things now.

* * * *

Be patient, the universe is just getting aligned.

* * * *

A new discovery beneath every rock.

* * * *

It's hard to see things anew
When You know what you're going to see.
Not impossible, just challenging.

* * * *

Without the a priori,
Your life would be over
In the blink of an eye.

* * * *

It can never be answered
But through the irony,
The paradox of concepts.

* * * *

War is the chaos of an angry bull.

* * * *

The sound everyone never hears.

* * * *

Death is just the mask removed.

* * * *

One thing that can probably be said of a dull mind
Is that it may be less cluttered?

* * * *

Something for everyone.
Step right this way.

* * * *

If everyone would just play out their evil
In the well of imagination
We might have a simpler world.

* * * *

Your mind is the see of infinity.

* * * *

Torch the vampires.

* * * *

We'll have growth
As long as everyone's into
Big Macs and Caribbean cruises.

* * * *

Pretty durned smart,
And angry to boot.

* * * *

Whenever You hear a myth or legend,
Just remember that the flesh and bone reality
Is the source of all lies and exaggeration,
Selected truth and edited copy.

* * * *

Cheerleaders become hags
And Big Men on Campus, couch potatoes.

* * * *

Lurk in ignorance if You wish,
But don't expect more intelligent people
To buy into your bullshit.

* * * *

Useless to even try.

* * * *

Everyone's sure as hell they're right.

* * * *

Ruthless, realistic and resigned.

* * * *

They always ask, "What if it's true?
What if there is a higher being, a heaven, a hell?"
Well, what if there's not, and all you've done is waste a very large portion
Of your short existence sitting in a pew listening to a middleman
Regurgitating regurgitation after regurgitation?
Better to rot in hell than miss out
On a few great walks.

* * * *

Who are all these people rushing madly, absurdly, to and fro?

* * * *

Another salesman appealing to your vanity.

* * * *

From nature is born will, the destroyer.

* * * *

From nothing to nothing
With chatter between.

* * * *

The stream of consciousness
Runs from an imaginary mountain
Through an imaginary valley
To an imaginary sea.

* * * *

Complexity creates strife and disorder.

* * * *

It must be true
Or You, truth-seeker that You are,
Wouldn't be here.

* * * *

So that's what today is all about.

* * * *

Identity is just another habit.

* * * *

Is it all just an algorithm?

* * * *

Does redemption mean You get your deposit back?

* * * *

Always stay free enough
To treat yourself to a leisurely stroll.

* * * *

Ignorance has a way of mucking everything up.

* * * *

A little intelligence
Mixed with a bag of instincts
Makes for a great show.

* * * *

Where's me popcorn?

* * * *

A day in which to do nothing well.

* * * *

Ahhh…the existential morass.

* * * *

Sitting, watching everything pass.

* * * *

Vanity's rainbow.

* * * *

Twinkling eyes and a friendly, cordial smile
Is a demon's greatest disguise.

* * * *

Everyday life has its fatal flaw.

* * * *

If you're going to be stupid,
Be smart about it.

* * * *

To evade a predator,
One must be very quick,
Or very good at disguising
Or altering the pattern.

* * * *

Commerce rules.

* * * *

Life is full of experiences
About which You can only speculate.

* * * *

Another raging stud.

* * * *

All seeds are not created equal, yet they are all equal

In the essential nature of the ultimate reality.

* * * *

The trick is to enjoy the boredom of the day to day.

* * * *

Too late.

* * * *

I'll be back,
But it won't be me
In the personal sense.

* * * *

How? How? How?
Why? Why? Why?
Always the same unanswerable questions.

* * * *

Is karma just a loser's parting shot?

* * * *

Superiority complex,
Complex superiority.

* * * *

Practice carefreeness.

* * * *

Be cautious about modern interpretations of historical contexts.

* * * *

A good sense of humor is a blessing.

* * * *

What a wry mind.

* * * *

Sometimes there's just a dread
Of what you're going to have to endure tomorrow.

* * * *

So many things not worth remembering.

* * * *

Nothing more bothersome
Than a backseat driver
Or a couch potato quarterback.

* * * *

If that's love, then hate must really be something.

* * * *

You are the story of your existence.

* * * *

It's only time.

* * * *

With those who have integrity,
A handshake will do.

* * * *

This for those who will get it
One way or another.

* * * *

That would be too miraculous to believe possible.

* * * *

The dreams of memes.

* * * *

Ponder the immeasurable
With all your measurements,
Cut and paste it however You will,
It is,
And will ever remain
Indescribably mysterious.

* * * *

In the sho-ram-bo
Of earth, water, wind and fire,
All things are created.

* * * *

There is naught but process.

* * * *

As if any definition really means squat.

* * * *

And then one day,
Despite all your plans,
Death rips away the stage
From beneath your mortal feet.

And there it is, oblivion.

* * * *

You are the context of all contexts,
The relativity of all relativity.

* * * *

Be patient like the sun.

* * * *

What do You say, Pilgrim?

* * * *

Can't stop, can't help but move on.

* * * *

Change is, change is.

* * * *

Challenging not to disappoint those with expectations.

* * * *

Original sin,
Or original paranoia?

* * * *

So much vanity over hamburger.

* * * *

The root of all patterns.

* * * *

A good idea belongs to everyone.

* * * *

In the largest, most relative sense,
What You do or think of another,
You do to or think of your Self.

* * * *

Don't trip on it too much.

* * * *

There's always room for one.

* * * *

Reality is relative to the cubicle in which You abide.

* * * *

Where would You be without the senses?

* * * *

Another happy chemist.

* * * *

So what carnival trick, what magical act
Would convince You it was Jesus?

* * * *

Is any moment more real than another?

* * * *

You think You taste, touch, see, feel and hear,
But do You really?

* * * *

Time is an interesting concept.

* * * *

The destroyer of worlds seeks You.

* * * *

What difference, really, between
Earth, water, wind and fire?

* * * *

Drugs are great fun if You train them well.

* * * *

Absolute good, absolute evil, synonymous.

* * * *

Isn't death, however it goes, merely a metamorphosis in the highest sense?

* * * *

Demons are woven in shallow, uneven breathing.

* * * *

If You must believe, believe in nothing.

* * * *

One man's madness is another's sanity.

* * * *

Another slave to thought.

CXXXVIII

It is enough to keep your own space intact.

* * * *

Minding another's business is the hallmark of an inner desert.

* * * *

Every thing, no thing.

* * * *

We are all drug along in the wake of our fates.

* * * *

Nothing profound, and all the more profound for it.

* * * *

Might be they will remember You as well as You remember them.
We are all dreamtiming in a self-absorbed, narcissistic universe.

* * * *

Oxymoron plus-plus

* * * *

Blood may be thicker than water,
But wouldn't your rather drink a cup of water
Than a bowl of blood any day?

* * * *

Some pretty rude and cruel entities on this world.

* * * *

Bubbles of time
Another metaphor
Of the play of mind.

* * * *

It will be nice to let it all go someday.

* * * *

Uncurl You fingers from the comfort
Of the pages You turn and turn again.

* * * *

How ironic that a garden world created over billions of years
Is being turned into a garbage dump in only a few thousand.

* * * *

What a challenge the duality.

* * * *

Is who You are pretending to be
Who You really are?

* * * *

Wafting through eternity,
A rainbow quickly fading.

* * * *

Don Quixote didn't have a Stinger missile.

* * * *

Another batch of details takes form.

* * * *

You only know what know,
And how much is that, really?

* * * *

There is no identity in the nowness.

* * * *

Like the bee that lost interest in flowers.

* * * *

Can the human species destroy the world
And survive its own creation?

* * * *

For something to be created,
Something else must first be destroyed.

* * * *

Will any mind that truly questions
Ever be satisfied with any answer?

* * * *

Hoping something, believing something,
Does not mean You know something.

* * * *

Wisdom is just seeing
What's coming down the pike
Before its arrival in time.

* * * *

Why would any respectable higher power
Ever require You to believe in its existence?
Would You demand a microbe have faith in You?
Why would any truly powerful entity ever be so vain?
And why should You ever feel compelled
To abide any twisted absurdity?

* * * *

There is no continuity but what thought concocts.

* * * *

Your have every right to be content.

* * * *

So easy to discount another's existence.

* * * *

A piece of paper and a few initials behind your name
Does not make You a better human being.

* * * *

Can You listen to the insight
Without following the teacher?
Why surrender to a form?

* * * *

What mysteries play out in this vast universe?
Everything You can possibly imagine
And well beyond more.
Infinity is, after all, infinite.

* * * *

The dike we have built
To hold back the depths
Cannot forever stand.
And woe unto those
Who cannot swim.

* * * *

Each moment, entirely new,
Is tied together by the figment of time
As fabricated by the windy mind.

* * * *

What tape plays in your head
Over and over and over and…?

* * * *

So amazing what we must all endure
To participate in this grand theater.

* * * *

Snobbery is such shallow vanity.

* * * *

What kind of world will it be for those who survive?

* * * *

Why is it some see so clearly
That to which so many are eternally blind?

* * * *

From your Self You can run,
But You cannot hide.

* * * *

Real leaders look out for times long past their own.

* * * *

"What's the point?" down the canyon.
"Heck if I know," the echo replied.

* * * *

No matter how much You think You know,
You will ever never really know anything.

* * * *

Ironic how ignorance always seems to win.

* * * *

The infinity of eternity begins within.

* * * *

Courage is not always easy to muster.

* * * *

No matter how far forms may go,
All spring from the same formless nature.

* * * *

There is no escaping it.

* * * *

Unless the body can somehow destroy it,
The cancer inevitably kills the host,

Destroying itself in the process.

* * * *

What can You ever hope to change
When the dominant group
Is absurdly insane?

* * * *

But it sells,
And that seems to be
All that counts.

* * * *

Supposing You have lived a few trillion lives,
What were You before the first one?
What will You be after the last?

* * * *

The scariest part about this nightmare
Is that we all believe it so completely.

* * * *

Can a woman ever see the world for what it is?

* * * *

How much longer will You play that recording?

* * * *

Ignorance abounds.

* * * *

From the point independent of all others,
You see the truth for what it is
And what it is not.

* * * *

If these thoughts are true,
They will be fathomed by those capable of seeing.
But they will always merely be thoughts,
And eventually will be lost in time
As all words inevitably are.

* * * *

Time is the real enemy.

* * * *

Just another nail in the old coffin.

* * * *

Funny how quickly love transforms into hate.

* * * *

And You parted, both knowing
You'd never see each other again.

* * * *

Who can see the sun?

* * * *

Another time of reflection
On the utter meaninglessness of it all.

* * * *

Undervalued,
Misunderstood,
Unappreciated,
Disowned,
Disappointing.
Alas, alas, alas, alas.
How alone even angels must be.

* * * *

You owe me as much as I owe You,
Which is nothing.

* * * *

Light reflects upon the play of dust,
And we call it form.

* * * *

Life writes these meandering pages.
So many thoughts,
To what end? You wonder.

* * * *

Another moment turns to ash
Burned by the transience of time.

* * * *

The caged animal savages your hand and arm even as You try to free it.

* * * *

Isn't fate strange?

* * * *

Rest easy in the abyss.

* * * *

When ancients came together at the forum,
Were there assignments and tests,
Or was learning enough?
How wearing
The burden of measurement.

* * * *

Another bridge burns.
No going back that road.

* * * *

What a badly written play.

* * * *

Suicide is just saying no to more.

* * * *

Amazing what pain so many would endure
For just another day, another month,
Another year, another lifetime.

* * * *

Don’t argue with me, just wake the fuck up.

* * * *

But for perception,
None of this would occur.

* * * *

There’s nothing You can do about it.

* * * *

The universe is your expanding imagination.

* * * *

So sorry, Charlie.

* * * *

How many really want to die?

* * * *

Reality has no need of solutions
Because there was never really a problem.

* * * *

What a strange life.

* * * *

In a thankless world,
Even applause seems hollow.
Impossible to please such dissatisfaction.
No matter what You try to do, it will never be enough.
If you're lucky, it will please your mother.

* * * *

Probably only a few would ever
Understand everything You say,
And what does even that matter?

* * * *

"What's the point?" someone asked.
"Heck if I know," the answer.

* * * *

Take a free energy break.

* * * *

If there is a God, please let it be one that will leave You be.

* * * *

The only thing blinding You to Eden's presence, is You.

* * * *

Sometimes, You have just got to put the world down and take a break.

* * * *

Just echoes of the same voice.

* * * *

Loyalty to a ladder? Are You kidding?

* * * *

All around You, so many voices, all the same one.

* * * *

Do You have the insight, the vision, the discernment,
Of which those who would be Buddha are cast?

* * * *

Everyone clinging to their little piece.

* * * *

Believing something false to be true never makes it so.

* * * *

Humor is a great way to detox the mind.

* * * *

We are all the same body.

* * * *

Leave a clean wake.

* * * *

No beginning, no ending, only process.

* * * *

The oppression of the Greeks, the Romans,
Of all the many histories born of mind,
Daily plays its burdensome game.

* * * *

Ironic how the mainstream so often embraces
That image which would repulse them in person.

* * * *

So You deny your madness.

* * * *

The old theory-versus-application game.

* * * *

Free will is given such a narrow margin.

* * * *

Wrath suffers the boundaries of its explosive limits.

* * * *

Is there anything more empty than a politician's promise?

* * * *

Free will is a highly illusive assumption.

* * * *

A curmudgeon's magical mystery tour.

CXXXIX

Slap yourself three times across the face
If You think it cannot ever happen to You.

* * * *

Is profound silence really any different than noisy silence?

* * * *

What better way to start the day than waking up wishing You had not?

* * * *

Which came first, cause or effect?

* * * *

There is really not even one problem.

* * * *

Am not saying that it could be any other way; only calling it the way it is.

* * * *

Entertaining, but otherwise useless.

* * * *

Just because You can doesn't mean You should.

* * * *

The all in all.

* * * *

Why bother even giving it a name?

* * * *

Organized religion is just mimicry, and mimicry is not truth.

* * * *

Religions are just vain means to attach masks and concepts
Onto a mystery to which no form is more than the dust of illusion.

* * * *

Point?
Why does there always need to be a point?

* * * *

Not sure what sanity is, but it ain't me,
And it sure as hell ain't You, neither.

* * * *

Time to move on.
That world no longer exists for You.

* * * *

There's nothing You need to be
But what You are right now.

* * * *

Some of us are juts tired of it, You know?

* * * *

Truth will get You nowhere.

* * * *

Myself,
Yourself,
His self,
Her self,
Ourselves
We all Self
Together.

* * * *

Humble beginnings help.

* * * *

Truth is slowly finding its audience.

* * * *

Sleep deeply with a clean conscience.

* * * *

You need not feel guilty about anything
You could not help doing in ignorance.

* * * *

Make it every day.

* * * *

This wasn't asked for, You know.
It just sort of happened.

* * * *

Tralfamadorians like us for our time.

* * * *

What's wrong with having chimpanzees for kin?

At least You ain't his great, great, great grandpa.

* * * *

Imagine every possibility and You will know the serenity
Of Shiva, Buddha, Christ, and all the other seers of time.

* * * *

It's not a trade secret.

* * * *

Political correctness is nothing new.

* * * *

A handful of seeds thrown to the wind
May find enough sustenance to continue.

* * * *

Don't equate irrationality with insanity.

* * * *

No matter how bright and clever You are now,
You too were once uncarved by time.

* * * *

A mystical treatise.

* * * *

There is always the choice
To opt for comfort over reality.

* * * *

Consistency is a questionable virtue.

* * * *

Heaven and hell are merely words
Which decry a state of mind.

* * * *

The best books are like a good wine
Which only improve with age.

* * * *

In one sense, things become very clear.
In another, increasingly opaque.

* * * *

A series of coincidences
Do not for coincidence make.

* * * *

Be freer than words can ever allow.

* * * *

Rules are your own to make.

* * * *

Who was that You so many years ago?

* * * *

Truth is not some agreed upon thing.
It is the uncarvable, infinitely formless essence
The unnamable source from which all forms are birthed.

* * * *

Everyone loses their way now and again.
Tis a very slippery thing to hold onto.

* * * *

There's no one You really need answer to but yourself.

* * * *

Just because it's for sale
Doesn't mean You have to buy it.

* * * *

All things rise, all things fall.
That is the way of it.

* * * *

So many expecting it to be
What it is not and will never be.

* * * *

An algorithm, pure and simple.

* * * *

Why should You be required to participate in insanity?

* * * *

Just because it can be done
Doesn't make it a good idea.

* * * *

How can there be justice for all
When what's just to one is anathema to another?
Death is the final arbiter for all.

* * * *

If a pile of gold is all you've got,
Then You have a very small pile of sand, indeed.

* * * *

Another lightshow come and gone.

* * * *

Collective consciousness,
Collective imagination,
Collective collusion,
Collective conspiracy,
Collective delusion.

* * * *

Lack of respect gets the same.

* * * *

Just scribbling down
Whatever flashes through
This old thunder-perfect mind.

* * * *

It passes the time.

* * * *

Live life long and full.

* * * *

If it's too nice,
It's probably not real.

* * * *

"At your stage in life…"
What does exactly does that mean?

* * * *

Ain't from Missouri,
But show me or clam it.

* * * *

It is the bliss of knowing you're home.

* * * *

Refinements that don't really matter.

* * * *

Oxymorons: Perfect man and low-maintenance woman.

* * * *

Passion is quaint anomaly.

* * * *

To all men who haven't figured it out:
You may wish to stick your male appendage
In every attractive (or unattractive) woman You see,
But chances are few will feel the same about You.

* * * *

You are the unitary movement.

* * * *

How real and unreal it is
Each and every moment.

* * * *

Who would You be
If You couldn't remember anything?

* * * *

Life can get pretty precious
When You haven't got much of it left.

* * * *

Despite everything You might conjure to live longer,
Death plays the last card.

* * * *

Far more important to live well than long.
To have both is the ultimate score.

* * * *

Words for a time which will likely never come,
For a time when all other attempts have fallen short,
And consciousness is ready to awaken into a new paradigm.

* * * *

It ain't now, baby.

* * * *

Flowers, thorns, same essence,
Different nerve endings.

* * * *

It didn't seem long ago at the time.

* * * *

You are just as intolerant as everyone You condemn.

* * * *

They don't want to hear it.

* * * *

Happily bitter.

* * * *

What a nice guy.
Sometimes You even put the seat down.

* * * *

To what bitter end will You suffer?

* * * *

Who are You, really?
Just another bag of perceived memories,
Really no different than anyone or anything else.
Only your vanity persuades You otherwise.

* * * *

The same root pervades all.

* * * *

As if your view is any more real.

* * * *

All is equally imaged.

* * * *

Maybe one of these days you'll go sane.

* * * *

It is crystal clear.

* * * *

As detached as any breath.

* * * *

We are all the consciousness of the same mystery.

* * * *

And to all those who just screw others over, we only wonder how it must feel to care so little.

* * * *

Just because so many others participate in the insanity
Does not mean it need be your lot.

* * * *

There are no absolutes
But the absolute its Self.

* * * *

Life is as tentative as a single breath.

* * * *

In the sea of relativity, no anchors hold.

* * * *

Labels are the security net of consciousness.

* * * *

God allows You to create any hell You choose.

* * * *

Here we are right here, right now.
All the space and time in your head,
All the space and time in mine,
Mean absolutely nothing.

* * * *

Any fool can kill someone.

* * * *

Wrath is a self-protective barrier
Which gradually eats away
The host's insides.

* * * *

What we all have endured.

* * * *

Tune in, tune out.
It is the same.

* * * *

Asleep, awake, what difference to that which never sleeps?

* * * *

Maps fold themselves
Unless You are utterly inept
At screwing in light bulbs
Or turning a screw.

* * * *

From whence even the greatest supreme deity must come.

* * * *

Too vast for any conclusion.

* * * *

Always look closely beneath the cover, the superficial, the facade, the act.

* * * *

Your body? Only figuratively.

* * * *

Until You are very sure You can trust someone, best to error on the side of caution.

* * * *

Inspiring envy in others really is a pretty shallow game.

* * * *

Hungry in mind only.

* * * *

The way You view the world depends
Into which geography, into which history,
Your nature-nurture has been raised.

* * * *

Don't matter whether you're ready or not.

* * * *

Nothing but change since the first moment You were conceived.

* * * *

Who said it had to make sense?

* * * *

Propaganda's been around since the first banana.

* * * *

Is there more to life than detail after detail?

* * * *

This brief uprising of intelligence is short-lived without lot more wisdom.

CXL

Probability may learn one way or the other,
But it is the fool who does not grasp
That its mean rules the curve.

* * * *

Live blamelessly.

* * * *

Aging confronts all with the reality of mortality.

* * * *

Live, from The Street.

* * * *

All the ways life suffers are too painful to count.

* * * *

So brilliant, yet so stupid.

* * * *

Some will always find a way to be disappointed.

* * * *

So many things You do not want.

* * * *

You must fulfill the fate You have aided in creating.

* * * *

Angst creates art.

* * * *

Stand naked in spirit.

* * * *

Time, it's been interesting.

* * * *

Can time exist without space, or space without time?

* * * *

Rest assured, no one will read these words for long if they are not ready.

* * * *

The sweet serenity of oblivion.

* * * *

Fate plays its cruel hand again.

* * * *

Life is a series of lists, running on and on and on, until death do You part.

* * * *

It all starts to run together.

* * * *

The mind is the portal to infinity.

* * * *

It all adds up to nothing.

* * * *

The tides of ignorance are too strong for intelligence to override.

* * * *

That is because You do not understand.

* * * *

What a strange thing self-esteem is.
So odd that the fabrication of an identity
Colors whatever existence remains.

* * * *

Too busy to look.

* * * *

Does suicide cheat death, or was that the designated fate all along?

* * * *

Suddenly You felt very tired.

* * * *

One discovery, one insight after another.
Life's passing is full of unforeseeable mystery.

* * * *

The eternal flame consumes all.

* * * *

Truth is an internal matter.

* * * *

You'll just never know what cannot be known.

* * * *

The mystery of this dreamtime is in the air You breathe.
It is in the food You eatl; the water You drink.
The ecstasy and agony You feel.
And the fire that will consume You.

* * * *

What You agree to agree on, is not the truth.

* * * *

So little time left.

* * * *

Gradually, notebook after notebook, fills with the same eternal theme.

* * * *

The option for a better world, for a more functional paradigm, exists within all of us.

* * * *

Why is it so hard to understand?

* * * *

You can probably live without it.

* * * *

Nothing more foolish than thinking, You are smarter than everyone else.

* * * *

Collaboration is the mainstay to any group's survival.

* * * *

Life is what it is, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

From whence did any creator come?

* * * *

Groupies will always find someone to follow.

* * * *

See how much You want
And how much suffering it creates.

* * * *

That one You think the other
Is simply You playing two or more.

* * * *

As if al that information
Helps us make better decisions.

* * * *

See the ocean in You blood.

* * * *

How many times
Will You count your money
Before it's over.

* * * *

What's worse,
A bad loser or a bad winner?

* * * *

Just because You don't want to hear it
Doesn't mean it's not true.

* * * *

Challenge the vanity.

* * * *

Romantic delusion is not truth.

* * * *

Defiled again.

* * * *

If You have to argue or persuade,
Is what you're saying true?

* * * *

A conceptual truth is not truth.

* * * *

Once You are it, what is there to believe in?

* * * *

You really don't know
If there will even be
A tomorrow or the next day,
So why worry about heaven or hell?

* * * *

Par for the course.

* * * *

Not much point in being an optimist,
Nor is there much point in being a pessimist.
It's just what it is, and try as You may,
There ain't no going back.

* * * *

(A loud, deep, evil laugh comes from nowhere)

* * * *

Why is it necessary to believe in anything?

* * * *

Prior to thought's creation,
What is there but the orderly chaos
Of eternity's essential state?

* * * *

The human drama is playing out in blind surety.

* * * *

God is really just a genocidal maniac,
Who kills everybody and destroys everything.
What a pathetic, meaningless creation.
Who picked him to be in charge?

* * * *

Three or four notebooks misplaced.
Where have they gone?
Oh well.

* * * *

What do You think the mystery used to create this vast universe, if not its own essence?

* * * *

The human drama is the direct result of too much shit and not enough air.

* * * *

You want everything to be equal as long as You are a little more so.

* * * *

Another exercise in vanity.

* * * *

You probably judge yourself, far more harshly, than any deity ever would.

* * * *

Every spiritual text ever written was by a human being in touch with the ineffable state of mind.

* * * *

You cannot give this gift to someone too blind and deaf to open it.

* * * *

Jesus was not a suit.

* * * *

Memories are just fragments of a dream.

* * * *

Intelligence comes in all colors.

* * * *

Life is under no obligation to entertain You.

* * * *

Defy the mystery at your own risk.

* * * *

There You go again, trying so hard to become what You already are.

* * * *

Are You as foolish as You seem?

* * * *

The prey linger near the predators,
Co-existing util the tummy rumbles.

* * * *

The ramification of the fact
That You really are without a body,
May not yet have fully dawned upon You.

* * * *

Eternal life doesn't imply continuity.

* * * *

Purpose? Meaning? Value?
What a dreamy irony.

* * * *

What passionate echoes pulsate through the mind.

* * * *

Free will is born of a choiceless matter.

* * * *

Discern that space where You forget all identity.

* * * *

The ocean is but a reflection
Disguising the unknowable infinity
Of the unfathomable reality
This mystery truly is.

* * * *

Ambition clouds your chances
Of becoming a true human being.

* * * *

All persona is neurotic to one degree or another.
It is the adjustment to the illusory play of matter.

* * * *

Histories come and go, and go and come,
As time is created and remembered and forgotten.
Consciousness is such a fickle player.

* * * *

Trying to be more only sets You further away.

* * * *

Torch the veil.

* * * *

How can time end if You keep creating it?
How will the choiceless ever manifest
If You keep choosing not to allow it to blossom?

* * * *

Without the mind-body receiver,
You would not, could not pretend to be.

* * * *

All so obvious.

* * * *

Thought is just a burst of lightning between synapses.

* * * *

To survive its creation,
Manifest consciousness,
Must set aside apparent reality
If it hopes for continuity.

* * * *

Absorption with pleasure poisons You.

* * * *

The human mind's ceaseless attempt
To transpose its time-bound linear nature
Upon the spontaneity of the indivisible reality.
Is as futile as a finger holding back a leaking dike.

* * * *

Those zen-ish moments
Are so real and true, so timelessly pure,
Eternally in sync with all that is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

The moment is present
Whether You are with it or not.

* * * *

You will likely find in these many thoughts
Whatever You are ready to hear.

* * * *

Why are You afraid to question every assumption?
That You will be ostracized, imprisoned or executed?
What's the point of existing if not to explore your world?

* * * *

The one does not need the two,
But the two would not be
Without the one.

* * * *

It can only be what You believe You know.

* * * *

Innocence knows it without knowing.

* * * *

What many seem to consider love
Is a trade-out for some form
Of emotional-intellectual security.

* * * *

Those who desperately need the love of others
Have not realized everything they need is within.

* * * *

How programmed we all are
To jump through hoops,
Some enthusiastically,
Some with great resistance.

* * * *

How simple your wants
When You are very young.

* * * *

You were told of birth, death,
And the mythology of your culture's seedline.
And You, in your innocence, believed.

* * * *

For as long as You are attached
To any way, shape, or form,
You will suffer existence.

* * * *

Only dreams die.

* * * *

Maya has You in the grip of your own imagination.

* * * *

Why would anyone accept a conception of God that excludes them?

* * * *

It is so simple, but You must yearn to see it, to be it,
With every filament of your essence, every fiber of your beingness,
Unto space-time's dissolution, and the realignment with awareness unto eternal life.

CXLI

How easy it is to lose track and forget
As the veil again and again materializes.
Timeless recollection is very arduous.

* * * *

Those who seek truth
Will find me in one form or another
Patiently pointing to the way beyond all ways.

* * * *

What's the rush?

* * * *

As deed after deed passes into memory,
You find You have less claim on it
Than You once believed.

* * * *

Life is about awareness,
And the awareness of awareness.

* * * *

Only the rare have the option, the drive
To pursue reality until it consumes them.

* * * *

You can tell when someone is ready to go the distance
By their willingness to look, examine, and engage.

* * * *

The mind creates order from chaos

* * * *

All are summoned to awaken,
But only a few seem to hear the call,
And fewer still clearly enough
To surrender entirely.

* * * *

It would make sense if it was your time.

* * * *

It really does not do much good to see all this.
You still have to play out this willy-nilly world's time-bound epic
In whatever way your destiny, your fate, your lot, calls,

Practicing detachment as often as possible.

* * * *

There's nothing which needs to be done,
Nothing which will not be done
In the mix of illusions.

* * * *

Who knows what adventures
You will witness before your portion
Of the dream comes to its end.

* * * *

Death, bitter or sweet, will be done as done is.

* * * *

Whatever masked costume You wear,
Whatever language You speak,
Whatever body You reflect,
Within it is the same.

* * * *

Ideals seem to often be used
To fend off their actualization.

* * * *

How can an imperfect container
Be more perfect than it is?

* * * *

Ultimate reality is unconcerned
With the dream You dream.

* * * *

Why apologize to anyone
For the beingness You manifest?

* * * *

What is pride but a dream of glory
Unfounded by anything but imagination.

* * * *

If it comes down to survival,
Perhaps humanity will someday
Learn to abandon its pride.

* * * *

You do not really know

What it is that You are seeking
But there is this unquenchable thirst
Which no dreamy concoction can satiate.

* * * *

It is so,
Because there
Can truly be no other.

* * * *

You must go inward to touch that
Which can never be touched.

* * * *

Believing the reflection causes every form
Of heartbreak, despair, and madness.
Clear your mind of all attachment.
Breathe, stay true to the heart.
Seek the serenity of inner union.

* * * *

Past and future are ever here and now.

* * * *

Pride created the rise of man,
And it will be its downfall.

* * * *

Be here now.
Be now here.

* * * *

The willful pageantry has set in motion a parade
Which time will resolve in its own timeless way.

* * * *

Most minds dwell in the superficial,
Satisfied with imagery and shallow insight.
Few discern the inner vision to plumb the depths
Of that which can never be seen or fathomed.

* * * *

You cannot really help
But play the role
You were born to play.

* * * *

That is acceptable.

* * * *

Passion fuels the human drama.

* * * *

To believe your children belong to you
Is such a silly, delusional, ignorant game.

* * * *

Few individuals and groups in this world, do not lay primary claim to some deity or deities on high,
And hurl against all who would deny them their pride-filled arrogance.
What vanity lies in the delusion of collusion.

* * * *

What security can there be in anything transient?

* * * *

What is this game You play?

* * * *

Maintaining an anchor in the eternal
Is a challenge requiring great detachment.

* * * *

You must breathe, eat, sleep, and perform
To survive in this dreamy existence.
Only in how You do it is there
Any sense of choice.

* * * *

Chew fully.
The universe is unfolding
In the destruction of your gnashing teeth.

* * * *

All time returns to the sea.
It is the course of any river.

* * * *

What happiness can another bring you
If You were not happy before their arrival?

* * * *

The end of time approaches as the pace
Of human ignorance and denial quickens.

* * * *

Today's waste is tomorrow's feast.

* * * *

Creation and destruction
Recycle themselves
In the whirling
Of the eternal moment.

* * * *

The building blocks are indestructible.
Only the forms change.

* * * *

Your journey is sanctioned
By the inherent sovereignty.

* * * *

When You can fall asleep in a graveyard,
And sleep the sleep of the dead,
You will be home.

* * * *

You are stardust breathing
Playing time for a short duration.

* * * *

To engage without attachment is the path of serenity.

* * * *

When power and wealth and status are idolatrized, the mischief accelerates at an relentless pace.

* * * *

There is no end to the many false deities, imagination has concocted.

* * * *

How much You allow the illusion of space-time to rule your brief existence.

* * * *

How are You fated to play out your so-called free will, in the choiceless ocean in which You swim.

* * * *

Worry less about the splinter in another's eye
And pay attention to the timber in your own.

* * * *

As You free up, compassion tends to replace judgment.

* * * *

Forever is not a time thing.

It is now eternally.

* * * *

You are much older,
And at the same time younger,
Than any seed.

* * * *

Which came first,
The chicken or the egg?
Neither.

* * * *

Your attempts to deny your vanity
Are just as vain.

* * * *

There is nothing more to become
Than what You already are.

* * * *

Even wisdom is a futile gesture.

* * * *

Reject all form, reject all non-form.
Move prior to all conception.
Your destiny can never be smothered
By the whimsical quicksand of consciousness.

* * * *

You will one day pretend to die, but what was never born can never die.

* * * *

You will do whatever You feel drawn to do.
Your life, if it is to be called yours,
Will be a timeless painting
Born of consciousness,
A sandy sculpture
Which will pass
As only You can witness it.

* * * *

If You must wish for anything,
Be careful to include some boundaries.
Too much of anything can be the avenue to hell.

* * * *

Take these words for example.

* * * *

Each finds his own way of fulfilling
The pain of consciousness.

* * * *

When the minds stills, time ends,
And You become a witness
To the unwavering eye
Scanning its creation.

* * * *

All who truly seek the mystery will find it within.

* * * *

Only that born of time dies.

* * * *

To comprehend what is said here,
You must be able to set aside
The screen of assertions
You maintain as your identity.

* * * *

Can it be said to be
Your consciousness or mine?
Only in the limited theater of ignorance.

* * * *

All your identifications
Merely amplify the deep insecurity
Of consciousness and the false duality it sustains.

* * * *

To claim there is only one Christ
Shows how little You have examined
Mystical literature from around the world.

* * * *

Invoke the timeless times
That cannot be remembered.

* * * *

You cling to your make-believe
As stubbornly as any child.

* * * *

How mistaken You are.

If You believe the evolving nature
Of this garden world to be near an endpoint.
Eden will spawn many new forms
Before its time is done.

* * * *

How do You approach
The enigma through time?
Eliminate the question.

* * * *

Even the flaws are perfect.

* * * *

It is all imagined.

* * * *

Do it your way.

* * * *

The veil of form is the mask of mystery; the imageless root of the dream of existence.

* * * *

Far Side amoebas everywhere.

* * * *

Your senses deceive You.

* * * *

To discern the tabula rasa
That which is prior to consciousness,
Negate the scribble upon it.

* * * *

Once reality has become clear,
Holding onto consciousness, as it is played in limitation,
Is like carrying a ladder around on the roof.

* * * *

A wait in line or a slow journey in traffic
Is a wonderful opportunity to spend
A little timeless beyond the veil.

* * * *

Look with the eye that sees no other.

* * * *

What need have You to endure the passion of time?

* * * *

How can You feel anything but compassion
For those bound up in the veil?

* * * *

What longings have You for this transient world?
Do they not all lack taste?
Do they not all fail to satiate the hunger?
Are not all no more graspable than fine power in a whirlwind?
The incompleteness of separate, undiscerning existence
Becomes all too apparent to those born to see.

* * * *

All but the most discriminating souls
Are blown about by the winds of passion.
Rare are those who have finished with craving,
And live out their time in moderation and contentment.

* * * *

A bargain made in hell is no bargain at all.

* * * *

What is it about the human mind
That seems to need a story
To hear a truth?

* * * *

Be bold in your quest for truth.
Allow no other to keep you
From your birthright.

* * * *

Without visions such as these written throughout time,
The human condition loses all hope
Of ever flowering
Into its unmanifest potential.

* * * *

Plenty of people trying to save the world
Doesn't appear to be changing much, so far.
Kind of like trying to stop an avalanche.

CXLII

This illusionary world of agony and ecstasy will uncover many ways
To convince You into believing You exist as a separate entity.
Only your own discerning conviction and recollection
Will sustain You in the churning tides of doubt.

* * * *

It might not be the problem it is,
If there were a lot fewer human beings.
Anyone who has ever grown even a small garden,
Must quickly learn that pruning and thinning are a necessity,
For any harvest to reach its full potential.

* * * *

Dogmatists are much like dogs, pissing on everything they can, to mark their self-righteous turf.

* * * *

Become master of your innermost vision.

* * * *

All judgment is founded upon pride.

* * * *

Once You wholly realize You are that which is mystery,
That your individual identity is entirely fabricated,
That suffering no longer of any importance,
You are free, suffering loses all holds,
And the serenity of grace fills your being.

* * * *

Upon fools, effort is wasted.

* * * *

Any asshole is king on a porcelain throne.

* * * *

The dreamtime will find many ways to deceive You,
Into believing You really exist in some permanent fashion.
Only your own discerning conviction and recollection,
Will sustain You in those many moments of doubt.

* * * *

Consciousness paints itself in every glory.

* * * *

The question is not who You are,

But who You imagine your Self to be.

* * * *

Coincidence takes many trails.

* * * *

No matter how old he gets, how infirm he becomes,
Any given man will always have a hard-on in his head.

* * * *

The mind seems to love creating insoluble problems.

* * * *

In that which is mystery, include yourself.

* * * *

You are a little bit of everything,
And a little bit of nothing.

* * * *

Assume it now.

* * * *

There's that irony thing again.

* * * *

An existential free-for-all.

* * * *

Going home to your Self.

* * * *

The promise that never came.

* * * *

The play is vanity.

* * * *

A unique sense of turf.

* * * *

Wonder what our ancestors would think.

* * * *

Some real specimens,
Real samples of a pathetic nature.

* * * *

We're all angels and demons in someone's dream.

* * * *

You would die for that?

* * * *

It's show time.

* * * *

A cellular in every palm.

* * * *

Another obscure, pathetic drama.

* * * *

Aging is a journey into invisibility.

* * * *

It's a question of numbers.

* * * *

Another mask of passion.

* * * *

It's something for which few have the appetite.

* * * *

Not much escapes You.

* * * *

A rather curious hobby, don't You think?

* * * *

You are mystery,
And the simplest way,
To exercise that knowing,
Is to breathe serenely.

* * * *

The irony of seeking, is that there is nothing to find.

* * * *

Groups meet regularly to support their delusion.

* * * *

Is it courage, or just lack of concern?

* * * *

Dread the future, only if it is the unrealized past.

* * * *

The unending maintenance of fabricated identity,
Is apparent in the countless rationalizations, justifications, assertions,
And other self-absorbed forays.

* * * *

The human drama can only continue, as long as the genetic edifice,
Has some sort of environment, in which it can even just barely survive.

* * * *

What nonsense we will put up with, simply to gratify our sexual hunger.

* * * *

Who is it who continues but the You that You imagine yourself to be.
Who is it You really are, but that which has never been, will never be?

* * * *

Divine madness is a rare inclination, a drunk which few truly imbibe, as fully as eternity allows.

* * * *

Most would be better off, discarding their spiritual libraries,
And sitting alone by rivers or staring at a walls,
Until they maybe figure it out.

* * * *

Sit detached, in whatever scene surrounds You.
Let the senses run their course without interference,
And You will discern the still serenity of eternity.

* * * *

No matter how You package it, dogma will never be true religion.

* * * *

If You use these words to divisive ends, You have not understood the freedom they imply.

* * * *

For some the paradigm has already changed.

* * * *

The relativity of reality is colored perfectly, pristinely gray.

* * * *

Perhaps it is your destiny to sleep through eternity.

* * * *

Greed seeps its way into hearts and minds, and creates hells few can but hope to escape.

* * * *

God help us all, if heaven is what so many daily imagine.
What the blind see, what the deaf hear, what the ignorant know,
Is so often wrought by delusions well beyond any reckoning.
What deity, what deities, would ever prize such madness?

* * * *

To think You can measure, that which can never be measured.
What diversions consciousness endlessly plays upon its Self.

* * * *

It is so absurdly simple,
Yet we torture ourselves and each other,
For the mind's unquenchable quest, to have it be so complex.

* * * *

If You cannot discern heaven in this brief lifetime,
What makes You think You will be ready,
Or deserve it in the next?

* * * *

Be open, be vigilant, as You approach, as You consider, analogies and parables.
It often takes more than one glance, to comprehend what is truly being inferred.

* * * *

God and the Devil are very much the same.
It is ignorance, fashioned by vanity and greed,
That has imagined two masks for the faceless one.

* * * *

What higher high do You seek, but one orchestrated by imagination?
You are already – have always been, will always be –
Everything You could hope to be.

* * * *

The linear play of space and time,
Have no absolute existence,
Outside the limited mind.
The parts are entirely imagined,
And possess no reality in themselves.
Yet to exist, we must all play-act some reality,
Or return to the oblivion from whence all were conceived.

* * * *

The moment in which any artistry is achieved, is such a pleasant, satisfying experience.

* * * *

Your personal view of God, is not God, nor is anyone else's.
It is your distinctive attachments which sway You,
Into arranging everything personally.

* * * *

The dogmatic cling to their authority, like whores do their virginity.

* * * *

One person's waste is another's saving grace.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is not for the vain or greedy.

* * * *

The promise of heaven, or the threat of hell, is the game of self-absorbed thinking.
A misunderstanding of what early psychologists were saying of the manifest mind.

* * * *

Life is eternity played out in time.

* * * *

It is all the play of mystery, and yours is just another ever-changing mask.

* * * *

The sorrow comes from clinging to the physical nature.

* * * *

A soul with a view.

* * * *

The genetic drives, the hungers and thirsts,
The sexual longings, the senses feeding into the mind,
All mesmerize You into believing your food-born, thought-identity real.

* * * *

Samadhi, nirvana, bliss, call it what You will, it is merely what is there, when You are not.

* * * *

Be vain if You must,
But do not pretend You are not.
Nothing is more monotonous than hypocrisy.

* * * *

Eternity is not a product of time.

* * * *

Despite humanity's ignoring it's reality,

Natural selection is very much the law.

* * * *

Why do seers write so many musings of the mystery of existence?
Because that is where their primary interest resides,
And they are just putting in their time
Till time ends.

* * * *

There has never been but one soul
In every form imaginable.

* * * *

Space-time sets the stage for all things in God's many eyes.

* * * *

A mind without an identity, is like a shadow without a dream.

* * * *

There is only one way.
It is not bound by any dream.
There are countless dreams, but none
Are more than reflections,
Slights of hand
Of the vast infinity.

* * * *

Make the effort until it all becomes effortless.

* * * *

What to do in this existence
When one foot is in illusion
And the other in oblivion.

* * * *

History has a curious tendency
To be edited and rewritten and forgotten
Over and over and over again in the course of time.

* * * *

The vibration of waves crashing
Tells only of the great ocean
Out beyond all horizons.

* * * *

When will You learn
Not to believe
Everything You hear?

* * * *

Just because it was said or written long ago, or even yesterday,
Does not mean all that much, despite the assertions
Of the many so convinced it does.

* * * *

Use analogies and parables as You would a ladder,
But kick away the ladder when it is no longer needed.

* * * *

The serenity of illumination
Is not dependent
Upon the play of time.

* * * *

No need to pretend anymore.

* * * *

Time is relative to the space,
And space relative to the time,
Neither existing but through
The witness of the mind.

* * * *

Others observe only a body-mind identity
And its countless actions and words.
Few see the essence within you
Is the essence within all.

* * * *

That within, that without, all the same.

* * * *

What matter what any other thinks?
Why would any bird return to a caged life?

* * * *

That birthed of limitation, must ever abide in limitation.
That which is prior to all imperfection, can never be confined or narrowed.
Even the imagination's most determined, brazen endeavors,
Will fail to even touch the eternal moment.

* * * *

When You are anonymous within, You may attain invisibility without as well.

* * * *

Can humanity ever get control of its wayward dream?

Only time will tell, but not without an exodus
Though countless nightmarish histories yet to come.
The play of awareness has much in store for the manifest dream.

* * * *

Allow your Self the intoxication of the mystery, there truly is no other draft to rival it.

* * * *

Any forest eventually needs an expedient, efficient bonfire to thin out the dead wood.

* * * *

Just remember that it is You who wakes up every day,
And makes the mortal choice to reincarnate,
To pick up and carry the bag of shit
Stinking up the mind.

CXLIII

Can You exist in this sensory dream without wanting anything from it?
Can You dabble in its illusion, and still peer into the unknown,
Without suffering from the corporeal make-believe?
Must You always be completely indifferent,
To walk serenely in space and time?
Questions to which only You,
Can discern answers.

* * * *

Look across the river and see your Self
Looking back from the other side.

* * * *

As honest as it gets.

* * * *

Mystical union.

* * * *

The vanity of reason.

* * * *

Pride will one day ebb out with that last breath.

* * * *

Surrender and the silence just sort of takes over.

* * * *

All names eventually wash away in the sand.

* * * *

Jesus hung with the street folk
Because the disenfranchised souls
Were the only ones who could hear him.

* * * *

You are immortal, but not in form.

* * * *

The unexpected is generally hard to predict.

* * * *

Duh.

* * * *

Waste of time?
How can You ever waste
Something that does not exist?

* * * *

Life is the mirage of a deceptive reality.

* * * *

Abide the limits until all limits end.

* * * *

If You only idealize totality,
You have not become it.

* * * *

Oh, how budding egos do savage their world.

* * * *

The field of imagination is jam-packed unto every nook and cranny,
With an excess of deities, inspired by a world full of divisive mythologies,
All equally meaningless, to the mysterious absolute, from which all things emerge.

* * * *

Why all this psychological violence?
This drive to hurt one another?
To destroy all opposition?
This competitive drive,
Which has created,
So much confusion.

* * * *

And when the mind ends as You know it, what becomes of the craving?

* * * *

In one thousand, two thousand, three thousand years hence,
Will the masses still be waiting, hopefully, vainly, for some messiah?
Will superstitious poppycock still rule human consciousness?

* * * *

The rules by which Mother Nature operates
Are simple, straight-forward, and unchanging.
The finite mind may pretend it is supreme,
But that is only the ultimate delusion.

* * * *

The God most worship seems to be as vain, as petty, as blood-thirsty, as they.

* * * *

The essence You are is untouched, by the human dream's brief passing.

* * * *

Detached witness prior to all constraints.

* * * *

The Darwinian vibration of Gaia is still very much ever-present,
Except in minds teeming with the busy-busy of vanity.
The beast, ever harbored at the instinctual base,
Will never be drawn into the inane dualities,
Mind has trumpeted unto the stillness of eternity.

* * * *

Even a cockroach has got Soul.

* * * *

From small to large and large to small,
That which never sleeps sees it all.

* * * *

Don't take it so personal.

* * * *

Have You seen your face yet?
Do You think You ever will?

* * * *

Whether You wake up or not
Is really your own affair.

* * * *

Where else can history exist but your mind?

* * * *

What it is, it is not.

* * * *

The mind is a receiver.
The reception within the no-mind
Is clear beyond all form.

* * * *

So many believe eternity a product of time,
When in fact the unborn has absolutely
No relationship to it whatsoever.

* * * *

Cannot argue fate.

* * * *

Who can do more than speculate,
Why some are bestowed this eternal insight,
While so many are born to play out the dreamtime theater.
What an enigma this weaving of heaven and earth.
These words are dedicated to those few,
Who are fated to discrimination,
Of the highest order.

* * * *

People are like collections of music.
Some You enjoy listening to over and over,
While others You hear once and never want to again.

* * * *

From the concept zero, all others come.

* * * *

Where would humanity be
If not for paper, printing press,
And all the subsequent technology?

* * * *

Filled with ego the mind is like a muddy river.

* * * *

Seems likely that someday
Humanity will return to its aboriginal roots.
Mother Nature will not likely tolerate this arrogance forever.

* * * *

What is the body but a vat of chemical stew
Playing out the permutations of its seed origin.

* * * *

What misery the mind
Bound to the manifest dream
Does weave.

* * * *

Another reminder to not get caught up
Believing analogies, symbols, rituals, archetypes, tradition
Or anything else concocted by the mind
To be eternally real.

* * * *

We are really just playing out the paradigm invoked
By natural selection prior to the froth of civilization.

* * * *

Find your home in the homeless nature
Of whatever context You abide.

* * * *

Whether You cater or resist
The veiled universe of the senses,
You are ever mired in the duality of illusion.

* * * *

Can't win for losing.

* * * *

Whether conscious of it or not,
We are all equal witnesses to the mystery.

* * * *

No way out, sorry.

* * * *

Desire is sort of an act of self-absorbed torture.

* * * *

The creatures who abide humanity
Are able to adapt to the mind's linear mode.

* * * *

Where are good and evil located in an atomic particle?

* * * *

Does the boat recall its wake or the train the rail?

* * * *

Why does humanity,
Individually or collectively,
Give the past so much weight?

* * * *

In the personal sense, You are responsible for the world You have imagined.
In the impersonal sense, it is but a spontaneous undertaking,
For which You bear no responsibility, whatsoever.
How You play it, depends entirely on your desire to participate.

* * * *

All concepts are born of time.
Not one exists eternally.

* * * *

Creation is dust playing out every form imaginable
In the interminable reality in which maya rules.

* * * *

Build whatever monolith You will,
Sooner or later the demolition experts:
Wind, water, earth, and fire will ground it back
Into the eternal maelstrom.

* * * *

You are not responsible
For the propaganda of time
Which You are fed from day one,
Only that which You choose to swallow.

* * * *

How can any vow hold up to time?

* * * *

There can be peace in violence and violence in peace.
Appearances are not always what they seem.

* * * *

Like all opinions and thoughts
These too are just more dust.

* * * *

Hmmm…What was I going to say?
Oh yeah, forget it.

* * * *

Is news anything more
Than another level of gossip?

* * * *

Funny how You can stare something obvious
Right in the face and never see it.

* * * *

When You give over to death
The dream continues on without You,
But your temporal part disappears, forever lost
In maya's ever-kaleidoscoping rainbow.

* * * *

Nosey minds want to know.

* * * *

Pagans seem to be those
Who disagree with the labels,
Not necessarily the definitions.

* * * *

There really is not much point to judging another.
No one can really help but play out the part
Space and time have created for them.

* * * *

Always be sure to read the small print before You sign.

* * * *

Study enough history to discern that it does not truly exist,
But for the imaginative collusion of those who cling to time.

* * * *

Laugh or cry, yell or sigh, it all passes the same.

* * * *

We are all just chemical entities
Hallucinating our individual delusions.

* * * *

Travel whatever time or space You will,
Inhabit whatever form pleases your vanity,
Receive whatever signals manifestation allows,
It is ever the same one playing out diversity.

* * * *

Who do You feel sorry for
But a figment of imagination?

* * * *

Were You really granted much choice
In the persona space and time
Molded You to perform?

* * * *

I am That I Am.
Your are That I Am.
There is no other.

* * * *

Organized religions across the world,
Have marketed the one-God concept well,
But forgot to include themselves in the process.

* * * *

History is a debt for which the future pays in many ways.

* * * *

You see what You have agreed to see.

* * * *

The Beast destroys life.

* * * *

When You stop trying to hold onto time,
Eternity blossoms in consciousness.

* * * *

Concepts weave the veil of illusion.

* * * *

The bad guys only lose in the movies.

* * * *

Here You are, caught in the net of space and time,
Which only exists because of the mind-body,
Which morphs in so many ways, every timeless moment;
Eventually wearing out, and falling off, no matter how well You treat it.

* * * *

How preoccupied with our bodies we become.
Hatched of the choiceless serenity of untrammeled awareness,
We relinquish the uncarved bliss, for the tortures inflicted by the nervous system.

* * * *

Why?
Because free will is a lie.

* * * *

In a time long, long ago, far, far away,
You were so easily convinced that You existed.
All in a dream, all in a dream, the loading had begun…

* * * *

You forget and then You remember,
And from then on You work on
Remembering to forget.

* * * *

Merge into the freedom
In which all truly reside.

* * * *

Do the senses function as the mind wills,
Or does the mind function as the senses will,
Or is there any separation between the two?

* * * *

Space, the final frontier.

* * * *

You will not understand death until You are ready to die.

* * * *

Is there anything more humbling than having your rear cleaned by another?

* * * *

You so badly want your trip validated, yet is it anymore legitimate than anyone else's?

* * * *

Whatever ever You say, Your Vanity.

* * * *

Just because it appears real has never, will never, can never, make it so.

* * * *

The truly rational mind cannot be forever bound by its logic.
All rational reasoning is founded upon intuition,
The key to eternal life, the key home.

* * * *

Eternal life is when the mind-body cedes individuality to the timeless origin.

* * * *

There are three essential ways to play out this mysterious manifest dreamtime.
There are those who give, those who take, and those of whom others must take care.
Everyone no doubt does a fair share of each, but most will be weighted one way or another.

CXLIV

Understand clearly that this work wrote itself,
That these thoughts are merely echoes
Of the stream of consciousness
Within one mystic's mind,
That any significance
Is left to the given reader.

* * * *

The journey cannot begin
Until You begin to doubt.

* * * *

Not even worth the dignity of an answer.

* * * *

Cast your Self alone.

* * * *

What horrors some parents
Do wreak upon their children.

* * * *

Another shipwrecked life.

* * * *

S/he had to be someone's
Son, brother, father or grandfather,
Or daughter, sister, mother or grandmother.

* * * *

If that is love, would it not make as much sense to have your heart ripped out and stomped on?

* * * *

The clarity in which your God-nature reflects, is correlated with the degree desire shapes your dream.

* * * *

Those without discernment idolize time's many forms.

* * * *

Free will has taken humanity to this brink.
Where will it end, only time's dream knows.

* * * *

Gold weaves into many forms, but the forms are never gold.

* * * *

Ignore the senses, still the thoughts, become the eternal indivisibility.

* * * *

To become that which You are herein ordained, You must be You Self.

* * * *

The countless carnivals, are merely distractions which, perhaps temporarily suspend the suffering.

* * * *

As long as mystery is held, outside your heart and mind, the dream of hell will continue.

* * * *

All fields are the only one.

* * * *

What is that deep desire for approval come from?

* * * *

Hell is created by self-absorbed action,
Heaven by selfless action.
Very simple.

* * * *

Does anyone really plan their dream?

* * * *

Doubt takes You on one incredible journey.

* * * *

The mind is completely fashioned by a priori assumptions.

* * * *

Only in dreamtime does the continuity,
Of one moment hinge upon another.
All cause and effect are imagined.
To clearly see the sway of time,
Is to be free of its conscious grip.

* * * *

That which is mystery, that which is totality,
Is not bound by the reveries born of time.
The eternal grace is one without second.

* * * *

How ridiculous our wiser ancestors would probably think us.

* * * *

The mind known in time, can never know eternity.

* * * *

Has any myth ever been real?

* * * *

Just another phase.

* * * *

Consciousness is but consciousness,
Neither astute nor ignorant,
Virtuous nor corrupt,
Large nor small,
High nor low,
Hard nor soft.
Rich nor poor,
Light nor dark,
Sweet nor bitter,
Deep nor shallow,
Tranquil nor agitated.
Naught but waves frolicking.
The pristine sea, mystifying the shore.
A veil, masking its ever-present eternal awareness.

* * * *

Opinion can change as quickly as a pen is set to paper.

* * * *

History does not really exist; it is nothing more than imagination.

* * * *

Ownership is filled with obligation.

* * * *

Can the choir ever see itself clearly?

* * * *

One vote counts, but not for much.

* * * *

It is a heck of a lot of bother, being made responsible, for someone else's happiness.

* * * *

Who-what-when-where-why-how are You, really truly?
Just another imaginary creature, an earthling,
Destined to evaporate into oblivion,

Like every other particle born of illusion.

* * * *

The power of surrender is eternal.

* * * *

Go left, go right, go forward, or stop.
There is always an adventure to be had.

* * * *

Impatience with this world changes nothing.

* * * *

The mystery is indifference to fate.

* * * *

Do not be trapped in your mind.

* * * *

What is this love, so many claim it to be?

* * * *

No matter the level of acknowledgement You may give it, You are forever connected.

* * * *

Only scientists question the obvious.

* * * *

Is one time enough,
Or must You do or have it
Forever and again?

* * * *

We've all got an ending.
Death is the corollary of life.

* * * *

Don't walk on eggshells.

* * * *

You have seen the future,
And it is alone.

* * * *

Stay where gravity loves You best.

* * * *

Turn all your longing inward.

* * * *

Through the illusion of future past,
You wander alone together with the many.

* * * *

That's life.

* * * *

Nothing born of time
Can ever be any more perfect
Than it already is.

* * * *

Hate is a never-ending story.

* * * *

Worth at least one or two more glances.

* * * *

Even a so-called supreme being
Probably can't quite grasp infinity.

* * * *

Waiting, waiting, always waiting.

* * * *

Beauty is no match for time.

* * * *

So many seeking a way to become immortal,
Few ever discerning they already are,
But not in form or thought.

* * * *

You are that which imagines all forms born of time.

* * * *

The human species as we know it, if it survives itself,
Will continue to transform in many ways
Into what only time will tell.

* * * *

Nothing exists but for your eternal awareness as witness.

* * * *

Within each mind's dream is a Pandora's Box of passion,

The opening of which invents adventures only time knows.

* * * *

Consciousness is the common denominator of all dreams.

* * * *

The eyes of age
Discern the sovereignty
Of the absoluteness prior to all veils.

* * * *

You are just another thread in the veil.

* * * *

Fear is born of the mind
Seeking the continuity of its desire.

* * * *

You had your time.

* * * *

You are the point and purpose.

* * * *

No illusion will ever fill
That for which You truly hunger.

* * * *

Wanting more than the dream offers
Only magnifies the suffering.

* * * *

That point of genesis, which so many ascribe to God,
Is the nowness from which consciousness originates,
In each and every particle of manifest space and time.

* * * *

If You really want to protect your children, from the suffering of existence, do not bring them here.

* * * *

A monopoly game always reaches the same conclusion.

* * * *

Our genetic pre-disposition is toward socialization.
We are group animals and loneliness strikes terror into many.
The fact that each is truly alone is not easily faced.

* * * *

Ease into the aloneness that is real.

* * * *

The freedom comes when You stop pretending within,
When the image-maker switch is turned off.

* * * *

Discerning the truth of this mystery,
Is not about power or fame or fortune.
Those are the false gold of limited scope.

* * * *

The shields of personality are imagined scars, only as real as thought can make them.

* * * *

Minds wander far from where Self dwells unborn.

* * * *

The religions in word miss the truth free of all definition.

* * * *

At the root of all imagination is the original nature,
The creator of this ineffably mysterious dream,
That You, and all other forms, truly are.

* * * *

Measurement is founded upon memory,
And the quantum illusion the given senses weave,
From the ever-changing, dreamy dynamic of space-time.
A mind free of fallacy, discerns the immeasurable, eternal reality,
The indivisibility in which observer and observed are not.

* * * *

It is very common for those who see beyond the veil,
To get tangled all up in it, in the process of awakening.

* * * *

Humanity's population enigma is like a can of soda
Shook up and sitting on concrete on a very, very hot day.
Things will get a little messy when the pop-top comes undone.

* * * *

We gossip endlessly about others
And get upset when they whisper about us.
Images only, all dreams, none real, none lasting
Attachment, the source of so much suffering.

* * * *

Whatever that means.

* * * *

What dialogue, what investigation can there be
If any of the participants hides behind a storybook.

* * * *

Humanity fears death
Because it has the capacity to imagine it.

* * * *

You can only hear and see
What You are ready to project.

* * * *

If there is an order to it,
Then death is always last.

* * * *

How many times has space-time been?

* * * *

There really is only one way.
The limited mind may arrogantly fabricate
Every sort of boundary and give it every sort of name,
But that is only a dreamy, kaleidoscoping bubble
Which death, with unfailing surety, pricks.
Dispassionate, tranquil, supreme.

* * * *

Death, the great custodian.

* * * *

You really have no choice but to play out your dreamtime destiny.

* * * *

Would time exist without you
To count, measure, and calculate
The passing illusion?

* * * *

All your memories cannot save You.

* * * *

It can't happen without You.

* * * *

It is the slowness of the senses

Which lead us into subscribing to time.

* * * *

Underlying form is the truth.

* * * *

Some things just can't be recaptured.

* * * *

When is a foot not a foot, nor a hand a hand?
Now.

* * * *

Unfiltered awareness makes dreams of all.

* * * *

Words are pretty useless in all this.

* * * *

What an effort it takes to pretend so much.

* * * *

If You didn't know anything,
Where would You be?

* * * *

What time giveth, time taketh away.

* * * *

If You really want to find out about somebody, give them a little power or fame or fortune.

* * * *

Few ever deeply doubt what they have been raised believing.

* * * *

When it comes to playing the internet, be wary where your fingers transport You.

CXLV

What most people call choice
Is just left or right, up or down, right or wrong,
Yes or no, good or bad, stop or go,
Rarely all or none.

* * * *

Makes a miserly soul cackle with glee.

* * * *

Trying to be good is an oxymoron.

* * * *

Likely nobody wants anything from the beggar
Except to see him move on as quickly as possible.

* * * *

The abyss is not frightening to those
Who come to it naturally.

* * * *

Good health is a matter of degrees.

* * * *

Never assume it to be any difference.

* * * *

If there were a set of rules that was absolute,
Wouldn't we all know and follow them?

* * * *

Humility?
Practically impossible to achieve.

* * * *

Hope you're in joy.

* * * *

It's like looking into a holograph picture,
At first seeing one thing, then another.

* * * *

As You breathe, so does your universe.

* * * *

Without wisdom, leadership is bound to falter.

* * * *

Challenging to just be in time.

* * * *

Just a different day.

* * * *

Everything and nothing is original.

* * * *

Power, fame, and fortune does strange things to people.

* * * *

There can be wealth in poverty
And poverty in wealth.

* * * *

Busy or still, nothing is changed.

* * * *

Forever after what?

* * * *

Romance is a pleasant facade.

* * * *

Shake up a can of soda.
All those carbonated bubbles
Are like individual dreams interacting
Within the way of the can.

* * * *

It is You who fabricates the need to justify your life.

* * * *

Spend more time in wonder.

* * * *

The body will take the required breath
In order to fulfill it's journey in time.

* * * *

Guaranteed
That when someone
Comes up with a new concept,
Others will react to it in so many ways;
Some seriously, others with dogmatic gullibility.

* * * *

You can only account for your Self.

* * * *

Nothing You will ever do or can ever do,
Will make the dream of consciousness real.
There is no return once You see this.
You will always recollect
That it is illusion
No matter how You struggle to forget.

* * * *

Now is the cutting edge of time's engine.
The rest is the baggage in the boxcars.

* * * *

Real teaching is not about rigid, dogmatic assertion.
It is the reflection of knowledge and insight,
Which others will see and own,
Or shrug off and forget.
It cannot be forced.

* * * *

Valid science, legitimate science, is akin to real religion,
Where wisdom is used to define the context and direction.

* * * *

How many reasons we concoct to disparage ourselves and others.

* * * *

What is sacred, what is not? Perhaps everything, perhaps nothing.

* * * *

What one often wonders about critics is what they would create if they had the courage.

* * * *

Is anything born of thought truly sacred?

* * * *

DNA has more to say about you
Than You likely ever will.

* * * *

The veil wraps You like a mummy in its delusion.
Cutting through the fabric is arduous
Until it is not.

* * * *

Those who see beyond the veil wander an arduous journey,
Often aided by those who have previously discerned the pathless.
What a relief a few words can bring the world-weary beginner.

* * * *

From time's confusion, all doubt is erased.

* * * *

Are You the whim of time,
Or is time the whim of You?

* * * *

Universes come and go, bang and crunch.
Is there some sort of reincarnating lineage?
Or just a mystery improvising new creations,
Ever the same awareness in every version?

* * * *

Obvious, isn't it?

* * * *

One man's deity is another's devil; it is the relativity of all value.

* * * *

Have You ever really moved?

* * * *

The mind of a mystic is perpetual revolution.

* * * *

There are some seriously screwed-up beings in this world.

* * * *

Breathe away the fear.

* * * *

It is the clarity without which form cannot exist.

* * * *

Life ain't Hollywood.

* * * *

There are the few
And there are the proud.

* * * *

Lord, save You from yourself.

* * * *

Life is too short to be angry and upset all the time.

* * * *

How distant even yesterday seems.

* * * *

All memories extinguish sooner or later.

* * * *

You aren't quite as care-free
As you'd have others to believe.

* * * *

Another wanderer.

* * * *

And who is lost, and who is found?
Need You ask another?

* * * *

The rank and file are ranked and filed.

* * * *

Try and get a life next time.

* * * *

Lie that it may be, the mind in time
Seems unable to function without belief.

* * * *

You reincarnate daily, who knows how many times.

* * * *

The entire human drama
Is a bald-faced Self-deception.

* * * *

So unnecessary.

* * * *

An endless tale of wandering.

* * * *

It begins again.

* * * *

More muddied thinking.

* * * *

Chewing on imagination.

* * * *

Another squandered life.

* * * *

Discovery and re-discovery.

* * * *

Any life is sparked by its interests.

* * * *

Somebody forget to tell You that You were old.

* * * *

Don't know what I am
Other than I am That I Am,
I think.

* * * *

Even with all our capacity for measurement,
We are still so ignorant.

* * * *

Every action has a consequence,
Even if only to get You to the next one.

* * * *

Shallow as a drought-stricken stream.

* * * *

There's the way they say it is.
And there's the way it really is.

* * * *

Yet another war of translation.

* * * *

Racing toward oblivion.

* * * *

For someone who talks so much about simplicity,
You certainly aren't.

* * * *

Sometimes they might even be
Within shouting distance.

* * * *

So many tell you
That You should want all this,
But You really don't.

* * * *

Surrender to reality, not the world.

* * * *

Really man, it doesn't really matter.

* * * *

Faster and faster and faster…
But in what direction?

* * * *

Another one for the "Great Moments of Inattention" file.

* * * *

The same tired stories
Keep getting written over and over.

* * * *

Interesting what is deemed newsworthy,
And what is not.

* * * *

Intelligence once again takes a back seat.

* * * *

God, if there be such a supreme entity, was also born of stardust.

* * * *

What hath nature wrought in us?

* * * *

A component world.

* * * *

Just because you're young
Doesn't mean You have to be stupid.
Just because you're old doesn't make You wise.

* * * *

You are the proof.

* * * *

One person starts a rumor,
And the herd follows suit.

* * * *

Those who imagine heaven often create hell.

* * * *

Ultimately, it's all equal,
But its not always equally interesting,
Or tolerable.

* * * *

Don't make others responsible for your happiness.

* * * *

Whining about your situation
Generally doesn't change anything.

* * * *

Up, out and about.
Another day of infinity.

* * * *

How much of what You will do today
Is absolutely necessary?

* * * *

Just another example of the antics of stupidity.

* * * *

If there's a mistake to be made,
You will probably be the one to find it.

* * * *

A mirage whose destiny is unknown.

* * * *

Just another thing to wake up to.

* * * *

You're here because You here.
Why fabricate an excuse?

* * * *

Believe it when it happens.

* * * *

The challenge of life
Is learning to juggle the details.

* * * *

Build a bridge and they will come.

* * * *

If there is a Supreme Being, it is a very twisted, very amoral entity, with which we are forced to deal.

* * * *

Is someone who is concerned about what You do or say or wear, really someone You want as a friend?

* * * *

Consider inward inquiry a scientific experiment.

* * * *

I do not share your fear, sorry.

* * * *

Believing in Santa Claus does not make him real.

* * * *

Two thousand years, and counting.

* * * *

Yawn-worthy.

* * * *

Detachment stills the mind.

* * * *

How impossible to please so many.

* * * *

Don’t want it now, either.

* * * *

We must all suffer to live.

* * * *

The ironic thing is that it really is not that great a story.

CXLVI

We are all cast into one role or another
And the irony is that You didn't even ask for it.

* * * *

How do You greet the day?
With anticipation, indifference or dread?

* * * *

What kind of life is it, trying to always keep up with the Joneses?

* * * *

Anything can be translated accurately or inaccurately; frame of reference is all.

* * * *

Hello again as You have always been.

* * * *

Recycle all You please; it is all for naught, it is all meaningless,
If the human paradigm does not curb its numbers and consumption.
And even then, the endgame is fated to slide into a dystopian nightmare.

* * * *

So many memories drift again and again
To the changing surface of consciousness.

* * * *

Approaching death vainly is pointless.

* * * *

The nature-nurture lottery.

* * * *

How can there be so much time to do all this?
Too incredible.

* * * *

We are all growing old together.

* * * *

But not to You.

* * * *

Interesting how the synapses
Sometimes cross into new memories.
How fickle perception can be.

* * * *

And even if You do start over,
It will be just as new and fresh and timeless
As it was this time around.

* * * *

All are uniquely similar.

* * * *

Memories do not for a life make.

* * * *

Oh, my gawd.

* * * *

Chew on that for a while.

* * * *

God is as permanent as You are.

* * * *

Life is too short to placate too many fools.

* * * *

Human beings are by their nature
Liars, cheats, thieves, scavengers, fools,
Murderers, rapists, molesters, and ad infinitum.
You name it, we as a species have done it all.

* * * *

Humble pride.

* * * *

Enlarge your world, enlarge your universe, enlarge your frame of reference,
Until all boundaries, all limits, fall away, and You are the grace of mystery.

* * * *

Looking for a greener pasture?

* * * *

Do not let pride be your misfortune.

* * * *

Drink when you're thirsty,
Eat when you're hungry,
Sleep when you're tired,
Move when you're dynamic.

Think when you're thoughtful,
Sit when you're Self-possessed.

* * * *

The hourglass seems to drain
More and more quickly.

* * * *

There's more to management than firing people.

* * * *

Infinitely ageless.

* * * *

If You want image,
You don't want me.

* * * *

When You understand language,
You are the license.

* * * *

Defend what's worth defending,
Surrender what's not.

* * * *

Dresser drawers and closet doors
Can be pretty handy organizers.

* * * *

Laying claims that cannot be sustained.

* * * *

Is "free love" an oxymoron?

* * * *

Where the hell did that hour go?

* * * *

Regarding shit,
Some sinks, some floats,
More often than not, it stinks.

* * * *

Love is free, but sex will cost You.

* * * *

We are all the seed of mystery playing out a touchy-feely, three-dimensional dream.

* * * *

Oh, twisted stars.

* * * *

Infinite patience, for almost ten seconds.

* * * *

Not guilty, snd no regrets.

* * * *

Gosh, imagine that.

* * * *

Why do we always need experts to tell us the obvious?

* * * *

We'll all be dead by the time the researchers finish their studies.

* * * *

What does "make love" mean?

* * * *

For relatively short term results, we have unleashed
An unenviable chemical experiment upon the future.

* * * *

Do You live for life now, or retirement later?

* * * *

Oh goodie, a spot clearing for the next corner store.

* * * *

What game this time?

* * * *

Another duplication of experience.

* * * *

And then call it love.

* * * *

Why oh why do some people wear so much perfume?

* * * *

So humble and pious in their out-of-period costuming.

* * * *

To the children it can be said,
Enjoy childhood while You are still innocent
Of the charges yet to be brought.

* * * *

How far will science and technology go
Before nature reigns its endless manipulation
Back from the brink of foolish endeavor?

* * * *

It was not your destiny to join into anything for more than short durations.

* * * *

To truly understand those they reign,
Kings must don the many rags
Their kingdoms offer.

* * * *

The practice nonchalance of a poser.

* * * *

Frankenstein's monstrous fiction was nothing
Compared to the direction some are exploring.

* * * *

You must be very simple
To allow death's entry.

* * * *

Childhood ends with the recognition of forms.

* * * *

Whoo-hoo.

* * * *

This seed no womb shall know.

* * * *

Fish hooks aren't designed to let go.

* * * *

What distance from throne to gutter, really?

* * * *

Happy Birthday,
Happy Valentine's Day,
Happy Easter,
Happy Memorial Day.

Happy Mother's Day,
Happy Father's Day
Happy Fourth of July,
Happy Labor Day,
Happy Halloween,
Happy Thanksgiving,
Happy Christmas.
Happy New Year.
Happy, Happy, Happy.

* * * *

That's your illusion-delusion, not mine.

* * * *

There's nothing to follow,
Everything to be.

* * * *

Another Princess Complex.

* * * *

The memory of innocence floods in.

* * * *

Darkness makes all equal.

* * * *

We are so preoccupied with preserving the dream.

* * * *

Go ahead, give it a name.
Any name.
It doesn't matter which.

* * * *

Some people just need to control others,
Perhaps because of some deep-seated fear
Related to a botched job of potty-training.

* * * *

What makes any thing
More valuable anything else?

* * * *

Cynics are former idealists whose world
Didn't fulfill their expectations.
Transcend cynicism.

* * * *

All great times are born
From one pile of ashes or another.
Will the future ever achieve what this one has?

* * * *

How quickly boon can turn to tragedy
And tragedy to boon.

* * * *

How high will we build
Our collective pile of gold
Before it turns to sand?

* * * *

As if God really builds his universe around your every need and wish.

* * * *

Can You hold onto your wits in an emergency?

* * * *

Traveling light keeps logistics simple.

* * * *

Let the crowd lead.
You are bound by their limitations, anyway.

* * * *

What a rush.

* * * *

Been there, done that.
Don’t need to do it again.

* * * *

How amazing that we give the city’s wants
Precedence over the land’s needs.

* * * *

Follow fools and You will come to foolish ends.

* * * *

Doing the dick thing.

* * * *

One time was enough, really.
Thanks just the same.

* * * *

Just wait, and see what happens.

* * * *

Death is merely time's end.

* * * *

Half of humanity has a penis,
And the other a vagina.
What's the big deal?

* * * *

Just something else to forget.

* * * *

You never know where an orifice has been.

* * * *

Mistakes are a part of living; don't harbor in them.

* * * *

The rare few discern a fate beyond measurement.

* * * *

Imagination can be both far sweater or more bitter than reality.

* * * *

Was life a gift to You, or some state or church or corporate entity?

* * * *

Revenge allows the pleasure of time.

* * * *

Specks in your mind.

* * * *

You cannot keep shitting on yourself and expect to stay clean.

* * * *

Only the lonely are damned.

* * * *

But for the imaginary mind, every moment is newly born.

* * * *

You do not need to be lonely just because the world insists on it.

* * * *

Grok me, baby.

* * * *

The one and only.

* * * *

Death is the remedy to all You suffering.

* * * *

You are the word and the light
Here to tell the world how dark it really is.

* * * *

Amazing how a thin layer of dead skin creates so much vain drama.

* * * *

Imagine the big bang just a crap table roll, sorry, Mr. Einstein.

* * * *

Time is only as real as imagination pretends.

* * * *

Why ruin that?

* * * *

Beneath any surface is an immeasurable ocean.

* * * *

Heaven is momentary; hell, time.

* * * *

Oh to be young again, and whatever You desire.

* * * *

But soft, one moment doeth drift with bold sureness into the next.

* * * *

Even wallflowers dance.

* * * *

There is no sanctuary in time.

* * * *

Some are good, some are bad, some are ugly, but all fates find the same grave.

CXLVII

Humility is the merging into the groundness of all things.

* * * *

Rest is for the dead.
You will not last here very long
If You do not at least give token embrace
To some form of the busy-busy.

* * * *

It is all conditioning.

* * * *

Life consumes life; it is the way.

* * * *

History is but one breath passed to the next.

* * * *

‘Twas not your fate.

* * * *

“What do You want?” an old woman once upon a time asked. Still no answer.

* * * *

The harsh reality is that most human bodies look best covered up.

* * * *

Hanging anonymous.

* * * *

You like your prison, eh?

* * * *

Very stupid to do that, really,
But oh well, not the first time,
Nor will it likely be the last.

* * * *

Absurdly frightening.

* * * *

Within less than one hundred turns of the sun,
Almost everyone You are acquainted with right now
Will be mulching away in one piece of ground or another.

* * * *

Intellectual prowess can do little to halt
Pure, unadulterated brute force.

* * * *

Suddenly what had once been so consuming
No longer held any interest whatsoever.
A fascinating turn of the worm.

* * * *

Surrender to the mind that sees all, knows all, is all.

* * * *

The possibilities are as infinite as imagination.

* * * *

Dare You travel that far?

* * * *

Balance is so easily lost.

* * * *

Do nothing and You will see all.

* * * *

The world dances within the eye of your mind.

* * * *

The senses bind to a temporal reality.
Death is the ticket home.

* * * *

Why do things that don't work?

* * * *

Lack of discipline creates sloth

* * * *

Nobody is remembered forever.

* * * *

The senses can only read the immediate,
But imagination can travel the farthest reaches.

* * * *

Sure, someone else
Has said it somewhere,

But not to this ear.

* * * *

It is within breath that You will find contentment.

* * * *

The waking dream,
The dream waking.

* * * *

What different states of mind
Between wanting and having.

* * * *

It can be a cruel, heartless world,
But one need not be savage about it.

* * * *

Word of mouth is the strongest advocate.

* * * *

Money is the flag of toil.

* * * *

It isn't time for such untimely thoughts.
It may never be.

* * * *

Another forgotten wordsmith.

* * * *

Only in books, only in movies,
Only in imagination.

* * * *

A strange calling.

* * * *

There is only absoluteness,
Neither either nor anything.

* * * *

The checklist of not
Just gets longer and longer.

* * * *

Oh come on, Like nobody's
Ever thought of that before.

* * * *

Life is a brief window of time
In which eternity is discernable
To those gifted with the vision.

* * * *

If you're going to waste money,
Waste it on something You can use.

* * * *

Why do so many people buy into this need
To believe in one silly thing or another?

* * * *

Whisper softly the nameless.

* * * *

Imagination lurks at the heart of every mind.

* * * *

Writing something profound
Can be like yelling out
In the middle
Of an empty desert.

* * * *

Useless.

* * * *

Good friends are hard to come by,
Easy to keep.

* * * *

Believe in
Santa Claus,
The Tooth Fairy,
The Stars and Stripes,
Hallmark holidays,
Good coffee,
Chocolate,
The Devil
Jesus,
God,
And, and, and, and …
Every other imaginable absurdity.

* * * *

Babble, babble,
All for the sake of babble.

* * * *

The playthings of mystery are many and transient.

* * * *

It must amuse your vanity.

* * * *

The pendulum comes closer and closer with each swing.

* * * *

Male and female separated long ago,
And have suffered diligently ever since.

* * * *

Who ever had a face?

* * * *

Suddenly You realized You were surrounded,
And there was no escape but within.

* * * *

Only vanity judges.

* * * *

Wonderfully superficial.

* * * *

All thought is vain.

* * * *

No escape there.

* * * *

Pray to whatever form You please,
It is ever your Self.

* * * *

You can't reason with a rigid mindset.

* * * *

Preaching to the choir again, are we?

* * * *

Romance is the trade of pawns.

* * * *

She arrived late, left early.

* * * *

Living a lie, projects everyone else the same.

* * * *

God is a useful distraction.

* * * *

The shot rang out, found its mark, and another end blossomed.

* * * *

Another case of mistaken identity.

* * * *

Culture can be so dulling.

* * * *

What cost, peace?

* * * *

Entropy levels all playing fields.

* * * *

If You really don't want to risk
Watching your children suffer and die,
Don't have them.

* * * *

What belief can ever match reality?

* * * *

No life form can escape gravity for long.

* * * *

Got too much bullshit to fake it.

* * * *

The good die young,
And you're still here.

* * * *

In your own way, at least You tried.

* * * *

A place to sit, nothing more.

* * * *

Look across your cosmos, and discern it nothing.

* * * *

You cannot really do most anything well, before You put in some beginner time.

* * * *

The dark times are never quite as dark, after memory forgets for a bit.

* * * *

It is the heart that smartens the penis.

* * * *

What You want from another, You must give yourself.

* * * *

Myopic per usual.

* * * *

Oh, foolish people, it is not know thyself; it is know thy Self.

* * * *

So, is there a way to sue God?

* * * *

Breath deep; fuck up without remorse.

* * * *

I witness You and You, me; all different, all the same.

* * * *

How many women have children who must grow up to save them?

* * * *

You are the movie theater.

* * * *

Clues surround You.

* * * *

You are not the first, nor shall You be the last.

* * * *

You've been touched by life to see it this way.

* * * *

A prophet for all time.

* * * *

What is evolution but the creation-destruction
Of each and every holographic twist and turn.

* * * *

The words come, yet for where from?

* * * *

How could it be any other way?

* * * *

First comes the epiphany,
Then the mind sculpts it into an aphorism,
Which is casually transferred to the closest slate at hand.
Sometimes as the pen scurries, the words mutate into something different.
Must catch it before thought's waves wash clean the sandy shore.

* * * *

Be it so, Scribe.

* * * *

Betwixt titter and shame, these thoughts come.

* * * *

Lower the shield of identity.

* * * *

A doctorate does not for intelligence make.

* * * *

There are still a few forests left,
But we'll likely get those, too.

* * * *

How dazzled we are by the neurosis
Of so many who lead us.

* * * *

Just expecting the next breath is a leap of faith.

* * * *

Did the part choose You, or You it?

* * * *

It may be your fate to be shuffled to the side; not all can be on the main stage at one time.

* * * *

It is an issue of vision, not duality.

* * * *

Just another group without foundation in reality.

* * * *

How very tiring all this measurement has become.

* * * *

How much easier things are if You do not know any different.

* * * *

Wander time, ponder time.

* * * *

Stilling.

* * * *

When someone tells You to grow up, it usually means into someone like them.

* * * *

Objectivity is merely a game science plays with itself.

* * * *

Hate can so easily take over the dream.

* * * *

More real than You can imagine.

* * * *

Every mood finds its day.

* * * *

The absolute reality of truth is in everything You do,
Everything You see, hear, taste, smell, touch and think.
Everything.

* * * *

In stillness, there is the courage of innocence.
It is without the shadow of thought's making.

* * * *

Let's see, six billion-plus times fifteen minutes.

CXLVIII

From whence all things come, we are but one.

* * * *

A full breath and a still mind
Are as good as it gets.

* * * *

Haven't You seen enough of this silliness
To see where it's coming from.

* * * *

While You quietly whittle down, the world changes ever anew.

* * * *

The body will find its own balance,
If the mind can keep from interfering.

* * * *

The truth is hidden in plain view,
Because so few want to see.

* * * *

All are the scripted chance of fate.

* * * *

You are the script, the chance of fate, inspired by time.

* * * *

How much easier and more enjoyable anything is when You want to do it.

* * * *

The ego must eventually fall, most likely by its own hand.

* * * *

Any sound will do if two or more agree on its meaning.

* * * *

Of the company You enjoy most, no one can ever get closer than Number Two.

* * * *

Self-pity leads nowhere but down.

* * * *

What the hell did You mean by that?

* * * *

Your soul wafts the journey nowhere.

* * * *

Just putting the universe in order.

* * * *

Another sunny day.

* * * *

Real education isn't about
A piece of paper on a wall
Or letters behind a name.

* * * *

What a useless thing to hold out hope
That the human species will get its act together.
The only thing intelligence can hope for
Is that we will be pruned back
Before we destroy
Everything.

* * * *

Another day full of possibility.

* * * *

How can any vested interest ever see clearly?

* * * *

Follow rules that make sense.
Pragmatically ignore those that don't.

* * * *

Your assumptions about sanity
Leave me wondering about yours.

* * * *

What is the human mind unfilled by concept?

* * * *

You may take down the mountain to build your highway,
But never forget that which created it
Long before You,
And shall again long after.

* * * *

No argument here that some are duds.

* * * *

Sometimes You win battle after battle,
And still lose the war
For lack of a bigger picture.

* * * *

Sometimes You throw
Pearls to swine
Or seed to dry ground,
Because You can never tell
Who will string them together
Or when the rain will come.

* * * *

No one can see You lest they also know Self within.

* * * *

What mark can You leave on a beach
That will last more than a few waves?

* * * *

You'll look good in the ground.

* * * *

Where's the stillpoint?
In your belly? Your heart? Your mind?
Or your imagination?

* * * *

Don't give weight to things that don't matter.

* * * *

Would You be the one
For whom I would journey hell?

* * * *

No need for stories.
We all have one.

* * * *

Boringly trite.

* * * *

How can You see no other
When You cannot see your Self.

* * * *

All meaning is transient and fleeting.

* * * *

No one not one can see You.

* * * *

Children with toys no child should have.

* * * *

Afraid of what the next instant might bring.

* * * *

A time of hatching into holographic reality.

* * * *

Meander sovereign.

* * * *

What can it mean but what it is.

* * * *

Impaired vision.

* * * *

The only sin is separation.

* * * *

How challenging surrender.

* * * *

Beckon all enter into the sublime reckoning.

* * * *

Myths arise because of the yearning for meaning.

* * * *

What is your struggle?

* * * *

There is no method
Which will gain foothold
Into inner vision.

* * * *

Doubt is the prime ingredient.

* * * *

Can it get any more stupid?

* * * *

The universe is your aura.

* * * *

Snowflakes of consciousness.

* * * *

Like one of those demented dogs
Fixated on chasing tennis balls.

* * * *

The clutter of time.

* * * *

You know what I mean.

* * * *

The nice thing about writing like this
Is that You can say what You feel.
No need to be politically expedient.

* * * *

There You go, masturbating your mind on paper in public again.

* * * *

Oopsy.

* * * *

Time without meaning.

* * * *

The waves hurl themselves into the rocks, unburdened.

* * * *

In all things, nothingness resides.

* * * *

For your entertainment, a universe built to exact specifications.

* * * *

The wave is just part of a process
Begun at the genesis before time.

* * * *

Who knows what You heard or saw
Or smelled or touched or tasted?

* * * *

Imagination is just imagination,
No matter how it suffers.

* * * *

Infinity is within and without
Al things small to great.

* * * *

With any interpretation, with any translation, with any paraphrase, with any summary,
How can one not alter, change, revise, amend, modify, lose, some meaning, some nuance?
Even with a common language, every mind is harbor to its own frame-of-reference rendition.

* * * *

There is not one iota of anger in the harshest wave; each and every one, completely indifferent.

* * * *

If there must be madness, let it be divine.

* * * *

No destiny can be altered.

* * * *

As soon as we come up with all the questions,
Perhaps we'll figure out all the answers.

* * * *

Vanity doeth speak in many tongues.

* * * *

Don't get into anything from which You cannot exit.

* * * *

An experiment without any controls.

* * * *

The sum of all parts often becomes a greater whole.

* * * *

Mirrors cast no reflection in eternity.

* * * *

If You want to save the world,
Find a way to get rid
Of five or six billion people.

* * * *

Even a tortoise
Covers a lot of ground

One step at a time.

* * * *

Straddling infinity.

* * * *

Hey man, the emperor is buck-naked.

* * * *

Another book You won't read,
Another toy You won't play with,
Another trinket You won't dust,
Another girl You won't kiss.
Another…ad infinitum…

* * * *

How large must a snowflake be to start an avalanche?

* * * *

The next horizon could be your last.

* * * *

You don't need applause if You like yourself.

* * * *

The shogun goes out and conquers the world.
The gardener stays home and is the universe.

* * * *

Every once in a while, someone has to come along and clean the laundry.

* * * *

It's just what you're used to.

* * * *

It's only a secret to those too blind to see.

* * * *

Which beans to count today?

* * * *

History is just a big game of telephone.

* * * *

How much stronger the learning when one is interested.

* * * *

Never be bound by anything arbitrary,

Which is pretty much everything.

* * * *

What is the state of mind that delineates aggressors from pacifists?

* * * *

When a door is locked, it is locked.
When a door is unlocked, it opens.
Sometimes a locked door unlocks.
Sometimes an unlocked door locks.
Destiny is really very straightforward.

* * * *

Introspection taken to infinity's eternity
Will change the way You see your universe.

* * * *

How isolating murderous rage.

* * * *

Why some need so badly
To control and exploit others
Will always be an enigma
To those content to be.

* * * *

There is no hope but what You do.

* * * *

Peace through realization.

* * * *

Some are born to see
What so many others cannot.

* * * *

You are your form of sanity.

* * * *

Evolution is really a much better explanation
For how screwed up things have become.

* * * *

You won't live forever,
But You are forever.

* * * *

Every journey heroic.

* * * *

It's hard to work for something
You don't really want or care about.

* * * *

You never know what you'll find beneath a cover.

* * * *

A stillness, the stillness.
Indefinite and definitive,
Both and neither,
Always and never.

* * * *

Paradoxing and Ironicizing another day away.

* * * *

Sift your way home.

* * * *

Pawns travel an arduous journey to be crowned.

* * * *

Keep trying to remember it is only a body.

* * * *

If thy cup runneth over,
It is either too full
Or not large enough.

* * * *

Drifting from one adventure to the next,
What can touch You, really, but the imagination
Which binds all illusions together in time?
Intelligence and ignorance intertwine
In an near-infinity of variations
On the dance floor of dreamtime.

CXLIX

It is going to take a few breaths to get there, so try to relax and enjoy them.

* * * *

Where is the beginning of nothing, and the end to nowhere?

* * * *

How did You get enough time to do all You have done?

* * * *

Has science truly made a better world?

* * * *

It don't matter to anyone but You.

* * * *

Next time someone proselytizes You, ask them what they really want from You.

* * * *

The ladder is only a means; do not let it be the end.

* * * *

A person's use of language quickly shows their state of mind.

* * * *

Unless You really have something to prove,
Talking your way out of a fight
Is well worth trying.

* * * *

That name will not sell it.

* * * *

It is free; why are You paying?

* * * *

What's love got to do with it?

* * * *

God is not some out-there thing.

* * * *

Another bad example of where vanity can take You.

* * * *

There is an art to everything,

* * * *

Traveling below radar
Can keep the head attached
To its favorite perch.

* * * *

How freeing not to want anything from it.

* * * *

How else would this be written
But through the duality
Born of Eden?

* * * *

Through induction or deduction,
It is the same, it is the same, it is the same…

* * * *

Give it no name,
At least occasionally.

* * * *

And what do You do if your guts are getting chewed out?

* * * *

Given the opportunity,
You'll generally do
What it amuses You to do.

* * * *

Truth is relative when seen dualistically.

* * * *

It is doubt which has created this work.

* * * *

Silly as it is, that is your calling.

* * * *

A collection of thoughts begun in 1990ish.

* * * *

Into time the gauntlet is cast.

* * * *

Hell is wanting.

* * * *

Convert to bliss.

* * * *

Harvest begins where the fruit is ripe.

* * * *

Why should You either want from or fear a dream?

* * * *

Break the shackles within.

* * * *

Save your threats for someone who's bothered.

* * * *

You really think all this was planned?
Is God really some big dungeon master?
Would that not take out all the spontaneity?

* * * *

Kinship with the moment, is Self-apparent.

* * * *

Off the deep-end You say? Happily so.

* * * *

Words just come one after the other, like a faucet dripping in the night.

* * * *

Did You ever have a sense of humor, dude?

* * * *

Everybody has something different going on here, that's for sure.

* * * *

This is the Unified Theory, Mr. Einstein.

* * * *

Take a hike, dude.

* * * *

Why is it people
Who have no frigging clue
How to manage people and events
Are so often put in charge?

* * * *

As is the case of any seed,
You are the outcome
Of your parents
And all your ancestors.

* * * *

An ocean of space and time,
An infinite weaving
Of your mind's design.

* * * *

Death is just the light going out.

* * * *

When You encourage ignorance,
What else can You expect in return?

* * * *

Infinity playing its game.

* * * *

C'est la vie.

* * * *

You are the abyss.

* * * *

You who know You are
Are.

* * * *

Live as if there is no tomorrow,
As if there are many,
Or some sort of blend.

* * * *

A life of 80 years
Is 29200 days,
700,800 hours,
42,048,000 minutes,
2,522,890,000 seconds.
And how will You spend them?

* * * *

Pray tell, to which expert are You referring?

* * * *

I am the One,

You are the One,
They are the One,
She is the One,
He is the One,
It is the One,
We are the One.
There is only One.

* * * *

Can millions of people who agree be wrong?
Without a doubt.

* * * *

Just another politician.

* * * *

Loyalty.
So easily won, so easily lost.

* * * *

Sometimes You wonder why the heck
You bother waking up in the morning.

* * * *

You can't expect a fool to recognize brilliance.

* * * *

A blooming insane asylum.

* * * *

Instead of becoming guardians of this world,
We fantasize going to new untrashed ones,
Which we will proceed to turn into sewers.

* * * *

People are hypnotized by the strangest things.

* * * *

Try to keep at least a toe dangling in eternity.

* * * *

Do You see in the dark?

* * * *

Is there any deity but what mind creates?

* * * *

Something to say in a nothing sort of way.

* * * *

You may think yourself above the game's rules,
But nature will win out no matter the delusion.

* * * *

Irrevocably mad.

* * * *

Why bother?

* * * *

Does memory serve You, or You it?

* * * *

Flawed rationality.

* * * *

How many don't realize
The only thing keeping them from heaven
Is them.

* * * *

Practice joyful suffering.

* * * *

Make up your mind.

* * * *

What patient creatures ants and bees must be to toil away as we do.

* * * *

Madfolk swim deep, fly high, travel far,
Erasing boundaries wherever they find them.

* * * *

Get it?

* * * *

Sandbox love.

* * * *

Doubt everything for as long as You breathe.

* * * *

A pawn of fate.

* * * *

Is there merit in any explanation?

* * * *

So many carrying such guilt for so little trespass.

* * * *

What suffering wisdom's unfolding seems to require.

* * * *

As confused as anyone.
Just more clear about it.

* * * *

Can anyone be
But who, what, why, when, where, how
They are?

* * * *

Is there anyone who can better play the fugal angle?

* * * *

You are just demon enough
To contemplate anything.

* * * *

Be content with the fact
That many will appreciate it
Eventually.

* * * *

What You think now
May not even be
What You think
Three days hence.

* * * *

What will happen when all this growth peaks?

* * * *

Boredom really means You aren't paying attention
To what's happening right now fresh-as-a-daisy-style.

* * * *

It is You who are the gold,
The wealth beyond all dreams.

* * * *

Breathe deeply.

It is You.

* * * *

Perfect, just perfect.

* * * *

What an incredible shame
That we put other creatures
Through what we do.

* * * *

How adept You are
At doing nothing in particular.

* * * *

Changemeister.

* * * *

It's been fun.
Your own little trip.

* * * *

Spaciousness.

* * * *

Like smoke through a valley,
Fog upon a seashore, flame against a log,
Or water along a river's bend,
You wander the reverie.

* * * *

Behind any mask, beneath any garb,
The essential youness is ever the same.
Only thought creates the difference.

* * * *

How fortunate You are
If You feel complete
At any given moment.

* * * *

What makes one container
More attractive than another?

* * * *

A great disguise, don't You think?

* * * *

Either it's all sacred, or nothing is.

* * * *

Life comes free, but costs plenty,
And there are more dues to pay.

* * * *

Faces hide it all.

* * * *

We can't all get our way paid in advance.
Some have to work for a living.

* * * *

Even the same thing done again and again
Is very different in a similar sort of way.

* * * *

Real people see through the disguises.

* * * *

Civilized folks use a dainty cloth
To wipe away the blood
Dripping down their chin.

* * * *

Real freedom allows as much.

* * * *

What isn't seen isn't known.

* * * *

All paths look the same after awhile.

* * * *

Just enough and not too much.

* * * *

Truth
Free to all who can endure it.

* * * *

Try not to get too wrapped up
In the countless distracting byproducts
Of the so-called spiritual quest.

CL

The promise of so much more
Takes another belly-flopping leap
Into murky, ludicrous dudsville.

* * * *

Just play the role.

* * * *

No matter how it's transcribed,
It is still a mystery.

* * * *

Once You really begin to know your Self,
You finally begin to understand
Why a lot of things are the way they are.

* * * *

Shhh, they cannot see You.

* * * *

Neither hot nor cold, warm nor tepid,
Nor any temperature at all.

* * * *

It touches You as no other.

* * * *

A sleeper.

* * * *

Bitter like bad beer or coffee,
Harsh like cold steel, soft like a kitten's fur,
How it fools You in so many ways.

* * * *

Doing the Johnny Appleseed.

* * * *

How pleasant to walk about unseen,
Unnoticed, unknown, unattached.

* * * *

Slow down, boy.
Just because your soul is immortal
Doesn't mean your physical form is.

Most older folks probably wistfully wish
They'd taken it a bit easier at some point,
Perhaps many.

* * * *

It isn't about nice or sweet or good,
Nor is it about not-so-nice-not-so-sweet-not-so-good.
It is about what it is.

* * * *

Broken, not busted.

* * * *

You know it as well as I do.

* * * *

If You insist on having meaning and purpose, let it be whatever the moment calls.

* * * *

Judgment is a sure sign of a busy mind.

* * * *

A mind open to all possibilities
Is something to witness,
A clarity unmatched by any other.

* * * *

That's all I've got to say on that,
For now.

* * * *

When are all You good Christians
Going to figure out Jesus ain't coming back?
2000 years and counting…

* * * *

Once You know how things work,
The puzzle comes together.

* * * *

Wars are rarely won the first day.

* * * *

Listening is one of the oft-neglected arts.

* * * *

What is imagination in neutral?

* * * *

Practice what You preach.

* * * *

An eclipse
Is really just one piece of dust
Floating between two others.

* * * *

Revolutions are won through great perseverance.

* * * *

What better time to do anything
Than when the mood strikes.

* * * *

Martyrdom is a good way to get free press.

* * * *

If You miss the process,
You've missed everything.

* * * *

Minding You own business
Would sure simplify things.

* * * *

Don't want soda pop no more.
Water's good enough.

* * * *

The identity to which You cling
Is about as secure as a balloon
Waving before a pin on a windy day.

* * * *

Waiting for the rest of your life.

* * * *

You're in gravity's clutches now, baby.

* * * *

Better to abort or adopt
Than to bring an unwanted child
Into this world already hellish enough.

* * * *

Tinkering with the human play, You are, You are.

* * * *

What a time machine You are.

* * * *

Were You born to die
For some flag, cross or corporate logo?

* * * *

Nothing stays the same.
Don't get stuck.
Find your gumption
And stay with the dynamic,
Unfolding present.

* * * *

As much as You think You know,
It really isn't squat.

* * * *

The player in the play is the play in the player.

* * * *

Uncarved block,
Still pond,
Blank tablet,
Unsharpened sword,
Beginningless beginnings
And unending ends.

* * * *

Too many children ruling the roost.

* * * *

No matter how haughty your breeding,
You are ultimately no different
Than the most disgusting slime ever born.

* * * *

Toke on the thought for awhile.

* * * *

Another of life's little adventures.

* * * *

So nonchalant.

* * * *

Why keep remembering this imagined identity?
A rather curious preoccupation, really.

* * * *

So much insanity.
The only question, really, is how will it end?

* * * *

Statistically speaking,
The tail generally follows the head.

* * * *

Don't give up the ship,
But don't expect it not to sink, either.

* * * *

A fool and his money are swiftly,
Oh so swiftly parted.

* * * *

The future is out your hands.

* * * *

Say little.
Actions speak
Much more loudly.

* * * *

Consciousness creates time
That it might continue imagining itself real.

* * * *

So many forces
Shape, mold and prune each of us
Into what we pretend to be.

* * * *

Sometimes You pass something
Thousands of times,
And never see it.

* * * *

The pope is just another old man
In a long line of old men
Who have always made poor choices
When it comes to tailors.

* * * *

How incredible it must have been
Before all the wire and asphalt.

* * * *

Imagine every mask.

* * * *

Tradition is a great scam.

* * * *

If there is a God, it would make sense,
That he has become an aloof, absentee landlord.
We must be an incredible disappointment.

* * * *

With detachment comes an ironic mirth.

* * * *

Suffer well.

* * * *

Anger is denial of what's really happening.
What's the point in getting irritated by stupidity?

* * * *

Real by design only.

* * * *

A certain number wake up,
And the rest slumber on.

* * * *

I owe You as much and You owe me,
Which is squat.

* * * *

You may not be able to take it with You,
But it can be stacked around the grave.

* * * *

What good is wealth if used for foolish ends?

* * * *

Only people without a life would bother.

* * * *

Why wait for heaven
When You can have your cake and eat it, too?

* * * *

So much of it is about one habit or another.

* * * *

Nothing turns to moments
To seconds to minutes to hours
To days and nights to weeks to months
To seasons to years to decades to lifetimes
To nothing again.

* * * *

Set your own mark.

* * * *

More than likely will soon be forgotten
As most things are.

* * * *

Parents generally seem to want
For their children to be like them.
It confirms their existence.

* * * *

Worry less about when you're going to die,
And pay attention to the life You have left.

* * * *

To do nothing is the greatest good.

* * * *

No weakness allowed.

* * * *

We imagine so many layers of value.

* * * *

Our only garden ruined.

* * * *

Sit back, watch, and You will see
Your Self across the board.

* * * *

Wax wings only melt
If You fly higher than your capacity.
No use being a moth to flame.

* * * *

Infinite patience?
You must be looking for some other guy.

* * * *

Face it, we're all crackers.

* * * *

Identity and personality are just protective layers
Of a neural unit trying to survive its own imagination.

* * * *

If it can't be put simply,
It may not be worth saying.

* * * *

The parody plays on.

* * * *

What we agree upon is the marker of right and wrong.

* * * *

Interesting to watch,
But not something
You need to do.

* * * *

Detach from your fate.

* * * *

A seed crystal to precipitate a future chemistry.

* * * *

Every action defines a course.

* * * *

So You think you're normal, too?

* * * *

Yesterday and tomorrow are just concepts.

* * * *

Maybe yes, maybe no.
Maybe, maybe, maybe all depend
On one capricious judgment or another.

* * * *

Worship nothing.

* * * *

You are, You are.

* * * *

About face,
Forward,
March.

* * * *

Scapegoat consciousness.

* * * *

War is just terrorism on a larger scale.
It is not the size of the club, but the state of mind.

* * * *

A project ever-incomplete.
Too much to do, and little inclination
Or incentive to see it through.

* * * *

Any unified theory will always just be a theory.

* * * *

Forever alone.

* * * *

Passion shapes the mind in so many ways.

* * * *

Another nice idea.

* * * *

Sometimes caring so much wears You out.

* * * *

Another oopsy that really doesn't matter.

* * * *

What is any given fairytale but a story
With morals of one sort or another.

* * * *

One group's decision is another's conspiracy.
One man's terrorism is another's war.

* * * *

What mother ever really knows her son?

* * * *

Once You step outside any given mythos,
You are judged insane by all who remain in the cave.
But realize also that You may just be in one of many larger caves
You have yet to discern.

CLI

We are all bound by our form, our time,
And our subjective perception of their weaving.
Like any seed ever woven, we are birthed of mystery,
And play it out to the varied ends of all seeds.
From dust to dust, dust all the while.

* * * *

Must be tough watching that pretty face sag.

* * * *

Spoiled rotten.

* * * *

Heart smart.

* * * *

It's all optional.

* * * *

From the street, a discourse on reality.

* * * *

No hierarchy of thought can contain it.

* * * *

Pursue excellence in everything You do.

* * * *

It's all propaganda.

* * * *

The revolution is a paradigm shift
Prior to any point of reckoning.

* * * *

Call it prior, during or after,
It is all the same.

* * * *

It is not for the tame to discover.

* * * *

Cut to the chase.

* * * *

You're going to have to let go of it sooner or later.
May as well get used to it now.

* * * *

Revenge exacts a heady price.

* * * *

Conquest and pillage
Are just larger degrees of theft and murder
Often cloaked in nationalism.

* * * *

I give You nothing,
And your challenge is that it be enough.

* * * *

Nothing will just have to do.

* * * *

Mediocre minds recreate a mediocre world.

* * * *

Arete.

* * * *

When were You ever not in the agape of it all?

* * * *

Love is just a sound
Like all the other sounds.
None can grasp it but through
Complete, unutterable surrender.

* * * *

Not easy to do in the day-to-day.

* * * *

Seek out those who do not pose.
The real folk born of the cosmic tribe.

* * * *

The much-heralded life of poverty
Is simply not wanting all that much
From a world which offers so much.

* * * *

Heaven is an inexpensive promise
And hell a convenient threat.

No collateral required.
Words are nice that way.

* * * *

Wipe away all arguments.

* * * *

The peace of kings.

* * * *

What words will.

* * * *

Can any translation ever fully capture the original meaning, the original intention?

* * * *

Turn it into bliss.

* * * *

What better would You imagine?

* * * *

Always a quip ready.

* * * *

Do You feel the dread?

* * * *

Self-righteousness suits You.

* * * *

So damned predictable.

* * * *

At the whim of the universe this life lived.

* * * *

A world run by politicians, lawyers, accountants, doctors,
Engineers, scientists, bean-counting bureaucrats, and priests,
Is not a world destined to do well for any sort of long-haul.

* * * *

Wandering through old haunts, unseen,
A ghost of a previous time,
You see it anew with the eyes of age.

* * * *

How lazy and soft wealth makes so many.

* * * *

Normal relative to what.

* * * *

Know who, what, where, when,
But not why.

* * * *

We told them to question authority,
And they do.

* * * *

Same old game, just another day.

* * * *

I am,
Therefore I putter.

* * * *

You swallowed it hook, line, sinker and pole, baby.

* * * *

The big bang was probably just the first hit
In a eternal contest of billiards
Or the dice set rolling
In a cosmic game of craps.

* * * *

They just think you're insane.
You know we all are.

* * * *

Every mythos imprints the rules of its game
Upon the gullibility of innocence.

* * * *

How we play upon each others' vanity.

* * * *

Every technology plays boon and bane
Based on its creative and destructive aspects.
Discerning the true impact of any
Requires wisdom
We have not begun to fathom.

* * * *

Happiness is a quality of nowness,

Not the result of outward projection.

* * * *

All attributes
Are temporary patterns,
Habits born of time.

* * * *

The memories of body and mind,
The continuity they fabricate
Carry on the suffering.

* * * *

Birthless living knows no other.

* * * *

Will is necessary,
But to what end
Is the question.

* * * *

The leap of faith has no other side.

* * * *

Is what humanity manifests now
Much different than it has ever been?
Greed, violence, prejudice and ignorance
Have changed in appearance only.

* * * *

Enjoy your breath, your presence,
As much or more than You do your thoughts.

* * * *

Take responsibility for You part of the unfolding.
That light will contribute in ways You may never know.

* * * *

Consciousness labeled
Is consciousness divisively muddled.

* * * *

Life will be the death of You yet.

* * * *

Sovereignty requires neither approval or disapproval.

* * * *

Life is the practice.

* * * *

What's cocky today is worm's meet tomorrow.

* * * *

Question sanity.

* * * *

In the field of reality,
You are.

* * * *

It's moth instinct
That keeps us fluttering
Through the lights of the night.

* * * *

Amazing what stupidity can arise
From a little intelligence.

* * * *

What an interesting experience death will be.
Who really knows what is ahead.

* * * *

The usual delusions.

* * * *

How can You be responsible for things
Over which You have no control.

* * * *

The universe spins round and round
Masking one into the countless others,
Evaporating as do drops into clouds,
Raining down into another round.

* * * *

You don't need to have
A big fancy castle or mansion.
A cave will do.

* * * *

Mask the aloneness however You will.
Tis ever there, tis ever there.

* * * *

A question for which there is no answer.

* * * *

How tiring to be measured
Through every round of life.
Do cattle have it any worse?

* * * *

It's the caring, the attachment
Which creates the suffering.

* * * *

Out in the forest, nature rules.
In the city, mankind's mind rules.
Without rules we would not function,
Yet beneath all the asphalt and cement,
Nature is still and will ever be all.

* * * *

You were expecting flowers?

* * * *

Look in the mirror
And You will see
Gravity gets final say.

* * * *

How long would any automobile run
If sugar, alcohol, caffeine, drugs and other
Were mixed with the gas and oil?
If we treated our bodies
As well as w do our vehicles,
How much different things might be.

* * * *

So tiring trying
To appease people
Who wouldn't be satisfied
If You donated every drop of blood
In your lifeless corpse.

* * * *

The God so many people proselytize, is as vain and petty as they.

* * * *

In the sea of relativity, patterning is the security blanket, to which all life clings.

* * * *

Collusion is the outcome of any meeting of two or more people.
Whether love or war, positive or negative, agreement or disagreement
It is still a collusion.

* * * *

Life is a set of phases.
Some have few, others many.

* * * *

You can't do it all,
Nor is there any reason to try.

* * * *

What common ground can there be in opinion?

* * * *

Step back occasionally
To get a clear reading
Of any given situation.

* * * *

A limited God is a limited You.

* * * *

It's not that You are fearless; You just don't fear what they do.

* * * *

You are the relationship.

* * * *

Does giving over all your fear, guilt and anger to Jesus
Just put off taking responsibility for your own mind?

* * * *

Karmic lessons can be hard-earned.

* * * *

Hopefully, You have a little more to offer the world
Than a pretty face or rippled set of muscles.

* * * *

Discrimination is an important part of any education.

* * * *

Well, you've earned your 15 minutes.
Now no one will forget You till tomorrow.

* * * *

Pretty hard not to fail anyone
Who has expectations of You.

* * * *

Modern medicine will probably
Always be derided by the future.

* * * *

Imagination is the source of all pleasure and pain.

* * * *

There is peril in not attending to the body.
To be lost in the time of the mind is to miss the now
In which the physical nature abides.

* * * *

Are these thought uncommon to many?

* * * *

We said to the young,
"Question authority,"
And now they do.

* * * *

At the same time, any given moment
Is as infinitely small as it is infinitely large.

* * * *

What madness.

* * * *

Judge not and blame will end.

* * * *

You can never know when someone
Will grow weary of their world
And begin slowly drifting
Toward the farthest shore.

* * * *

How arbitrary all language is.

* * * *

Education is an interesting game,
Much of which has little relationship
With what one will need in the real world.

* * * *

If humanity were living
In accordance with natural law,
Much would be drop-kicked into oblivion.

CLII

We are at a time where nothing is sacred,
Where no holds are barred,
Where no rules stand,
Where no laws go unbroken,
Where no experience is chained by constraint,
Where the infinity of imagination is bound only by its own limits.

* * * *

As all dreams are temporary fabrications
Your view of reality is as valid as anyone's.

* * * *

You cannot have two without first being one.

* * * *

Right or wrong,
This truth as I see it
Prior to all thoughts about it.

* * * *

Whether it's heaven,
Or a seamless infinity of lives,
May You find that for which You long.

* * * *

Why would You want to be a machine or computer?
Or any technological device whatsoever?

* * * *

Anybody can, everybody is.

* * * *

So many trying to persuade You to live their delusion.

* * * *

Another waste of existence
If there is one.

* * * *

God sure does seem to have a sadomasochistic bent.

* * * *

Sometimes consciousness is thick
And heavy and relatively unconscious,
And other times it is fluid and light.

The fluid, lighter stuff tends
To become attentive
To its movement
A bit more readily.

* * * *

And what will come of it?

* * * *

Though You may regurgitate
What someone wants to hear,
They cannot change your mind.

* * * *

You cannot stop stupid people from doing stupid things.

* * * *

Give yourself the peace
You so eloquently encourage
Others to seek.

* * * *

Do not be blinded by your memory.
It counts for little.

* * * *

The days and nights pass so quickly slow.
You can feel death wandering the horizon.

* * * *

Mystery is oneness, and oneness includes Youness.

* * * *

War brings peace, and peace, war.

* * * *

When did the beginning begin?
And when will the ending end?
When nothing begins, nothing ends.

* * * *

How can anyone or anything be more or less divine?

* * * *

What a clever little monkey You are.

* * * *

Time is growing short.

* * * *

Even Satan is born of the eternal one.

* * * *

Whatever it is, whatever it is not,
To be content with everything You witness
Is challenge enough for any mortal.

* * * *

So afraid to be sure.

* * * *

So many women divorce their husbands
Only to find themselves married to their sons.

* * * *

That breath,
Consciously inhaled,
Is the road to contentment.

* * * *

You are to suffer that You might find peace.

* * * *

How cruel ignorance can be even without intention.

* * * *

How quickly a smile can turn to a sneer.

* * * *

Enlightenment is bursting through
The shell of this dreamy illusion.
Liberation is staying there.

* * * *

So many only seeing differences.
So challenging to see only similarity.

* * * *

No way is better than another.
All ways meet the same end.

* * * *

It’s a milky way.

* * * *

Abyssing out.

* * * *

War as we have come to know it
Is the inevitable outcome
Of humanity's primal urges for security.

* * * *

Turn to your real pile of gold.

* * * *

It's time's time.

* * * *

It is the ever-becoming nature of consciousness
Which causes so much suffering in time.

* * * *

Aren't the genetic drives interesting?

* * * *

He came after all the heroes were gone.

* * * *

Enlightenment looks beyond heaven and hell
To that which no thought can discern.

* * * *

Is anybody home?

* * * *

More and more unlikely with every moment's passing.

* * * *

It will take more than a little money to fix things.
A great deal of right intention will be required.

* * * *

Restrain your Self.

* * * *

Interesting the numbers
We choose to give our attention.

* * * *

People who need approval
Can never get enough.

* * * *

What will it be like one hundred,
One thousand, or ten thousand years hence?
Oh, for a time machine to watch it unfold.

* * * *

No man is an island,
Though many would wish it so.

* * * *

Too many problems for all
But the most simple solutions.

* * * *

Death will get your attention.

* * * *

How peaceful time once was, it was.

* * * *

Mellow may I?

* * * *

What Self do You feel sorry for?

* * * *

Having a lot of toys does not mean You have a life.

* * * *

The stillness is in the momentary gaps between thoughts.

* * * *

Drug from the bliss of nonexistence,
You grew into this.

* * * *

Sweet exteriors can belie the reality beneath.

* * * *

What was it like way back when,
Before You conceived what time was,
Before You became all those memories?

* * * *

Pretty full of your conclusions, aren't You?

* * * *

What can You expect from a bankrupt soul?

* * * *

That's what insurance is for.

* * * *

Let the revolution begin,
As long as it doesn't hurt too much.

* * * *

Blue meanies come in all colors, shapes and sizes.

* * * *

Hide and watch or charge and die.

* * * *

Vanity finds its own level

* * * *

What some call beauty, others call monstrosity.

* * * *

Like all that counting is going to make a difference.

* * * *

Another disaster worth avoiding.

* * * *

All for the cause,
The great and vain cause
Which will somehow transform the world
Into something less pathetic.

* * * *

The show begins, the show ends.
Don't applaud at the wrong times.

* * * *

Sheer boredom can be very motivating.

* * * *

Transfigured by their game,
They missed the big picture.

* * * *

Another enticing delusive illusion
To which You would gladly succumb.

* * * *

The guy who cares will be along in a few minutes.

* * * *

Ever notice how hard it is to avoid some people?

* * * *

Do You know me well enough to ask that?

* * * *

A quip for every occasion.

* * * *

In the midst of plenty, some succumb,
And others resist with all their might.
Moderation is not easy for many.

* * * *

Cut your teeth of somebody else.

* * * *

Amazing how quickly anyone or anything can be forgotten.

* * * *

How huge must be the mound of food
It has taken to sustain your mortal existence.
And the end result jus a pile of dung
And reservoir of pee.

* * * *

What's really scary is that he/she really believes
That mangled, dried up shape is still attractive.

* * * *

Amazing how violent a few innocent ideas can become.

* * * *

Not a good idea to abuse the regulars.

* * * *

Even the most interesting lives
Must occasionally lapse at least temporarily
Into some un-pleasantry or another.

* * * *

No constitution
Can give or take away from you
The freedom within.

* * * *

If the sun has not already seen it, it will.

* * * *

Like You had all that much choice in the matter.

* * * *

Dare You tell her she has a booger
Dripping out her left nostril?

* * * *

Nothing new, nothing old.
All the same but the name.

* * * *

Thanks, but I can probably do it better by myself.

* * * *

Fortified again.
Time to wade into the thick of it.

* * * *

Just how blonde do You want to be?

* * * *

Home to Nintendo.

* * * *

You made your choices.
Now enjoy the bittersweet fruit.

* * * *

How many miles these feet have wandered.

* * * *

Do You really believe this?
Why wouldn't You?

* * * *

One of the many making it their business
To help people set themselves free.

* * * *

How amazing how afraid people can be
Of a symbol, word, number.

* * * *

So many uncounted bones.

* * * *

Hell would be your favorite song played for eternity.

* * * *

What do You want but the image playing in your forehead?

* * * *

What great purpose summons You?

* * * *

It is the statistical blend.

* * * *

The reason some people shut up
Is because they know anything they say
Will likely sound rather stupid.

* * * *

Isn't existence purpose enough?

* * * *

You are but one of the infinite eyes of this mystery,
Witnessing the creation of which You are but a part,
Whole only in the pure awareness of its indivisibility.

* * * *

The reality is that every flower wilts
If it isn't cut down beforehand.

* * * *

What a curse good memory can be.

* * * *

You realized, of course,
That no one is more interested
In your freedom than You.

* * * *

What a strange thing any name.

* * * *

Go ahead, argue for what ails You.
Just don't whine when the piper comes to collect.

* * * *

Do You really want to contribute to this?

* * * *

Another dead body sprawled on the front page.

* * * *

The attached heart is not a place to tarry.

* * * *

Great expectations diminish the returns.

CLIII

What is beauty's purpose, if not temptation.

* * * *

A promise which may not be kept.

* * * *

Why do You blame others so much?

* * * *

A woman's beauty implies something her mind often fails to deliver.

* * * *

Loyal to all and none.

* * * *

What makes You think anyone wants to be free?

* * * *

Surrender your mind to heaven.

* * * *

If You think it will hurt, it probably will.

* * * *

It's all the essential You.

* * * *

You never feel old inside.

* * * *

Funny how we like to present
A certain face to our space.

* * * *

Not paying attention again, I see.

* * * *

A wordsmith for all time.

* * * *

You would limit my love for your greedy purpose.

* * * *

What makes You think I care?

* * * *

Can't find it where it's not.

* * * *

How often what is called justice is merely revenge.

* * * *

Do You seek truth or just another lie?

* * * *

The conquest of this vain universe is nothing
Compared to the comprehension of one's soul.

* * * *

Contrast makes the world go round.

* * * *

But what does it mean?

* * * *

Give it any name under the sun,
It is still the same.

* * * *

We are without bounds, but only see it different.
We are without bounds, but only feel it different.
We are without bounds, but only hear it different.
We are without bounds, but only taste it different.
We are without bounds, but only smell it different.
We are without bounds, but only think it different.

* * * *

Life is just a temporary set of options.

* * * *

Brilliant in your own fashion.

* * * *

Another book never written.

* * * *

Always more than You need to know.

* * * *

The discipline of spontaneity.

* * * *

Funny how the things

You learn in on now
Contribute to another.

* * * *

History is so quickly forgotten.

* * * *

A breath away from oblivion.

* * * *

If a man's brain weren't in his dick,
Do You think he'd put up with such behavior?

* * * *

What is time?
No more than You imagine it to be.

* * * *

The advent of another dreary line of bullshit.

* * * *

The world is endless source of ironical material
For all the jokester curmudgeons a-wandering.

* * * *

There's nothing to do.

* * * *

Ground zero.

* * * *

Once again vanity carries the day.

* * * *

Stolen fair and square.

* * * *

There are no followers where You come from.

* * * *

Each breath an ocean wave.

* * * *

Politically correct is what gets You laid.

* * * *

Now You know what I have to live with.

* * * *

Madness unplugged.

* * * *

You tryst with your deity of choice.

* * * *

You, too, will whither and die.

* * * *

God created humankind because he did not want to keep track of the details.

* * * *

The value of anything is a function of its perceived utility and/or aesthetic.

* * * *

The web is open for business.

* * * *

Life ain't always what it's cracked up to be.

* * * *

Surrender to the river.

* * * *

You do not need to explain yourself.

* * * *

The whole thing a concoction of sound.

* * * *

Your business is none of my business.

* * * *

To understand anything
You must give yourself over to it.
You must become it.

* * * *

Compassion arrives naturally
From understanding another.

* * * *

Can I win and You not lose?

* * * *

We've seen so much and still the search
For something never done before.

* * * *

Hope is not a very realistic option.

* * * *

Sorry, young lady,
But there's a little more proportion required
Before I submit to your feminine charms.

* * * *

That !#@#!Psysiphean list.

* * * *

Have always wanted to do that
For at least the last two seconds.

* * * *

Take stock of your political positioning in the group dynamic.
Never use all your chips unless absolutely necessary.
Never burn a bridge if it can remain standing.
Create no unnecessary opponents.
Do not place yourself higher than anyone else.

* * * *

Evil is just live spelled backwards.

* * * *

You expect me to buy into your mirage?

* * * *

You cannot know or do
What You haven't taken the time to learn.

* * * *

We are all it together.

* * * *

Just another neurological set.

* * * *

Does cyberspace even have a dimension?

* * * *

It has the meaning and purpose your state of mind gives it.

* * * *

Be gentle with yourself.
Stop looking for pain.

* * * *

To be courageous,
You must choose courage.

* * * *

So many analogies taken far, far too literally.

* * * *

You may criticize it, ridicule it, deride it,
But You must inevitably succumb to it.

* * * *

Every creature has admirable and unadmirable traits.

* * * *

How many things that were once so pleasurable
Become more bother than they're worth.

* * * *

Darwin's theory about the strong surviving
Explains why so many people are stupid.

* * * *

Any God who would accept some so-called Christians in heaven is no God worth praying to.

* * * *

Some things bear repeating; so many really do not.

* * * *

The ground is the only way to go.

* * * *

So much struggle for so little return.

* * * *

If Jesus were to return,
And only God knows why he would,
His followers would see him, hear him, touch him,
And then they would kill and eat him again.
He is not of much use to them alive.

* * * *

It would be nice to blame it on one demonic entity,
But in reality, hell is simply a synergy of consciousness.

* * * *

It could be so much more for everyone

If self-interest and seemingly endless craving
Weren't such predictably inherent traits.

* * * *

But that would be very boring,
And boring is not very cool
Unless you're content.

* * * *

Begging is sure getting popular.

* * * *

What is hidden has mystery,
And mystery entices imagination
Into the incessant weavings of fantasy.

* * * *

In a school of moving fish,
The individual is not easily seen.

* * * *

What point, stillness?

* * * *

Applause stokes vanity's intent.

* * * *

Wanting so much until You have it.

* * * *

Successful propaganda
Works best on the gullible
Who never question deeply
The primary assumption.

* * * *

Organized religion convinces the pawns,
They will someday achieve meaning and purpose,
And perchance be adored, even saved,
By their imaginary friend.

* * * *

Only the mind loses its innocence.

* * * *

How shallow the differences.

* * * *

Amazing the draw of flesh
And the masks it weaves.

* * * *

Justifiable homicide.

* * * *

Is that your soul written on your face?

* * * *

So many trying so hard to be somebody.

* * * *

So where did all that youthful enthusiasm go?

* * * *

Romance cannot discern the violence coming.

* * * *

Each generation moves further and further from the law of nature.
So far, in fact, that one day it will backhand them
In ways we can only now guess.

* * * *

Looking for your lost tribe?

* * * *

What point in being bitter?
Find the ironic humor in it all.

* * * *

The mind is the playing field of time.

* * * *

What does that pile of gold really say about You?

* * * *

Begin anew each day, each moment possible.

* * * *

Sure it's all been said and done before,
But not by You.

* * * *

Another footnote in history's imaginary reality.

* * * *

Easter Island says it all.

* * * *

We all have our routines.

* * * *

Questions of a thousand dreams.

* * * *

And what does that mean, anyway?

* * * *

So rude, so rude.

* * * *

Right now, I don't want to, thanks.

* * * *

Are You still babbling?

* * * *

Amid the denizens of Planet Earth,
Your disguise is perfect, Mein Herr.

* * * *

Insanity is the order of the day.

* * * *

History is twisted to so many ends.

* * * *

Try relaxing for a change.

* * * *

Hot, hot, hot or cold, cold, cold.
So many ceaselessly whining about both,
Always wishing for the other until it inevitably arrives.

* * * *

Stop looking
For what no other can offer.
Be Self-contained.

* * * *

Grandfather, father, son, grandson,
Grandmother, mother, daughter, granddaughter,
And all those who came before, and all who will come henceforth,
What different worlds each generation blossoms into.
Any garden abides the ground it is given.

CLIV

Those seeking to preserve the world
Will always be offset by forces
Seeking to destroy it.

* * * *

In the flicker of an eye blinking, ten thousand eternities pass.

* * * *

Going insane? Or sane?

* * * *

Even if You don't mean it.

* * * *

Washed out, You are, You are.

* * * *

All essence, still.

* * * *

Of provocative merit.

* * * *

Ironically amusing how twisted what we consider normal.

* * * *

How would Christians react
If Jesus did come back
And told them
They got it all wrong?

* * * *

Where the heck did those two hours go?

* * * *

Adventure in moderation.

* * * *

Dusty drama.

* * * *

As soon as You want it forever, it disappears.

* * * *

The reins of power may be harshly or wisely spent.

* * * *

Some things cannot be learned, no matter how You try.

* * * *

Debts are a test of character.

* * * *

It all passes so quickly done.

* * * *

It just further verifies what was long ago obvious.

* * * *

There are countless minds in the one mind.

* * * *

Digging through a muddled brain is not a pretty sight.

* * * *

Everything has its cost.

* * * *

What a mask landed on You.

* * * *

Big-view challenged.

* * * *

Opportunities generally diminish as You get older.

* * * *

Respect tends to deflect resentment.

* * * *

How flimsy and arbitrary like and dislike.

* * * *

Why crush a flower for a few moments of twisted pleasure?

* * * *

No longer curious?

* * * *

Can power over others be handled wisely?
Only if the leader puts aside personal ambition.

* * * *

So much trivia to distract You.

* * * *

Do You seek out adventures, or do they just sort of happen?

* * * *

A safe, secure life?
What's that?

* * * *

No matter whether You are afraid of some deity or not, it is still going to be there for the execution.

* * * *

In your dreams, baby, in your dreams.

* * * *

So often the role supersedes personal preference.

* * * *

True beauty needs little decoration.

* * * *

Kindness and cruelty, each finds its own ends.

* * * *

An interesting face; wonder if what is behind it is really any different?

* * * *

What is boredom, anyway?

* * * *

An interesting challenge, eh what?

* * * *

Seen one moment, you've seen them all.

* * * *

So many fuck-ups to make this world what it has become.

* * * *

Adrift, You wander aiming nowhere.

* * * *

Amazing what some women think is attractive.

* * * *

Mind no one's business but your own; easier said than done.

* * * *

"Tao of the Nineties"
Some streetwise fella
Named Ernest called it.

* * * *

The signs were probably there,
But You either weren't paying attention
Or didn't know how the read them.

* * * *

Is joy anything more than a concept for You?

* * * *

Occasionally the roof falls in on everyone.

* * * *

Sorrow haunts the corners of those eyes.

* * * *

Scattered to the wind, the seeds of change find many destinies.

* * * *

Trees are just grass grown taller,
Mountains just ant hills of rock,
Oceans just puddles with fish.

* * * *

Planets and suns just dust
In a room with a view.

* * * *

You are a chemistry experiment.

* * * *

Something will keep happening
Until there's nothing left to happen.

* * * *

Don't be overwhelmed by the impermanence.
It isn't real.

* * * *

Behind the facade, who knows?

* * * *

Desire tightens the breath.

* * * *

A commentary of life and death.

* * * *

Without desire, fear subsides.

* * * *

If You didn't want so much,
You might even be content.

* * * *

In a time of no constraints,
Consciousness will play through.

* * * *

Were those ever really your expectations?

* * * *

Why did all this happen?
Why, to be You, of course.

* * * *

And what did You really gain amassing all that?

* * * *

Oh, nothing.

* * * *

It boggles the mind.

* * * *

In everything there is enlightenment.
Every part and particle is intrinsically free.

* * * *

Who would deny You?

* * * *

Free-roaming dust.

* * * *

Feign interest.

* * * *

Value is as value does.

* * * *

What do You mean by that?

* * * *

Negation is the key.

* * * *

Not your fate, thank your deity of choice.

* * * *

Massive amounts of sugar do not for sweetness make.

* * * *

What a load of crap the propaganda of history so often feeds the masses.

* * * *

Inner quiet is a challenge, to which You must surrender.

* * * *

Purpose and meaning
Deflate like an exhaling balloon
When You die to live.

* * * *

Time blows by quickly
As You age like fine wine.

* * * *

What is truly amazing is that they really believe
They are practicing whatever their icon
Was actually talking about.

* * * *

A simple fate for the simple soul,
A complex fate for the complex soul,
And the rest everywhere between.

* * * *

Dress up as You please,
The core remains unchanged.

* * * *

History has a way of catching up with the visionaries.

* * * *

If all things are possible,
Perhaps all things are likely.

* * * *

If You see only the form,

The mask, the costume, the role,
Then you've in the end seen nothing at all.

* * * *

Posers all.

* * * *

Truth is all-inclusive.

* * * *

Aimlessly You wander
The indifferent pathlessness
Of time's infinite matrix.

* * * *

Pray to Santa for a Merry Christmas in June.

* * * *

What rascals these mortals be.
Even demons play a vital tune.

* * * *

You, too, are food in some player's dream.

* * * *

All deities disappear, all myths are forgotten,
All legends die, all bones evaporate into dust,
All dust merges back into what it never was.

* * * *

How easily happenstance
Turns to coincidence
And coincidence
Into enemy action.

* * * *

What is it You want to make with your life?
Anything goes.

* * * *

Driven by forces they cannot discern,
The chart courses into deeper water.

* * * *

You are the everything and the nothing,
A reflection of every passing mirror.

* * * *

The sound is silence.

* * * *

Why should You suffer any obligation?

* * * *

The Cheshire comes and goes
With little or no comment.

* * * *

We are all so full of imagination.

* * * *

Turn it off.

* * * *

What are You looking for?

* * * *

Dust the dust till it washes clean.

* * * *

Young people so often think themselves more clever
Than those who've seen and done it all,
And know exactly what's up
Without even looking.

* * * *

The dragon sees all.
The gold, jewels and collectibles
Are only bedding
In which to slumber.

* * * *

Faith and hope are synonymous.

* * * *

Even gold is smoke.

* * * *

There is nothing standing still
But stillness its Self.

* * * *

The whole universe is at your feet.

* * * *

Leave me curious.

* * * *

Better to do a few things well, than many poorly.

* * * *

Don't forget to play today.

* * * *

Morality is not getting caught.

* * * *

You were expecting the truth?

* * * *

So many thinking the world something it has never been and can never be.

* * * *

Curiosity draws us all closer.

* * * *

If You want people to do something,
Tell them they cannot or should not.

* * * *

The deity worth envisioning, is not so vain, as to exclude anything, even You.

* * * *

You can only know another's world
If You very clearly discern your own.

CLV

You are truly that which was never born,
Born again and again and again,
In every form imaginable.

* * * *

The chance of an eye blink.

* * * *

Time is like that.

* * * *

You are Creator … Preserver … Destroyer.

* * * *

Any given name will do.

* * * *

Driven by a force
You can only dimly comprehend,
You dance on throughout the muddy playground.

* * * *

What a luxury to sit fearless.

* * * *

Without history we might be what we really are.

* * * *

You already have so much.
Why do You always need more?

* * * *

They are watching back.

* * * *

A lesson long forgotten.

* * * *

We all need at least two or three vices.

* * * *

The nice thing about sports versus war
Is that most of the bodies walk off the field.

* * * *

The good die young.
The bad die old.

* * * *

Born to play that role,
Your were, You were.

* * * *

What be your Sisyphean stone?

* * * *

Was that fifteen minutes really worth it?

* * * *

The simple life ain't.

* * * *

2Duzing away.

* * * *

Another day of spam.

* * * *

What a strange thing is to reside in a mind.

* * * *

Just another temporarily absorbing anthropological event.

* * * *

Death passes as does every other twinkling.
Whether or not there's anything more
After the body's in the field,
Only time knows.

* * * *

Why be concerned?

* * * *

In stillness, all seams blend into the fabric.

* * * *

Funny how we call revenge justice.

* * * *

Why be concerned
About imagined past lives
Or the future of any to come?
This moment, born of awareness,

Is the point of reckoning of all hence.
This one is where the wheel of suffering
Touches the way upon which all travel.

* * * *

You have been trained to fear so that You perform better
For those who enslave You in whatever way You allow.

* * * *

Once You doubt, there is no going back.

* * * *

The aptitude to prioritize in a balanced whole-view manner
Requires a discipline, an organizational capacity.
So many operate like leaves in a wind.

* * * *

You are the nameless functioning.

* * * *

All the eyes ever manifested
Have been the same witness.

* * * *

To really understand who Christ or Buddha were
Is to know they were You in a different form.

* * * *

No edifice can withstand the termites
Who patiently gnaw at its foundation.

* * * *

Each container perceives its own universe.
All are compatible because all are illusions.

* * * *

Of the few who think about these things,
Many torture themselves on fabricated ideals.

* * * *

Though the trinkets and adornments
May be cast and re-cast again and again,
The gold ever remains the same.

* * * *

Whoops.

* * * *

Sorry about that.

* * * *

In a sideways, inside-out, sort of convoluted
Backwards, upside-down, topsy-turvy way.

* * * *

Can You really prove You even exist?

* * * *

Consciousness
Is merely the crashing waves
And the surface swells.
The true journey
Is into that
In which
All separation ends.

* * * *

The fools laugh, the proud mock,
And the humble grow very still.

* * * *

Can You hear
The gnashing of the worms
Thirsting for your soil?

* * * *

What can anyone do
But what consciousness allows?

* * * *

Do not allow life's many options to stymie You.
There is just enough time for You to finish your brief fate.
And what You don't complete, what You don't experience, someone else will.
No one can more than sample a small morsel of the potential.
Be content that You had any role to play at all.

* * * *

What authority does any have
But what You give them?

* * * *

None can hear what they are not ready to hear.
None can see what they are not ready to see.

* * * *

Meditation is allowing the field to lie fallow.

* * * *

Though the whole world
May acclaim You, laugh at You, or scorn You,
What does any of it truly matter?

* * * *

Wash away the lines of time
Until only clarity remains.

* * * *

To the universal mind
Are drawn those most rare
Who are without choice.

* * * *

What some call way out there is home.

* * * *

To even see your arrogance, is an early step toward humility.

* * * *

The mystery is not a concept.

* * * *

To truly be at peace with others, You must be so with your Self.

* * * *

All seams are sewn of delusion.

* * * *

Where did You go now?

* * * *

Forget who You think You are.

* * * *

It only seems real
Because we agree it so.

* * * *

When time stops existing within,
Where are You?

* * * *

Look closely at any division,
And You will find the line
Resides only in your mind.

* * * *

Few of the many
Have the capacity
To discern the one.

* * * *

Call it whatever You will,
There is only the dynamic process,
The infinite functioning of a mystery far too vast,
To ever be more than joined in mind.

* * * *

You will never be any closer to the mystery than You are right here, right now.

* * * *

The theater is the space; the actor is the time.

* * * *

It is all a state of mind.

* * * *

The busy mind is a full teacup with no room for emptiness.

* * * *

You are this that.

* * * *

The boundary between me and You,
Is only flesh and bones.

* * * *

Be Self
Untaught, unformed, unclaimed,
Un everything.

* * * *

You are a child of the "I Am."

* * * *

Of what use is any thing
Without the space
Which creates its form?

* * * *

A full head is no match for a clear one.

* * * *

Who are You?
Who asks?
Who says?

* * * *

Some arrive home
Through singular intent,
Others through eclectic odyssey.
Some without any rhyme or reason whatsoever.
So many ways to discern the unfathomable.

* * * *

Wear the inside of your face for awhile.

* * * *

The I Am is the black hole of all concept.

* * * *

Keep your feet on the ground
And your mind in totality.

* * * *

It is a mystery of which You are part.

* * * *

The fountain of youth,
The gold at the rainbow's end,
Or the attempt to attain godlike powers,
All are the vanity of consciousness,
Dreaming continuity bona fide.

* * * *

What an interesting thing
That You would expect another
To do what You cannot
Or will not do.

* * * *

All logic, all rational thinking,
Must eventually be overwhelmed
By its mysterious, incomprehensible origin.

* * * *

What is the point
Of all this spiritual wordplay
If You do not heal the schism within.

* * * *

Walk, run, stand, lie, sit or dance in whatever manner You will,
Your eternal nature is untouched, unburdened by the play of light.
All the pains and pleasures concocted of thought are transient
No matter how zealously You wish them true or permanent.

* * * *

Cause and effect are the intertwining of space and time,
Of the ironic perception that there is truly something happening
In the ephemeral here and now of every moment's unknowable passing.

* * * *

All children are innocent of any wrongdoing, because good and evil do not exist in the untarnished state.

* * * *

No parent can ever provide a completely safe haven for any child.
Any given life experiences the bittersweetness of existence
Once a seed of this mystery is unleashed into fate.

* * * *

Passion unleashes the Pandora's Box of consciousness.

* * * *

Attachment to concepts
Is at the root of the matter.
None have any ultimate nature,
Yet the great significance given them
Is the unceasing cause and effect
Of the mind's vanity in time.

* * * *

You are the one.

* * * *

There's not much scarier
Than someone with charisma
And an agenda.

* * * *

Be sure to learn the difference
Between love and lust, romance and reality,
And idealism and fact.

* * * *

The novelty eventually wears off anything.

* * * *

Watch the changing.
Your are the changing.

* * * *

As long as there is any life anywhere, anytime,
You will exist.

* * * *

Part of luck is being ready
To take advantage of a good wind.

* * * *

Another memory just out of reach.

* * * *

An aimless way.

* * * *

Not your problem that most do not want to hear truth, unless they make it a problem.

* * * *

It is a one-time thing.

* * * *

No matter how You judge them, they were all innocent at one time.

* * * *

Consciousness is the movement, and original nature, the stillness.

* * * *

Find the one within the other, and within the other, no other.

* * * *

Those who follow deities, create heavens and hells.
Those who discern it all as mystery, abide the moment.

* * * *

Whether or not humanity ever discern its Self, is a quest far from completion.

* * * *

To call it good, to call it bad,
Is to have pretty much underlooked,
The reality of the reality awaiting discernment.

CLVI

That You believe
There is even a journey
Is perhaps the greatest delusion.

* * * *

To discern oneness within, what humbler fate could You ask?

* * * *

It is probably impossible
Not to be a hypocrite at some points.
This is not about idealism.

* * * *

Good actors, lousy script.

* * * *

The challenge of being conscious
Is not identifying with it,
At least occasionally.

* * * *

Be the undeclared fool, loyal to all and none.

* * * *

Mean what You say and say what You mean.
Or say one thing, mean another,
Fool's choice.

* * * *

All forms are expendable.

* * * *

Your true greatness has nothing to do
With your consciousness
Or the form
Through which it manifests.

* * * *

Apprentice, journeyman, master, no real difference.

* * * *

The abeyance of thought is the ending of time.

* * * *

Scour the mind as a scientist would an atom or the universe, but without all the naming.

* * * *

Good and evil exist only in imagination; once seen for its transient nature, their notion dissolves.

* * * *

All wander about impressing others with their vanity,
But who sees beyond the endless chatter
And discerns the greatest whole?

* * * *

A strange fate.

* * * *

It is consciousness which muddies up the river.

* * * *

You will play out your version,
But never, never, never
Think it the only one.

* * * *

Original sin or original delusion?

* * * *

So many seeking the higher high,
But all are of the mind,
And imagination
Is always bound by its own limits.

* * * *

The reality of a fight is that no one really wins.
The one who thinks himself victor
Is usually at least sporting a sore hand.

* * * *

All are inspired in different ways.
Each must follow inner vision to its end.
Together, all visions, despite their delusion,
Are what make the theater the play it is
To the end which all dramas come.

* * * *

Learn.
Learn what?
It all comes full circle.

* * * *

How long will it take you

To realize how little
You really know?

* * * *

The trouble with reality is it's so real.

* * * *

Sometimes the fingers and toes
Seem as distant as the stars.

* * * *

There is no your soul or my soul.
There's just Soul.

* * * *

It is gone, as all things in time are.

* * * *

Sorrow is the attachment to mind and body.

* * * *

You are the definition of uptight.

* * * *

Just another demon sent upon this world
To wreak havoc and torment this world and its innocents
In as many ways as imagination allows.

* * * *

At some point You may as well turn your back on it.

* * * *

It's a lesson You may never learn.

* * * *

Those who ponder thoughts such as these
Transcend all the boundaries of limited thinking
And integrate into the single-minded understanding,
A choiceless vision prior to all modes of consciousness.

* * * *

Extremes of any convention
Are all poison at some point.

* * * *

Once You have healed the schism within,
What is there to prove to another?
You are proof enough.

* * * *

Each rots in their own hell
Or soars in their heaven.

* * * *

The true warrior allows an opponent graceful retreat.
Coup need not be counted with death.

* * * *

The harsh reality is that many do not give a flying hooey
If anyone survives past their immediate gratification.

* * * *

We have not yet deeply, profoundly realized
That the tap root of science is subjective intuition.
From where else can any hypothesis come?

* * * *

A magical enterprise engineered from practically nothing.

* * * *

Your identity will wash back into the ocean,
But what You truly are will ascend again and again,
Ever the same eternal, sovereign kernel of absoluteness.

* * * *

The greatest gift is the acceptance of respect.

* * * *

Princes and paupers of the same dusty origin.

* * * *

There's nothing romantic about it.

* * * *

Arrogant attempts to appease or rival an imaginary deity,
Only slather irony upon what You already are,
Have always been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Give it up.

* * * *

How many ways we adore our vanity.

* * * *

All must achieve god-realization, at the same point in time, if the Fall of Eden is to come full circle.

* * * *

Not likely.

* * * *

The surrender of knowledge
Is the end of mind as You know it.

* * * *

To those fragments of time yet to come,
Forgive your ancestors for their ignorance.
They truly could not see nor understand
What will perhaps one day
Be as ordinary as it is not today.

* * * *

Feel the oblivion within.

* * * *

Not a goal many foster.

* * * *

A harmonious mind is the highest order.
Disharmony is the source of all suffering.

* * * *

The eyes tell truths beyond all words.

* * * *

Keep practicing.
You might figure it out someday,
Despite yourself.

* * * *

All the words in the world
Will not for a moment
Contentment bring.

* * * *

All mythological constraints
Are bargains with time
Which You need not embrace.

* * * *

You are the same I Amness
It has ever been and will ever be.

* * * *

There is no point in following another's law
If You have the capacity to discern You own.

* * * *

It's all arbitrary.

* * * *

Outward excess reflects inner poverty.

* * * *

Humanity, can You hear your fate knocking?

* * * *

Admitting your cowardly nature to yourself
Is the first step toward the immortal courage.

* * * *

What do cockroaches, rats and critics have in common?
Isn't it obvious?

* * * *

If You get sidelined by a wave,
Don't blame the wave.

* * * *

The antichrists are the ones
Who point their finger at the other.
True christs will say there is no such thing.

* * * *

Make your burdens light.

* * * *

You are truly are lost in space.

* * * *

God and Devil are both merely concepts, woven by minds bound by duality.

* * * *

This window of time You occupy,
Misrepresents your genuine nature.
That mystery which You truly are,
Transcends the interactive play,
Of sun and earth and heaven.

* * * *

The burden of civilization
Is your choice to carry or not.

* * * *

Irony is so many praying for heaven
While competing for a position in hell.

* * * *

That which You truly are
Has never suffered even once.
Only in consciousness is there such illusion.

* * * *

Detachment in the world that is known
Requires an interplay between oblivion and form,
A balance arduous to maintain amid the many gusts of passion.

* * * *

Fill the space with spacious breathing.

* * * *

Any state's law is the law of will,
Shaped by the twists and turns,
The precedents of the shared history.
What is morality but the assumed collusion.

* * * *

You are as real as I Am ever can be.

* * * *

Outer space, inner space.
No difference.

* * * *

You wonder how this was written?
Frankly, it wrote itself.

* * * *

Creation, preservation, destruction.
Illusions all.

* * * *

In both pleasure and pain
Resides the same space.

* * * *

Do not ingest any drug unless You are ready for its teaching.
Because once You start, the lesson does not stop until it is done.

* * * *

All value is subjective.

* * * *

Knowledge is the wedge separating earth from heaven.

* * * *

Glory never makes it into the grave.

* * * *

The corporeal body is just compost waiting to happen.

* * * *

You may have adopted another's law,
But it is still your own version.
The question is, is it truly your voice?
Or are You merely another repetitive imitation?

* * * *

To become the awareness at the source of your beingness, is the beginning and ending of time.

* * * *

When mass dissolves, where can it be, but where it was all along?

* * * *

Yes, all too predictable, sorry.

* * * *

Words such as these are not easily embraced, by the emotionally attached or faint of heart.

* * * *

You have been chattering to yourself since You first learned to speak.

* * * *

How much of your White Rabbit nature is avoidable?

* * * *

The duality of consciousness inevitably feeds upon itself.

* * * *

All forms play out the destinies of their relatively brief cycles.

* * * *

Consciousness is the dreaming, born of neurological movement.
Only in the stillness of beingness, can the ultimate reality be discerned.

* * * *

Knowledge may point out the way, but must dissolve, for the unmanifest to flower within.
For earth to ever merge into heaven, human consciousness must divine a new paradigm.

The likelihood of that ever happening, of course, is an absurdity well beyond all pales.

* * * *

In its sojourn toward surrender,
The mind succumbs to every distraction,
And must again and again suffer the consequences,
Of its stumbles into dualistic notion.

* * * *

You can only know the heavens and hells concocted by imagination.
The moment is prior to the passionate mind born of the quantum illusion.

* * * *

Just another unheard reminder.

* * * *

In the face human reality, why any seer bothers to speak out, is the wonder of all wonders.

* * * *

Embrace your fear; watch it dissolve, teacher that it is.

* * * *

Those who strive with such effort to become deified,
Fall from the grace of mystery of their own free will.

* * * *

You cannot create, preserve or destroy, what was never real to begin with.

CLVII

Another papered pier from which to cast
Randomly into the pool of time
That I might serve you
In whatever way
Your essence
In chance
Directs mine.

* * * *

A day in the mists of time
In one madman's mind.

* * * *

Pure awareness transcends all.

* * * *

You must be very subtle to discern oneness,
For it is even more so.

* * * *

What goes up must come down.
The trick is not to tumble too harshly.

* * * *

Even the most routine, menial chore
Is profound in its mystery.

* * * *

Ranting away
A pleasant day a-scribing this way and that.
Nowhere to go but now.

* * * *

The scribbles of eternity.

* * * *

Peer into a mind of madness beyond all recognition.

* * * *

A day for all to tell.

* * * *

Is there any end to the vanity?
Only in the moments most still.

* * * *

So much absurdity the root of all minds.

* * * *

You are your most worthy opponent.
Your most appreciative and deriding audience.

* * * *

The challenge: To play the play in such a way
That its repercussions do not
Harshly bend
In the morrow's sun.

* * * *

Sometimes hard against all walls,
Sometimes soft like winter's drizzling,
Sometimes cried out, sometimes whispered,
But always a reply in the echoing halls of eternity.

* * * *

Prove me wrong if You can.

* * * *

Every peak has its valley,
Every valley its peak.

* * * *

How seamlessly time really travels.

* * * *

The winds of time sweep through your veins.

* * * *

What will be the zenith of your existence?
The benchmark, hallmark, milestone, landmark,
The kernel of why You were born?
What is your calling?
Your most compelling reason to continue?

* * * *

Why are You here but to be here now.

* * * *

Best dreamily unread.

* * * *

You will not likely find too many people
Less motivated by thoughts

Of personal gain.

* * * *

In the beginning, all beginnings,
Beginning and beginning and beginning,
Again and again and again, until the end of all endings,
Ending and ending and ending, ever again and again and again.
At least in your endless imaginings of endings beginning,
And beginnings ending, again and again and again.

* * * *

If there ever was such a thing.

* * * *

Let the children
Have their innocence.
There will be time enough
To trample their dreams.

* * * *

You do many things in this world
Of which scant few are even remotely aware.

* * * *

A work written by the casual observations of daily living.

* * * *

Water does not stay motionless for long.

* * * *

Life can be very serious,
So be sure to play as much as possible.

* * * *

A good shot inevitably leads to bad,
And visa-versa.

* * * *

Perfectly done in such a mismatched way.

* * * *

Divine riddles for those who would discern the jewel.

* * * *

Wisdom says be done with it soon lest time's passing
Make suffering all but too painful to bear.
Oh, but the next moment
Again entices

The mortal eye onward.
Ahh, there's time enough for dust.

* * * *

A dig at which You can scrape all day, and still come up empty-handed.

* * * *

Why are You always confined to "other" in the choices given?

* * * *

The sweat and toil and travail of a universe of time, glistened within that one drop upon your brow.

* * * *

From the shoulder of Captain Black, the parrot squawks irony and paradox.

* * * *

Can one moment truly be more profound than any other?

* * * *

No greater vanity, than to believe You are a deity, above all others.

* * * *

With ill-reputed aim, the barbed point doeth hit its tender mark.

* * * *

Is there a more unhappy fate than to be cast away
On some desolate reef-bound shore?
Good God, yes,
You might be a FedEx executive.

* * * *

Take care, You abide within the ever-changing tolerances of your mortal container.

* * * *

It is pleasant to feel so rich with so little.

* * * *

Do not wander into the shoals before your craft is ready.

* * * *

Fly high, but be sure your landing gear is working.

* * * *

The nice thing about being a mystic,
Is there is really no such thing as senility.
Dementia is the closest thing to home.

* * * *

Even the dullest blade, slices through mortal flesh.

* * * *

These words are like the snippets an electrician leaves behind.

* * * *

Editing and re-editing is an ever-likely, on-going function of any creative process.

* * * *

Death is only a deprived breath away.

* * * *

How deluded those who believe what one ingests, has any correlation to one's spiritual awareness.

* * * *

Debunk it all.

* * * *

Another pad fallen to these mad scribbles.

* * * *

Look closely,
And see clearer still.

* * * *

To be known as a philosopher, what kind of fate is that?

* * * *

What tawdry excuse this time?

* * * *

So given to spontaneity
That on this fine day
You did knowingly, and with great intent,
Ingest one small square of perforated, light white cardstock
Colored on one side with an intricate decoration,
About which You did not much bother.

* * * *

A pleasant day,
Cooking, cleaning, eating, doing laundry, exercising,
Writing away all the while.

* * * *

Well, little eight-legged,
You have every right to exist,
But not in this zone, so out You go.

* * * *

Well enough is good
As the table yawned, its jaws glistening.

* * * *

You would think me convincingly mad
If You were to see me scurrying
From task to paper to task
Again and again and again.
Such pleasure dallying in wordplay.
An amusing passion if ever there was one.

* * * *

A pleasant day,
Cooking, cleaning, eating, doing laundry, exercising,
Writing away all the while.

* * * *

Another useless, exhausting project
Looms large upon the horizon.
Will they never cease?

* * * *

We cannot all be ambitious for the same fool's gold, can we?

* * * *

Another lesson learn,
And probably soon to be forgotten.

* * * *

And what do You do in the face of such madness?

* * * *

The agony comes
When You try to figure it all out
Without a twist of paradox,
An ironic smirk,
If You will.

* * * *

Is there anything more tasty
Than fresh-cooked rice
With a little olive oil, flavoring,
And a full mug of green tea on the side?
Mmm, mmm, yummy-ummy good.

* * * *

What so many call intelligent

Is not really intelligent at all.

* * * *

Let us not tarry over a rag.

* * * *

Politicians are merely bumps on a log
With more tolerance for being there
Than even the most resolute bump.

* * * *

Often time the perfect match
Is not discerned at the time.

* * * *

Surely Sir, You cannot reasonably expect
That we can keep up with every royal regulatory whim.
Get a life, dude.

* * * *

Feeling a bit scrunched out of shape,
We are today.

* * * *

Of all the nerve,
Don't You people know this is my laundromat?

* * * *

They were,
And they're gone now.
Get over it.

* * * *

The universe dances before your senses.

* * * *

Ye who would throw the first stone,
Look to your own flaws.
They are many.

* * * *

From that deep, philosophical place
From whence arise such questions
As "I wonder when I'll get laid next."
And "Do You think he likes my hair?"

* * * *

Try not to do things you'll regret later.

* * * *

It is for days such as these
That You drudge on
Through the knee-deep slog,
The endless “Very Important Business”
Of this human condition thickly steeped in absurdity.

* * * *

Looking as though he has something to hide,
He moves about with poorly acted nonchalance.

* * * *

To what ends will our play of language take us?
Would that the material plan could stay so fresh.

* * * *

How much sweeter the world would be
If there was more common courtesy to each other
And the many others yet to come.

* * * *

Drying out as we speak.

* * * *

Not sure in what way
That’s supposed to be attractive,
But if it works for You, carry on as best ye may.

* * * *

For some, much easier
To be discourteous to strangers;
For others, to one’s relations and friends.

* * * *

Sorry babe/dude, in your case, gravity’s already winning.

* * * *

Look to Easter Island
For the answer to questions
Of this world’s future.

* * * *

Don’t quite know what it’s like for other mystic sojourners,
But I can tell You it hasn’t been easy at this end.
It’s taken a lot of very adroit foolishness
To become such an adroit fool.

* * * *

Time better spent, might be time contemplated less spending it elsewhere.

* * * *

To do and re-do again and again
All that is the same, no one to blame.

* * * *

Another day funneling into memory.

* * * *

To see the infinity, You must be the infinity.

* * * *

You are all the proof required.

* * * *

Surrender to eternity, not its forms.

* * * *

Not a good idea to let food relieve your boredom.

* * * *

One vast, simultaneous movement,
In which You are such an infinitesimal witness,
And yet the whole of it all the while.

* * * *

The end, You think? No, only just another beginning.

* * * *

The issue with any learning curve
Is the length of the curve, and the situation.
And learning curves are, by their own merits, fathomed.

CLVIII

Why so many even bother pretending,
That human avarice, negligence, delusion, foolishness,
Can somehow avoid a beyond-all-pales collapse, is well beyond laughable.
All the words, all the efforts, mean diddly-squat.
Pity the future.

* * * *

The manifest realm requires a selfishness to survive.
Just how selfish is an issue each mind must determine.

* * * *

Objectivity is the cornerstone of science,
Which crumbles like an Egyptian mummy
Upon the slightest serious examination.

* * * *

Discern your mind as no other.

* * * *

Once You discern beyond all doubt,
That You are that which is the mystery,
You see that all other things must be as well.

* * * *

Free will has blinded You to your origin.

* * * *

Turn around the microscope and telescope, and gaze deeply into your own eye.

* * * *

Pleasure is tempered by many painful boundaries.

* * * *

(sic)

* * * *

The highest high is awareness of the mystery, and even that does not really exist.

* * * *

Since life's origin upon this dust ball of creation,
All creatures have grappled with each other in countless ways,
But humanity's assault on Mother Nature, the adjudicator of this realm's law,
Has been beyond-all-pales-planet-of-the-apes foolish, indeed.

* * * *

As still as death, awareness is.

* * * *

The mystery is how You have survived as long as You have.
So many close brushes with the Reaper, and counting.

* * * *

An experience, tasted even just once, is what eternity is all about.

* * * *

You swore You would never forget, and, of course, promptly did.

* * * *

Religion is really a mockery of any God worth acknowledging.

* * * *

Without history, You are what You are.

* * * *

Life is about shoveling it in, and shitting it out.

* * * *

The whole world, the whole universe, is one huge back yard; everything is connected.

* * * *

You do what You are, and You are what You do.

* * * *

The ever-changing sameness.

* * * *

Civilization requires a level of empathy to function smoothly.

* * * *

Imagine the farthest reaches of the universe, and You end up right where You are.

* * * *

The only real practice, is not getting attached to all your babble.

* * * *

When You manipulate or destroy the diversity of all life,
You separate yourself from the mystery of your origin.

* * * *

Anticipation of times to come, and guilt regarding times gone by;
The many ways we to choose to suffer are well beyond counting.

* * * *

To own the wealth of heaven, You must mine the gold of mystery.

* * * *

Do not be deceived by any mask; they are all You, playing out myriad forms.

* * * *

Your pain is no different than any other's.

* * * *

You think You have a part in this play,
But where is the boundary that makes You distinct
But the attachment born of imagination.

* * * *

If You deny the devil, You deny your Self.

* * * *

Be your own prophet
And partake the good news
Of the oneness in which all diversity
Roams in aimless wonder.

* * * *

You cannot prove time truly exists.
There is no space-time continuum,
Only a space-time collusion.

* * * *

Caesar's gold is sand.

* * * *

You are that which is I am.

* * * *

Sit quietly, set aside the senses,
And allow the boundaries of the body,
To dissolve into the ethereal abyss of totality.

* * * *

It does not matter one iota, the means by which You come to this discernment of your Self.

* * * *

A ladder is just a ladder.

* * * *

How can You ever be content if You still want so much?

* * * *

As long as the human mind wants so much,
We will ceaselessly charge the cliffs of self-destruction.
We much unlearn our discontent if we wish our seed to continue.

* * * *

Attachment to any one school of thought
Assures your continuing limitation.

* * * *

You will endure separation for as long as You cling to denial.

* * * *

All You know is your own or another's speculation.

* * * *

Whatever distinctions You may fabricate in the trek to the ultimate vision, are all equally illusory.

* * * *

So many believe their translation of some deity,
Is more real or better than anyone else's.
That there is some sort of contest,
And the most determined,
Will be heaven-bound winner.

* * * *

Rapture over personality is pointless distraction.

* * * *

Each will have their own version of the way, but it is the same way nonetheless.

* * * *

Are You sure what You heard is what was said?

* * * *

What happens when imagination ends?

* * * *

Who are You to deny another's reality?

* * * *

The myriad forms will not cease to confuse you
Until You see them within their ultimate context.

* * * *

You cannot hear these words
Until your are empty enough to be receptive.
A full container cannot acquire that for which it has no space.

* * * *

Your universe is an arbitrary set of assumptions
From which You observe and judge all others.

* * * *

You are a beach for an ocean of air.

* * * *

The power to control
Uncensored by wisdom and compassion
Fosters endless cycles of self-absorption and its resulting hell.

* * * *

The inability to say “No” to indulgence and gratification,
Declares a paucity of insight, fortitude and self-discipline.

* * * *

To be vulnerable,
And at the same time
Fully participate in the theater
Is as challenging as it gets.

* * * *

Of the five senses dancing about in the mind,
The visual aspect is the most divisive,
The greatest cause of illusion.

* * * *

Any given demon can get so far from goodness,
That he forgets how simple it is to get home.

* * * *

You may be able to kill yourself,
But You can never kill your Self.

* * * *

The other You try so hard to please is You.

* * * *

You will find completion in your aloneness.

* * * *

To discover what You truly are,
You must die to time.

* * * *

Seek that from which all deities are imagined.

* * * *

You have created your version of the universe, and still are not satisfied?

* * * *

Swig the eternal vintage; it is a priceless drink.

* * * *

The irony is that so many believe,
Their worship of some deity is really holy union,
When in reality they are drifting away from the Self they truly are,
Continuing the imaginary, dualistic, isolating idolatry, to which they were conditioned.

* * * *

All is one,
Everything and none.

* * * *

There are prophets everywhere,
But seeing them is the trick.

* * * *

The space prior to concept
Is
Without conceptual foundation.

* * * *

We are all very much alone together.

* * * *

Words such as these will touch you
As You are ready to be touched.
Though they may seem
Very general,
You will ultimately
Find them quite specific.

* * * *

Insight into this dance of personal and impersonal
Is merely transforming consciousness
Into that which it is not.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is not an intellectual process.
It is that which is prior to space and time,
Prior to the theater of consciousness.
It is a surrender to the mystery,
And the illusory dreamtime,
From which all creation blossoms.

* * * *

Trust that the body will fall off in one fashion or another,
That birth, life and death are merely appearances
Temporarily cloaking that which is real.

* * * *

How enticing imagination
Until You grow weary
Of its time bound nature.

* * * *

Meditation is consciousness examining itself
Until it dissolves into simple awareness.

* * * *

Violence is born of the desire to survive
Magnified by the mind's insatiable greed.

* * * *

All these thoughts vaporize once the eternal is realized.

* * * *

An aphoristic elixir for all thirsting essence.

* * * *

Allow time to do what time does.

* * * *

What will the future say of this time?

* * * *

You could certainly argue
That if this time doesn't consume it,
The future undoubtedly will.

* * * *

Would You want what you're doing to that stranger
To happen to You or someone You cherish?

* * * *

Don't recall You asking if I cared.

* * * *

Even Jesus wasn't Jesus.

* * * *

Very little intelligence goes a long way in this world.

* * * *

Can’t sell You what You don’t want.

* * * *

What’s it like having your head up your ass?

* * * *

All glory is really quite insignificant.

* * * *

Sometimes the doctor gives it to them
Whether they want it or not.

* * * *

The continuity which seams real.

* * * *

Life is complete
When You wouldn’t trade lives
With anyone.

* * * *

Seamless but for our minds.

* * * *

The good news is not dogmatic.
It is the free-flowing nature of the universe
As perceived by each and every one
In an amazing spiritual play
Playing out a spontaneous design.

* * * *

In meditation, consciousness subsides;
Identity and conditioning dissolve into awareness.
Thought’s return plays out the same attributes,
But perhaps with a little less attachment.

* * * *

The jewel sees all its facets,
Siding with all and none.

* * * *

You were born of the light,
But are that which is prior
To its shimmering nature.

* * * *

If You believe the universal nature
Requires the play of consciousness,
You had better re-evaluate your position.
Sand shifts quickly in this light-bound play.

* * * *

The personal sense of identity is bound up
In perceptions concocted by the trick of memory.
Only when experience becomes experiencing,
When time ends, when the now flows within,
When the mind halts all attempts to grasp
The vapor which can never be grasped,
Only then can one begin to fathom
The ubiquitous, eternal essence
Permeating every particle
Of this ephemeral play
Of space and time.

* * * *

Wilting flesh tends to diminish one's craving.

* * * *

Play out whatever process You feel You must,
But realize that clinging to the changing
Is the source of all your suffering.

* * * *

Identification with thought is like flypaper,
And a fly that cannot fly is in deep shit.

CLIX

To be reborn is to see your Self in all things.

* * * *

Did Jesus die for your sins,
Or of them?

* * * *

The world does not need
More martyrs and vain followers.
What it needs is for everyone
To wake up to its reality.

* * * *

Good joke.

* * * *

Love your Self,
And perhaps, only perhaps,
It will somehow contaminate a few others.

* * * *

Without the journey of space and time,
There could be no waking to the mystery.
From ignorance to knowledge,
All manifestation created
For the witness
To witness
Its sovereign origin.

* * * *

The beingness
Neither needs nor wants anything.
The mind is insatiable.

* * * *

Until the binds of consciousness loosen enough
To discern nothing is truly real but realness its Self,
Each must face and pay a price for the desire
The mind and senses endlessly weave.

* * * *

Simplicity says so much more
Than anything complex ever will.

* * * *

The ignorance that duality is real and true, is all that separates any from eternal union.
It is the dividing gap, the grand illusion, between the mystery and the fallen angels of hell.

* * * *

We violate the future with our chemical madness.

* * * *

All empires are built upon desire and fear.

* * * *

Before the fruit of knowledge ripened,
The many creatures of the garden
Knew only the aloneness inherent in all diversity.
Only the advent of knowing created the pain of inward separation.

* * * *

Potlatch or latch the pot.
Which will it be?

* * * *

How much does the other rule your life?

* * * *

Moments of glory
Are few and far between,
And practically meaningless to most.

* * * *

Hell is the same stale joke.

* * * *

Awaiting the executioner.

* * * *

Whistle while You work if You can.

* * * *

To call it anything…Why?

* * * *

You can know too much
And still not enough.

* * * *

Can't cheat on this test.

* * * *

Saving it all for what?

* * * *

Humanity is nature with irrational twist.

* * * *

Anything's possible to ignorance.

* * * *

Allow infinity to course through You.

* * * *

The attrition of time.

* * * *

Give it up, dude.

* * * *

The Romans might well be amazed
How far narcissistic hedonism has come.

* * * *

It was nothing in the beginning.
It was nothing in the middle.
And it will be nothing in the end.

* * * *

You cannot follow where this leads You.

* * * *

You are the center of this portion of infinity.

* * * *

Class is not your forte.

* * * *

All this striving to nothing leads.

* * * *

Why is it necessary to believe or not believe in anything?

* * * *

As if it matters.

* * * *

So many masks coming and going.
So many dramas playing.
Inconceivable.

* * * *

Fame has such a hollow ring once You have it.

* * * *

The times are way too interesting.

* * * *

What a ridiculous thing
To be made responsible
For another's happiness.

* * * *

Leering as usual, mein herr?

* * * *

Love is a four-letter distraction.

* * * *

One day it ends just as suddenly as it all began.

* * * *

Reflections for ten thousand years hence.

* * * *

Bliss and joy cannot be recognized
Any more than anger or melancholy.

* * * *

Pass it along.
No use hoarding.

* * * *

No copyrights for wisdom.

* * * *

Take the long view and You will see all the parts.

* * * *

Pipe dreams don't get You off the couch.

* * * *

Mosh pits are for the free-feelers.

* * * *

Must have been thinking of someone else.

* * * *

Thank the gods for the backspace key.

* * * *

Who would have thought up You, if You had not come along?

* * * *

Are You feeling AOK, BOK, COK, DOK, or FOK?

* * * *

You're a nice fantasy, but that's enough, thanks.

* * * *

Just warm from the kill.
No bib.

* * * *

Once again, You are reminded
How frail the body is.

* * * *

An endless masquerade ball
Created by attachment to genitalia
And assorted physical attributes

* * * *

Watching, watching, always watching.

* * * *

Let Jesus go save himself.

* * * *

You are your world; I am mine.
We meet in the mists of dreamtime.

* * * *

How can anyone really believe some deity,
Is at all concerned about any form's permanence,
When all are assured destruction by their very creation.

* * * *

Every body a teeming mass of life forms.

* * * *

Someday that smooth, firm, enticing tummy
Will likely be marred by horrifying stretch marks.

* * * *

Too scary for words.

* * * *

Desire is a hydra.

* * * *

You worry about the world so much,
When it is really your Self
You must mend.

* * * *

Observe at all the vanity and greed,
And You will discern the source of all commotion.
When all the craving subsides into the stillness, into the silence.
You will realize the peace, the serenity, You quest.

* * * *

You must also get beyond not wanting to want.

* * * *

Tricky, this irony.

* * * *

It really isn't work.

* * * *

If you've experienced something once,
Its essence is with You for as long
As there's memory to access.

* * * *

Trophies everywhere.

* * * *

The joke's on You.

* * * *

The haze of youth is so quickly gone.

* * * *

Inner torment is the gap
Between delusion and clarity.

* * * *

Faith rarely comes without a blindfold.

* * * *

Funny how most aphorisms
Tend to be quickly forgotten.

* * * *

Twisted enough to be kind.

* * * *

As real as any moment allows.

* * * *

A conscious breath dispels the universe.

* * * *

Don't be bothered with insignificant details.

* * * *

For the universe to move,
First the mind must imagine it.

* * * *

The public has a right to know, You know.

* * * *

A buddha with a cantankerous belly laugh.

* * * *

What' the rush?
You'll be there before You know it.

* * * *

Why pay when You can imagine for nothing?

* * * *

If one idiot is a dufus, are two or more dufi?

* * * *

Women are as endlessly absorbed
By their hair, breasts and nails
As any male of the species.

* * * *

But what does another really have
That would make You truly happy?

* * * *

Where do You live now? Lost in space and time You are.

* * * *

So many ways we find
To compensate for our limitations.

* * * *

So challenging to keep up with another's cravings.

* * * *

What makes You think any deity wants anything from You, or anything to do with You?

* * * *

Joy is not something You seek; it is at best a spontaneous perk.

* * * *

It is still a jungle, but one founded upon the insatiable desire of consciousness.

* * * *

Corporate imagery is woven into every aspect of our time.

* * * *

Oooh boy, that is all You need.

* * * *

Waiting for nothing, no one, no how.

* * * *

Scary as it may be,
You're normal for You.

* * * *

Another day passing as quickly,
As the all seem to anymore.
(Sigh)
Would that it could be permanent.

* * * *

Sooner or later, someone will volunteer
For even the most unlikely thing
Anyone could imagine.

* * * *

The mind is the maker of space-time,
And space-time the molder of the mind.

* * * *

It's all so distant but for your attachment.

* * * *

The issue with chemistry
Is not what something does in isolation,
But what it does synergistically
When inadvertently

Combined with others.

* * * *

Those who play win-lose always lose eventually.

* * * *

There went that form.

* * * *

When any Ghengis Khan rides into your valley
You had better be ready to run or submit, fight or die.

* * * *

Funny how so many things that were once so important no longer even get noticed.

* * * *

Forever is a lot of time.

* * * *

Give it every name imagination can vent,
Every cause, purpose, value or philosophy,
It is still nothing.

* * * *

You cannot prove it to anybody.

* * * *

Let your mind unfurl in the sail of time.

* * * *

The judgmental eye measures all against its own limitation.

* * * *

Sure, I know You must dine, but not, por favor, on my vein.

* * * *

How many ways have You tortured that poor little body?

* * * *

Why would they bother with truth?
Their delusion is far too strong.

* * * *

Existence cannot give what it does not have to give.

* * * *

You will remain deluded for as long as You choose.

CLX

The moment You are back in the ground,
The universe, despite its wonder,
Really means so little.

* * * *

Leave space in your calendar to breathe.

* * * *

Master of nothing journeying nowhere.

* * * *

Nothing is good.

* * * *

All pretty disgusting, really.

* * * *

Who says but the deluded who pretend to know.

* * * *

Chances are You were born
To the left of your right hand clapping.

* * * *

If You only see
What You want to see,
Then You really see very little.

* * * *

How can anyone who has lived as long as you
Be so naïve to the ways of the world?

* * * *

How did You become so vain for so little account?

* * * *

Funny how good intentions
Can be twisted into evil
And evil into good.

* * * *

What is your motivation?

* * * *

A woman can be told

She is loved every day
And still never be satisfied,
And a man told even just once
And it never have occurred to him
To have doubted it.

* * * *

Women think if men understood them,
They would want to be like them,
Which is not the case at all.
Men very well understand women
And comprehend that their role
Is the daily Sisyphean chore
Of attempting to make them
Feel both loved and secure.

* * * *

The days feel longer and shorter,
As sun and moon glide silently,
Across the ceiling of this mind.

* * * *

There oughta be a law.

* * * *

Obesity on a scale never seen in human history.

* * * *

Wistfully wishing it be so.

* * * *

It's probably good to let them
Figure it out for themselves.

* * * *

Not easy to communicate with others
If You don't have a similar interpretation
Of sounds, gestures, and the time
In which they cavort.

* * * *

In the face of stark reality, so much delusion.

* * * *

Some people just need to be eighty-sixed from the buffet.

* * * *

Enjoyable work is like playing

You don't watch the clock
Or count the hours.

* * * *

Amazing how quickly age creeps up on You.

* * * *

You've been chasing mirages your whole life.

* * * *

An arbitrary measure of nothing.

* * * *

You call that an invitation?

* * * *

Too much of anything gets old.

* * * *

Everything has a clientele.

* * * *

if You can't laugh at yourself,
Someone else will.

* * * *

Some teachers You cannot remember.
Some you'll never forget.

* * * *

We have squandered our inheritance.

* * * *

Funny how so many wish it different than it is.

* * * *

Don't You just relish the propaganda
Of people who rally have no idea
What they're talking about.

* * * *

Eternity has so little to do with time
That You cannot really even call it forever.

* * * *

Saturday nights and Sunday mornings are good times to travel.
The drunks are in the bars and the hypocrites are in the churches.

* * * *

Think of all the words You will never know.

* * * *

Utter randomness.

* * * *

It’s the nothingness You deserve.

* * * *

How many days, how many ways
A water hose and pile of dirt
Can entertain a child.

* * * *

Destiny plays its hand again.

* * * *

And what do You offer this world?

* * * *

Whether You are open to seeing it or not,
Every moment of your existence
Is a walkabout.

* * * *

It’s the man that makes the man,
Not the clothes.

* * * *

Cherish your aloneness.

* * * *

Experience in itself does not bring contentment.

* * * *

Let others tell the world your deeds.

* * * *

Another lie of words.

* * * *

Tossing something may be hard,
But chances are once it’s gone,
The memory will quickly fade.

* * * *

It can’t always be good ny more

Than it can't always be bad.

* * * *

Even the smallest cause/effect creates the next.

* * * *

Driven to do such a meaningless thing.

* * * *

No agenda this day.

* * * *

He came, he saw, he spoke,
He was killed for it,
And he ain't coming back.
And if he did, he'd be killed again
By the same folks who claim to love him.

* * * *

Just another regurgitated pagan holiday.

* * * *

Obsession of any sort
Is the outcome of inattention,
Lack of focus, and absence of discipline.

* * * *

You are the dreamer of time, of illusion, of dualistic notion.

* * * *

Except for a few radio waves and pieces of trash,
Most of the endless follies of humanity
Will never leave this planet.

* * * *

The great isness.

* * * *

Of course, You are the mystery, awakening, yet again.

* * * *

As ephemeral as the farthest star.

* * * *

There are probably very few in this abrasive world,
Who do not ruminate cruel, genocidal acts,
Upon one creature or another,
At some point in time.

* * * *

Pass it on.

* * * *

The masses will win out.

* * * *

Wisdom is an anomaly.

* * * *

Another flimsy veil of pretense.

* * * *

There is little reason or benefit to bear children in a non-agrarian society.

* * * *

Oblivious, hopeless, beyond redemption.

* * * *

Another day of waiting, for what, You do not know.

* * * *

How can all, not total one?

* * * *

All nothing; just different densities.

* * * *

Memory is such a brief affair.

* * * *

It's like the universe telling You, "Don't bother, be happy."

* * * *

Yeeesch!

* * * *

When young, You want to fill up on the world.
Aging just makes You wish You could be empty again.

* * * *

Is it fear which breeds us so?

* * * *

What difference between something
Given away, tossed, broken, lost or stolen?
In any event it becomes but a trace

In memory's passing whimsy.

* * * *

To every gain there is a loss.
To every loss, a gain.

* * * *

Who cares but a figment of self-proclaimed imagination?

* * * *

For You to be reading this,
You must have come here
To discover and do nothing.

* * * *

Loneliness is a state of attitude; aloneness a state of mind.

* * * *

Life is a mystical malady.

* * * *

Hovering, just barely.

* * * *

Suffering takes one down many paths.

* * * *

But what does it mean?
It means nothing.

* * * *

There is carving
And there is uncarving.
Carving give birth to limitation,
Uncarving is limitless.

* * * *

Right here to be.

* * * *

Who's the who who's asking who?

* * * *

You continue reading, writing, thinking and watching
Because You do so enjoy the conceptual play.
It is the pleasure of intellectual attachment.

* * * *

Creation and destruction, what differences are real to an indivisible coin?

* * * *

Maybe I am not making my Self clear?

* * * *

Even young flesh shows the tarnish of aging.

* * * *

Space and time can never be proven without the collusion of its source.

* * * *

Without measurement, where would You be?

* * * *

The subject-object duality exists only in imagination.

* * * *

Everything You think You are is merely identification
With habitual, patterned movements of energy.

* * * *

Bliss is never forgetting to remember.

* * * *

You need not be burdened by existence.
The weight of thought is your attachment to it.

* * * *

From infant to young child
To pre-adolescent to teenager
To young adult to older adult
To elder to sage to grave,
Realities are ever-changing
Till death wipes the dream clean.

* * * *

Narcissus resides in any mind
That ever caught even a glimpse
Of its reflection in a passing pond.

* * * *

Even if You are the most evil El Diablo, this world or any other, has ever seen,
You are still the ineffable mystery acting out, a temporary role born of imagination.

* * * *

See the cosmos through the senses,
Of a plant, a bird, an insect, a fish, a reptile,

A drop of water, grain of sand, a rock, a moon, a sun,
Or a galaxy well beyond the farthest vision,
And You will see the relativity,
Of the mind You vainly believe your own.
We are a vast multiplicity within the same handiwork.
Reflections of a huge ocean that knows no limitation, no separation.
Do whatever You will, do whatever the dreamtime calls, it is all the same mystery.

* * * *

A Self proclamation.

* * * *

Self-absorbed consciousness
Invariably ferments an isolation
Born of mind's countless limitations.

* * * *

Space-time will change forever, but it will always be now
No matter who, what, where, when, why or how.

* * * *

The gypsy-vagabond-nomad-wayfarer-traveler
Journeys from harbor to harbor,
Ever home in all.

* * * *

You will always be able to find those
Willing tell You whatever You want to hear,
And those who believe whatever You want to tell.

* * * *

It seems the nature of the mystery to achieve every possibility possible.

* * * *

How can humankind ever abide peacefully
If we cannot tolerate all the imaginary differences
Forged in the deep dark jungles of long ago?

CLXI

What real difference
Between cause and effect?
They are but concepts generated
By the subjective nature of perception.

* * * *

Where would imagination be without chemistry?

* * * *

By the end of your days, You will probably wish
You had treated your body a bit more gently.

* * * *

If we only knew of time to come,
Would we rush so to get there?

* * * *

The issue is not whether humankind will get it together; the issue is, will You?

* * * *

You are number one in a reality
That would never bother counting.

* * * *

Spend some, save some.
Enjoy the spring day,
But prepare for winter,
For it will one day come.

* * * *

All language, linguistic, mathematical or any other,
Are the conceptual conscripts of time's delusional patter.

* * * *

Just another fool dying for his vanity.

* * * *

Lifesurfer

* * * *

The mystery is like a holograph picture.
You can't see it until You look at it differently.

* * * *

Wisdom pays many tolls.

* * * *

Once You are born, whatever the form,
Whatever the time, whatever the space,
The tide of destiny is too strong to resist.

* * * *

A future with which You will not have to contend.

* * * *

Years ago You could not have understood.

* * * *

Are not we, each and all, a bit like everyone and everything?

* * * *

Discover a place, a person, a situation, in which You are not comfortable,
Stretch, and observe that expanse in which no difference can be known.

* * * *

You are the eternal watchingness.

* * * *

The second hand is quite still but for the mind pushing it along.

* * * *

No matter how high it is launched, the individual drop inevitably returns to its source.

* * * *

Discern every pocket of resistance until all dissolve.

* * * *

All minds are wired differently, which makes all judgment foolishly meaningless.

* * * *

No thing is its name.

* * * *

So many others working so hard to manipulate
Your desire and fear to their own vain ends.

* * * *

Time exists only because a swirl of dust
Was the perfect distance and angle
From a source of radiation.

* * * *

Though You have witnessed so much,

The real You remains forever untouched.

* * * *

The body and mind and spirit we christen as human,
Has slowly evolved through many mutations,
To reach this point in consciousness.
Many reside in the primal arenas,
But seers strive to connect all,
In the journey into eternal union.
The most recent evolution is the key,
To discerning beyond the predatory origin.

* * * *

You strive so hard to transcend,
Only to finally realize
There is nothing to transcend.

* * * *

The wave rushes in with the ocean's might
Succumbing to the shore's resistance,
Retreating for its inevitable return.
It is the ebb and flow of all existence.
Timeless in time, it is the illusory theater
Of creation, preservation and destruction.

* * * *

There are many ways
To live and die
In the choiceless realm.

* * * *

The challenge is to wash away the past as it happens,
To be in the nowness with a sense of freshness
Untainted by the me, myself, and I.

* * * *

Pity the critics for all their inabilities.

* * * *

You can spend your life resisting your fate,
Or surrender to it without concern or doubt.
All destinies converge in the dust of oblivion.

* * * *

There is a great impartiality about the ocean.
The shark is unconcerned with your sex,
Or color or religion or wealth or status.
Its only interest is whether You are edible.

* * * *

In the same way You cannot discern the ocean
But for the reflection of light upon its surface,
You cannot penetrate the ultimate nature
But for the refection of consciousness.

* * * *

The elixir of truth can never know its sweetness
But through the beingness of manifestation.

* * * *

Those who embrace the way for personal gain
Miss the point and are lost to the desolation of vanity.

* * * *

You are the creator of heaven and hell.
You are the source of bliss and despair.

* * * *

You are your Soul.

* * * *

These thoughts are concise with pointed intent
Which few will ever fully comprehend
Even with the greatest effort.

* * * *

What male and femaile
Must endure to abide each other
Is the divining essence of the human drama.

* * * *

Sex is free,
But imbibing will cost You.

* * * *

As long as You are distracted by the senses
And the passion they weave in imagination,
You will not discern fully your ultimate nature.

* * * *

There is no other,
But the attributes of personal nature
So readily contort in the refraction of consciousness.

* * * *

The burdens You carry are your conscious choice.

* * * *

Desire and its shadow, fear, catch your breath.

* * * *

The bubbles of consciousness wander an infinity of illusions,
Never aware of the totality in which they timelessly effervesce.

* * * *

But for desire, You would not exist.

* * * *

How can it ever be conveyed
In the inadequacy of words,
This mystery which is seen
And so aimlessly wandered.

* * * *

So much
Of what is called art
Is about as attractive and meaningful
As a three-day old toilet

* * * *

Beauty is best shaken, not stirred.

* * * *

Time is like a rainbow's shadow.

* * * *

Women are best when the longing is from a distance.

* * * *

You cannot snare that which is nothing.

* * * *

Oral histories about this scribe
Would not inspire any sense of sainthood.
Angel to some, demon to many more.
Well-traveled in a full medley
Of heavens and hells.

* * * *

Domestication lays waste to a man's potential.

* * * *

If You are afraid to make mistakes,
The greatest lessons will never grace You.

* * * *

What an infinite, murky pit, desire.

* * * *

History shapes what will be perceived tomorrow.

* * * *

Desire binds You in time to its discretionary nature.

* * * *

This moment has ever been as eternal as every other.

* * * *

We are all hedonists
In one manner or another.
Even the so-called spiritual quest
Is a passion conceived in self-absorption.

* * * *

You can't fool your Self.

* * * *

Learn to wander heaven or hell unscathed.

* * * *

Dust is as dust does.

* * * *

As long as You are cloaked in a body,
You will likely be bound to the forgetfulness
Assured by the senses and mind.

* * * *

Truth can only be revealed through analogies,
Parables, ironies, metaphors, riddles and other linguistic foils.
Insight comes only through the liberation of concepts
Intent upon reflecting the deeper stillness
Prior to the hubbub of time.

* * * *

Time is a vampire to beauty.

* * * *

Agape love will consume You.

* * * *

So many contortions and compromises

It takes to survive this jungle of existence.

* * * *

You swirl through a moment
And wonder after its passing
If You ever even existed.
Time is like that.

* * * *

That which You truly are
Neither wants nor needs anything.

* * * *

This moment of contentment
Is brought to You by your Self.

* * * *

From nothing, everything.

* * * *

A gigolo through and through,
You want them all.

* * * *

Discretion is the better part of endurance.

* * * *

Wherever You may wander,
The mystery plays out its relentless theater,
And You, the anonymous witness.

* * * *

Wherever You may wander,
The mystery plays out its relentless dream,
And You, the anonymous dreamer,
Witness it very much alone
In your very own way.

* * * *

The quest for knowledge has become
An irrational, monstrous Frankenstein.

* * * *

The view is imagination,
As is its dissolution.

* * * *

So much perfection.

* * * *

The moment can never be grasped.
It is the dust of a windy universe.

* * * *

The dreams between worm's meat.

* * * *

All the places, all the faces,
What will it be like
When it ends?
No one really knows.

* * * *

Nowadays are no different
Than yesterdays or tomorrows.

* * * *

One ending is as good as another.

* * * *

If You learn its language,
Any black box
Will yield its secrets.

* * * *

Manifestation
Will every travel
Data field spectrums
Via statistical deviations.

* * * *

Flush You limited thinking
Like You would a toilet.

* * * *

This manifest realm functions
On a very tenuous precipice.

* * * *

Despite the havoc and confusion, still they selfishly breed,
Unconcerned with the bitter fates of generations to come.

* * * *

Desire is a Hydra.

* * * *

You pass through time, and it through You.

* * * *

Whatever You are, it is; whatever it is, You are.

* * * *

Regurgitating is not knowing; following is not divining.

* * * *

Black boxes are the sure outcomes of ignorance
Refusing to examine the infinity beyond limitations.

* * * *

Feel the weight of the pride-filled arrogance
And the synergy of our kind, its inertia,
And where it must eventually lead.
For any sanity to be recovered
Is a long and winding road.

* * * *

Never stop with literal answers
When pondering stories and analogies
Radiated from the minds of mystics
Drenched in irony and paradox.

* * * *

What is done again and again
For the sake of "cuteness"
Is too absurd for words.

* * * *

Your universe reigns supreme
No matter the mountain or gutter.

* * * *

How can anyone who is at all intelligent
Not spend as much of their time as possible
In wonder over the mystery of their existence?

CLXII

Adulthood is the price one must pay for childhood.

* * * *

If You must conspire, conspire to create community, not fragment it further.

* * * *

Like a leaking faucet, these thoughts splatter one-by-one into the sink of consciousness.

* * * *

Hot but never hot, cold but never cold, is the paradox and irony of this mystery.

* * * *

Herein You will find an utter disregard toward all schools of so-called spiritual thought.
A wholesale purging, an anarchistic vista, toward all frames and boundaries,
Born of the human paradigm, given over to the irrational mind.

* * * *

After all the pain You have endured in this existence, what would be so difficult,
About firmly squeezing the triggers of a shotgun or .38 Special,
Or pulling a helium hood over your head?

* * * *

The driven drive so many others, to such meaningless ends.

* * * *

This is written for those times,
When a person's word can be counted on,
Without threats of litigation or other forms of extortion.
When honor and fairness and justice are more than ephemeral ideals.

* * * *

Desire-filled frenzy is for those distracted in spirit.

* * * *

The wall is approaching quickly, and the brakes were dismantled long ago.

* * * *

To be truly content, all desire must dissolve,
Into the vast nothingness from which it originates.
In the total completeness that comes from eternal union,
The heart and mind blend in the ebb and flow of a simple breath.

* * * *

Few visionaries are recognized by the masses in their own day.

* * * *

When You truly find your own voice, what need will You have for any other?

* * * *

Humanity has the opportunity, to clearly observe the narrow, finite niche, in which it temporarily resides.

* * * *

Hard to imagine that this entire cosmos,
Was created so that You and every other life form,
Could play out mortal existence together for a very brief moment.

* * * *

If You understood what the antichrist represents, You would welcome its presence with open arms.

* * * *

Distinctions between subtle and gross spirituality, are just more division born of limited thinking.

* * * *

You enjoy giving into your endless stream of desires; otherwise, You would not be touring Oz all the time.

* * * *

How many ways it can be told.

* * * *

All life must find some competitive capacity to survive and endure this Darwinian dreamtime.
In the statistical bell-curve nature of all things manifest in this ineffable cosmos,
That might even include – unlikely as it is in the human paradigm –
A cooperative template, that somehow transcends the vanity of personal nature.

* * * *

It is the nature of all life to find reflections that can be endured.

* * * *

Very simple put, matter-of-factly spoken, no brag, just fact, thou art mystery.

* * * *

What a confused set of dreams, and so many more yet to come.

* * * *

Yeesch.

* * * *

You will when You will.

* * * *

When You get to the sun, don't melt.

* * * *

Wisdom is the sum of all experience.

* * * *

Flank when it's least expected and most discomforting.

* * * *

How subtle the inflections of any given set of words.

* * * *

It was a ranch house this time around.

* * * *

Simple observations, through a screen of conditioned patterns, the same as it has ever been.

* * * *

Speaking to You, mystery to mystery.

* * * *

What an interesting soliloquy all this is; is it the same for all that ponder deeply?

* * * *

Go ahead and be your Self.
There's no need to be shy about it.
What does it really matter
That another
Would even kill You?
That You even flowered is enough.

* * * *

So many ways they tell You do and don't.
Ford the river whenever, wherever,
In whatever way You will.
There are no rules
To reality.

* * * *

Catch and release, baby, catch and release.

* * * *

Nature provides all the rules you'll ever need.

* * * *

What to imagine next?

* * * *

However You may care to define it,
It is ever the same mystery.

* * * *

What an ordeal is made of something so simple.

* * * *

The trick is figuring out what You really want.

* * * *

The wave's retreat begins with an undertow.

* * * *

The gamemaster is the one who defines the game.

* * * *

Cloak him in whatever titles You will,
A playground bully is always a bully.

* * * *

Conscience seems to be an optional feature.

* * * *

You wrote this,
You devil You.

* * * *

Those who enslave
Lack the passkey to heaven,
Despite all their worship of mammon
And the many spurious masters of the universe.

* * * *

Real leadership is a form of servitude.

* * * *

How desperate so many are in their denial of the mysterious void within.

* * * *

For every mountain ascended, there is the journey back down.
Humanity's relatively brief timeline is statistically assured.
It is the destiny of any seed line, no matter the dream.

* * * *

Just go along for the ride, You alien beast; there is really nothing to take personal.

* * * *

You were born of the infinite potential, but life gradually whittles You down.

* * * *

Self, rest ye merry consciousness; it has been here awhile.

* * * *

Just another bubble in the jacuzzi.

* * * *

What Eden gave freely is now taken by force; seek that value which no mind knows.

* * * *

Do You really believe anything in this world is worth dying for?

* * * *

Life is like one big, long shock treatment.

* * * *

Why are You so afraid of breaking a few arbitrary rules?

* * * *

Life is so much simpler when…

* * * *

Practice boredom is such a bore.

* * * *

Eternity begins
Whenever the you
That is not you
Dies.

* * * *

You may want to keep a few vices
Just to remember what hell
Really has going for it.
Hedonism,
Pure and simple.

* * * *

Equations portraying the universe
Are not floating out there
Somewhere in the depths of space.

* * * *

When You love what You do,
Even when You really really don't,
It's like a bird singing to the morning sun.

* * * *

Curious how we treat nature

As if it were some anomaly
In the landscape of our minds.

* * * *

Yet another shade of wacko
Behind that vain little smile.

* * * *

Despite all the melodrama of so-called free will,
Doesn't your life feel a just a tiny bit
Beyond your control?

* * * *

Just a little bit too bored for your own good.

* * * *

Decidedly uninteresting.

* * * *

Trophies come in so many sizes and shapes.

* * * *

Perhaps if You practice contentment,
You will one day figure it out.

* * * *

From dust to seed to form
And all back to one
Ever and ever again and again.

* * * *

Same old story in different guises.

* * * *

Despite what they say, they all want one.

* * * *

The un-ripened mind believes its limitations.

* * * *

Real religion has nothing to do
With any vain human concoction.

* * * *

Unrepentant to the end.

* * * *

When discern the timeless mind,

You be the whole of mind's potential.

* * * *

Let it move.
You be still.

* * * *

If You really loved,
Would You expect anything in return?

* * * *

Why do You continue to dabble
With the suffering of worldly existence?
What does it offer to entice You again and again?

* * * *

Your mind-body's drive
To be secure in this dream world
Is destined to fail miserably.
You may as well be inanely courageous
As You saunter through the cold flames of purgatory.

* * * *

You've been given a life.
Why shouldn't You feel free to do
What it pleases You to do?

* * * *

When the veil falls away,
You are the ocean prior to all dreams
Born of consciousness.

* * * *

Guilt and shame are a waste of time.

* * * *

Heaven or hell,
What need has a seer for either?

* * * *

It is what it 'tis.

* * * *

I am the one,
And so are You,
And all the others as well.
Really no big deal.

* * * *

Long before this good old boy had any insight into the question,
He asked an innocent young Christian woman,
"Who created God?"
And she answered,
"Oh, we don't ask that!"
Hmmm…
Well, maybe You do not.

* * * *

The nebulous center is prior to all veils; it the true Rome from which all roads lead.

* * * *

You cannot hold on to truth
For there is no holding on to anything
But the vague echoing hollowness of a fleeting concept.
Only in timeless stillness can it be discerned
That the only truth, the only way
Is the light of youness
For all eternity.

* * * *

How quickly a life can be transformed
Into a new sense of reality.

* * * *

Make light of it.

* * * *

The other
Is the shadow
Lurking behind so many
Of your thoughts.

* * * *

The intelligence prior to mind
Is the same creator of all diversity.
The blinding factor in the human condition
Is the egocentric attribute that denies even the most simple life form
Is a sophisticated creation of the same origin.

* * * *

Saturday nights just ain't what they used to be, are they?

* * * *

Awareness is the key to eternity.

* * * *

Reality is prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Samadhi transcends all.

* * * *

Organized religion is a placebo.

* * * *

Brainwashing sounds too freeing.

* * * *

If You create
With a sense of craftsmanship,
It will sell itself.

* * * *

Will You ever set aside
The insatiable craving
For sensory gratification?

CLXIII

For the part to discern the whole, it must see its own connected wholeness.
Without a greater vision than oneself, there is only temporal confusion.

* * * *

Only a deep discernment, of the underlying form, will even the keel.

* * * *

The scribe is just another messenger.
One of the countless who have said over and over,
In so many ways, that You are truly that which is the same mystery.
There is no point in torturing or killing or following or worshipping him, or anyone else.
This time, just try to understand.

* * * *

You do not have to be a statistician, to know You are riding a bell curve.

* * * *

There are no followers, only groupies.

* * * *

We declared war on Mother Nature long ago;
Not realizing that we will one day find ourselves surrounded.
Custer's odds were much better in his last stand.

* * * *

Do You foster a busy schedule to avoid the anguish of loneliness?

* * * *

When some deity or deities are placed "out there" somewhere,
There is no shortage of scoundrels, rascals, rogues, villains, wretches, cads, skalawags, blackguards,
Middlemen interested in your soul, and the pocketbook attached.

* * * *

There's no point to arguing with someone about their limitations.

* * * *

There are always more questions,
But genuine answers
Are like shadows and rainbows.

* * * *

Sensory craving is about as satisfying
As scrambling on your belly after mirages.
Even if You conceive they offer no salvation,
You continue reaching out to each and every one

In the inane dream some ironically call a spiritual quest.

* * * *

Do not be afraid
To let go of this temporal world.
You cannot in truth die.
The body is mulch
In the flames of illusion.

* * * *

You keep searching for gold in this world or any other,
But again and again everything crumbles into dust.

* * * *

What doe it all mean?
Why does it have to mean anything?

* * * *

Every living creature must act to survive,
And then deal with the ramifications as they unfold.

* * * *

What action can any really claim as their own?

* * * *

“They” are the ones You don’t see,
The ones beyond your horizon,
Outside the zone of control.
The ones who control you
In ways disinclined
To ever heed your will.

* * * *

You are the face of the faceless nature.

* * * *

Your enjoyment of it not withstanding,
The primary point of sexuality is reproduction.
The incessant craving for its pleasure
Suits your DNA quite well.

* * * *

Higher purpose is a quaint notion.

* * * *

To and fro, the dream goes,
It never stops, and ever flows.

* * * *

What would it be to never imagine death or birth again?

* * * *

Discern that aspect of the mystery,
That permeates every fiber of your being.
You are the church of beingness.

* * * *

If You are looking for a conspiracy, You will probably find one.
Though ignorance and pride and avarice, are the more likely culprits.

* * * *

The pride of being a seer is the last surrender.

* * * *

It's taking things personally
Which snares You time and time again.

* * * *

The loss of innocence is the price of sophistication.

* * * *

As long as You suppose any of this is your doing,
You will suffer in ways only You can imagine.
All suffering is born of the identification
With the senses and the theater
In which they participate.

* * * *

Calendars and lists are means, not ends.

* * * *

Who shapes You into what You are not?

* * * *

Beloved is as beloved does.

* * * *

Look to your own way.

* * * *

The mind is a blade that cuts deeply
Until the illusion of time is mastered.

* * * *

Nothingness is the gift.

* * * *

What day is any more spiritual than any other?

* * * *

The clay jar is the space it occupies.

* * * *

No other is required to tell You that which is truth.

* * * *

The twists and turns of fate are many and unpredictable.

* * * *

Either everything is sacred, or nothing is.

* * * *

The nada in me is the nada in You,
And despite what we think,
It's more than a zoo.

* * * *

Death is just an energy dispersal.

* * * *

Despite what the many others tell You,
There's nothing to prove.

* * * *

Don't allow another's discontent to rile You.

* * * *

So many people wanting to be
One saint, prophet, mystic or another,
Yet have no inkling what they really were.
Imitation is not the means.

* * * *

Is it what they want from You,
Or what You want from them
That is most bothersome?

* * * *

No contest.

* * * *

Not necessarily a loss,
Not necessarily a gain.
Just the gray of time.

* * * *

The mirage
Of a woman's face
Is enticingly bittersweet.

* * * *

In life some are specialists and others are generalists.
Others are specialists generalizing or generalists specializing.
Who can say with any certainty at all where a life will lead?

* * * *

What is the point of existence but existence itself?
It needs no rhyme or reason for it is the rhyme and reason.
It is the witnessing.

* * * *

Unfulfilled dreams are the real nightmares.

* * * *

The embodiment of narcissistic futility.

* * * *

Buddha in a power-tied three-piece suit
Is the same Buddha in a tattered loin cloth.

* * * *

Security is a concept without a reality.

* * * *

Funny how so few see the obvious.

* * * *

What's the point of growing old
If You can't be young?

* * * *

Most things aren't as one-dimensional
As so many make them out to be.

* * * *

Do ripples ever end?

* * * *

How far to take own freedom,
Without impeding another's?

* * * *

Space, the final frontier.

* * * *

Just another player in an empty theater.

* * * *

So long, asshole.

* * * *

Goals are really never-ending processes.
From the creation of a simple cup of tea
To the destruction of an entire universe,
Every part and particle plays its position.

* * * *

Self-interest rules every life form.

* * * *

Liberation is being very still, very present.

* * * *

Until it's no longer possible,
You will always pick yourself up
Dust off the suffering, wander home,
And begin anew the next day.

* * * *

Piss poor documentation,
Don't You think?

* * * *

Cooperation is the highest form of self-interest.

* * * *

Manifest schemes ripple into history.

* * * *

The fountainhead
Radiates all bounty,
Manifests all direction,
Sustains all unto death.

* * * *

One falls.
Another rises
From the ashes.
The progeny of terra
Will sprout long beyond

The human phenomenon.

* * * *

What humanity finds annoying, it destroys.
What it finds pleasurable, it propagates.

* * * *

The martyr cries out for meaning and purpose.

* * * *

Only You can unbind your soul
From the chains of consciousness.

* * * *

Peace is really very simple.
If the mind is open and receptive
To the reverie of the senses,
There is nothing but.

* * * *

Another copy,
Another imitation,
Another counterfeit,
Another second-hander.
Originality requires courage.

* * * *

Hell is the same old thing
Over and over and over again.

* * * *

Change is sometimes quickly, other times slowly.
Only the nothingness of the canvas remains the same.

* * * *

Are You that weak?

* * * *

Where exactly do You end,
And the other begin?

* * * *

Life is contrasts and the blur between.

* * * *

Continuity is only real in imagination.

* * * *

Nothing to become,
Everything to be.

* * * *

Death will be the end of the universe
As You know it.

* * * *

Nothing like a full-body shit to clear the mind.

* * * *

It all boils down
To simple awareness
And good breathing.

* * * *

The trick is to enjoy life
As much as pain will allow.

* * * *

We keep looking for intelligence across the universe
When it's debatable how much there really is at this end.

* * * *

Give me hell if that idiot's going to heaven.

* * * *

Always question either/or contentions.

* * * *

Detachment isn't easy
Because You want to believe,
To imagine, to deceive yourself it real.

* * * *

It is whole,
And the biggest challenge
Is to remember it.

* * * *

Those who fear for their soul
Don't even know what it is.

* * * *

You cannot find what's not there to be found.

* * * *

Who pays attention to the silence, echoing from the corners?

* * * *

You are all that is, all that is not
The space between, the space beyond.
All ways, forever.

* * * *

A transcendent moment
Is a transcendent moment
No matter the space and time,
Or the illusion.

* * * *

There is no enduring memory,
Only undifferentiated awareness
Playing out differentiation.
The ground requires
No cover.

* * * *

One who has nothing may be far wealthier
Than one who gorges incessantly.
State of mind is all.

* * * *

Any organized religion
Is an ongoing power struggle,
Often tedious and brutal in every way.
And rarely anything to do with real spirituality.

* * * *

Do not be confused.
It is all subjective.
It is all arbitrary.

* * * *

Be, very still.

* * * *

When does big become small; when does small become big?
Cold,hot, or hot, cold? Light, dark, or dark, light?
Or right become wrong, or wrong, right?
Or anything, anything else?
State of mind is all.

CLXIV

Why should one drop of evaporating water,
Concern itself that others will at some point follow,
When there is ultimately, absolutely, no choice in the matter.
And who-what-where-when-why-how would it mean,
That even one drop, discern, what it is, or is not?

* * * *

How challenging for the mind not to have an eye on history.

* * * *

Veil runner.

* * * *

What You are not, is imagining, what You are, is not.

* * * *

Passions are the volcanoes of desire and fear.

* * * *

We are all outcomes of the first dawn.

* * * *

There is nothing as defining as will under siege.

* * * *

From whose perspective is any history written,
But a vague perception of a set of vague perceptions?
Dreams all, no matter the view or inclination.

* * * *

All is one; all dreams are of the same source.

* * * *

Avoid judging another time and place by your own.
Any given context has its rhyme and reason.

* * * *

Ants wander the turf of a small field,
Their perception limited to its finite context,
Never discerning the field extends
Into the farthest reaches
Of imagination.

* * * *

If You knock loudly enough,

You will see quite clearly
That nobody is home.

* * * *

Peer into another's mind,
And You will know your own.

* * * *

You witness me, and I You.
What fools we are
To think ourselves so different.

* * * *

Pain levels the playing field.

* * * *

Why be troubled by the smokescreen?

* * * *

Of a thousand seeds cast to the wind,
Who can say which will find their mark?

* * * *

You'll find what You seek.
There are clues everywhere.

* * * *

Create something, create nothing.
All the same in the sameness.

* * * *

Is it really "your" soul?

* * * *

Same old "I Am" wakes up every time.

* * * *

Do not tarry, sweet Mother.
Rid yourself of this human plague.
Salvage what time is left.
Lick the wounds,
Bear the scars,
Fulfill creation's promise.

* * * *

Why be frightened of or bothered by circumstances
Over which You have absolutely no control?

* * * *

You are in love.

* * * *

So subtle the implications.

* * * *

Feel the mask.

* * * *

An flawless universe,
The deluded conjuring
Of a medley of nerves

* * * *

So many examples how not to do it.

* * * *

Love the lover.

* * * *

How it is discovered is personal affair.

* * * *

Who's forcing You to think the way You do?
Who can coerce You in any way
If You have no fear.

* * * *

Where best for the brigand to be concealed,
Than where only the rare would think to look?

* * * *

Pain management is the challenge.

* * * *

Surrender to what calls You.

* * * *

The breath of mystery blows You to your fate.

* * * *

Of course, they stopped as soon as You left.

* * * *

Doing anything all the time is tedious.

* * * *

Not to be bothered by anything,
Now wouldn't that be nice?

* * * *

How ridiculous that we wait
For scientists and statisticians and pundits
To tell us how insane it is.

* * * *

It won't make a bit of difference.

* * * *

What remedy to an ambush
But instant retaliation?

* * * *

How much easier it flows
When vectors aren't crashing.

* * * *

Keep remembering
That you're only
The center
Of your universe.

* * * *

How to be free of a cancer or virus?
Cease providing sustenance.

* * * *

Go ahead, try to surprise me.

* * * *

Allow all problems to cease and desist.

* * * *

The human species cannot jump the bar
At the height which You have set it.

* * * *

Advertisements and yapping announcers
Are an opportunity to change channels.

* * * *

No one's going to empower you
If You don't take the reins.

* * * *

Power, fame, and fortune may be fun, but give me freedom first.

* * * *

Looks like what it's going to come out as.

* * * *

Put yourself between people
Who hate each other,
And they may well kill You first.

* * * *

Hope is for naive romantics.

* * * *

The first birth was death's beginning, too.

* * * *

Memory is something You remember vaguely.

* * * *

Always try to remember, in times of adversity,
How much worse things could probably be.

* * * *

Sleep: that place
Where all cares fall away
Into void's reality.

* * * *

Word of mouth can be
Your most powerful ally,
Or your worst nightmare.

* * * *

Could Jesus even begin to live up to the myth?

* * * *

Getting sucked into arguments
Only deflects the point.

* * * *

Freedom is also respecting the rights of others.

* * * *

Breath is but a borrowed thing.

* * * *

Has any species ever outdone us as predators?

* * * *

Despite all appearances,
It's all in your head.

* * * *

Lump all of consciousness into one bag,
And whom do You get?

* * * *

Heal the world in your mind.

* * * *

What can You know about things
You have never witnessed?

* * * *

That's how it goes.

* * * *

Filter out what doesn't suit You,
But remember only the body is finite.

* * * *

So much meaningless activity yet to achieve.

* * * *

Smile, it does a body good.

* * * *

So many eating their cake,
Wondering where it went.

* * * *

Run, White Rabbit, run.
Faster, faster.

* * * *

All things meet one end or another.

* * * *

Beauty by itself is an empty offer.

* * * *

To bring into being self-motivated learners
Is the highest achievement of education.

* * * *

It's never too late to learn
If You are open to it.

* * * *

History is all the perceptions that have brought life to this point in time.

* * * *

Few will want what You have to offer.

* * * *

Life offers so many roads to travel down.

* * * *

Respect for others is not always easy to muster.

* * * *

There are as many versions of history as there are eyes to witness it.

* * * *

Every decision
Leads to new decisions.
A tree with an infinity of branches.

* * * *

Many drops to make an ocean,
Many grains to make a world,
Infinity to make a universe.

* * * *

Mystical heaven.

* * * *

The best souls do not necessarily
Have the kindest appearance.

* * * *

Why would every life form not be part of the same soul? What else could they possibly be?

* * * *

Your vision of hell is your own creation.

* * * *

A reasonable amount of self-sufficiency is just plain smart.

* * * *

What else to offer a world eroding into madness and self-destruction?

* * * *

Find peace with your own dream, and You will with all the others.

* * * *

Still empty after all these years.

* * * *

Things just sort of take care of themselves.

* * * *

Some cry too much, some laugh too much.
Tread cautiously between extremes.

* * * *

Truth is a many-flavored thing.
You never know when it will bite You.

* * * *

It happens.

* * * *

Cockroaches, rats, crows, seagulls,
Coyotes, and other scavengers
Thrive in human proximity.

* * * *

Heaven on earth is a heaven in mind.

* * * *

The trouble with love is all the expectations.

* * * *

Every day the same play.

* * * *

The assumptions we daily embrace
Mold the future others will face.

* * * *

Love is a pleasant fantasy,
But do You really love anybody?
Does anyone really love You?
And what is your definition?

* * * *

Ultimately all memory is of short-term recollection.

* * * *

How easily water moves from one state to another.

Ice, liquid, vapor…form to formless,
It maters not.

* * * *

Habits carve deeply into daily living.
Even the most trivial can become
Nearly impossible to change.

* * * *

God is too infinite to count.

* * * *

Who cares what any philosopher or mystic or oracle or prophet or saint thinks?

* * * *

His story,
Her story,
Its story,
My story,
Your story,
Their story,
Our story,
The story,
A story,
All stories.

* * * *

Avoid labels whenever possible.

* * * *

You are infinity in microcosm,
And microcosm in infinity.

* * * *

You are the indescribable wealth,
A crown jewel of creation's making.

* * * *

Another enticing mirage sucks You in once again.

CLXV

Sure, You could be wrong, but You doubt it with all your beingness.

* * * *

Reveling in yet another revelation.

* * * *

Quite pleased with your Self, aren't You?

* * * *

Those who want to lead
Eventually find those
Who can only follow.

* * * *

Absolute madness.

* * * *

You are the center of your universe,
You will do what You need to do.

* * * *

What subtlety each layer gains.

* * * *

The seeker
Who doesn't' camp at your doorstep
Is probably the real student.

* * * *

Other than its essential needs
For air, water and sustenance,
The body does not care one iota.
Only the mind is filled with craving.

* * * *

The mind seeks continuity,
But its reality is all quite disjointed.
Moments are very present.

* * * *

Information junkies.

* * * *

When and where, exactly,
Does the tire hit the road?

* * * *

Wanting anything
From another's soul
Taints the relationship.

* * * *

Would You kill off everything to have it your way?

* * * *

We cannot have our world,
And eat it, too.

* * * *

What difference between an atom,
A speck of dust, a grain of sand,
An orbiting planet, a fiery star,
A ever-expanding creation
Or the totality beyond?

* * * *

After awhile it becomes quite clear.

* * * *

Patterns within patterns, ad infinitum.

* * * *

Must have slept for a bit,
For I cannot remember.

* * * *

Nobody really knows nothing.

* * * *

How much of your life will You worry
Over losing your hoard of gold
And all those silly memories?

* * * *

Nothing's wrong with me.
What's wrong with You?

* * * *

Every context creates a new reference point.
The mind meanders from point to point
Until death erases the context.

* * * *

No word lasts forever.
All mean squat to the ground reality.

* * * *

Feel your celestial beingness.

* * * *

Again, without all the vanity.

* * * *

Neither hungry nor thirsty nor tired,
The mind is caught in the web
Of its ceaseless wanting.

* * * *

What can be offered
That You have not already tasted
In one form or another
So many times
Well beyond counting?

* * * *

Random lifetimes,
Disconnected
Like drops erupting
From a crashing wave.
Such an eternity the descent
Back into the sea.

* * * *

Round and round
Forever.

* * * *

When it comes to making babies,
Try not to do it accidentally.

* * * *

There's always the search
For the best of whatever class
The divisive mind imagines.

* * * *

A little rotten is obliging for digestion.
We have so much in common
With other scavengers.

* * * *

Every generation of any given life form
Is swept along, virtually powerless,
Against the currents of their context.

* * * *

Well enough can be very good.

* * * *

Isn't the relativity of attitude interesting?

* * * *

So many like to believe they are civilized,
But we all come from the savagery of life's origin,
And within each is the potential of that which is untamable.

* * * *

Flyswatters and guns are only a means.

* * * *

The young are so naturally playful.
Alas, what becomes of that innocence?

* * * *

Let us not confuse lust with love.

* * * *

Be kind to your surroundings.

* * * *

There's no order to it, really.

* * * *

Whether water, soda pop,
Or the finest wine,
All taste the same essence.

* * * *

Playing out that comic book hero in your head again?

* * * *

Haven't You seen enough plots
To know they are all contrived?

* * * *

The body is content.
Catch up with it.

* * * *

Would we suffer such insatiable longing
If we were free of coverings and finery?

* * * *

An anonymous fart wafts
Through the crowded room.

* * * *

Lost in a meandering day of reflection,
The words flow true to their mark.
Declare it a million times,
It is ever the same.

* * * *

Cast the immortal dice.

* * * *

Children are so flexible
Because they have yet to adopt
The inevitable rigidity of fabricated identity.

* * * *

Another member of the Dinky Penis Club.

* * * *

If it's all pointless, what's your point?

* * * *

Do You really believe the machine
Cares even one iota
What You say, think or do?

* * * *

Undo the structure,
And what do You have?

* * * *

When You die, send a Hallmark card, so we can know You are truly dead.

* * * *

The only insoluble problem
Is the one You don't want to solve.

* * * *

What's a horizon without a pole and a wire?

* * * *

No problema.

* * * *

Patterns unlock easily for the patient observer.

* * * *

Hasta la vista, baby.

* * * *

It's a herd thing.

* * * *

Like a rose on the verge of wilting.

* * * *

Sometimes it's just time to move on.
Starting over is very freeing.

* * * *

How do You sustain so much meaning and purpose?

* * * *

How naively we squander paradise.

* * * *

In defining a problem accurately,
The solution usually becomes clear.
Whether or not action will follow
Is always another matter.

* * * *

Sustaining weakness
Weakens the future.

* * * *

Middle class expectations
Will be harder and harder
For the masses to sustain.

* * * *

Some panty lines You just don't need to see.

* * * *

Truth is a mirage.

* * * *

A woman's trophies are flowers, cards and children.

* * * *

It's about texture, color, taste and proportion.

* * * *

Most of us seek attention in one way or another.

* * * *

It's a question of functional or dysfunctional.

* * * *

Our vanities play off each other.

* * * *

Another scene quickly passing.
Nothing can be preserved for long.

* * * *

Hell's heaven to a demon.

* * * *

Always ask whether the you
To which I am speaking
Is personal or not.

* * * *

The more You learn about the human species,
The less likely You will grasp their rationale.

* * * *

How much more bluntly can it possibly be put?

* * * *

When the eighth day came to pass, God took a long pee, a monstrous dump, and they, too, were good.

* * * *

Another harsh lesson on how quickly things can change.

* * * *

Pretending You are again, eh?

* * * *

There is this emptiness in each of us,
That can never even be partially filled.
The more one tries, the more one suffers.
Freedom and peace and happiness,
Are absolutely effortless.

* * * *

When You are real,

There is neither birth nor death.

* * * *

If God is as vain as You, all hope is wasted mindgorp.

* * * *

Your limited thinking is blinding.

* * * *

Such twisted fantasies the mind weaves.

* * * *

Damn the torpedoes; full speed ahead.

* * * *

The summary of life's predictability
Is that everyone who is born in one way or another,
Plays out their drama in one way or another,
And then dies in one way or another.
Fill in the blanks as You please.

* * * *

They came to be seen.

* * * *

Yawnoyawn.

* * * *

Just about anybody can make a baby.
Quite a few could use more restraint.

* * * *

Pay attention or suffer the consequences.

* * * *

Busted again.

* * * *

Oh well.

* * * *

How often it seems like a script
You never even read or rehearsed,
Yet act out with unfailing certainty.

* * * *

More bad dialogue.

* * * *

Waiting for the herd may be safe,
But it also slows You down.

* * * *

Thank God people wear clothes; it would be very scary watching so many ugly bodies strolling naked.

* * * *

The human form is a temporal state, to which attachment merits only mortal ends.

* * * *

Too late; You should have done something about that long ago.

* * * *

Maybe another time.

* * * *

Angry, unhappy people, tend to want to fashion others as they are.

* * * *

Commons sense is an insight into what is good for the many.
If it were common, humanity would not be in such a mess.

* * * *

The mind defined is not the mind.

* * * *

One man's law is creation;
Another's is destruction.
Who is to say which is right?

* * * *

What to do when nothing
Is the only thing that interests You?
Nothing, of course.

* * * *

It is never easy to surrender one's will,
The perception of being separate,
Back to its collective origin.

CLXVI

You were fooled into taking life personally.

* * * *

The winner decides the rules.

* * * *

It is your interpretation of the present
Through the screen of your past
Which manifests your future.

* * * *

Only those who see the dream as a dream
Will hear these words.

* * * *

Watch your fellow human beings
With the same detachment
That You would any other species
And You cannot help but see it cannot be
What You truly are.

* * * *

Why some are allowed to see and others not
Is a mystery to this journeyman mystic.

* * * *

Would it occur to You if You weren't ready?

* * * *

How can stillness feel the current
Of earth, wind, water and fire
But through imagination?

* * * *

There is nothing to join
In order to be free.

* * * *

Only the herd believes its lie.

* * * *

Even a bad glass of wine can be savored.
State of mind is all.

* * * *

There is a lot You can achieve, and much, much more, You cannot.

* * * *

What realms the mystery devises, are more innumerable than any count can muster.
Yet each are of the same indivisibility, the same singularity, no matter the scope.

* * * *

Keep your judgments to your Self.

* * * *

Why torture yourself so?

* * * *

You can never go back, and must wait for forward to happen.

* * * *

It is easy to laugh at another's foolishness, but can You laugh at your own?

* * * *

Will the genomic sequencing of this Darwinian garden, ever sanction less conflict?
Or is manifest creation even possible, without an inherent violence and destructiveness?

* * * *

We mull over the parts, but few comprehend the incomprehensible whole.

* * * *

Can You fathom the very surreal part that imagination has played in your existence?

* * * *

How often men seem to be demons to women, and women the same to men.
Into such different universes, different dreamtimes, genetic coding casts us all.

* * * *

A house of cards will have more foundation, if we continue this divisive madness.

* * * *

The mystery may well be all-knowing, all-powerful, all-seeing, all-everything,
But it has your limited mainframe, your limited mind, to dream through,
And a bolt of lightning would play havoc on the mortal circuitry.

* * * *

So pay attention.

* * * *

It is all about acquired tastes.

* * * *

If cats looked like their souls, we would kill them all.

* * * *

What is the mind unconditioned by yesterday or tomorrow?

* * * *

Scraped off the same spiritual bone, are we?

* * * *

Never You mind.

* * * *

No matter the shape or tear or texture, it is as seamless as seamless can be.

* * * *

You are as old as old is.

* * * *

So full of irony You cannot see straight.

* * * *

Herds continue, while lone rangers saunter off into oblivion.

* * * *

Men are like bees to the honey of proportion.

* * * *

Riddles have a way of intriguing answers.

* * * *

All this cheerleading for nothing.

* * * *

Where does it get You, really?

* * * *

As gray as gray gets.

* * * *

Cheap is rarely better unless it is a steal.

* * * *

I speak as clearly as I can, but can You listen as clearly?

* * * *

Let us rise to a larger vision.

* * * *

So many people pretending to be so strong, but their shallow egos give them away.

* * * *

In most things it is best to have the fundamentals in good order,
Before grasping for, before taking on, more than can be done well.

* * * *

Our self-absorbed triumphs, our self-absorbed heroics,
When contrasted with the incalculable cruelties,
Toward our fellow web-of-life earthlings,
Are a sorry irony-paradox upon all creation.

* * * *

Surrounded by lizard brains.

* * * *

To feel whole, You must decide to be whole.

* * * *

The synchronicity of all movement, of all action, of all will, is prior to any belief.
Even the greatest exertions of imagination, can never ascertain if it is even real.

* * * *

If truth could be proved, why do we argue it so?

* * * *

It does not matter who does it as much as it does that it gets done.

* * * *

Mothers want so badly to believe their sons good,
That the sons often collude in whatever way necessary
To maintain and nourish their unlikely delusion.

* * * *

Silence is its own symphony.

* * * *

Born a peasant, yet You are a king.

A harbor for other Souls to find their way.

* * * *

How can one at times
Not help but be confused
By the storm of consciousness?

* * * *

As well as You may know yourself,

Can You ever really witness it
With detached clarity?

* * * *

Frightening to realize so many girls think cheerleading
The end-all-be-all of their vain, superficial existence.

* * * *

Can truth ever be more than what people want to believe?

* * * *

We're all cousins from different bakeries.

* * * *

It seems so far away,
Then suddenly you're there,
And then well past
Only the vaguest recollection.

* * * *

You cannot miss what you've never known.

* * * *

The universe is quite infinite
If You are absorbed only in your own.

* * * *

Melt into sovereignty.

* * * *

Why shouldn't You prefer You own company to that of fools?

* * * *

Don't be limited by another's lack of imagination.

* * * *

Can any step be wasted?
Any breath missed?
Any life lost?

* * * *

The same play of consciousness, nonetheless.

* * * *

Which mid-life crisis were You referring to?

* * * *

The things You take for granted.

* * * *

Inquire into the reason until You are the reason.

* * * *

Instant karma.

* * * *

Ahh, the life of the lowly philosopher.

* * * *

No system of thought here.

* * * *

Where is the continuity?

* * * *

The flag blowing in the breeze is very still.

* * * *

Why build yourself into any idea?

* * * *

More corporate mayhem.

* * * *

Driven by forces over which we have no control,
A painful destiny is slowly, but surely taking shape.

* * * *

Just like all the rest.

* * * *

The big picture does not need
To adapt to humanity's little one.

* * * *

No need to know what You can't know.

* * * *

Even so-called normal is quite insane.

* * * *

Another compressed gusherhead.

* * * *

System? How can You organize chaos?

* * * *

What's really scary is that s/he will breed another round.

* * * *

Existence might not be such a bother
If it weren't for all the pain
One must sometimes endure.

* * * *

The flesh is, after all, only skin deep.
What resides below is really the mystery.

* * * *

Ironing out irony is impossible.

* * * *

You are not obligated to buy into foolish choices.

* * * *

The best things in life are free,
Or close to it.

* * * *

So many dialed in with their
Cell phones, pagers, faxes, and emails.
So little room for any space.

* * * *

The history we will never even begin to know
Has shaped our present in ways we cannot evade.
We are all the sum of time's mysterious, illusionary reality.

* * * *

You will be as free as You dare to be.

* * * *

Another recording playing at being human.

* * * *

It's the unfulfilled expectation
You find so disappointing.

* * * *

Why should You care about the time yet to come?
You got yours.

* * * *

The depths of despair

Lead to an obvious conclusion.

* * * *

We and all who have come before
Cast a horror story into the future.

* * * *

Do the unexpected and You won't be boring.

* * * *

No, You really don't want to know.

* * * *

It does not take a rocket scientist.

* * * *

Stark-raving mad.

* * * *

Who cares if someone else already said it.
Now it's here, too.

* * * *

Makes ya goofy.

* * * *

Saplings bend in heavy winds
Older trees tend to buckle.
It's the nature of aging.

* * * *

The hot that's hot is relative
To the hot that's not.

* * * *

You do not have to be a Christian, or anything else, to follow the Golden Rule.

* * * *

Would You want this to be handed to You?

* * * *

Not looking is a decision.

* * * *

It's designed to make You think.

* * * *

The first stain of the day.

* * * *

Figure out where the money is at,
And You will be fairly near to understanding
Most anything You want to, or more likely do not want to,
When it comes to the human drama.

* * * *

Peasants enjoy a freedom the so-called privileged will never know.

* * * *

Simply put, there are many things You can do and many more things that You cannot.
Nature and nurture, anatomy and character, capacity and limitation, shape any given life.
Call it fate, call karma, call it what You will, it is the seed principle that governs all life.

* * * *

If participants truly long for peaceful co-existence,
Somewhere in the back and forth of revenge
There must be an enduring forgiveness.

CLXVII

Hopefully, there is not some deity sitting in judgment.
You might have to kick his/her/its sorry, misaligned ass.

* * * *

Don't we all think what we believe is true and right?

* * * *

How many ways we poison ourselves.

* * * *

Just another bummer in a long stream of bummers.

* * * *

One group consensus is another's conspiracy.

* * * *

Ambitious and incompetent.
S/he will go far.

* * * *

A certain amount of forgiveness
Eases the burden of rage.

* * * *

You need not carry the demons of your imagination.

* * * *

Another celebration of vanity.

* * * *

Still dredging the dead, I see.

* * * *

There's really nothing much to say about it.

* * * *

Shift to another paradigm?
Yeah, right.
See You in hell first, amigo.

* * * *

How grand to be totally unknown.

* * * *

Try not looking for the familiar.

* * * *

Death is the door to immortality.

* * * *

Witness the nowingness.

* * * *

It's been obvious for a long time.
You obviously aren't the first to see it,
And, just as obviously, will not be the last.

* * * *

You've been unfaithful from the beginning.

* * * *

The reason people go mad
Is because they keep trying to fit in
To a universe that others force upon them.

* * * *

Vision is the only sense that separates.
Your universe dances upon your eyes.

* * * *

Simple observations.
That's all theses are.

* * * *

There's nobody You really want to know here.

* * * *

If You closely examine anyone's life,
You'll understand.

* * * *

Be the newborn babe.

* * * *

Babble is as babble does.

* * * *

You only identify with exteriors.
Do You identify with the inside of your
Mouth, nose, liver or left ventricle?

* * * *

Being important denies the humility of it all.

* * * *

Why should You fear death?
It is the unsheathing of immortality.

* * * *

Who's winning the human race?

* * * *

Why should anything surprise You?

* * * *

You don't have to play the game.

* * * *

Hard to enlighten the whole crowd.

* * * *

The world sucked You into its vast drama,
And now You must extricate yourself
If You want it to continue.

* * * *

Blunt and to the point.

* * * *

What's most important
In the learning process
Is the wanting to learn.

* * * *

We might prefer not knowing each other.

* * * *

Appeal to vanity and you'll have lots of friends.

* * * *

At least You won't sell your soul for a piece of ass.

* * * *

Trying so hard to be profound
Only leads to greater confusion.

* * * *

Don't lose sight of the fact
That at least 99.999999 percent
Of all life forms including human ones,
Don't give a flying fuck what You say or do,

Or what happens to You.

* * * *

The shade has overtaken your day in the sun.

* * * *

The metabolism is slowing down, but not the hunger.

* * * *

The vanity to which we cling has so little merit.

* * * *

More problems ahead.
Your breath assures it.

* * * *

On zee nose.

* * * *

Science is very good at measuring things it kills.

* * * *

We have become that which we fear most.

* * * *

As life moves on,
You can keep on regurgitating
Ye old same old same old
Or You can move on
To new ground.

* * * *

To whom or what need You be accountable?

* * * *

Think of your Self as water.

* * * *

Do You conform to the world,
Or the world into You?
A bit of both?
Or a bit of neither?

* * * *

Life is not a science.

* * * *

Along comes a friend or a stranger,

And a new adventure begins.

* * * *

Not really of much use, I'm afraid.

* * * *

Why cling to that which cannot be held?

* * * *

To be truly carefree, as effortless as it really is,
Is far, far too simple, and not nearly as easy
As you'd like to deceive yourself into believing.

* * * *

Be amused with it all.

* * * *

It's everything and everybody,
Including You.

* * * *

What makes You sure you're the grownup?

* * * *

You didn't really come here to be enslaved
By some ideological mindset, did You?

* * * *

If sound is vibration,
Then what is soundlessness?

* * * *

So serious!

* * * *

Be wary your wrath,
For its target is inevitably your Self.

* * * *

Go ahead, make a spectacle of yourself.
It must be what You need to do.

* * * *

Everything You say of another,
Say of yourself as well.

* * * *

What dark creatures some become.

* * * *

Oh, say can You see?

* * * *

So ridiculous to die for so little.

* * * *

Another moment of another day
Caught in the net of words.
Doesn't life write well?

* * * *

Try not to get rattled by your mind.

* * * *

Been there, done that.
Don't need to do it again.

* * * *

Is truth relative or precise?
Is it something vague or very exact?
Or is it the paradox of both ends
And everything between?

* * * *

An eclectic approach allows no bounds.

* * * *

Do You make the theory fit the world
Or the world fit the theory?

* * * *

Hope is an amusingly ironic word.

* * * *

Be cautious what You plug into.

* * * *

The mind is like a cloud
And thought the thunder and lightning
Which imagines the cloud real.

* * * *

Bean counters.

* * * *

School is about learning to learn.

Learning does not end when school is out.

* * * *

If You really want peace, just breathe.

* * * *

Sometimes it's just kind of pleasant
To put your head in the sand.

* * * *

Priesthood happens.

* * * *

Are we creating history? Or is history creating us?

* * * *

Be cautious… What You tear apart today
May someday need to be put back together again.
Burnt bridges are difficult to cross.

* * * *

How much time do You waste
Wondering what others think of You?

* * * *

You don't have to wait for the experts to catch on.

* * * *

The ivory tower folks certainly have a preoccupation with lists.

* * * *

So here You are.
Who would have ever guessed?

* * * *

The human drama,
So enthralling at first,
Gradually loses its sheen.

* * * *

Posers all.

* * * *

All that superiority, all that inferiority;
Both miss the equality of all.

* * * *

Thoughts of a mundane nature.

* * * *

To be free, You must cast out everything.
Every thought, every contortion of the mind,
Must be supplanted by a quiet, still attentiveness.

* * * *

Reality is not concerned what You want it to be.

* * * *

If it has to be explained,
Then it's pretty likely
You aren't going to get it.

* * * *

What a mountain of death each of us resides upon.

* * * *

We are cousins to the scavengers of the world.
Cockroaches, hyenas, buzzards…
Ain't go nothing on us.

* * * *

Alas, your twist on life doesn't interest me.

* * * *

In any conflict, the winner
Does not long entertain
Thoughts of defeat.

* * * *

Another moment to treasure
And make no attempt to repeat.

* * * *

To be eternally free, to know all that is to be known,
To see the perfection in which all forms dance,
To discern that which immortal and true,
All You must do is completely let go.

* * * *

Free will? … Hah! … The joke is on You.

* * * *

You cannot help your original nature.
You can, however, through strength of spirit,
And discernment of mind, overcome any challenge,
Any adversity, even unto death's inevitable, final greeting.

* * * *

When the world no longer entices You,
Your life unfolds as it will, and You will complete it,
With a timeless grace the deities on high, will both applaud and envy.

* * * *

Undiscerning sloth is the fate of those worshipping mammon without question.

* * * *

If participants truly long for peaceful co-existence,
Somewhere in the back and forth of revenge
There must be an enduring forgiveness.

* * * *

These words cast themselves onto paper without effort.
To what ends only imagination's speculation can foretell.

* * * *

You have witnessed the limits to which
Governments, corporations and religions aspire,
And the false glories they temporally attain.

* * * *

Do You discern the eternal difference between mortal and immortal death?

* * * *

We have all these words, all these ideals,
Yet there can be no peace in them
Lest You wrought it.

* * * *

Time is the trap created by consciousness, and to die to it is to perish in time.

* * * *

We are all impressions temporarily sculpted in the swirling wonder of space and time.

* * * *

Eternal life is when
All You think You are is a dream.
All memories are illusory.
Be done with them.

* * * *

Be cautious that You do not merely only think You see,
For the intellect creates many enticing view before all fall away.
In absoluteness there are no distinctions, no changes.
It is the first and last harbor, the foundation,

To which genesis must ever return.

CLXVIII

Will You ever tire of being entertained?

* * * *

Those seeking vain reflection
Will not long reflect upon You.

* * * *

There is no satisfaction in hell,
Nor contentment with heaven.

* * * *

Count and guard your money,
Organize and polish your possessions,
Act out your existence for the vanity life offers,
And cultivate the agony of mortality to its graveside end.
Who are the rare who distinguish the seed's root,
And perceive that which is immortal?

* * * *

When time is clearly seen
As a neurological distraction,
How can You help but be free?

* * * *

What is it to rest in the lotus of stillness,
In the quietude free of passion,
Without the concerns,
Of a hectic, time-filled mind?

* * * *

The divine breath is like an ocean wave
Crashed and stretching like a cat upon the sand,
And then withdrawing casually until its lungs are again full.

* * * *

Set about the inquiry through negation.
What You seek is what You are not,
Not what You believe You are.

* * * *

To resist your fate only magnifies the suffering.

* * * *

The deluded mind is like an impenetrable fog;
The seer like a light streaking across infinity.

* * * *

Those we consider heroes have failed us
Because we lack the discernment to pick real ones.
Great leaders are servants to the world,
Not vampires to self-interest.

* * * *

How long will the dream of man continue?
Only in time will the full epic be known.

* * * *

Do You really want
To be at peace with your Self?
Or are You just mouthing the given words?

* * * *

You will see the obviousness of it
When You are ready to embrace your true reality
Rather than the self-perpetuated dream-state of manifest time.

* * * *

You were born to contemplate the dreamy mystery
In whatever way the weaving has fashioned your experiencing.
You are the puppet of goodness experiencing the fleeting eternity of time.

* * * *

Can You be exposed to another's experience without judging it?
Discerning its reality without injecting your personal view?
Can You walk a lifetime of miles in another's shoes?

* * * *

Living is far more complex
Than the simplicity of its truth.

* * * *

The limited mind is sole creator of all imagined glory.
The living dead inscribe their tombstones
With the pretense of delusion.

* * * *

The most direct way to awareness is attentive breathing.

* * * *

Consider these field notes of an attentive observer,
Subject to the programmed editing capacity
Of a word processor thesaurus.

* * * *

How quickly an innovation becomes tradition
Laden with dogma, symbols and rituals.

* * * *

Does any other life form on this garden world
Pat itself on the back as quickly,
Or as often as we?

* * * *

“There must be more to life,”
The voice within stated, clear as infinity
So long ago a mere memory now.

* * * *

We are not as different as the mind believes.

* * * *

Why something that so easily turns into hate
Is called love is beyond understanding.

* * * *

The pleasure You get today
Will likely add to your suffering
In some tomorrow hence.

* * * *

You have achieved and failed in so many ways.
C’est la vie, baby.

* * * *

The tombstone for the hamburger,
That was once called Michael Jay Holshouser,
Should read, “Thank God it is over!”

* * * *

A-wandering and a-puttering.

* * * *

All resistance is futile.

* * * *

You’re starting to look like You will
For the remainder of your life.
You’ve had your time in the sun.
Let it go.

* * * *

What a neurotic world You harbor.

* * * *

Behave yourself.

* * * *

As tiring as all the rest.

* * * *

Majority offers little recourse.

* * * *

Another day.
More bullshit to deflect.

* * * *

Engage the mystery.

* * * *

Every assumption is rooted in imagination.

* * * *

Memories are the dust of time.

* * * *

The concept of God can be a great obstacle in your awakening.

* * * *

Love…What a strange sound.

* * * *

Belief is for those who need make-believe more than reality.

* * * *

We are all imprinted from birth by the limited mindset of one culture or another.
How can any awaken to a broader view without some twist of fate,
Which escorts them outside their original framework,
To a platform from which they can explore
In whatever way destiny allows.

* * * *

We are all just temporary containers
In which consciousness plays.

* * * *

Words are merely sounds
To which imagination
Arbitrarily attaches meaning.

* * * *

To say the universe is your creation is amusing.
To say it is not is even more humorous.

* * * *

Another life work flushed away by ignorance.
Oh well.

* * * *

The infinity of your universe is beyond comparison.

* * * *

You mean normal really does exist?

* * * *

Some lessons are long
And hard won.

* * * *

A genie caught in a bottle
Is akin to your being in a body.

* * * *

Irony is allowing fools and psychotics to lead us.

* * * *

Applause has such a hollow sound.

* * * *

The more You attempt
To prove something to others,
The less likely it becomes.

* * * *

Most problems seem to grow
Much greater than need be
In undiscerning minds.

* * * *

Inside so infinite.
Few see it.

* * * *

It is the journey of immortals.

* * * *

Wax wings need not melt when touching the sun.

* * * *

Dull as it may seem at times,
Every step is an adventure.

* * * *

Ignorance incessantly argues with itself.

* * * *

How can pretence be more real than it is?

* * * *

Even shit has got soul.

* * * *

Death is effortless.
It's the dying that's hard.

* * * *

Zen monkey.

* * * *

A silent, attentive mind,
Is humming with the setting,
Through which it is kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

Pathetic is as pathetic does.

* * * *

Transcend malarkey.

* * * *

When is there time to practice
When reality is bearing down on you
Every moment of your life?
The game as afoot
The moment
You were conceived.

* * * *

We are all born of the same mystery.
There no greater or lesser aspect to it.

* * * *

Mortal gods.

* * * *

There is nothing to justify.

* * * *

There You go, make-believing yourself again.

* * * *

Ideals do not govern well.

* * * *

Is there anything more foul than a gutless coward
Who claims himself a true friend to your face
While bit by bit pushing a jagged stiletto
From behind towards your heart?

* * * *

Absolutely nothing can touch You.

* * * *

Labels are for those who believe.

* * * *

Look back at the path You just traveled,
And all You will see is the dream
Perceived in imagination.

* * * *

All attempts to limit the infinity within
From its origin bring about only
Irreconcilable suffering.
The unlimited
Cannot be bound by thought.

* * * *

The dream You call a life,
Could it have been any different?
Every decision, every turn, every pause,
Every laugh, every tear, every single experience
Has brought it to this imaginary flowering.
Had it been just one breath different,
It would be very much the same.

* * * *

Seek ye wisdom?
'Tis a lonely trek.

* * * *

How enticing the passions
Of jealously hatred, sorrow,

And other storms of the mind.

* * * *

Illusion, ignorance, delusion and confusion
Are the bitter seeds of destruction
Built into the foundation
Of all humanity has created.

* * * *

Am not sure what the point of that life is.

* * * *

You will never be told You must go home.
It is a volitional, choiceless return,

* * * *

Just tap your Ruby Slippers.
Kansas has been wafting
Before the beginning.

* * * *

Once You ignite
The crystal seed within,
Reality precipitates into oblivion.

* * * *

Humanity's seed will endure far longer in time
If it chooses to discern its perfect origin.
But if not, it's really not a big deal.
We are not as vital to the play
As we so vainly believe.

* * * *

Individuated personal vanity
Is the manifest flaw of your perfection.
Indivisible personality is an entirely different state,
To which few are drawn, and fewer discern.

* * * *

Now is forever.

* * * *

Ain't no creature great or small or equally tall,
Whose shit is really any different than yours.

* * * *

We need leaders whose vision
Is thousands of years from now.

* * * *

Life, that breath between birth and death,
Is the make-believe of adults.
Children just play.

* * * *

If You vote your pocketbook,
You're voting for extinction.

* * * *

The diagnosis is the remedy.

* * * *

Unwittingly, they raced toward gridlock.

* * * *

Dark, sinister, cynical laughter
Erupted from the speakers above.

* * * *

If You didn't pay attention,
It's much less likely
That it occurred.

* * * *

The usual adjectives.

* * * *

Even the hardest diamond
Will one day melt into oblivion.

* * * *

There is definitely a dearth of evidence,
Regarding the existence of a supreme deity,
Many throughout the world give so many names.

* * * *

Is it possible to ever appease this world?

* * * *

I'm sure it must be important
To at least one other person.

* * * *

You're as real as it gets.

* * * *

If that isn't scary,
I don't know what is.

* * * *

Buddha without a belly, or at least only a little one.

CLXIX

What point to creating a huge pile of gold, if You are not going to spend some of it?

* * * *

Retire young while You have got the body to do something.

* * * *

Could an entity, so many label God, ever really be truth,
Or would it be just another limitation to move beyond?

* * * *

Anything can be said many ways.
The trick is finding an optimum point.
Sometimes easy, sometimes not.

* * * *

What is really worth getting angry about?

* * * *

Seeking outward approval from anyone, even from a imagined deity, is a vain dead end.

* * * *

Each of us attempts to figure out something,
That will gratify our inner yearning for happiness.
Only a few are so dissatisfied with mortal fare,
That they seek total reunion to the point,
Of complete and utter annihilation.

* * * *

It is all merely the ever-changing of consciousness,
Playing its Self out before the many senses.
But You, the actual You, the witness,
The essence prior all attributes,
Every thing and no thing,
Is ever untouched.

* * * *

A personal collection of observations,
To which You inherit only empty words.

* * * *

As long as You participate on the stage of time,
You will ever be tempted by the lightshow's
Unending onslaught upon the senses.
But it is a steadfast determination
To abide in the essential aspect

Which will keep You balanced
Upon the tightrope which You stride.

* * * *

It has never really been your personal show.
It is not really You as an individual identity
Who has made any of this come about.

* * * *

Who do You truly care about but your own self-image?
How much compassion have You conferred on
The crippled alien upon the distant Eden
Going round the farthest star?

* * * *

Birth, death, and the so-called life between
Are all temporary figments of imagination.

* * * *

A wave rolls in and crashes into oblivion.
What exactly is there to attach to?

* * * *

The ignorance of fanaticism is a thick fog
Through which no morning sun can burn.

* * * *

Just beginning…again.

* * * *

How's that for change?

* * * *

Your deity of choice is as temporary as You, and will, in fact, die the same death.

* * * *

It seemed real at the time.

* * * *

Do not buy it.

* * * *

Who decides right and wrong?

* * * *

Have yet to meet a label that does not fit, including demon and saint.

* * * *

Pshaww!

* * * *

Go to where knowledge cannot.

* * * *

You … We … are all That I Am.

* * * *

You have been mesmerized by a lot of pap.

* * * *

You are simply the continuity of a long line of seeds; none are inviolable.

* * * *

Discern Self, the eye of God.

* * * *

Another fine mess God has gotten us into.

* * * *

One for all and all for one.

* * * *

All this is happening to consciousness, not You.

* * * *

You will not comprehend the meaning of these words
Until You are ready to examine consciousness itself.

* * * *

Just because You can, does not mean You should.

* * * *

It is a dream You can never really touch.

* * * *

How much havoc your desire to be alive creates.

* * * *

When there is no other,
Yet appear to be so many,
Is an issue not easily resolved.

* * * *

Suffering cannot end
As long as there is any expectation
From this temporal, foolish play of consciousness.

* * * *

You cannot stop hate with hate,
But then again,
Love isn't always the answer, either.

* * * *

Any organization is the synergy of its parts.
Management sets the tone,
And its people create the process.

* * * *

Consciousness is about chasing its own tail.

* * * *

To see clearly that You are but a figment of imagination
Requires a detachment few have the irony to attain.

* * * *

As thorough as it is, science will ever an incomplete God.

* * * *

The innocent cannot fathom evil, until they attain it for themselves.

* * * *

You cannot lead those who will not follow.

* * * *

At some point You must get up and wander on.

* * * *

A very simple message, repeated again and again, to a crowd unwilling to listen.

* * * *

Do nine things right, and the tenth wrong, which one will they remember?

* * * *

The solution is somewhere between love and hate.

* * * *

History has a way of making things happen.

* * * *

History is a very personal relationship with illusion.

* * * *

If You see it, You see it.
If You can't, You can't.

There's no persuasion between.

* * * *

Every moment is very simple,
And responding to each simply
Is an amazingly simple irony.

* * * *

Time has a way of passing
No matter where You are
Or what you're doing.

* * * *

You can't find what isn't there to find.

* * * *

A personal deity is nothing more than the hopeful thinking of imagination.

* * * *

How attached we are to geography.

* * * *

Another night at the movies.

* * * *

Outside or inside, it is the same.

* * * *

Making claims of sole knowledge is rather absurd.

* * * *

About their deities of choice, many seem to know a great deal; about truth, very little.

* * * *

The field of relativity is absolute.

* * * *

Nothing is as nothing does.

* * * *

Realize that no one will ever see the cosmos anywhere near the same as You,
And in that epiphany, glean the tolerance, to respect the infinity of differences.

* * * *

The best thing since toilet paper.

* * * *

You cannot measure nothing.

* * * *

It does not have to make sense; there does not need to be an answer.

* * * *

Through the eyes of madmen and jesters, truth is discerned.

* * * *

Who is it who discerns freedom, is the seeker who evaporates into that which is sought.

* * * *

A rather curious, unresolvable play; too absurd for any solution to make headway onto any horizon.

* * * *

Knowledge is the lie born of ignorance.

* * * *

Consciousness is movement; the insatiable desire to become.

* * * *

If You cannot question everything, You will never see everything.

* * * *

Mind is creation.
Mind is preservation.
Mind is destruction.
Mind is everything.
Mind is nothing.

* * * *

If not for the patternings of desire, what would continue?

* * * *

Your longing for completion cannot be touched by consciousness.

* * * *

Will You read into these words your own projection?
Or will You discern that which is most truly meant?

* * * *

Sandcastles, all.

* * * *

How much of your inner balance hinges, upon your projection of what others think?

* * * *

You are the stillness of the absolute unicity, witnessing an illusory light show.

* * * *

You have unwittingly created this prison, and only You can discern the key to the freedom You are.

* * * *

The reality of self-made knowledge is a zero-sum proposition.

* * * *

You are the fallen angel returning home.

* * * *

Despite what any given followers say, their game is not the way to salvation.

* * * *

All that You think You know, is of so little consequence outside this manifest theater.

* * * *

Take no credit for this spontaneous surreal dream.
Its eternal nature is both prior and beyond,
Any willful time-bound delusions.

* * * *

Without You to describe it, could any of it have ever been?

* * * *

You have confused your Self with the word.

* * * *

You, the seeker, are that which You seek,
But must penetrate maya with insight
To discern your ultimate non-identity.

* * * *

Smoke can look so busy.

* * * *

Each of us is a universe.
Bubbles in a jacuzzi.

* * * *

There's always nothing to think about.

* * * *

Delusion is blindly believing imagination supersedes reality.

* * * *

In God we jest.

* * * *

All religion is vanity.

* * * *

How can anyone imagine a deity of which they are not a part?

* * * *

The warrior conquers; the gardener tames.

* * * *

How can one ever be free, if the senses dominate the mind?

* * * *

It is all so laughable; a sense of ironic mirth is the best tonic for life's suffering.

* * * *

If You cannot laugh at God, where is the freedom?

* * * *

You have confused your Self with all the words.

* * * *

You, the seeker, are that which You seek,
But must penetrate Maya with insight,
To discern your ultimate anonymity.

* * * *

In this manifest theater, perfection is consciously attained through one's inner alignment.

* * * *

No matter

* * * *

Your true vocation
Is whatever interests You most
Right now.

* * * *

Awaken, eat, talk, walk, run, work and sleep
In oneness.

* * * *

Watch how You revere your creation.

* * * *

If this eternal insight
Is dynamic in even just one,
It is potential in all.

* * * *

To the farthest reaches of infinity,
You are.

* * * *

Your life is an opportunity to merge consciously into eternal union.

* * * *

How many concepts are just mental masturbation.

* * * *

You will do whatever life calls You to do; fate is a rather strange play of illusion.

CLXX

When the genes, of your parents' ancestry, merged in your mother's womb,
The patterning You are, the existence You have led, was set in motion.
Nourishment was added, and the rest is memory's projection.

* * * *

Freedom nurtures freedom.

* * * *

The dream passes more silently, as the craving for chatter dissipates.

* * * *

What do You imagine
Is so kind and loving about this world?
Have You ever closely observed
The reality of the creatures
You consider so cute?

* * * *

Humanity's violent club has grown with technology
To a point undreamed of in prior history,
Yet what is there to learn
But that its destructive capability
Is equally devastating to whoever wields it.

* * * *

Concepts within concepts within concepts
Ad infinitum.
From whence do they all begin?

* * * *

Questions and answers, both come from, and return to, silence.

* * * *

Every nexus is a vehicle of the diversity of goodness.

* * * *

All purpose is imagined.

* * * *

Does a dull lump of unshaped clay adorn itself with meaning and purpose?
Only that which it is fashioned into, would ever play out such imagined vanity.

* * * *

We would laugh if an ant thought itself grand
Or a daisy sought to change itself into a rose,

Yet we cannot see our own vanity is no different.

* * * *

Duality is created by minds which do not discern
The essential nature of opposites is the same.

* * * *

Is there any difference which is not imagined?

* * * *

Transcend every thought, every concept,
Until there is nothing but pure awareness.

* * * *

Lotus bound, ye are, ye are.

* * * *

How foolish we are to destroy one another
For seeing the same thing differently.

* * * *

Stay awhile.

* * * *

A dreamer whose only dream was to become true.

* * * *

Always on the make,
He dreams in lust.

* * * *

You are the coin in this sorcerer's dream.

* * * *

Nothing is forever.

* * * *

"What do You want?" the question.
"Nothing," the answer.

* * * *

Have You had your fill of the loneliness, yet?

* * * *

Every bubble a universe.

* * * *

What does anyone want but a fantasy?

* * * *

What good is any so-called spiritual book
If it doesn't relate to what's happening now?

* * * *

Age is a cloak of invisibility.

* * * *

What will it be like with 10 billion?

* * * *

Any given expectation
Is bound, sooner or later,
To prove disappointing.

* * * *

Fooled again by your own naïveté.

* * * *

How far must You expand into the universe
To comprehend it is your own creation?

* * * *

How valiantly You have sought to fulfill your perceived purpose,
Only to finally realize it was merely a convincing concoction of thought
Given reality by the senses and your incessant craving for more.

* * * *

There is no reconciliation of the dualistic mind.

* * * *

In their ceaseless fabrication of self-made knowledge,
The sciences ever divide into increasingly finite specializations.
It may well be our undoing if we do not find visionaries
Capable of piecing back together the whole.

* * * *

Until your vision
Takes in the universe,
You will drift in hell.

* * * *

There is no suffering,
Just knots of consciousness
To be cut by the blade of discernment.

* * * *

The sense of duality is resistance to the inevitable.

* * * *

Concepts are being used herein to destroy concepts,
Until all is seen from that unlimited nature beyond concepts.

* * * *

It leaves You very much alone
In a most purifying way.

* * * *

Power, wealth and status
Tend to create divisive,
Blinding arrogance.

* * * *

Cut and slice until You discern
Only that which was never born.
The essential abyss of awareness
Wherein no concept can tread.

* * * *

Do not hold others back from Self-discovery
Simply because You are too vain to let go.

* * * *

Your attachment to limitation is what kills You.

* * * *

Who-what-where-when-why-how would You be without history?

* * * *

Leave behind all your desires for a better world.
You cannot save anyone or anything,
Not even your Self.

* * * *

Could You learn as much in a lesser hell?

* * * *

What relationship
Can the finite have with infinity
But through complete and utter surrender?

* * * *

All that knowledge blinds You to reality.

* * * *

A world full of blind men;
All exploring the same elephant.
Debating parts and killing one another
Because they cannot extrapolate the whole.
And all the while, the elephant stands unconcerned.

* * * *

Fools follow fools.
The mystic follow none,
Leading where none can follow.

* * * *

With our busy lives, there is so little time
For real inquiry into the essential nature.

* * * *

No brag, just fact.

* * * *

What reconciliation can there be
Between the personal with the impersonal,
But complete surrender of the former with the latter.

* * * *

Duality can never be reconciled
Without insight into the ultimate unity.

* * * *

The interacting flow each has,
With people, places, things and ideas,
Is an unfathomable, kaleidoscoping dance.
Step back as far as You can imagine,
And the universe shimmers,
Within a deep silence.

* * * *

Within each of us,
This impersonal nature
Witnesses the eternal theater
Forever now.

* * * *

The only way this dream
Could ever have been fair
Is for it to have never been.

* * * *

Ideals are meaningless without real intention.

* * * *

Detachment comes as You discern
You are more stillness than persona.

* * * *

No matter how expansive You may imagine it,
Any deity created by consciousness, is ever only a concept.
Until You see its reality within, your vision will be forever bound in time.

* * * *

Have You discerned yet,
That every time You wake up,
You have this repeating nightmare,
That You are a human being?

* * * *

Peace must manifest within before it ever will without.

* * * *

Best to have a sense of humor.
Kind of like ruby slippers.
Click a couple times,
And You are home.

* * * *

Does anyone really remember asking for this?

* * * *

Is the best we can do?

* * * *

Isness, nowness, oneness; godness, all the same mysterious sugarness of Youness.

* * * *

Without the stillness, there would be no reference point to discern the movement.

* * * *

It is a relativity thing.

* * * *

No matter how infinite,
How fantastic the light show,
It is ever the same essential nature,
Which is without any attribute whatsoever.

* * * *

Contemplate an atom.

Extrapolate its essence into You,
And then expand to infinity.

* * * *

Identity is a temporary framework,
Which should not be confused
With the final de-structuring.

* * * *

Just because someone did something horrific to one of your ancestors
Does not mean You must exact revenge upon the descendants.
Do not be burdened by the whims of historical nonsense.

* * * *

What is seeking glory, but an empty bag of projected memories?

* * * *

What knife can harm that which birth and death can never penetrate?

* * * *

Pain is not an eternal matter.
It is in the realm of the neural mind,
Locked in the unfolding of space and time.
Torment without consciousness is merely sensation.

* * * *

The fear of death has been used against You,
In every way imaginable,
Since this silly little theater got going.
You are, of course, a complicit player in the narrative.

* * * *

There is no end to man-made knowledge of God, but what, pray tell, does God really have to say?

* * * *

Anyone who is just looking for Jesus, has misunderstood the Christ aspect.

* * * *

Humanity's so-called success, is at the same time, the seed of its inevitable destruction.

* * * *

What exactly would You change this world into, that everyone would willingly go along with?

* * * *

Eternity is nowness in a forever kind of way.

* * * *

Hell hath no road untrammeled.

* * * *

You create and allow the many voices, to reign your temporary, mortal existence.
To realize they all are your own hollow projection, is one of the greater challenges.

* * * *

Love and cute and nice are all four-letter words.

* * * *

Each of us sees our own way, yet what each of us sees, is in reality exactly the same.

* * * *

All any devil needs do to turn it around, is to just start stretching its wings.

* * * *

You are neither above or below anything or anyone; all arrogance is unfounded.

* * * *

The many judgments You cast, are the ones You have yet to face.

* * * *

Seek ye God, and You will find your Self.

* * * *

Your resistance to life is ever matched
By its gritty talent at creating trials
Which transform You into wine.
Very similar to the way water
Turns mountains into silt.

* * * *

So many thoughts.
Nowhere to go.

* * * *

A gift to time.

* * * *

Share your Self.

* * * *

You are reincarnated in each and every thought.

* * * *

Until the mind totally merges into its unitary nature,
Consciousness will endlessly reincarnate the identity it plays,
The You, You believe You are, but have never been.

* * * *

Any revolution begins with the seed of a vision.

* * * *

Intellect caught in the web of words
Cannot fathom beyond them.

* * * *

Pride is maya's greatest ally.

* * * *

Dredge the mind of that which is not.

* * * *

Cleverness can be so wearing.

* * * *

There is only one way,
But there are an infinity of witnesses
In which it wanders its creation.

* * * *

All concepts end at the grave,
But what You truly are
Can never die,
For it was never born.

CLXXI

Live life in whatever way You will,
But through it all, discern that which is untouched
By any fleeting, temporal dream.

* * * *

Few truly seek the end of oblivion's rainbow.

* * * *

The patterns into which each is woven
Must in time play themselves out.

* * * *

Anonymity within is the most real tack.

* * * *

Activists shout from the rooftops, that the house is ablaze, but never discern they are arsonists, too.

* * * *

Every mind a bubble, a universe unto its Self, none really better or worse, all equally imagined.

* * * *

The most binding snare, is the mind's predisposition, to make eternity more complex, than it can ever be.

* * * *

How does it feel to be locked in a bag of decaying flesh?

* * * *

Is your psychological state merely attachment to the chemical reactions of the mind-body?

* * * *

We do not achieve true peace because so few really yearn for it.
The passion of divisiveness gives a pleasurable energy,
Despite the destructiveness it vents all about us.
If everyone truly sought a serene existence,
If humankind were capable of such a paradigm,
It would be happening each and every right here now.

* * * *

Hell is a great time, don't You think?

* * * *

Be sovereign.
Allow sovereignty.

* * * *

You torture yourself
Because You believe
There is something else
You should be doing.
And what would that be?

* * * *

We have made ourselves psychologically dependent
On so much.

* * * *

You are the creation and destruction,
Both loving and weary.

* * * *

There are none who lack the seed of redemption, no matter how desolate the soil.

* * * *

You will suffer as long as You believe the dream real.
Does it make much, if any, difference knowing all this babble?
Only if You can perchance sustain a detachment that is beyond all bounds.

* * * *

Here You are, the mystery come unto existence,
Witnessing a touchy-feely-three-dimensional, quantum-matrix theater,
A mortal dreamtime, an epoch, chock-full of every conceivable twist of vanity in thought and deed.
What fate calls You, beckons You, entices You, to your inexorable end?

* * * *

It is your own soul You must discern, not someone else's; too many follow for far too long.

* * * *

What was really born of Eden was a vivid imagination.

* * * *

You might consider a gnat's lifespan short, but what makes You see yours as long?

* * * *

It is your assumption that You are a body, that creates so much suffering.

* * * *

Is all your busy-ness a facade, designed to avoid the black box within?

* * * *

Would You be satisfied to be merely gnat consciousness?
Then why are You so content merely to be a human being?

* * * *

As to your body's health, give it whatever is needed, that it is neither a distraction, nor a vain burden.

* * * *

Every imaginable pact, played equally well.

* * * *

The only thing to die to, is identity.

* * * *

Consciousness is the manifest exponent of ignorance.
Only through disciplined inquiry into its primal nature,
Can that ignorance transcend into eternal simplicity.

* * * *

The greatest context is without barrier, reason or rhyme.

* * * *

Chaos rules.

* * * *

Each imagines a unique universe.
Language and art allow disclosure,
But how quick we are to judge those
Whose arbitrary visions are not our own.

* * * *

You can only question as deeply as your fear allows.

* * * *

Though You want it to be more than it is,
You are already as it can ever be.

* * * *

Illusion is sugar-coating.

* * * *

If You look to heaven
After the physical death,
You have missed the boat.

* * * *

The body is bound to this earthly plane,
But your vision need not be.
Expand into the inconceivable limits.

* * * *

The pressure to conform is so great.
Few can discern prior to the many voices,

The many reflections of their imagined universe.

* * * *

Your quest for consistency is the inconsistency.

* * * *

The only way You can really love another
Is by first loving your Self.

* * * *

What most call love
Is a pleasant physiological response to a thought process.
It is the product of attachment to the attributes
Of the manifest theater.

* * * *

Are you individually reincarnated, or is that diversion,
Merely your habituated stream of consciousness,
Playing out delusion in the indivisible mind?

* * * *

Do You ever feel You belong somewhere else?
That You are really an alien disguised as a human being,
Watching an extremely confused species act out,
Every conceivable, often twisted contortion?
It is what drives so many to one asylum or another.

* * * *

Humanity will probably not figure it out,
But there's no collecting on that bet.

* * * *

If existence was merely a theater of pleasure
Without the teeter-tottering pain of consciousness,
Would You, could You ever discern your ultimate reality?

* * * *

Every bit of manifest consciousness,
Every thought uttered or written
Is simply You chattering
Through diversity
To your Self.

* * * *

The mystery is in the patterning, and all patterning is born of limitation.

* * * *

You have created all this knowledge, but to what end?

* * * *

There is really only one thing to know.

* * * *

You continue hoping for some magnificent fate,
As if the glory will prove You are worthy
Of that which You already are.

* * * *

Would You need to pray if You really understood what You truly are and are not?

* * * *

Ah, for that timeless time
When You are never parted.

* * * *

Who am I but You in yet another form?

* * * *

Sweet oblivion plays within so many forms existing not.

* * * *

What boundaries can hold any madman?

* * * *

Neither path, nor the landscape along it:
Neither river, nor the banks beside it,
You are.

* * * *

Those who know the oneness see it in all things.

* * * *

Essentially inessential.

* * * *

You were maybe for some reason expecting
This manifest world to be perfect and fair?
Hah, the joke is most certainly on You.

* * * *

You cannot hold onto anything,
So You may as well breathe well.

* * * *

As long as You ask lightshow questions,
You will get lightshow answers.

Maya begets maya.

* * * *

The tabula rasa is eternally blank.
The desire for purpose is your own concoction.
Rhyme and reason will ever be whatever will fabricates.

* * * *

Why pen all these thoughts?
Because it is amusing to chip away,
At the fallaciousness of our kind's arrogance,
And perhaps even plant seeds for the epoch to come.
Which, of course, is this writer's own delusional haughtiness.

* * * *

Cannot win for losing.

* * * *

You are told to become something, but when have You ever been anything, but what You are?

* * * *

What is integrity, but integration with that which is whole.

* * * *

Whose approval do You really require but your own?
No parent, no teacher, no king, no deity,
Can fulfill your longing.

* * * *

Seize the now.

* * * *

Palace or gutter; same glory.

* * * *

To have a perception of the past is the nature of the mind.
But to give time too much weight is the way to destruction.

* * * *

What other creatures would bother
With most of the things human beings do?
Our vain edifices are entirely of our own making.

* * * *

So many trying to change themselves or someone else.
Who is seeking the change, and what will anyone change into
That is really any different?
Gold is gold, no matter the cast.

* * * *

Psychology is about the comfort of conformity.

* * * *

Where are you
When the mind loses
All sense of space and time?

* * * *

Is gossip really any different
Than a chicken coup in uproar?

* * * *

So many voices.
Which ones speak the truth?

* * * *

There is only one way,
But no vision of it
Will ever be the same.

* * * *

Once the lotus of awareness bursts into bloom,
There is really no way to ever slumber again.

* * * *

What hell can rock your bliss
Without your volition?

* * * *

Innocence is a one-shot deal.

* * * *

What are we but primates with unwarranted airs?

* * * *

It is written, but to what end?

* * * *

You are the calm within both fair and stormy weather.

* * * *

How restless You are,
With your fleeting little role.
Would being God even satisfy You?

* * * *

Poor Jesus, wonder what he really thought.

* * * *

How trapped You are by all You self-made idolatry.

* * * *

Any expectation is bound to suffer disappointment.

* * * *

To rely on experts is to forego your own knowing.

* * * *

Seek the meaning of words
Beyond habitual reactions.

* * * *

Even if You could cross the universe in moment,
Your underlying awareness would still be here and now.

* * * *

What conceptual deities can ever compare to that which is prior to all concepts?

* * * *

When will You take responsibility
For the outcomes of all your actions?
When will You take custody of your fate?

* * * *

Discipline, discipline, discipline.

* * * *

Is there any concept worth dying for?

* * * *

Be very still within, and the pain of consciousness recedes.

* * * *

What is this craving to be known, to be recognized by another?

* * * *

Matter-of-fact crazy.

* * * *

Looking for that nothing You will never find.

* * * *

Real power is not about titles.

* * * *

How easy it is to be distracted and bemused by all those experts who claim to know.

* * * *

So many games to learn not to play.

* * * *

You seek answers to the questions
Who, what, where, when, why and how,
But rarely glance at source desiring to know.

* * * *

How many shields, angers, fears, and resentments
Must be peeled aside to even comprehend
A child's pliable vulnerability?

* * * *

Once You see it,
Whatever vehicle You used
Is no longer necessary in your journey.
It is perhaps even a distraction.

CLXXII

You are born of the original seed.

* * * *

Grasp that the identified you
Is not the You playing out
This spontaneous lightshow.

* * * *

Seek nothing but union,
And consciousness will take care of the player.

* * * *

Judgment is separation.

* * * *

Goals require desire,
And when desire diminishes,
All goals become clear and simple.

* * * *

Part of humility
Is a grace and equanimity
In moments both harsh and blessed.

* * * *

Love is a one-way street.

* * * *

We madly stampede toward the cliffs,
Violently clawing at one another,
Creating a hellish nightmare
Without any reckoning
Except utter destruction.
Both appalling and amusing.
Lemmings ain’t got nothing on us.

* * * *

We have loaded so much in our heads.
There is little room for serenity,
Good will and wisdom.

* * * *

Do You only care about the many because they are anonymous?
Do You think they care about You for any different reason?

* * * *

Habit is a precursor to inattention.

* * * *

Things might be much easier
If You would only remember to breathe.
The brain requires plenty of oxygen
And air's other components.

* * * *

What will this world be like
When ten billion human beings
Are scrambling, clawing to survive?

* * * *

Not so Self-evident as one might think.

* * * *

How weary one becomes of all the wanting.

* * * *

To think it's more than it is,
Is just more of the same old vanity.

* * * *

Now, if you'd been paying attention,
You'd know it weren't time
For that particular thing to happen.

* * * *

You'll have your feast, my friends, but not today.

* * * *

Deep down, we're all Soul mates.

* * * *

Too infinite, really, to be called anything.

* * * *

Time can make or break any relationship.

* * * *

One twisted soul, two twisted souls,
Three twisted souls, four…
Who knows how many more?

* * * *

Gratuitous romance.

* * * *

Humility is the art of not thinking
About your many vanities all the time.

* * * *

Huff and puff all You please,
This house won't be
Coming down anytime soon.

* * * *

Muggles everywhere.

* * * *

Unceasingly amazing
How stupid people can be
About so-called religion.

* * * *

Good thing you're not in charge.

* * * *

Life is the creative evolution of the mystery.

* * * *

Ah, my fine pretty, the only reason
Your insolence is forgiven so readily
Is the irony of your superficial beauty.
Exhaust that, and you'll discover
All those suitors really think.

* * * *

What we call news is just glorified gossip
With pictures and expert commentary.

* * * *

Knock, knock, knocking on the devil's door.

* * * *

If You are insane, it is the world
That made You that way.

* * * *

What's hotter than hot and colder than cold?

* * * *

You are the stuff of which mystery is made.

* * * *

Boredom slows the clock, which can be nice as You age.

* * * *

It is that old theory/reality irony again.

* * * *

Sometimes You hurt yourself more
By trying to stay in shape
Than You would
If You just took it a little easier.

* * * *

Oh boy, another stoplight.

* * * *

Emotion is overrated.

* * * *

Everything so quickly done.
Nothing You can do except let go,
And keep rolling on till death do You part.

* * * *

The concept of hell was created
By the guy who got beat up by the playground bully,
And wanted to exact some sense of revenge.

* * * *

Be considerate when possible,
And ruthless when You must.

* * * *

Just playing out your piece of eternity.

* * * *

Field notes
From a madman
Back from the sun,
Wax wings intact.

* * * *

They worship their desire and their fear and their suffering.

* * * *

The unspoilable dynamic.

* * * *

Rushing from one moment to the next,
They miss all of it.

* * * *

Sometimes the most open is the least obvious.

* * * *

Is there anyone who doesn't one day wonder
Of sickness, injury, illness and dying:
How is this happening to me?

* * * *

When it comes to the control-nicks,
The trick is to stay beneath the radar.

* * * *

Jesus,
2000 years…and counting.

* * * *

Amazing how patient delusion makes some people.

* * * *

Unlikely any translation can ever completely grasp any given author's exact meaning.

* * * *

Liver's a lot cheaper.

* * * *

Suffering is a lack of presence
Coupled with denial of process.

* * * *

Time melds, time melts

* * * *

Do You really care, or do You just pretend to?

* * * *

Does the bee attend a dried-up rose?

* * * *

It's more a matter of what You don't want to do anymore.

* * * *

Justifying yourself is one of those Sisyphean tasks.
Chances are no one will ever totally accept You as You are.

* * * *

The joy of a true cynic
Is outraging another cynic.

* * * *

Pundits like to show off how little they know.

* * * *

You believe what You need to believe
In order to function in your world.

* * * *

An island in the storm.

* * * *

What is there in any word to believe?

* * * *

What you're really looking for is a state of mind.

* * * *

So many things you'll never know.

* * * *

All a state of mind.

* * * *

Another day and no form to go in the madness.

* * * *

If You don't care, why should anyone else?

* * * *

If there was only pleasure,
There would be no pain
To unmask the unmaskable.

* * * *

From form to formless
And back again,
Water is so unattached.

* * * *

Only in consciousness
Is there pleasure and pain.

* * * *

What evidence do You have that it excludes You?

* * * *

Life is harsh,
But need we make it harsher?

* * * *

Why let emotions dictate your life?

* * * *

Not an easy fate.

* * * *

Be wary of believing any propaganda.

* * * *

Hollywood endings are not reality.

* * * *

Living for another
Will always leave one lonely
Sooner or later.

* * * *

Life is a disease
To which death is the remedy.

* * * *

It's all about attrition.

* * * *

Everyone a linguist in their own fashion.

* * * *

Are You anyone's promise?

* * * *

Not so hungry as You used to be, are ya?

* * * *

Any given mind is a unique mix of capacity and limitation.

* * * *

So driven.

* * * *

Some days You are estranged; some days You are involved; nature of the beast, consciousness.

* * * *

Language is just the communication between universes.

* * * *

Can You really change your mind?

* * * *

Is religion really anything more than a tattered security blanket?

* * * *

The biggest bother about growing older
Is attending all those funerals of family and friends.
And You thought weddings were bad.

* * * *

Credit banks on a future yet unknown.

* * * *

Another imaginary crusade to save the world from itself.

* * * *

Build a field, and they might come.

* * * *

Cars passing, passing, passing.
Passengers watching, watching, watching…
What are we all seeing through the windows of our eyes?

* * * *

Surrender the many to the one.

* * * *

It is as infinite inside as it is outside.

* * * *

It really does not make sense,
That some deity would create You,
Then judge You for how You play a game,
In which there are no clear rules.

* * * *

Plagiarists all.

* * * *

What is the point of decaffeinated coffee and non-alcoholic beer?

* * * *

What concrete evidence of a personal deity does anyone have?
Believing something, asserting something, does not make it so.

* * * *

Fear of some speculation is a waste of breath.

* * * *

Am I supposed to be bothered by what You think of me?

* * * *

Looking for the biggest picture is a rare quest.

* * * *

Does it always have to make sense?

* * * *

Better You than me.

* * * *

To be at peace is a choiceless state of mind.

* * * *

So simple, that only the most simple can see it.

* * * *

What is this thing called time?

* * * *

Pretty easy to get along with people, if You play out a reflection they can tolerate.

* * * *

If only God would finally give,
All these Christians, their imaginary heaven.
Now, that would be good news.

CLXXIII

These moments of peace are brought to You by your Self.

* * * *

Tell people what they want to hear,
And they'll usually like You.
Political expediency,
If You will.

* * * *

Without doubt,
There would be no philosophy.

* * * *

Were You born stupid,
Or are You just working yourself that direction.

* * * *

Strange how fear can dominate our lives.

* * * *

No soul can be bought or sold.
You can pretend to be bought or sold,
But it's only pretend, because You can't trade
What isn't yours to own.

* * * *

It's your piece of the pie
To do with what You will.

* * * *

Ah, something else You will never know.

* * * *

Another beautiful woman … ho-hum.

* * * *

There is no touching now with the mind.
One only passes through a dream.

* * * *

Some things are just more bother than they're worth.

* * * *

An interesting illusion, self image.

* * * *

Always interesting how any given history changes over time.

* * * *

It was a non-committal, political face.

* * * *

Go up a few hundred feet,
And a human being won't come across
Much bigger than an insect.
It's all relative.

* * * *

Sometimes it's far more lonely in a crowd.

* * * *

Nowing now to now.

* * * *

Got lots of nothing to say.

* * * *

Temples of vanity everywhere.

* * * *

And they just keep on getting fatter.

* * * *

He's back, and you've got it all wrong.

* * * *

Your face and body
Are the reflection of your soul.

* * * *

She thinks she's worth diamonds,
But is she really even worth a dime?

* * * *

Amazing how far a step at a time will get You.

* * * *

Seventy years of life equals
840 months, 3,640 weeks, 25,550 days,
613,200 hours, 36,792,000 minutes,
22,07,520,000 minutes, and
Who knows how many moments.

* * * *

So many toying with history as if it matters.

* * * *

Money is really only a little time and toil.

* * * *

It's all just the play of a dream.

* * * *

Might be a good idea to leave a few stones unturned
So that down the road You have something new to taste.

* * * *

Even the most perfect memory
Cannot recapture one single moment,
Nor can any given perception ever outlast time.

* * * *

Only nothing is eternal.

* * * *

Ever notice how when someone
Wants something so very, very badly,
The desire to give it to them tends to shrivel.

* * * *

Or is it just You?

* * * *

In the actuality of daily living, there is nothing but choice.
But the essence from which all life, all form is born
Does not embrace any choice whatsoever.

* * * *

Ultimate truth is not about the persuasion
Of choice-filled, time-bound propagandas.

* * * *

When you're young, all You see is youth.
As You age, the range and variety
Seems to expand daily.

* * * *

Morality is a personal issue,
But why ruin someone else's life
For a few moments of gratification?

* * * *

If chickens had fur, and were a bit cuter, we probably would not eat them, either.

* * * *

Divine madness doth reign in a mind that hath no bounds.

* * * *

Is it a matter of following, or of mirroring the reflection within?

* * * *

It takes a lot of pain to be detached.

* * * *

Why be in such a rush? You will be passing through that moment soon enough.

* * * *

What is more important: To know some imaginary deity, or that You are that which is mystery?

* * * *

Wet ain't so bad, as long as You stay dry,

* * * *

Once You have seen beyond experience, all experiencing becomes relative.

* * * *

That's about as fast as that needs to happen.

* * * *

In the eternal sense, one now is as good as another.

* * * *

There is usually room for just one more.

* * * *

Why not You?

* * * *

Should be okay as long as nobody does anything stupid.

* * * *

Once upon a time, the future seemed so down the Yellow Brick Road far away.
Now it is here, and that, too, is slipping-slipping, so quickly into another yesterday.

* * * *

Was not so long ago, that things were so different.
The tempo is accelerating so quickly now.
A roller coaster going off the tracks.

* * * *

You used to be so fearless; what happened?

* * * *

It is a total thing; no partials allowed.

* * * *

How do You enlighten the people who are exclusive, that it is all-inclusive?

* * * *

Who can hear what cannot be said?

* * * *

Let the cosmos decide the fate of our little window of space and time.

* * * *

There's always somewhere else you'd rather be, but even there, here You are now.

* * * *

The first and most precious gift,
You have ever received,
Was a breath.
But nothing lasts forever,
And someday death will take it back.
Your physical body's last act, conscious or not,
Will be a long, wheezing exhale into the abyss of oblivion.

* * * *

Judgment is just another twisted form of desire.

* * * *

Ever wonder if you'll live to regret it?

* * * *

Have You ever looked around
And wondered at how truly grotesque
So many human beings are?
The flesh that was once so firm and supple
Eventually bloats, sags, and discolors to such appalling ends.
Only the mind's capacity for delusion makes it tolerable to abide for any duration.

* * * *

Despite what the newspaper said,
They probably didn't perish instantly.
In fact, they likely suffered intolerable pain
Much longer than you'd care to know.

* * * *

There's really no glory in anything
Except your imagination.

* * * *

Amazing how freeing it is
When what any other thinks of you
Is no longer of any concern.

* * * *

Relax, it's only time.

* * * *

Like being up on top of a mountain, totally alone.

* * * *

You never know when your last moment will be,
So enjoy each and every one possible
In whatever way You will.

* * * *

At least you're still moving.

* * * *

Even the tortoise eventually gets to the finish line.

* * * *

That guy has got a serious issue
With the size of his penis.

* * * *

Gossip is a world-wide phenomenon.
A certain amount of it will be about You.
Get over it.

* * * *

It's not like you're the only one who sees it, You know.

* * * *

Sometimes the obvious
Just isn't warm and fuzzy enough
For those seeking comfort.

* * * *

Sorry, but your delusion just isn't all that interesting.

* * * *

Fill it however You please,
Your entire life is a brief window,

Into the misty miasma of space and time.

* * * *

If you're into measurement, have I got a world for You.

* * * *

You don't have to keep processing this, You know.

* * * *

Survived another little journey in time, eh?

* * * *

Amazing what the will to survive will endure.

* * * *

Don't let time intimidate You.

* * * *

As You get older,
You realize so many things,
Once so important,
Aren't at all.

* * * *

Eternity is a longer time than long can be.

* * * *

The way things ought to be
Ain't the way they are.

* * * *

If God is what so many think, then he is not much less finite than You.

* * * *

The reality is You are only a breath from death,
Therefore, if You must identify with something,
A breath is much more vital than any thought.

* * * *

A marketing swirl.

* * * *

You don't have to keep processing this, You know.

* * * *

Amazing what the will to survive will endure.

* * * *

There are some people You would be sorry to kill.

* * * *

Lost your humor again, I see.

* * * *

You aren't the first, and won't be the last.
You are the first, You are the last.

* * * *

Here and now is the here now your mind allows.

* * * *

A neurological dream.

* * * *

We're all strangers.

* * * *

There is no shortage of vanity in this world.

* * * *

Death's easy.
It's life that's the bitch.

* * * *

Whatever dream You play out
In any scenario of this vast light show
Are all imagined realities untouched by reality.

* * * *

Why? Because it seems to be amusing
To play an endless game of hide and seek,
To lose and discover your Self again and again
In the infinite maze of eternity timing and spacing.

* * * *

The only way to get past all delusion
Is to reside Soully in the stillness of absoluteness.
Not an easy thing for any to want to do.
Maya smiles at the challenge.

* * * *

The wages of our separation
Are collected in so many ways.

* * * *

When You close your eyes, shut off the senses,

Where is the world but in your imagination?

* * * *

Grief over one loss or another
Is an act of selective self-absorption.
All forms succumb to the changing nature.
None are immune, and that for which one grieves
Is but a projection, a denial offering no tonic but delusion.

* * * *

In any well-intentioned deed,
There will be the seed of mayhem.
In any so-called iniquity there will reside
A purity few will ever comprehend.

* * * *

You will know as much at the end
As You did in the beginning.

* * * *

Rushing inattentively through space-time,
You so often miss the unfolding now,
The play of light and shadow
As it mysteriously unfolds
Without any concern or doubt.
Would that You were so care free.

* * * *

If You are in a muddled morass,
There is no use blaming all the others.
You must get your Self out,
Or perish trying.

* * * *

To be vulnerable, open, receptive,
The walls of resistance must dissolve.
To see those is the death of identification,
The ending of sorrow and confusion.

CLXXIV

How challenging to project your infinite view upon the world.

* * * *

Surrender requires an at-easeness with death.

* * * *

It might be important to somebody's dream.

* * * *

Wandering through the maze of time; alone, no matter where You are.

* * * *

Every start, every stop
Opening up your life to a new aspect
Of this mystery adventure.

* * * *

It will unfold as all things do.

* * * *

What would You really do
If You were in the same situation?
Easier said than done.

* * * *

Are You true to your word?

* * * *

Taking life and times personally
Is a great way to experience hell.

* * * *

Assumptions are inevitably flawed.

* * * *

Giving your all to anything You do
Is a great source of contentment

* * * *

Ironic that innocence so often suffers the most.

* * * *

Don't be too quick to judge.
It might just happen to You.

* * * *

There are really no winners and losers.
There is just process.

* * * *

Seems inevitable that as soon
As You think yourself so hot,
That You fall flat on your face.

* * * *

The only real expectation is that nothing will last.

* * * *

It's all good; it's all bad.
It's all whatever it is.

* * * *

Scary as it may be, You are the standard
By which your universe is measured.

* * * *

Undifferentiated chaos is the order of the day.

* * * *

Some people never get out
Of the little box of their mind.

* * * *

Everything in your universe is arbitrary.

* * * *

Life's drama seems to boil down
To assumptions being taken
Far too personally.

* * * *

Aging is about seeing your father or mother in the mirror.

* * * *

To be reborn is to see the world wonderously anew.

* * * *

Great havoc can come from living for what others think.

* * * *

You are the creator and destroyer of universes,
However many there may have been, or will be.

* * * *

What prevents your seeing the greatest vision?

* * * *

One of those days
When memories trigger
One after another.

* * * *

You are witness to the changing of your universe.

* * * *

Have You ever wondered
At the many common features
Of so many creatures upon this world?
How obvious we are cousins of the same origin.

* * * *

Into the sun and back again.

* * * *

Look closely, breathe deeply.
You may never experience this again.

* * * *

When it comes down to it,
Every single one begin anew
Every single moment.

* * * *

Even the most attentive
May fall from grace
Occasionally.

* * * *

Slowly but surely, humanity expands
To the given limits of this world.

* * * *

Keep on pushing that rock, You fool.

* * * *

As one philosopher in time is said to have said,
The only true philosophical question is suicide.

* * * *

Such a harsh reality that things so easy in youth
Become more and more challenging

With every passing year.

* * * *

Which came first, winter or spring?

* * * *

So much pondering dissolving.

* * * *

Too many terrains for memory to recall.

* * * *

What does forever really mean?

* * * *

How can You believe love is attached to any form?

* * * *

To fathom the unfathomable,
You must be unfathomable.

* * * *

A back burn for the fire raging out of control.

* * * *

There are those who feel and those who think.
Heaven and hell know the journey taken.

* * * *

All these words saying the same thing so many ways.

* * * *

What can You save in a dream?

* * * *

Without thought there would be no illusion of continuity.

* * * *

To simply be,
Without identification,
Is your true nature.

* * * *

Humanity's course will not significantly alter
If ignorance does not surrender to a higher vision.

* * * *

The greatest club has always wielded the law to its own ends.

* * * *

Generally, the more You think You have,
The more You think You have to watch.

* * * *

All those others merely projections
Created by a vivid imagination.

* * * *

What unwarranted suffering, all the concepts of God,
Have wrought upon all life forms in this illusory sphere.

* * * *

Earth, wind, water, fire, are what they are,
Because they give over completely to the moment.
Like an electrical circuit, it is resistance that defines the flow.

* * * *

Humanity's arrogant egocentricity will be its undoing.

* * * *

Bury the dead and let them rest in peace; do not bring them back to your hell.

* * * *

Dust to dust, oblivion to oblivion.
All that remains, is a temporary memory,
In a few other journeys to the same graveyard.

* * * *

During those moments, when You are caught in time, when You have mislaid your way,
When your attachment to the cosmos, has fabricated the imagined havoc;
Only a psyche in order, can look within, look resolutely,
Until the moment again reigns supreme.
Practice, practice, practice, until You are eternally eternity.

* * * *

Even the most enlightened, stumble and fall, here and there.

* * * *

The worship of personality, of the body, and all its attachments, is the dream of fallen angels.

* * * *

It is just a dream, real and unreal,
Temporary, and full of empty meaning.
Relax and experience the show as best ye may.

* * * *

The knack for discernment is effortlessly hard-won.

* * * *

No point to it.

* * * *

All in your head, all in your head.

* * * *

If You can only listen to lies, then that is what you'll get.

* * * *

So close, yet so far.

* * * *

It starts and ends in You.

* * * *

You are stuck now.

* * * *

The pettiness in which so many enshrine conceptual dualistic deities is idolatrous blasphemy.
Unless You become the awareness, the mystery, the source, You have merely enshrined the mind.

* * * *

What black box is not lightened once peered into?

* * * *

To heal the rifts in the human drama,
A new resonance beyond words
Must somehow come about.

* * * *

Any given scripture will mean what You are ready for it to mean.

* * * *

Those who are ready, will find it, and perish.

* * * *

You are the center of a personal universe, which really has no center.

* * * *

Once You know your Self, You know all there really is to know.

* * * *

The breath is the most apparent connection with the allness.

* * * *

Oneness, allness, isness, nowness, godness,
Amness, timelessness, spacelessness.
All choicelessly ness-ing away.
All just different ways of touting the same mystery.

* * * *

Though it may often seem a hard journey, its end is sweet.

* * * *

The kernel of the mystery resides at the nucleus of your being.
Your fruition is a fated matter, born of a choiceless nature.

* * * *

To be reborn into the mystery,
Is not about belief or faith.
It is not a thought process.
It is an unquestionable realization,
Prior anything the mind-body can ever discern.
It is a union with that which is eternal, prior to all form and function,
Prior all space and time, prior to all concept and limitation, prior to all patterns born of illusion.

* * * *

To know one's mystery as a manifest life form, is an aspiration few will ever discern.
Though the many are called, why so few are infused with true doubt, is the real mystery.

* * * *

Even when light
Is shined full force,
The blind cannot see.

* * * *

The void is not.

* * * *

All paradigms are creations
Of minds born of limitation.

* * * *

There is only one dancer dancing.

* * * *

The body is your vehicle to explore this manifest dream.
It is not meant to last, so treat it as gently as You are able.

* * * *

How foolishly, stupidly vain and unnecessary it is to be dogmatic.
What You truly are is the law and the lawlessness,
The principled and the unprincipled,

The king and the pawn,
The saint and the sinner.
Hypocrisy is the outcome for all
Pretending otherwise.

* * * *

You want so badly to live a spiritual life,
Yet when have You not?

* * * *

It is the mind that creates all blocks to reality.
When it ceases to function in separation,
One dances in a very different way.

* * * *

Even the greatest debilitation
Cannot cause separation
Without your consent.

* * * *

It's just what You do.
No biggee, really.

* * * *

No sin is too great to bar the journey home,
Yet even the greatest angels sometimes stumble
Into the hell of consciousness wrought by time.
The mind is not something to toy with lightly.

* * * *

These words do tell
Of the spaceless timelessness
In which You truly dwell.

* * * *

Just doing what needs to be done, and saying what needs to be said.

* * * *

On space and time we do depend, at least until the journey's end.

* * * *

Do not grow up, grow young.

* * * *

You are, have been, and will be
Every form ever fashioned
In this manifest dance,
Yet your essential actuality

Can never be bound by any of it.

* * * *

How enjoyable, spaciousness.

* * * *

All claims to being anything are distortions of the ultimate fact.

* * * *

So easy to forget you're supposed to be acting older.

* * * *

Are You free in your own mind?

* * * *

Do not assume all the other life forms,
And the elements of earth and wind and water and fire,
Are caught up in the same identification, with space and time as You.
Their ever-present immediacy is Eden's eternity.

* * * *

The Garden of Eden never disappeared.
You have simply lost sight of its eternal presence.
It was very apparent when You were a child,
And will be again if You grow old young.

CLXXV

We are still in the unfolding genesis, and will be for as long as time endures.

* * * *

Let us all help one another discover,
This eternal insight into our ultimate nature.
It is a journey all have an equal birthright to discern.

* * * *

How privileged You are to witness,
The vastness beyond the personal aspect.
Yet be cautious of the arrogance it can bring about,
For it in no way makes You superior,
To anything or anyone else.

* * * *

You and the father and mother,
Or whatever You may call it, are one,
Whether You become conscious of it or not.

* * * *

The bane of the human tendency to group together,
Is that the resulting synergy all too often becomes an end in itself,
With less and less concern and regard for the individuals that it supposedly serves.

* * * *

These writings will bring about the end of the world as You know it.

* * * *

Healing the sick, walking on water, raising the dead,
Changing water to wine, resurrecting oneself …
So what?

* * * *

To be born into the world,
Each nurtured in the knowledge,
That they are that which is the mystery,
Void of all dogma and ritual and superstition;
Now that would be heaven on earth.

* * * *

Perchance it might aid in changing things.

* * * *

To discern all potentials within,
Yet choose only those that benefit all,

Those looking to the greater good,
That is the nature of those,
Who see they are,
The suns of mystery.

* * * *

Attachment to the world is all in your mind, but when was it ever really "your" mind?

* * * *

Free will is the illusion; it is the maze to which the key to freedom is surrender.

* * * *

What a mystery this day-to-day, a dream both real and unreal, a vapor passing ever now.

* * * *

All the sustenance of the world, cannot feed the hungry soul, nor quench its savage thirst.

* * * *

"A work of straw," exclaimed one author,
Of his philosophical opus upon his deathbed.
True enough, but was it not good fun at the time?

*** * * ***

From womb and sandbox,
To classrooms and playgrounds.
From local to national to international.
From earth to galaxy to universe.
The journey of imagination,
From finite to infinite,
Is without limits.

* * * *

Buddha and Jesus and Lao Tzu,
And all the countless others,
Have all been rendered.
Now, You play You.
There is no need,
To imitate them.

* * * *

It is not what or how You think, what or how You contemplate, but the movement of thought itself,
That must be discerned, to comprehend, that which seeks, is that that which is sought.
The flickering passage of consciousness, is the patterning, is the Youness,
The nowness, the isness, the mystery, the one and only one.

* * * *

However anything is named,

It is only an imaginary name,
It is only an imaginary concept,
It is only an imaginary sound,
A filament in the eternal now.

* * * *

The journey, be it fast or slow, is ever of the same motionlessness.

* * * *

In the stillness, space and time are transcended.

* * * *

Truth is imperceptible.

* * * *

You are the eternal fact unfolding in dreamtime.

* * * *

The way You see the universe
In which You wander
Is founded upon
Whatever information
Your mythos has provided You.

* * * *

Is illusion even possible without language?

* * * *

If You were truly free,
Would it, could it
Even occur to You?

* * * *

When everything in the day-to-day is complete,
Give space your time and time your space.

* * * *

You may as well live courageously.
What point is there to fearing your fate
When all ends find the same grave?

* * * *

Pride is the destroyer of Eden.

* * * *

Reaction is founded upon conditioning,
Response upon effortless discernment.

* * * *

Forget all You think You know.
It is all an encumbrance
To discerning the way home.

* * * *

All You are is words.

* * * *

Perfection of the personality is a non-issue.
Fusion within is not a matter of class,
Ethnicity, culture, creed, or politics.
Nor any patterning the flittering
Of consciousness might undertake.
It is a journey playing out whatever cards,
Be they fair or not, that any given fate has dealt.

* * * *

Can the manifest plane
Ever know true harmony?
Only time will tell.

* * * *

In a way difficult to express,
Whether pleasurable or painful,
How equal each moment becomes.

* * * *

So many praying for forgiveness,
Never seeing they need only
Forgive themselves.

* * * *

Once You discover your true nature,
What is there to do with the time remaining
But whatever the path of least resistance offers?

* * * *

All this emphasis on fun, pleasure, entertainment.
Would any of it be necessary if You were content?

* * * *

Potential is only as good as one's interest in pursuing it.

* * * *

Nothing's never good enough for so many.

* * * *

The pot once again declares the kettle black.

* * * *

Hmmm… to which conspiracy theory should You subscribe?

* * * *

Nothing's the potential in all.

* * * *

A wild mix of incoherence.

* * * *

Amazing how any fact
Can be twisted around
By the need to believe.

* * * *

Tugging at the plug.

* * * *

You are far more a breath than a thought.

* * * *

We all break each other's cherries sooner or later.

* * * *

Realize that all meaning and purpose is crafted in your mind.
It is all your creation, your speculation, your collusion.
It is not verifiable in any way or shape or form.
Pretend what You will, all identification,
Is a surreal, momentary dream.
You are proof of that.

* * * *

Be content that it is so.

* * * *

In far less than a hundred years,
You will not care one diddly-squat
What anyone said or thought of You,
Or even what You thought of yourself.

* * * *

Death is one big eraser.

* * * *

Future generations will look back at this era,
And curse us for what we have done to them.

* * * *

You must use your personal view
To extrapolate the infinite one.

* * * *

Ancient superstitions founded
Upon the ignorance and resulting fears
Of the human psyche continue to wreak havoc.
To discern the fear, its source,
And the causelessness prior to it,
Is the challenge each must face alone.

* * * *

What a pathetic mockery
This world's so-called religious leaders
Have made of this mystery.

* * * *

Habits are made to be broken.

* * * *

To see how insignificant You are in this infinity
Is to discern how infinite You truly are.

* * * *

Dead poets don't require compensation.

* * * *

Even if we were all see to this,
Life would remain very much a challenge.
The issue is how much better we could get along
With fewer inane dogmatic assertions.

* * * *

Yes indeed, that's very Christian.
Very Christian, indeed.

* * * *

How is it so many remain blind to the hellish blaspheme
They have been corn fed by so-called spiritual leaders
Since long before the seeds of culture took root?

* * * *

The personality who engraved these words is unimportant,
Merely a focus of useless chatter and speculation.
The continued parody of ceaseless thought.
Find your Self, and You will know every scribe,

Every seer and mystic this dream has ever known.

* * * *

The only real solution to the human drama
Is seeing clearly what we truly are.
From that, what will blossom
Has yet to be written.

* * * *

Organized religion is like leftover silage.

* * * *

We are following the trails of peoples
Who never observed the universe
Through telescopes or microscopes,
Who never witnessed the earth from space,
Who never discerned any geography outside their own.
Why do we allow them sway over our time?

* * * *

Is what we are doing
With our ballooning population
Really any different than flies swarming
Over a three-day-old pile of shit?

* * * *

We are all the suns of man and woman and God.

* * * *

Condemnation leaves no room for understanding.

* * * *

How arduous it is to discern the unity behind the many masks of diversity.

* * * *

No one else can ever grasp what your eyes see,
Your ears hear, your tongue tastes, your nostrils smell,
Your skin senses, or your mind ponders.
Your pleasures and pains,
Your heaven or hell,
The universe
You have created,
Is yours and yours alone.

* * * *

You are the spawn of eternity.

* * * *

You are a student of consciousness.
Masked by countless masks,
It is ever the same.

* * * *

There's really nothing that needs to be said or written,
But consciousness is absorbed in its endless chatter.
Somewhat akin to Narcissus falling for his reflection.

* * * *

Here we go again.

* * * *

Terrorists are as impossible to battle as ants, cockroaches or flies.
They just keep on streaming from unseen corners,
And there is always another day.

* * * *

The passion of hate is all but inexhaustible.

* * * *

The only difference between any You and a wafting curl of smoke is consciousness.

* * * *

Another unwinnable war.

* * * *

A woman's view of reality is often in no way realistic.

* * * *

A dancing cloud of atoms reforming again and again.

* * * *

In all reflections sits the deity of vanity.

* * * *

A new level of surrender.

* * * *

The churning pool has no time for reflection.

* * * *

The voice is the spring of the essential nature.

* * * *

To see the world in all its immeasurable detail
Is the blessing and curse of the mystical mind.

* * * *

Organized religions are towers of babble.

* * * *

The challenge for any soul
Is to somehow retain its innocence
In an oft times ruthless world.

* * * *

A coyote cannot hide its eyes for long.

* * * *

In all their ignorance,
Religions everywhere battle
Over that which is inherently given,
Over that which can never be subjugated,
Over that which no mind can no more than witness,
Over that which, despite all assertions,
Is prior to any given notion.

* * * *

Tell it to the judge.

* * * *

Ignorance creates faith to sustain its vanity.

* * * *

Are You content? Why or why not (In 50 words or less)?

* * * *

Your mind is the expanding universe.

* * * *

Occasionally peek into places You normally would not; You might learn something.

* * * *

The nefarious tribe at it again, oh well.

CLXXVI

As soon as You believe
You've finally figured it out,
A gust of wind casts it asunder
For the thousandth time that day.

* * * *

How fresh, how weary, an immortal spirit, encased in mortal flesh and time, can be.

* * * *

Takes one to know one.

* * * *

Another absent-minded moment lost to perception.

* * * *

If they realized how they were being tracked and manipulated,
How would they react? What would they say and do?
Look to history for your answer, Pilgrim.

* * * *

Many doors open the young and innocent,
Many of which they will oft times wish hadn't.

* * * *

Looking for something in which no form can be found.

* * * *

Anonymity cannot be found.
That which is given need not be sought,
For it is in the living seen.

* * * *

Buddha in a baseball cap.

* * * *

They who do not look can never see.

* * * *

A rotting carcass not yet a day old.

* * * *

Much easier to let stupidity rule.

* * * *

Feel fortunate You do not see me,

For I would test your field of vision.

* * * *

You might be loved forever
If it were not flesh
About which we were talking.

* * * *

You have seen enough shores
To know they count as one.

* * * *

Brakes work best when their use in intended in advance.

* * * *

Youthful flesh makes fools of all.

* * * *

If You had it, would You still want it?

* * * *

As any group is held back
By its slowest lollygag,
So is a species.

* * * *

It is sheer randomness that creates heaven.

* * * *

With dying comes the realization
That it was all a mirage.

* * * *

The toll of age comes to all who survive their youth.

* * * *

It is in the everyday mundane You will find your Soul.

* * * *

It's been a pretty good container,
Considering what you've put it through
To reach this moment in this vast mystery.

* * * *

The universe is a masterpiece
Set to any scale You please.

* * * *

It's always a good day to die.

* * * *

Armed with paper, pen and mind,
You wander into the arena uncontested.

* * * *

Most lose interest in a game
That has no discernable score.

* * * *

Looking for a witness
To your self-absorbed glory
Is a lifetime of incessant delusion.

* * * *

There will perhaps come a time
When even your own silly game,
You will no longer be able to play.

* * * *

Strength is nothing without flexibility,
Dexterity, capacity, wit and endurance.

* * * *

To be content; completely, absolutely satisfied
At that last whispered whiff of awareness
Will be life's greatest challenge.

* * * *

It will be into the far distant future
That this wordy shadow shall cross.
Only a few need keep the ember aglow.

* * * *

Step back from the windswept crest, and celebrate what time remains,
With a resurgence of sanity all but lost in history's present unfolding.

* * * *

Toying with the future of time.

* * * *

The best diet plan is getting lost
In a forest for a week or three.

* * * *

Tis an answer only mind's play will play out.

* * * *

To play so far ahead in time
Is to be very much present.

* * * *

Every game has its players and watchers.
Which be ye?

* * * *

Belief is often a parasitic venture.

* * * *

They pay no more attention to your game
Than You do theirs.

* * * *

In this mystic's odyssey,
Commitments have been short,
And the usual mix of bitter and sweet.

* * * *

All states of consciousness are relative.
All are temporal parts of the corporate whole
Very much the same at the most essential level.
Any claims to the contrary are delusional.

* * * *

Science is always playing catch-up.

* * * *

Let each be a prophet unto Self.

* * * *

There is no one way to express the One Way.

* * * *

Eternity is the lair into which even dragons fear treading.

* * * *

As present as the tides of consciousness allow.

* * * *

Endless chatter.
No different, really, than the babbling
Of any given brook.

* * * *

There is an absolute,

But it is very much prior
To anything consciousness
Can ever even imagine spinning.

* * * *

More useless numbers.

* * * *

Friends are reflections who like us,
Enemies those too similar to tolerate.

* * * *

A pretty large theater this planet offers this passion play.

* * * *

You yearn so badly for it to matter,
And that it doesn't, and never will,
Is the source of incessant pain.

* * * *

Thank You, kindly.

* * * *

Humanity's fate is dark beyond the horizon.

* * * *

Infinite patience
Is a one-moment-at-a-time
Kind of thing.

* * * *

Misguided expectations inevitably
Bring about conflict and suffering.

* * * *

Few will ever take care of you
As well as You will yourself.

* * * *

You don't have to tell them what You think.

* * * *

I have done it all through You.

* * * *

Shopper hell would be without malls, sales and holidays.

* * * *

As moths to light,
Humans to consciousness.

* * * *

Expectations and disappointment
Have some sort of inverse ratio.

* * * *

Shit waiting to happen.

* * * *

Lots of nothing special.

* * * *

You are delusional like all the rest.

* * * *

And what do You think that proves?

* * * *

Well intentioned, but misguided.

* * * *

Belief is just the speculation
With which You are most comfortable.

* * * *

The wayward mystic.

* * * *

Try unbecoming.

* * * *

Funny what we get used to,
What each calls normal.

* * * *

But for imagination, You have never existed.

* * * *

A speck of sand,
A drop of water,
A ray of light,
You are.

* * * *

Everything short of infinity is limited foolishness.

* * * *

The universe is just a larger womb.

* * * *

The unwavering solitude cannot be offset by any number of others.

* * * *

Despite the fact, that space-time is an illusion, it is a rather curious thing, that You can never go back.

* * * *

Those psycho-babblers seem to have a label for everything, don't they?

* * * *

The harder You try, the further away it gets.

* * * *

All things to all people.

* * * *

Vanity is the pride of consciousness.

* * * *

In the end, diddley-squat is its name.

* * * *

Where no tourista can go.

* * * *

Who came up with the idea to call it progress? Was it the same guy who defined resources?

* * * *

A deity based on vanity is no deity at all.

* * * *

If all You knew, was a forest or valley or plain or desert or mountain or island,
How could You, how should You, how would You, ever imagine anything else?

* * * *

A consistent process of discovery and rediscovery.

* * * *

Daily, fewer and fewer, growing up with a relationship with nature.

* * * *

Do You really know what You are, anymore?

* * * *

The ambitious have always drug everyone else in their wake.

* * * *

Any given mind is ever juggling whatever universe it contains.

* * * *

What is Mount Everest to an ant? What is the universe to a microbe?

* * * *

Wake up to your world.

* * * *

Feel the sanity of a complete breath.

* * * *

You really cannot more than a priori now; why would You want to live forever?

* * * *

Misunderstood again and again.

* * * *

No reason to count the miles on the highway to nowhere.

* * * *

Good God, laugh at yourself a bit more; You are a joke of sorts, You know.

* * * *

Your wealth is beyond words.

* * * *

Seize the moment.

* * * *

Sure ripe for that lesson, ain't ya?

* * * *

The answer is that there is really no question that requires an answer.

* * * *

Ignorance ever makes claims that inquiry cannot sustain.

* * * *

A timely death.

* * * *

Infinitely tall, infinitely small.

* * * *

A dream some call life.

* * * *

Only a fool teases a hornet's nest.

* * * *

Sometimes it is doing that counts; sometimes being is just enough.

* * * *

Depends which version of history to which You subscribe.

* * * *

Whenever hope enters the picture, there probably is not much.

* * * *

Wisdom is much less interesting than a steely erection.
That's why it is usually the domain of the old and wizened.

* * * *

All too often life consists of shuffling things back and forth.

* * * *

Plain and simple, time travel is not possible,
Because there is really no such thing as time.
Imagination is the only time machine there is.

* * * *

We battle over instinctual tribal patterns, born of imagination's beginnings.

* * * *

If mystery is in your heart, as so many scriptures assert, then what does that make You?

CLXXVII

You are but a relatively brief expression of the mystery.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.
And so is everything else.
Despite all assertions to the contrary,
At the quantum level, everything is all quite equal.

* * * *

Inside jokes can be tough on the outsiders.

* * * *

Nature's vendetta yawns and stretches for a new day.

* * * *

All You know are the countless concoctions of consciousness,
As real as the shimmering moonlight reflecting upon the ocean surface.

* * * *

You will never discern your true nature
If You cannot step outside yourself.

* * * *

Your body is a receiver designed
To play out a contextual software.
How You process it is up to You.

* * * *

Wake up to how asleep You truly are.

* * * *

What are You but Soul in a body bag?

* * * *

No face captures You for long.

* * * *

I Am is with You always.

* * * *

What You truly are is quite senseless.

* * * *

The reason You believe a messiah will return to save You,
Is because what was taught in that martyred chapter was not understood.
And because so many since have stage-managed the hearsay,

To such a blatantly, pathetically absurd degree.

* * * *

If You are honest with your Self,
You will admit how little You know.

* * * *

Anyone who thinks they are Christ or Buddha or any of the others,
Has been swept up into an identity crisis of delusional proportion.

* * * *

Try not to torture yourself, for being forced to play out pretending You are a human being.
It is really only a fleeting affliction; from first breath to last, from womb to grave.
The challenge is to make the best of whatever fate You have been cast.

* * * *

A deity by any other name is exactly the same.

* * * *

Ideals are the stomping ground of ignorance and delusion.

* * * *

Cities are like anthills teeming with every absurdity imaginable.

* * * *

Political correctness has no place in the quest for truth.

* * * *

You're only good for now.

* * * *

Consciousness is mental disturbance.

* * * *

It is what is no matter what anyone anywhere believes.

* * * *

The mystery of how the inanimate became animate flows in your veins.

* * * *

Destiny is a rainbow of possibilities brought to light.

* * * *

You have a life work yet to complete, what will it be?

* * * *

New silliness always dribbling out in the odd moments of the wandering.

* * * *

All the faces are running together like drops in a stream.

* * * *

Aphorisms are mindful increments.

* * * *

Give an animal an ego and it will call itself a human being by one name or another.

* * * *

The artful politician is just someone
With a great capacity for bullshit.

* * * *

Life is often not what You would prefer it to be.
How You meet the gap between reality and your ideals,
Is the measure of your capacity for suffering.

* * * *

As You surrender yourself over to it,
As the block regains its uncarved origin,
You will likely become more and more vague,
About the identification and purpose,
Of which others seem so sure.

* * * *

Ann Landers and Miss Manners and Abigale Van Buren,
And all the advice columnists since spawned,
Can take a flying leap off a tall cliff.
Do not feel any obligation to be domesticated.

* * * *

Those who see do not necessarily live easier lives.

* * * *

Who is it who resists?

* * * *

Those who think they are so necessary
Often are not, and perhaps even only
Burden others with their presence.

* * * *

When it finally takes You over,
There really won't be much choice.

* * * *

Yours is the only world You can really impact

* * * *

For humanity to believe itself superior,
To the eternal patterning is a road to extinction.
We weave ourselves out of the weaving,
Through an exit of our own making.

* * * *

Imagine heaven, imagine hell; can there be a real difference?

* * * *

Either You see what You truly are, or You do not; what middle ground can there be?

* * * *

Personal characteristics are merely temporal outcomes of any given chemical permutation.

* * * *

Amazing what some find attractive.

* * * *

But for the many thoughts You give it,
There would be no universe,
No world, no theater,
For vanity's ceaseless dramas.

* * * *

You need not justify your existence, to any of the voices within.
They have no real say, regarding your sovereign eternal nature.

* * * *

What to do with your creation is an unfolding question,
Given answer with each moment's choiceless passing.

* * * *

When You can see everything and nothing, You will be it.

* * * *

Let the world go when it no longer concerns You.

* * * *

Play the fool, play the sage; two sides of the same coin.

* * * *

To see it absolutely is your end.

* * * *

Those who walk between heaven and earth, are very awake, and sleep very soundly.

* * * *

What a distraction knowledge is; beneath its unremitting movement, is such an ocean of timeless stillness.

* * * *

Do You really think the voice within, is really any different than anyone else's?

* * * *

That Self which perceives all, knows all, is all,
That You in the most mysterious sense;
How incomprehensible it truly is.
No mind will ever fathom its infinite reaches.

* * * *

Your endless quest for hedonistic excess may pursue You with a terrible vengeance.

* * * *

When the personal mind
Ceases to exist in the known,
A deep serenity is all that remains.

* * * *

What passionate emotions desire manifests.

* * * *

Our ability to communicate,
To share our visions with each other,
Has turned out to be both a blessing and a curse.
We have achieved an amazing ability to manipulate our world,
Yet increasingly stagger in an exponential quagmire,
To which the inevitable conclusion will be,
Complete and utter annihilation.

* * * *

Some might call it insanity; others, a frame of reference given over to the mystery.

* * * *

How many ominous ways,
Destruction is gathering forces,
On the swiftly approaching horizon.
How many, how few, are capable of seeing,
The punitive harvest of the seeds we all have sown.
Such discouraging thoughts are not easily received by most,
But to leave them unspoken only permits the delusion,
To continue its irrational rampage, unchallenged.

* * * *

Will we be intelligent enough to survive ourselves?

* * * *

The conversational ability of a gnat.

* * * *

Infinite permutations of insanity.

* * * *

Death is the happy medium.

* * * *

The nexus Muad'Dib.

* * * *

We cannot spawn ten billion human beings
And expect this planet to remain hospitable.

* * * *

What it was, it no longer is.
What it will be, will be.
What is, will ever be.
The moment is all.

* * * *

They harangue their sheep with the same absurd babble, over and over and over…

* * * *

Any government that does not act on behalf of the world at large, is no government worth supporting.

* * * *

How can anyone possibly believe that the grand totality would ever be confined,
By any set of scriptures, any set of symbols, any cultural mindset, any ethnic or gender preference,
Any costume or geography or behavior, or dogmatic or political assertion, whatsoever.
Why believe the mystery could ever be bound by any mind-made limitation?

* * * *

Flags are just colorful pieces of cloth, given more weight than they deserve.

* * * *

Contentment is a now thing.

* * * *

Does love require an object on which to focus?

* * * *

Is any experience really anything more than imagination?

* * * *

What generation has not reacted to the circumstances

Created by parents, relatives and other ancestry?

* * * *

The more You think You have,
The more You think You might lose.

* * * *

You are really just a breath.

* * * *

It is because it is.

* * * *

You need feel neither guilt nor sorrow,
Over having been spawned as a human being.
It is both a gift and a curse, both a wonder and a bother.
Perhaps one of the greater trials, perhaps one of the greater potentials,
This remarkable little spinning ball-of-dust stage can offer.

* * * *

Our blindness to the fact that the mystery is within everything weaves certain destruction.

* * * *

To not see this, to insist upon duality,
Is to bear false witness to the indivisible mystery,
Inherent within and without all creation.

* * * *

Look down at your body,
And realize You have never once seen the mask from which You peer,
And never will.

* * * *

What You think is never real for long.

* * * *

Humility is not the artificial arrogance so many practice.
It is a quiet understanding of one's equal standing,
With every form ever concocted in any realm,
Of this divine mirage of heaven and hell.

* * * *

It's all spontaneous word association.

* * * *

The intention herein is to loosen the grasp,
History has upon consciousness.
To free the mind so that it may deal directly,

With the immediate day-to-day timelessly unfolding now.

* * * *

Funny how kings need jesters more than jesters need kings.

* * * *

This spinning pale blue dot has fostered many forms in its garden.
You are but one of countless appearances, countless masks,
Playing out their perceptions for but a short awhile.

* * * *

Occasionally take pause in the day-to-day, to recall how timeless it all is.

* * * *

So many things the young do, that they will never dare again in whatever time remains.

* * * *

How far will we take this insanity? How far will we be allowed to take it?

* * * *

You will be home when your only ambition, is to live a momentary existence.

* * * *

Pain and suffering only sharpen the ironic wit.

* * * *

Numb's the word.

* * * *

When You can say one thing one moment,
And mean something completely opposite in another,
You are either irrational or free (as if they are all that different).

* * * *

Does it being impossible make anything possible?

* * * *

So many doors in this imaginary theater,
Creation, preservation and destruction in each.
Which to choose, which to choose?
All, none or one?

* * * *

What is done is done.
Bury it; put it behind You.
Do not let time bind your mind.

* * * *

No matter how good your intentions,
There will inevitably be a critic
Declaring how s/he could do it better.

* * * *

Until the politicians decide to lead
Or the masses decide to insist upon leadership,
The course humanity is taking is ridden with icebergs,
And the dark waters are very, very cold.

CLXXVIII

Before we can create viable solutions,
We must discern and face the enormity of the problems,
And our very prominent role in their creation.

* * * *

Consciousness
Is as fleeting as steam
Rising from a hot cup of coffee.

* * * *

Wanting to be valued for a body,
A mind, or an outlook that cannot last
Is like treading through quicksand.

* * * *

Who is a stranger to suffering?
The challenge is not blaming others
For the sorrow to which You have colluded.

* * * *

Humanity has never dealt well with its morality.

* * * *

If that's what You want to believe…

* * * *

What is civilized life
But a mound of parasitic forces
Playing off each other's many delusions?

* * * *

If You are too engrossed with the details, You miss the big picture.
Too caught up in the big picture, You stumble over the details.
Strike a balance.

* * * *

Lump it in whatever categories You will,
Consciousness is consciousness
No matter the subscription.

* * * *

Trying to be, trying not to be,
It is the effort in either
Which creates the suffering.

* * * *

When You say, play and do whatever the audience desires,
It's easy to become attached to the applause,
And disabled by the hecklers.

* * * *

It is attachment that makes You so rigid.

* * * *

The obvious is rarely obvious to all.

* * * *

Awareness disentangles the knots of thought's creations.

* * * *

Does desire toy with You? Or You with it?

* * * *

Your predispositions find their mirrors.

* * * *

The one-pointed nature is as free as it gets.

* * * *

Regarding the inevitability of physical death, You will cross that bridge soon enough.

* * * *

You are the beginning and end of time.

* * * *

Any limits to the mystery are created and defined by imagination.

* * * *

The mystery's greatness is cast of the eternity's reflection.
Light streams through the mind's inexplicable ether of awareness,
Giving manifest reality to earth and wind and water and fire,
And all the myriad forms they cast into space and time.

* * * *

Space-time is a dream; it has no reality but through the a priori nature of consciousness.

* * * *

Though the source of all, the infinite nature is just another ephemeral piece of imagination.

* * * *

It does not matter whether You like them or not.

* * * *

What can change but change itself?

* * * *

Why should it make sense?

* * * *

What is any dream but the eternal dust
Playing in a sandbox of it's own making?

* * * *

Dispense with all regrets.

* * * *

No matter the mask, costume or pretense donned,
All are You.

* * * *

These writings are not in the least bit complicated
Once the key to one is discerned the same for all.

* * * *

The many attributes of the flesh
Cannot sate true desire for long.

* * * *

Flowery bouquet that You may be now,
A crumbling skeleton You will one day be.

* * * *

What will we do when the forests are all paper?

* * * *

Perfectionists can make it tough on themselves,
And everyone who chances into their dour path.

* * * *

We are all going to die.
How miserably is the question.

* * * *

Just another pathologically corrupt dream,
As so many seem to be.

* * * *

Light is as light does.

* * * *

Has it ever become clearly apparent

Why You have never, can never,
Will never see your own face?

* * * *

So many things we disagree with
That we go along with anyway.

* * * *

You will only be as free as You desire allows.

* * * *

You have allowed ignorance and delusion
To lead You down a path of destruction
Even a fool would not dream of treading.

* * * *

Throughout Eden's garden,
Ignorance inevitably succumbs
To its own conscious death.

* * * *

Yours to witness at most

* * * *

Thou art mystery in the way no words can tell.

* * * *

How die You, that was never born?

* * * *

Your dream is, and is not, whatever You believe it to be.

* * * *

Discard the life that was never yours, in any way your dream inspires.

* * * *

Are You sorry You did it, or just that You got caught?

* * * *

The peace of eternity requires no reconciliation of an individual nature.

* * * *

How many ways there are to torture oneself, for what we think we are and are not.

* * * *

Growth, growth, growth; what is it we actually think we are growing into?

* * * *

How large must a stack of gold be, before You discern it just a pile of sand?

* * * *

Corporations are inert husks, filled with teaming life, churning away,
Making decisions, that create and destroy with synergistic indifference.

* * * *

If You identify with time, You will be caught in it, in whatever way your free-running will takes You.

* * * *

The challenge is learning to ignore the garbage, so many toss wherever they wander.

* * * *

Do You truly suffer, or
Is it merely imagination's,
And its correlated attachment
To the body temporarily inhabits.

* * * *

Lots of upset, angry people,
But not about the same things.

* * * *

Grace awakens within those who allow it.

* * * *

People do what their vanity abides.

* * * *

Parasites and critics have a lot in common.

* * * *

Change yourself before asking it of the world.

* * * *

Feeling ordinary is a very good thing.

* * * *

Change the course of a river however You will,
It still must eventually return to the sea.

* * * *

What lies out past infinity?

* * * *

Look past your penis
At what that beautiful woman
Will be looking like fifty years hence.

* * * *

What is this attachment to the word, love?

* * * *

Not interested in the limelight, sorry.

* * * *

Irony has a way of making almost anything humorous.

* * * *

So, in other words,
Freedom of speech for You,
But not for them.

* * * *

What bitterness this thing called love can harvest.

* * * *

We're all disturbed about one thing or another.

* * * *

Madness abides any given label.

* * * *

They say the good die young.
Hopefully, God will grant a little time off,
For those token moments of reasonably moderate behavior.

* * * *

A truth for all.

* * * *

Four-letter word for organized religion: bunk.

* * * *

Who and what is not the truth, the life, and the way?

* * * *

What will You do when all your deities, when all your idolatry has failed You?

* * * *

Death is just returning to the womb of totality.

* * * *

Turn away from all that is known
Into that which is unknown.

* * * *

What a phenomenal thing to exist.

* * * *

The challenge is learning to ignore the garbage
The others put upon themselves, others and You.

* * * *

Do You really suffer,
Or is it merely imagination
And the correlated attachments
To the body it temporarily inhabits?

* * * *

Doesn't matter whether it's well-written or not.
What counts is whether You grasp the intent.

* * * *

Is there anything more boorish than false pride?

* * * *

Is your deity of choice so vain as to attempt, to experience every possibility?

* * * *

The pie is cut,
The niches are full,
And 'No Trespassing' signs,
Are posted at every imagined border.
Where to go from here?

* * * *

Love measured is not love at all.

* * * *

Anything can be skewed by misinterpretation.

* * * *

One returns to absoluteness
Because it is the only state of mind
Immune from the pain of consciousness.

* * * *

Is humanity capable of controlling its numbers,
Or will Mother Nature intercede in ways
We would rather not experience?

* * * *

Is any thought ultimately real?

* * * *

You are the stage upon which your universe is built.

* * * *

Why are You still dragging around
So many things that no longer matter?

* * * *

So fascinating the countless ways
Human beings have found to worship
The mystery in which we all reside.
The challenge is realizing none
Is more important than any other.

* * * *

No matter how surrounded You are
By the artificial creations of the mind,
It is really all still completely natural.

* * * *

Good breathing reconciles all disorder.

* * * *

Why so much denial
Of the grand indifference
Of this mysterious oneness?

* * * *

Interest fans the flames of capability.

* * * *

Why keep adding to the bother?

* * * *

Another inconsolable life.

* * * *

How can hair and nails be so endlessly fascinating.

* * * *

Jesus was not a white, apple pie, flag-waver.

* * * *

The most effective way to destroy an idea is to usurp the message with doublespeak.

* * * *

Who is not disturbed to some degree by the consciousness in which they abide?

* * * *

Such a tentative, precarious breath on which this mortal dream depends.

* * * *

How tenacious any given perspective.

* * * *

Delusion is the stream's impetus.

* * * *

To clap with one hand is no different than clapping with three or more.

* * * *

What was is no longer, and what is now, will too, relatively quickly, no longer be.

* * * *

There is no escape from space-time, but through the abosoluteness of death.

* * * *

There's no finding what isn't there to find.

* * * *

The essence of maybe.

* * * *

The type of person for whom enough will never be.

* * * *

So much time wasted arguing stupid things.

CLXXIX

Beware the psychic vampires.
They come in every form imaginable,
And speak whatever tongue suits their purpose.
They will suck dry the lifeblood of any soul freely offered.

* * * *

Follow your own heart, your own mind.
They will know all that needs be known.

* * * *

If You cannot find happiness in this world,
Perhaps You no longer need its ultimate lesson.

* * * *

It is a mad deity who speaks within.

* * * *

So many bringing children into existence, with seemingly little awareness or concern,
About the agonies they are fated to endure, in the degraded world we are leaving them.

* * * *

Why all these thoughts?
Because it is amusing to play out,
The stream of consciousness in this fashion.
Because this is the outcome of this life's fleeting sojourn.
And because it seems that others need to be assured that there is no other,
Without saddling them down with more absurd delusions.
No denying that it is no doubt a useless effort,
But what fate is truly accomplished,
Without at least a little irony?

* * * *

Do You spend You life wondering if Big Brother or some other
Is watching You thinking about You, plotting against You?
Or do You just live unconcerned amid the madness?

* * * *

To understand your fear,
Discern the desire that has created it.

* * * *

What an incredibly deluded notion
To believe You can be saved.
Saved for what?

* * * *

We are all imperfectly perfect.

* * * *

Not happy ever after,
Happy every now.

* * * *

It is impossible to finish as You started.

* * * *

The drop hits upon your head,
And ripples across your universe.

* * * *

What's your take on the myth of Jesus?

* * * *

It's all in your head,
But won't be much longer.

* * * *

Funny how prices increase,
But candy bars grow smaller.

* * * *

You may not be indifferent,
But to expect the universe gives a squat
Flies in the face of simple, attentive, honest observation.

* * * *

There ain't no forever-after,
Just forever-now.

* * * *

One man's pleasure
For another is only torture.

* * * *

Go beyond cause and effect.

* * * *

Leftovers for a meal yet to come.

* * * *

All creation has come to this point in You.
Was it worth it?

* * * *

A moment unattended
Is akin to carelessly throwing away
A glass of priceless wine.

* * * *

You are not required to say yes to any given pleasure.

* * * *

All the “should-be’s” of this world, or any other, mean squat.
Whatever it is, it is, and no amount of “should” will change it.

* * * *

What You perceive so important this day
Will be but the dimmest memory
In some far-off morrow.

* * * *

Without a body, where would You be?

* * * *

An expanding mind sees problems
Quickly, clearly, concisely, and decisively,
While the mind caught in the limitations of time
Only exacerbates the problem into an ongoing infection.

* * * *

Pride must suffer the fate of any overdone balloon.

* * * *

Ever notice how the guy carrying the flag seems to get shot?

* * * *

Many spend a great deal of time crippling themselves further.

* * * *

Hopes are much more likely to come to fruition
When great intention and effort are involved.

* * * *

Talk about God until everything, everywhere and beyond, is.

* * * *

What tribe or religion do You need, once You are a true human being?

* * * *

People cling to reality as if it really is.

* * * *

Discern your own law, and right action will blossom.

* * * *

The challenge with any life is to accept it gracefully.

* * * *

When this masked, costumed identity,
One day slides away, as it inevitably must,
Would You wish to don a new, improved one?
Would You seek another manifest existence,
Another illusory play in space and time,
Another journey from crib to grave,
Another temporal experiencing,
Born of the kaleidoscope of light?

* * * *

Can You live just one life?

* * * *

Fulfill the calling that comes from within, naturally.

* * * *

Many kill an insect for much less cause
Than fellow humans who commit
Much more heinous crimes.

* * * *

So many despotic parasites
Manipulating the great teachings
To their own self-absorbed,
Often malignant ends.

* * * *

Freedom will not be discerned through any
Time-bound symbol conceived by the mind.

* * * *

You wish to know humanity's future?
Batten down the hatches, baby.
The storm is coming.

* * * *

At the root of the "amness"
Is the genesis of all creation.

* * * *

What if Jesus has already came back,

Snatched away the righteous,
And for some reason,
Didn't take You?

* * * *

Resolution to the unfolding human predicament,
Will likely not be the outcome of voluntary choices.
Solutions of such magnitude are not easily discerned,
And require a great deal of discipline and austerity.

* * * *

What has this garden planet become
But one very large insane asylum.

* * * *

The dawn of time began with an egoless birth,
And will conclude at your vain death,
Be it conscious or physical.

* * * *

The devils of this world or any other
Are merely souls twisted by the play of time
As they have been voluntarily forced to experience it.

* * * *

The mind avoids seeing the abyss by habitually tethering to imagined concepts.
The innumerable permutations they take generate the human dance,
An endless collection of fabricated, contrary notions.

* * * *

Only the impoverished require the light of another.

* * * *

That which is pointed to, is the death of space and time; the rebirth of eternity.

* * * *

So many waiting for some savior,
To rescue them from all their confusion.
As if paradise would ever need, want or allow,
All the vanity and gold born of the hell,
To which they frantically cling.

* * * *

Why create a world You would not wish to inhabit?

* * * *

Is there anything more tedious, more wearisome, than those who espouse some dogma,
Without having ever examined anything outside, their original, very limited conditioning?

* * * *

So many probably believe their dream the norm.
Few see the insanity of their perspective clearly.

* * * *

It's all your craving that keeps You moving.

* * * *

Mirrors, mirrors, on all the walls.

* * * *

Humanity blows its horn incessantly,
But all the pride and arrogance only falls upon
The deaf ear of an indifferent universe.

* * * *

Wealth is relative.
The less You need or want,
The richer You are.

* * * *

The same new is ever was,
And ever will be.

* * * *

Absolutely pointless.

* * * *

Life is an opportunity for light to shine.

* * * *

We are all alone
No matter how much time
We spend together.

* * * *

Nothing is given.
Nothing is expected in return.

* * * *

Not even an iota of separation can there ever be.

* * * *

That most ancient of truths will ever be.

* * * *

Those who are bound to history

Will ever battle with an ancient club.
The only remedy is to forget everything.

* * * *

This today, that tomorrow.
Happiness is as elusive as a rainbow.

* * * *

Step outside yourself even just once,
And You will never be the same.

* * * *

Rest assured something will happen
Whether or not you're involved.

* * * *

Critics are professional whiners.

* * * *

Do You really believe there is going to be another life,
That offers any less contention and horror than this one?

* * * *

Hardy-har-har, the joke's on You.

* * * *

To consider love a romantic thing, is akin to believing a shark warm and fuzzy.

* * * *

Enlightenment is like a joke or riddle; if You cannot see it, You cannot see it.

* * * *

Sounds good, theoretically.

* * * *

The conditioning of limited thinking, creates a lifetime of imprisonment.

* * * *

Living upon the fat, decrying it all the while; a hypocrite if ever there was one.

* * * *

So many ways we find to survive.

* * * *

For curiosity's sake, the busy mind roams.

* * * *

Even though you've passed by

Perhaps a thousand times before,
A re-born mind sees it all anew.

* * * *

So many memories
Growing dimmer and dimmer
With each day's passing.

* * *

You know something just happened here,
But what?

* * * *

Do You really believe You own anything?

* * * *

Must have been some other lifetime.

* * * *

It seemed so much bigger then.

* * * *

Fresh flesh, firm and supple.

* * * *

Nothing new?
Begin again.

* * * *

Funny how even just a few moments of history consume some people.

* * * *

Just once more before You die.

* * * *

Fantasy is free and available anytime.

* * * *

Life is really only a relatively brief meditation
To whatever degree one is capable and willing.

* * * *

This world was designed for those who believe.

* * * *

Carve your name in rock or wood or paper, it will all be erased sooner or later.

* * * *

Passion is an imaginary quandary.

* * * *

There is very little that has not been played out before.
Industry and technology merely make possible new permutations
In what has always been, and will always be, humankind's essential nature.

* * * *

All new, and nothing new, at the same time.

* * * *

Feeling very nappish.
Just need to find a place to rest the head.
Any piece of ground will do.

* * * *

Forever paradoxical.

* * * *

Any word, any concept, will only have the meaning that You alone give it.

* * * *

When were You ever not, and how would You know?

* * * *

Traveling through life,
You've wanted so much so often,
And yet, what have You ever really held onto?

* * * *

You are a witness, untainted, unknown.

* * * *

Existence is so much more tolerable,
When the body is well-fed, rested, and healthy.
When the mind, when the juices, are running full-throttle;
Not yet inhibited by the many miseries to which this garden is wed.

CLXXX

Enough of us do seem to hate this world,
That it will be forced to wipe out our presence,
At some yet unknown point, in whatever time remains.

* * * *

The mind is really not.

* * * *

Absolutely, unequivocally, undeniably, indisputably unrecognizable.
A garden world, the likes of which will never be seen again, completely undone,
Destroyed and scarred and stained and trashed by the human mind, in every way imaginable.
On the eighth day, God was a little less enthralled by his two-legged creation.

* * * *

It sends You beyond tears, beyond rage, into the dark cloud of resignation.

* * * *

Done, done, the damage done.

* * * *

Memories can be beautiful, and yet,
Too painful to remember.
We simply choose to forget.
So, it's the laughter, we will remember,
Whenever … we remember … the way we were.

* * * *

Amazing what human beings will do for power and fame and fortune and belief.

* * * *

Rip Van Winkle ain't got nothing on You.

* * * *

Sometimes it is best, to neither look back, nor go back.

* * * *

Ironic that so many, so-called believers, believe they are followers of some supreme deity,
When narcissism so rules every waking step of their asymmetrical existence,
That the only thing they follow is a fog-bound delusion.

* * * *

Just a few more corners, to wander around and about, before the expiration date.

* * * *

Nostalgia is a questionable choice.

* * * *

Allow no one else's law rule your inner world.

* * * *

Our shadow is long, the scars are many.
How long will it take for all signs of humanity to disappear,
Once we drive ourselves to extinction?

* * * *

Shed a tear for all the life that has suffered the time of man.
Run, little creatures, run, for our war drum sounds your obliteration.
We will consume You, we will sculpt You, we will torture You, to our rabid ends.

* * * *

Amazing how timeless nature is.

* * * *

The breeders own the future.

* * * *

A fellow named Ronald Reagan said
"If you've seen one tree, you've seen 'em all."
I say, if you've seen one Reagan, you've seen enough.

* * * *

Moments, seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks,
Months, years, decades, centuries, millenniums…
The time of man is such a measured dream.

* * * *

Your ancestors include plankton and bacteria.

* * * *

The last human is long since dust,
And the sun, a burnt-out husk, is slowly being inhaled
By a black hole the size of a golf ball.

* * * *

What is the universe but dust storm
Lazily weaving eternity's collusion?

* * * *

Civilization is a convenient cloak for absurdity.

* * * *

If your vision of the mystery does not include You, where in hell are You?

* * * *

Nobody here but awareness.

* * * *

Down in the caves, the canaries depart first, as the weak in mind and body all too often do.

* * * *

The senses offer gratification,
But harmony, contentment, serenity,
Are derived from a more profound source.

* * * *

Motion is a conceptual image-making process
In which the electrical-chemical essence
Weaves from sugar to cotton candy,
And movement attains illusion.

* * * *

How clever You are to have imagined all this,
But now You are attached to it, as a rabbit is a cage.
Freedom is the momentary breath of time's end.

* * * *

What a complex world every child
Must somehow learn to navigate.

* * * *

There seems to be no shortage
Of mirrors and reflections
In this gamey dream.

* * * *

Better to walk calmly to the executioner's block
With head held high, serenely looking death in the eye,
And with knowing wink, watch who shudders at mortality's end.

* * * *

Why is it so many always attempt to be somewhere else?
The ceaseless thought process travels in time,
Oblivious to the eternal salvation,
Offered every moment.

* * * *

This so-called modern world
May be layered with a veneer of civilization,
But it is ever a jungle, nonetheless.
It is really only technology
That has changed.

* * * *

Wonder how you'd look at them now.

* * * *

Rhymes and reasons for which there is no accounting.

* * * *

The death without waiting.

* * * *

There is no time in nature.

* * * *

Try as we might,
We will not destroy Eden.
It will crush us long before that time.

* * * *

To see eternity clearly,
You must be completely detached
From every thing thought's movement concocts.

* * * *

How many of us just sit down
Reminiscing times we didn't.

* * * *

The time-bound spend their existence
Remembering the choice-filled perceptions.
Few discern the eternal choicelessness.

* * * *

What's the point of all this, You ask?
To help awaken those who no longer need
The imaginary veneer of any pretension.

* * * *

Zenning away, baby, zenning away.

* * * *

All the others in your dream will think whatever You think they think.
Good, bad or indifferent, it's all the creation of your vain perception.

* * * *

Reside where You don't believe any of it.

* * * *

By whatever You name it, whether You can discern it or not,

This essence resides in every part and particle
Of that which is and is not.

* * * *

A true human being
Dees beyond the personal veil
Into the vast depths of the original nature.

* * * *

Animals with too many very dangerous toys.

* * * *

You did not know anything at all when it all began,
But that changed as time gave rise to the mind.
And now the challenge is to discern the primal innocence,
In the midst of this earthly hell, in which You strive daily to survive.

* * * *

Don't You ache for all the suffering we must each endure?

* * * *

The same dull, repetitive conversations
Over and over and over and…

* * * *

Nirvana is really quite simple.

* * * *

Sure fooled You, didn't they?

* * * *

This vain little monopoly game only
Works for the winners of the game.

* * * *

What is the point of fighting over things
That really don't matter even one iota?

* * * *

Common sense is much less sense than common.

* * * *

Will we play Pac-Man till everything is gone?

* * * *

Madmen speak in many tongues.

* * * *

Losing reverence for the mysterious origin
Only carries us further and further
Into more perilous waters.

* * * *

Do You wonder if the last human being
Will understand what happened
As death's scythe carves
Into the last breath?

* * * *

History is a token resistance to eternity.

* * * *

Just a few more bags of grist.

* * * *

A statement of fact, so unremarkably, so accurately, so astutely simple,
As to astound or dismay or anger anyone vain enough,
To even begin to presume otherwise.

* * * *

Drift and wander like an autumn leaf blowing into winter.

* * * *

Toward a time to which You have no clue.

* * * *

Painstakingly simple.

* * * *

Muddle on toward your muddled end.

* * * *

Back into the peace of oblivion.

* * * *

Masks are really so thin and ever-changing.

* * * *

Moot points, all.

* * * *

Another bizarre assumption.

* * * *

How divinely mad this play of consciousness
With its never-ending cycles of exultation and torment.

So enticingly absorbing, yet ever inconsequential.
So incessantly tempting, yet ever the mirage,
Like coyotes laughing in the darkness.

* * * *

Reverence and irreverence,
The coin of duality tossed
From head to tail, and tail to head
Again and again, ironically, mirthfully, forever.

* * * *

Too far gone to even bother trying to straighten out.

* * * *

Too many words and numbers to bag them all.

* * * *

How subtle the thoughts of mystics and seers throughout the ages.
Every word ever written loaded with pregnant purpose.
Only the adept can appreciate the artistry.

* * * *

Religions argue over their conceptual deities, yet what word can ever define the truth within?

* * * *

Could time exist without your collusion?

* * * *

Delusion is believing
You have any influence
Over the underlying form.

* * * *

Trash comes in all colors, shapes and sizes.

* * * *

Ponder, if You will, the end of time.

* * * *

Do You really believe your primal nature
Is all that different than any other creature's?
Whether amoeba or whale, cockroach or elephant,
The foundation of existence is intrinsic in every life form.

* * * *

It is the great commonality.

* * * *

As far as it goes,
The universe is created
And sustained solely by You.

* * * *

Reality is the eternal essence prior to all limitation.

* * * *

You gorge upon the senses,
Ever coming from the trough unfilled,
Yet always come back for another heaping plate
Of the same illusory, temporal feast.

* * * *

If You can't laugh at yourself,
What right do You have
To laugh at everyone else?

* * * *

All this work for nothing.

* * * *

The mystery is really that there's no mystery.

* * * *

Life, a collision course with death.

* * * *

The breath of God, is the breath of life, is the breath of You.

* * * *

Did that really happen, or is this mind just playing another senior moment?

* * * *

Philosophy is an absurd way to waste your time.
You would probably be much happier
Knocking little dimpled white balls into sandy pits,
Or using hooks tied to string, to search rivers for sunken tires.

* * * *

Life is a series of pleasant moments, marred occasionally by great bouts of incredible suffering.

* * * *

What some call love is just compatible lust.

* * * *

Justice is relative to whoever holds the scales.

* * * *

Sane beyond belief.

* * * *

Is there any audience but your imagination?

* * * *

There can be lots and lots of awakened ones, You know.

* * * *

The universe dance in detached perfection.

* * * *

Sex is a powerful aphrodisiac.

* * * *

There's no shortage of irony in this player's universe.

* * * *

Enjoy and let go.

* * * *

Play it isn't so.

* * * *

Some are born to anonymity, others to limelight.
Destiny is an enigmatic mix of blessing and curse.

* * * *

It matters much less how You die
As it does how You live.

* * * *

Is happiness a choice?
If so, make it now.

* * * *

Rhyme and reason, is not always.

CLXXXI

Philosophy that does not have its meaning
Deeply rooted into the day-to-day
Is all but worthless.

* * * *

Born to die, forever.

* * * *

Infinity's eye gazes from every witness.

* * * *

Know evil, choose goodness.

* * * *

When You ask, "What's the point?"
Are You meaning mine or yours,
Or hers or his, ours or theirs
Or just, what's the point?

* * * *

We are all Buddha,
Neither one nor the other.

* * * *

It is far simpler than anyone can ever make it.

* * * *

Zen what?

* * * *

The meditation is in the moment.

* * * *

Ambition is for those who want a life filled with bother.

* * * *

If You want to know the future, go to Wal-Mart.

* * * *

Philosophers are a useless species to the world at large.

* * * *

We are all food for one dream or another.

* * * *

To rationalize this mystery, peoples across the world,
Fashion metaphorical tools from their frames of reference.
Pre-technological times formed metaphors grounded in nature.
The agents of these our modern times look to creations of the mind,
Grounded in all the trappings of so-called civilized existence.
It is off-the-rails anarchy, rooted in vanity and greed.

* * * *

Civilize or civil lies?

* * * *

Yesterday is gone,
Tomorrow is yet to come
And nowness streams like sand
Through the hourglass of consciousness.

* * * *

Is now ever good enough
For a mind full of time?

* * * *

How incredible to be dealt a tough hand,
And still finish out one's life a winner.

* * * *

Why should You, how can you
Ever justify the life You dream to any other?
It is yours and yours alone to witness as only You will.

* * * *

Any game, any collusion
Depends upon the players
To abide by the agreements
Dealt of relative circumstance.

* * * *

Is the narrative of Atlas any different than your own?
Who does not hold up their version of the world,
Every moment of their imagined existence?

* * * *

What is the body but a filtrating receiving unit?

* * * *

The reverie of eternity is played out, in the mind bubbled of its own time.

* * * *

Any given frame of reference is expanded with every experience.

To extrapolate into every frame of reference imaginable,
Takes one into the realm of the indivisible.

* * * *

Why would anyone bring a child into a world, with which they have no real relationship?

* * * *

Ironic how those who breed nonchalantly, accuse those who do not of selfishness.

* * * *

Does humanity have the capacity to survive the world it has created?

* * * *

We are so often judged by our acts,
But it is the clinging to their continuation,
Which exacerbates the mayhem and confusion.

* * * *

When the Monopoly game ends,
As all, by definition, eventually must,
Who will be around to start another one?

* * * *

Blow up ten thousand balloons,
And they will ever be filled with the same mystery.
No matter the universe, what manifestation can ever truly be any different?

* * * *

There are many who choose to suffer in this world; are You one of them?

* * * *

The passions carry You away from your Self.

* * * *

With a flip in attitude, the glass turns, from half-empty to half-full, or visa-versa.
How the mind sees its world involves a choice; few understand the power they wield.

* * * *

What do You truly, desperately, passionately need, from this world, or any other?

* * * *

How many times in your life,
Have You been mesmerized, as was Narcissus,
By the mask and costume, You can never ever witness as others do?
What would it be like, to never see another reflection or photograph of your face again?

* * * *

Where would You be, if You were not here now?

* * * *

Slowly the mountain dissolves into the sea.

* * * *

How many are interested in their lives?
How many only pretend?

* * * *

Put aside that craving to be noticed,
As well at that same passion to notice.

* * * *

Is there any greater challenge in this world, in this mystery, than contentment?

* * * *

What happens to the losers of the Monopoly game?

* * * *

Imagine telling all children, from first they exited the womb, that they are of the mystery,
Born into this ineffable manifest creation, as uniquely similar as snowflakes.
That they will journey, explore, the spectrum from demon to angel,
Until the existence, the dream, sustains them no longer.
And when that final moment arrives, return to the upwelling,
That unborn-undying ether, from which no further birth is required.

* * * *

You have taught the scribe well; his adventure nears its beginning.

* * * *

You are the unknown, imagining a knowingness, entirely of your own making.

* * * *

Consciousness may be fun, but the stillness is one.

* * * *

Transcend time.

* * * *

Attempts by mystics and seers to change this ever-changing world,
Are as vain as anything else the human mind can possibly conceive.

* * * *

Mother Nature does not long tolerate mediocrity.

* * * *

You have yet to meet any – even the most evil force imaginable – who is not of the same mystery.

* * * *

Who is not enthralled with their own dream, no matter how senseless or mundane or pathetic?

* * * *

Is any history really more than a fairy tale?

* * * *

We too often choose leaders, whose greatest insight, is into our greedy self-interests,
And the political expediency necessary, to climb the imaginary rungs to wealth and glory.

* * * *

What a wonderfully outrageous thought.

* * * *

That to which absent minds cling.

* * * *

What a mad calling to write so much foolishness; the ocean waves laugh at the stream's babble.

* * * *

Your pretending to exist, must inevitably come to grips, with the realization that You do not.

* * * *

No collusion speaks for truth, nor does truth need a voice.

* * * *

It does not have to happen overnight for it to happen.

* * * *

Just where do You think God is, if not within You and everything else?

* * * *

The message is quite simple.
We are all that which is mystery.
Whether You are able to see it or not,
How You choose to manifest your dream,
Is the reckoning to which no other,
Can be held accountable.

* * * *

Neither your dream, nor my dream; just a dream, dreaming itself real.

* * * *

Calling anything a waste of time assumes there is time to waste.

* * * *

Discern your Self within the contextual relativity,
Of every life ever lived, every form ever witnessed.

The ineffable mystery courses through your veins.

* * * *

So much euphemistic doublespeak.

* * * *

Serendipity is a wanderer's art form.

* * * *

A lie is the gap between word and deed.

* * * *

Retire while still young, so that You can enjoy both work and play.

* * * *

If You cannot laugh and giggle, at least occasionally, what is the point of existing?

* * * *

Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is the vainest of them all?

* * * *

Peace can never be achieved by minds caught in the vise of time.

* * * *

Suicide is the only way to choose when and how You will die.

* * * *

The end of passion, is a dying, sages call eternal life.

* * * *

It is the insatiable yearning for union, that unfolds the journey of awakening.

* * * *

Even if another spent an entire life alongside You,
They would never see the universe You envision, nor You, theirs.
We are all very much alone in our bubbles of mind.

* * * *

All is of the oneness.
How each moment is perceived
Is the heaven or hell of creation's chronicle.

* * * *

The body is but a temporary cloak of imagination.

* * * *

Awareness is far too graceful to by bound by time.
Only consciousness is burdened by its own designs.

* * * *

You are the remedy to suffering.

* * * *

If You wish to understand anyone,
Examine their upbringing, family,
Friends, geography and mythos.
Walk a mile or so in their shoes.

* * * *

How challenging to not submit to excess.
What discipline to wander the middle way.

* * * *

Is it really worth winning at the expense of another?

* * * *

The scribe is but a pawn in this theater of consciousness.
These writings should never be taken as dogma.
They are but reflections of a vision.
Find your own way.

* * * *

All your ferocity, all your love
Is a reflection of the spectrum of all origins.
It is not an easy task to discern a resolution to the passions
The mind born of space and time musters into reality.

* * * *

Does any prophet or mystic ever easily submit to the mystery?
Is that resistance what it takes to sharpen the inner resilience?

* * * *

Lord, how does anyone abide this world?
The greatest challenge is to discern the union,
With the source, which neither cares about, nor feels,
The insufferable torments of time's too often bitter passage.

* * * *

Oh, to have never raised a pen to this unfathomable task.
So many saunters along beaches and mountain trails missed,
So many lips left un-kissed, so many bottles of wine left un-drunk,
For what point, what purpose, this scribe can never more than speculate.

* * * *

Such an unjust world in which to wander carefree.

* * * *

Fame, fortune, power, are like picking your nose.
After a while, they tend to get somewhat irritating.

* * * *

So many things to want.
How arduous to transcend them all.
How free do You seek to be?

* * * *

Awareness weaves through time untouched.

* * * *

You willingly make time
For that which You desire,
And withstand or ignore the rest.

* * * *

You need not know everything
To extrapolate the commonality.

* * * *

Are these writings any more or less vain
Than anything else in this mortal dreamtime.

* * * *

About many things You may be wrong,
But about one You are not.

* * * *

So it goes, baby, so it goes.

* * * *

Into the darkness You again spread your wings,
The journey's end only just beginning.

* * * *

What adventures may come for which we are ready as not.

* * * *

What does it mean to have fun, anyway?

* * * *

To which tomorrow were You referring?

* * * *

What is interesting here, is that You believe You have any say at all, in the choices I make.

* * * *

Entertain pain at your own risk.

* * * *

For memory's sake, we do so many things better forgotten.

* * * *

It is your illusion to dream through, as You will.

* * * *

Awash in personalities, the game is eternally afoot.

* * * *

History has the advantage in that children will generally believe whatever they are told.

* * * *

Simple words for a complex time.

* * * *

There is no order, but what the mind gives it.

CLXXXII

Funny how so many things once so important are long since forgotten.

* * * *

Mediocrity is the vice of a dull mind.

* * * *

Life as most know it
Is about the differences
And the passions they inspire.

* * * *

Concerning yourself
With what others think of you
Is a sure path to hell.

* * * *

It is your destiny to see.

* * * *

Challenging not to be infected by the desires of others.

* * * *

What You seek in another
Is much more likely to be found
Within your Self.

* * * *

That's capital-S Self
For those who haven't noted the grammar.

* * * *

The sleeping giant awakens,
As vain as ever.

* * * *

Oblivion is without parables.

* * * *

It is only fragmentation of your own vision
With which You nee be concerned.

* * * *

How can this moment truly ever be
Any different than any other?

* * * *

Why try to be what You already are?

* * * *

How quickly nothing can happen.

* * * *

Discern that which neither birth nor death
Nor the illusion of time between can master.

* * * *

As ordinary as ordinary can be.

* * * *

The flaw of consciousness
Is that it inevitably believes
Whatever it imagines, real.

* * * *

Islands in time seeking passage to eternity.

* * * *

Is it not astounding
To have been born into this
Or any other existence?

* * * *

What a challenge it is to somehow adapt
To this wondrously complex, at times vicious world
Into which You have somehow been born.

* * * *

Do You ponder how your end shall come?
Will it be slow or long, soft or harsh,
Through friend, foe, or serendipitous vortex?
How amazing it is to have been born without recollection,
And to inevitably leave all that is known, unreconciled and incomplete.

* * * *

To slow till still, what disciplined attention is required.

* * * *

Never be absorbed by the personas
Who write words such as these.
The seers, the prophets, the dreamers,
The philosophers are only You in another form.

* * * *

The pain some must endure
Is beyond comprehension.
Is there any answer to why?

* * * *

Nothing is new.
Nothing is old.
Except maybe irony.

* * * *

Bumbling around in our heads till death do us part.

* * * *

How arduous the lesson
That You cannot really help anyone
Without their complicity.

* * * *

No matter the claim to power or fame or fortune,
Without that very simple vital breath, You are but food for buzzards and worms.
All pride is adrift in the echoes of eternity's dust bin.

* * * *

What vanity permeates so much
Of what is thought, said and done.
To discern that which is prior
Is like an onion peeling
Toward the humble core.

* * * *

Eternity is infinitely, unvaryingly timeless,
Without attribute, motion or notion.

* * * *

You have always been alone, and shall ever be
Despite all the contrary distractions born of time.

* * * *

All forms are eternal,
But none will last.

* * * *

Concepts are such a tenuous fling.

* * * *

In the dust storm of eternity
Eden is a temporary illusion,
Born of the mirage of mind.

* * * *

What is there to covet in this world
Or any other space and time continuum,
Which does not evaporate into formlessness?

* * * *

Who does not cast judgment after judgment
Across their world every day in every way?

* * * *

That which is termed creation is divine will
Cast upon the infinity into every possibility,
Every permutation, every form imaginable.
Like foaming spray from a crashing wave,
All individual creations are of the same one.

* * * *

It is very difficult to explain something
To someone incapable of listening.

* * * *

We have barely scratched the surface
Of all the ways consciousness
Is capable of polarizing.

* * * *

Remember, no matter how badly this day has gone,
You can always begin somewhat anew tomorrow.

* * * *

If it has to be done, it has to be done.
And if there's no one else around to do it,
Then it probably means you're the one.

* * * *

A bitch is a bitch not matter how rich.

* * * *

What a blatant mockery organized religion us of the teachers whose teachings they usurp.

* * * *

One by one, the drops of consciousness evaporate
Into the formless sovereignty of indivisibleness.

* * * *

Any part is merely imagined.
No divisions are real.

All is one.

* * * *

When solving any given problem,
The first challenge is to glean enough
To identify what questions need answering
And then to have a mind open and flexible enough
To discern and accept whatever answer comes.

* * * *

There is no world, no universe, no deity of choice to please, but the one your imagination.

* * * *

As radar blips go in this universe, the earth and the human species,
Are as tiny and insignificant, as an anthill is to You across the world.

* * * *

Plan too much and You risk missing the serendipity.

* * * *

"Your" consciousness?
Don't be ridiculous.

* * * *

Are You able to enjoy existence
Without becoming attached to it?

* * * *

Allow the breath to erase time.

* * * *

Two bullets smash into one another,
As do floating particles of dust.
The wind caresses a flower.
All just passing dreams
Of the same play.

* * * *

Paying or not paying attention
To the passing reflections of others
Is a choice born of free will.

* * * *

If You did not imagine space and time, would it exist?

* * * *

What is the craving for recognition
So inherent in the human mind?

What has made us so insecure?

* * * *

What is the quality of a mind so passionately caught up
In the hatred of others because of one difference or another?

* * * *

The princess and the pea is no fairytale.

* * * *

What an addictive force the elixir of pride and vanity.

* * * *

What movement could be gauged without the stillness?

* * * *

The manifest dream offers many things to know,
But once it is known that thou art that,
Of what importance can any difference make?

* * * *

Does the universe create You,
Or You the universe?

* * * *

Look to your own pride before judging another's.

* * * *

Whoever says life is fair or just
Is a liar, or more likely
Just a damn fool.

* * * *

You will be free when You have nothing
With which You identify.

* * * *

You will perhaps project upon these words your own ends.
Just realize to whatever degree You are able,
That all ends are delusion.

* * * *

How can something that is not, want?
Takes some imagination.

* * * *

How ironic all this is.
People in every corner of this world

Wandering around exclaiming how wonderful life is
While they suffer in every way imaginable.

* * * *

The human species is quite expendable.
Call it cynical, pessimistic or nihilistic if you're inclined,
But that's the way it is.

* * * *

You will not go home until you're done
With your attachment to consciousness.

* * * *

Notness is your true state.

* * * *

If not now, when?

* * * *

To keep it simple is, perhaps,
One of the most arduous things
To attempt during this brief sojourn
Through the inundation of material mania.

* * * *

How does it feel to be a guinea pig in a petri dish?

* * * *

There are physiological sensations
Habitually associated with fear, desire and anger.
Detach from the attachment to the body,
To see how temporal it truly is.

* * * *

Excessive dreaming may be a sign that You are having trouble tuning in to reality.

* * * *

Breathe without doubt.

* * * *

Seek the imaginary kingdom of mystery without and within.

* * * *

Humanity teamed up to survive, but must now disband its destructive paradigm for the same reason.

* * * *

You are not inquiring into this for the sake of the many mirrors cropping up before You again and again.

* * * *

Abolish all authority within.

* * * *

There You go again, rushing off into time.

* * * *

To believe You are a separate soul,
Is founded upon a conceptual source,
Which does not, cannot ever really exist,
Except in the imaginary notions of the mind.

* * * *

The unicity of the mystery is masked by the dualistic assumptions of consciousness.

* * * *

An eternal mind is dead to time.

* * * *

The babble of humanity all distills into the cosmic hum.

* * * *

The rift between You and the mystery, created entirely by imagination, is so effortlessly mended.

* * * *

You are the causeless source of all cause; the pointless meaning of all purpose.

* * * *

The only obligations You have are the ones You create.
Either by yourself, or through the mirrors all about You.

* * * *

You continue on because the dancing play of the senses,
The movement of consciousness unfolding,
The mystery of space and time,
And the field upon which all is played,
Is too enticing for all but the most aloof to resist.

* * * *

Consciousness is like a flower blooming anew every moment.

* * * *

You are, because it is the mystery's nature to be so.

* * * *

All these thoughts will mean nothing to You,
Until the pain of separation is no longer remedied,
By the distracting placebos offered in the mortal theater.

* * * *

Far too amazing to be real.

* * * *

Caught in the web of self-absorption again and again.

* * * *

The suffering herds You homeward.

* * * *

The Cheshire Cats appear and disappear at will.

* * * *

When You are no longer a part,
What is there to be but the whole?

* * * *

Do the words You utter match your deeds?

* * * *

You appear to be what circumstances dictate,
But You are not, have never been, and will never be.

* * * *

How easy it is to take oneself so seriously,
To feel so intensely about this or that
Concerning a locality, a world,
Or the universal dream that it all is.

* * * *

It will be whatever You imagine it to be
Until imagination's end.

* * * *

As long as You participate as an attached persona,
You will travel the endless labyrinth of suffering.

CLXXXIII

You are that from which all dreams are made.

* * * *

Why so much tyranny over one another?

* * * *

The unseen unity is the eternal constant.

* * * *

Assume it so, and it will be so.

* * * *

Pride has countless tentacles
With which to drag anyone down.

* * * *

How fortunate the blind are to not see the insanity
Which humanity wields as such a destructive club.

* * * *

Watch for the weary and ease their pain
With the good news that they are one.

* * * *

Nature's way is that the adaptable carry on.
Humanity's defiance of that manifest law,
The pride which infects every aspect,
Steers it toward inevitable destruction.
What will any survivors learn from history?

* * * *

Desire pushes aside integrity.

* * * *

Examine the cruelty of your origin.

* * * *

We are the joke upon ours Self.

* * * *

Immortal soul, mortal body.

* * * *

To define yourself as a separate soul,
No matter the route or role of manifestation

Is an illusion at any level of existence across time.
You are the oneness, have always been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Unless human beings individually rise
To a collective responsibility, a collective harmony,
We well degenerate to a collective extinction.

* * * *

Fear, guilt and violence have always been used
By so-called civilized religious, political and social organizations
As means to control the masses and their primal instincts.

* * * *

All vain attempts of the temporal psyche
To pretend what the innumerable voices dictate
Is a ceaseless journey through suffering.
Discern the only true voice within,
Sure enough, strong enough
To resist all challengers,
And You will be free.

* * * *

No church, alter or idol
Will ever rise above the wonder
Of a simple glob of slime.

* * * *

Probably any manifest form or experience
Can be used as a parable, metaphor, or analogy.
The challenge is not being constricted or consumed by any.

* * * *

How did it feel when You were very young,
When those adults You looked up to
First betrayed the implicit trust?
How fragile, innocence.

* * * *

Does even a dragon take more than absolutely necessary?

* * * *

How few can let go
Of their conditioned patterns
Even for just a moment.

* * * *

The universe, prior to and beyond, is your Soul.

* * * *

A man's actions are the keepers of his word.

* * * *

Life cannot be more than it is.

* * * *

Today's resolve more often than not
Becomes tomorrow's dim memory.

* * * *

Those who are successful in the world
Are the ones who only rarely ponder
The mystery in which they wander.

* * * *

If You look closely, You will discern
The You that You believe You are
Is merely the five senses functioning,
Given continuity by the fluid, meandering mind,
The many images to which consciousness is so attached.
How arduous to let them function without interference.

* * * *

To be what civilization implies is not necessarily a great creation.

* * * *

Examining one's Self requires a detachment few can muster.

* * * *

The many voices tell You so many things matter.
The resulting conflicts within are barriers
To discovering what really does.

* * * *

Seeking nothing is very arduous.

* * * *

The observer and the observed
Are each unfolding simultaneously,
But only because the observer
Imagines it so.

* * * *

Why feel any obligation to manifest any particular way?
Fools are not bound by any history, including their own.

* * * *

Only You could play You.

* * * *

No now is any different than any other.
All are absolutely simultaneous.
The universe is happening
At the same point.

* * * *

Another lustful moment brought to you
By instincts beyond your control.

* * * *

Those who awaken into god-consciousness really have no choice.

* * * *

How much of the chatter of consciousness is merely a result
Of the blood's steady pulsation through the neural structure?

* * * *

All the myriad creatures across this world, have as much right to life and liberty as You.
It is only your temporal power to protect or manipulate or destroy,
That makes You believe yourself superior.

* * * *

You are truly that which has never existed; what was never born can never die.

* * * *

The awareness is an indivisible no-man's land.

* * * *

Consider these many thoughts a gift freely offered,
With the intent to perhaps aid in easing for some the suffering of existence,
From one who has left few stones unturned.

* * * *

The rivalry with technology,
Creates within us a great insecurity,
And blinds us to that which we are truly capable.

* * * *

Picture yourself for a few moments
As the mosquito in the shadow of a hand
Smashing quickly down the decisive, mortal blow.
Life is so very, very tentative for all creatures small to great.

* * * *

Your fear of God, your dread of God, is your own conceptual concoction.
Conditioned imagination, supplied and reinforced in great part,
By the many voices with which You were surrounded,
From the very moment You were birthed.

* * * *

It is not: "You think, therefore You are," but: "You are, therefore You think."

* * * *

You cannot easily serve two masters.

* * * *

Will humanity's will to survive,
Overcome the greed to which it tenaciously clings?
Only the monkey knows.

* * * *

Even if You had senses which felt the edges of the universe,
Even if You were the supreme deification, it would still be a dream.
Space and time are but the concoctions of imagination, no matter the scale.

* * * *

What a waste envying any other.

* * * *

Don't be too hard on your Self.
You are already everything
You could ever hope to be.

* * * *

For a few moments,
Completely surrender everything
To the awareness, the essence of a still mind.
It is truly that simple.

* * * *

We are not bound by the script thus far written,
But through the continued collusion
To the delusion of time.

* * * *

These words are merely observations.
Which You alone, must test out against your own,
To verify if they have any scientific veracity,
Or are merely frivolous wordplay.

* * * *

Nationalism is simply the narrowing collusion of collective will.

* * * *

Another lie born of time.

* * * *

When You surrender to what You are
Rather than to merely what You desire,
The wings of a true human being
Begin to slowly unfold.

* * * *

The earth is as a grain of sand on a very long, very wide beach.
The entire human drama is laughable in such an infinite context.

* * * *

Trapped once again by thoughts
Over which You have so little control.

* * * *

Discern that the subtlety
Of complete surrender
Includes even your death.

* * * *

Rip off the mask, and You will find your Self in every other.

* * * *

From chaos, spontaneous diversity.

* * * *

Humanity's long term survival strategy
Is proving to be exceptionally dubious.

* * * *

That for which You thirst and hunger
Is merely a state of consciousness.

* * * *

Whether budding, in full blossom,
Or growing bitter on the vine,
In relationships of any sort,
There are no one-way streets.

* * * *

You cannot disturb chaos.
It is the origin from which all is manifest;
The true order disguised by the veil of space and time.

* * * *

Can anything really be proven beyond a doubt?

* * * *

Allow the dead their slumber.

* * * *

Truth requires no history.

* * * *

What is written or transcribed,
Is done so through the filter of another.
Be cautious about anything indirectly translated.

* * * *

Prepositions are the precursors of delusion.

* * * *

Too many vain histories colliding for there to be peaceful resolution.

* * * *

How many ways can it be said?

* * * *

We are all related in the deep end.

* * * *

We are all equal; some just have bigger clubs.

* * * *

To discern the serenity the mystery ultimately offers,
You may first have to negotiate a more tumultuous path.
Angels and demons meander to and fro in the same illusion.

* * * *

Everything written herein is intended to point towards the indivisibility.

* * * *

I am, therefore I laugh, I cry.

* * * *

The real revolution begins within.
It comes from a very simple clarity.

* * * *

History only seems real because we are taught to believe the stories historians have written.

* * * *

How could the mystery do anything, except through your dream.

* * * *

How about we call Jesus “a” son of mystery, instead of “The” Son of God?

* * * *

Fools die young.

* * * *

It is probably not your Self You take seriously.

* * * *

You cannot stop time,
Only its movement in your mind.

* * * *

To find the courage
To go beyond your conditioning
Is impossible for most.

* * * *

Too few even see the hell
We have in time fashioned of consciousness.
Rare are those who examine the world into which they are born.

* * * *

How many have departed, never fathoming,
All their power and fame and fortune, all their vanity,
Is completely worthless without even the most shallow breath?

* * * *

Your conception forms the nexus in which consciousness takes root.

* * * *

The mystery has been your indelible birthright all along.
Few are told, and few comprehend it when they are,
Or likely quickly forget if they happen upon it.
The dream is a mystery, so rarely plumbed.

* * * *

There is really no voice but yours.
You grant it many faces and many voices,
But it has ever, is ever, and will ever be, your own.

* * * *

You drift in the spacious nows of the river of time.

* * * *

Why fear your creations?
It cannot really touch the You,
That is really, really You.

* * * *

You are the lead player in your temporal dream.
What part have You written for your Self this time?

* * * *

If You swing with the whimsical nature of the many voices,
You will never discern the freedom that is the given potential.

* * * *

Seeing and not seeing; same thing.

* * * *

Words such as these are written in many times and places
To aid those who are ripening toward the journey home.

* * * *

Your being concerned about what any think of you
Is the prison of the many voices created by You,
To which only You can find the key to freedom.

* * * *

It is the doubting forgetfulness of the scribe
That continues to bring forth these many words.

* * * *

God did not have to create hell.
It was done by the many narcissistic angels,
Who believe themselves individual rather than indivisible.

* * * *

Until You can gaze down at your arms and legs,
And discern You have no face, You will not comprehend
That your true mystery is well beyond the body-mind identity.

* * * *

Curious how thoughts of pain and pleasure
Override one another on nearly whimsical notice.
It is the monkey house of any given mind.

CLXXXIV

Try budging the universe even one iota, and You will quickly discern the limits of free will.

* * * *

So many consumed by this distraction or that.
The sage is consumed by nothing.

* * * *

Philosophy books are very useful
For making small fires in cold places.

* * * *

Leaders can't lead where none will follow.

* * * *

The ancients were not so long ago.

* * * *

It is a very foolish thing to believe yourself
More intelligent than everyone about You.

* * * *

To wander through life unappreciated requires great tenacity.

* * * *

Weep for the children of tomorrow
Who must reap what we have sewn.

* * * *

All we are is consciousness battling over its own air.

* * * *

Beginnings, ends, and the processes between are obvious,
But what's before and after, only speculation contends.

* * * *

Whether it is more selfish
To bring children into this world,
Or more selfish to decline
Depends completely
On point of view.

* * * *

Indiscriminate experimentation in a chemistry lab
Is less than likely to have a healthy outcome.

* * * *

Life is like visiting a candy shop, from which You can never take anything home.

* * * *

If You really think God is outside You, You probably have not read the definition.

* * * *

Jealousy is really an angry fear of loneliness; the ignorant denial of the immortal aloneness.

* * * *

You seek joy and happiness and contentment and peace, yet it remains illusive,
Because You are unwilling to surrender your individuality to its indivisibility.

* * * *

If God is all, then Satan is just another mask.

* * * *

Your calling is to conjure your vision of the mystery upon this temporal dream of existence.
Come what may, that is enough; contrary to popular belief, there is really no preferred way.

* * * *

We all prostitute ourselves in one way or another; some are just more honest about it.

* * * *

The human potential will ever be checked by its limitations.

* * * *

Has not scientific method over and over proven the obvious?
Why are common sense and intuition given so little weight?

* * * *

Humanity has lost its rudder,
And is under full sail heading toward a cruel reef.
Meanwhile, the ship's crew is quarrelling over whose deity is number one.

* * * *

Once You turn your back on the isolation of illusion, what can in reality touch You?
The self-righteous are no match, for those steeped in the righteousness of totality.

* * * *

Make the mystery your vehicle.

* * * *

All the heavens and hells
Are an infinite array of carnivals
Playing out every vibratory potential
Look beyond all to the ever-present reality.

* * * *

Pleasure and pain will not mean much once You are dead.

* * * *

Real philosophy is a process of self-discovery,
Not merely an intellectual exercise.

* * * *

Except for its being three dimensions rather than two,
Is the light show we call life much different
Than movies or television?

* * * *

Everyone is delusional.
Normal is when enough people
Collude on an agreed-upon set of behaviors.

* * * *

Humanity doomed itself when it began to view nature as a resource.

* * * *

Take your destiny where You find it.

* * * *

The world is at peace with itself; humanity is the source of all havoc.

* * * *

Wake up to the fact that the mystery is not in any way bound to the vagaries of belief.

* * * *

Doubt many ancients could have ever comprehended the future You are living.

* * * *

When You journey to the core of the core, You will see nothing is a real as real can be.

* * * *

Argue with the masses all You will, You will never be heard by the herd.

* * * *

The dialectic entanglements of the illusions of space and time,
Can never really compel anyone without some degree of delusion.

* * * *

The dreaded, “What if … ?” is a poor rationale, to do anything spiritual.
Fear of some supreme deity – hope for heaven and fear of hell –
Is the most absurd reasoning, any religion can impart.

* * * *

Life is meditation; meditation is life.
However You may wish to describe it,
It is the scalpel that puts an end to time.

* * * *

Amazing how nothing works for You.

* * * *

Paper, chalkboard or computer screen
Have no concern what is written,
Nor air what is spoken.

* * * *

In my universe, You are the illusion.
In your mind, I am the illusion.
So where is the reality
In any of it?

* * * *

The veil is relative to the witness.

* * * *

The ego is a tough nut to crack,
And even harder to chew.

* * * *

All philosophical questions end in suicide.

* * * *

The only real depth is unimaginable.

* * * *

Sorry, sorry night.

* * * *

Miscellaneous remains undefinable.

* * * *

An infinity of possibilities in any given moment.

* * * *

You really know nothing.
Get over it, and have a good day.

* * * *

Very much human, yet at the same time
Very much that prior to all frailty.

* * * *

The challenge is realizing eternity is not about time.

* * * *

The You that You think You are
Is not the You to which this speaks.

* * * *

Very committed to nothing in particular.

* * * *

Into nothingness, smoke casually wafts.

* * * *

Through pride, this mystery cannot be clearly discerned.

* * * *

What to do when nothing's all there is to do?

* * * *

So young and already such an acute carving.

* * * *

Can it be truth if it's merely belief?

* * * *

One light show or another plays out the day.

* * * *

Some villages never sleep.

* * * *

Where is the line between
So-called ancient and modern times?
Have we really advanced as far as our delusions?

* * * *

Duality is born of consciousness.
To discern clearly, free of separation,
Requires that thought be at rest,
That the knower diminish,
Leaving awareness
To travel eternally alone.

* * * *

The human race to oblivion.

* * * *

The burning desire to know the mystery, devises so many vain conclusions.

* * * *

Have pretty much said everything that needed saying.
The mystical uprising is gradually diminishing.
More quiet times in the remaining now.

* * * *

The boy scout who never was.

* * * *

Hard for most anyone to appreciate
What they don't understand.

* * * *

Whose normal are we talking about?

* * * *

All truths but one are relative.

* * * *

Tasteless enough to be called art.

* * * *

Why is it we have such a strong need to name things?
To encapsulate the self-projected knowledge of this or that?
As if the vibration of any concept has any real or lasting meaning.

* * * *

What is life for most but a fragmented existence,
A never-ending distraction from the true indivisibility,
A complete waste of an opportunity to consciously discern
The inherent relationship of each and every part
To the infinity of the infinite oneness.

* * * *

Is there anything more deflating
Than the betrayal of someone
You would have trusted with your life?

* * * *

Seemed like just another day
Till that little piece of nothingness
Whipped into personal reality.

* * * *

If You are truly seeking the Way,
You must at some point deeply realize

That what is being talked about is not a path.

* * * *

To go beyond death,
You must fathom
It does not truly exist.

* * * *

The meandering mind can only be stilled
When desire for the menagerie ceases.

* * * *

So few discern contentment, because they deceive themselves, into believing more will make them happy.

* * * *

It is the White Rabbits of this tarnished world who have crafted all the mayhem.
Their driven busy-ness, obligations to time, and need to be in control,
Have all contributed to the fine mess we have synergized,
In the collusion of our collective imagination.

* * * *

Do not allow idolatry in its countless forms, to distract your sovereign course home.

* * * *

Until You glance beyond the pleasure of the senses,
Until You can genuinely wonder why all this is happening,
You will not embark on the journey toward the death of identity.

* * * *

Contrary to popular estimation,
The eternal is not founded upon moral absolutes.
The mystery is not bound by the parameters of human judgments.

* * * *

What can You truly kill?

* * * *

Please try to understand
That some of these aphoristic notions
Just popped out and sounded interesting at the time.
This has just been a process of unfolding
Until the empty middle is.

* * * *

It would be very challenging to turn back
Once the maze of inquiry is undertaken.

* * * *

Nothing to assume, believe or follow.

* * * *

It is resistance that binds.

* * * *

Die to everything.

* * * *

Must have been someone else's lifetime.

* * * *

For all your potentials, you're still nothing.

* * * *

Yes means yes, no means no, and maybe probably does not mean yes.

* * * *

The reward of spiritual questing is simple change.

* * * *

That now You so painfully crave will be here and gone before You know it.

* * * *

It is a God thing.

* * * *

You need not acquiesce to a cultural paradigm simply because You were born into it.

* * * *

Death is the great purification.

* * * *

This momentary nowness is all it will ever be.
Any expectation of reward is delusion
At one of its many heights.

* * * *

Why choose to condemn yourself to a life of suffering?
Break free of the prison in which You so complacently abide.

* * * *

Once the maze of inquiry is entered, there is no turning back.

* * * *

It is your resistance that creates so much suffering.

* * * *

Each must find his way alone.
For some it might be through austerity,
For others excess, and for some an even keel.
There are no divine decrees, no systems, no principles,
But what is concocted of one's own fated will.

* * * *

Question authority with your own.

* * * *

You are imprisoned in this kaleidoscoping light show,
Until the vehicle's mortal capacity one day expires,
And with it, all sensory illusions of space and time.

* * * *

Once You realize the Buddha nature
You will discern it resides in many more masks
Than You ever imagined possible.
A true human being
Sees the connectedness of all.

CLXXXV

Awakening is a process of outgrowing your little self.

* * * *

We are inhabiting this dream of time, in most ludicrous, short-sighted way.

* * * *

Only the fools who read thoughts such as these will understand.

* * * *

Once You realize the Buddha nature,
You will find it residing beneath many more masks,
Than You ever imagined possible.

* * * *

Enlightenment is simply seeing
The interconnected nature of all patterning.
Liberation is simply giving oneself over to that nature.

* * * *

You are the only proof necessary.

* * * *

Greed creates an oppression sharing never will.

* * * *

What goes on behind the stare of the newborn
Before the mask begins acting out its will?
What is the sensory state of the unregulated mind
Unburdened by the patterning that marks childhood's end?

* * * *

The pain comes from trying to hold onto
Or take back what can only be surrendered.

* * * *

Your desires and fears are generated,
By your identification with the mind-body,
Operating in the illusory field of space and time.

* * * *

The eyes with which You see
Are the windows to illusion.

* * * *

When You die to the dreamy known,

You become that which is unknowable.

* * * *

Alas, the opportunities of youth
Fade further and further into memory.

* * * *

The child is absolute witness
Untarnished by the many thoughts
With which they will soon be burdened.
Discern that clean slate and You will be home
To the conscious intent of awareness.

* * * *

Meditation is simply learning,
To hold the thoughts, the will, in abeyance,
Until the silence is its own end.

* * * *

Grasping time is like trying to clutch a river in your hand.

* * * *

Humanity will eventually be forced to realign with natural law or perish.
Perhaps that "adjustment" will help bring about its true potential.
It is the scientific experiment of the manifest paradigm.

* * * *

Right action is not something forced or contrived.
It comes about naturally with alignment
To the timeless flow of eternity.

* * * *

How tiring the drama queens.

* * * *

You have never been
What You and your memories
Are inclined to believe.

* * * *

Mystics have no masters, only teachers.

* * * *

No earthborn knowledge will ever compare
With the transcendence of the eternal knowing.

* * * *

Death makes it all quite clear.

* * * *

This manuscript has written itself.
It is a holographic menagerie of thoughts
With each and every part a reflection of the whole,
All pointing to the You that You truly are.

* * * *

Amazing and pathetic as that may be.

* * * *

The seed is not the seedling,
Nor the seedling a tree, nor the tree a forest.
Endure time with serenity, for all things shall pass soon enough.
The process is far more relevant than any goal.

* * * *

Truth will be no matter your awareness.
You are merely an opportunity for its expression.

* * * *

Even if your eye could pan across
Every level of manifestation known to creation,
Every particle would be the illusory play of the same divine origin.

* * * *

How many put their head in the sand
Because they dare no examine the insanity
Humanity has managed to make of it.

* * * *

These thoughts are not about joy, love or comfort.
They are about truth, about the oblivion the essential truly is.
Whether joy, love or comfort come to pass is a byproduct, not an end.

* * * *

Herein is the disclosure of your unitary nature,
But only surrendering inquiry will make it yours.

* * * *

That was easy.

* * * *

Once the many voices merge into oneness,
All become vain, nonessential chatter.

* * * *

All suffering is the creation of mind.

Go beyond mind and its transitory nature
Will be clearly seen for what it is.

* * * *

Even “I Am” is a transitory concept.

* * * *

Within a deep pool of still water,
You merge into a different awareness of the body,
One really not all that different than the airy sea in which You daily exist.

* * * *

Until You discern with absolute certainty, that You are that which is the mystery,
You only know it as a concept, as a thought born of dualistic notion.
Merge into the beingness, not a belief born of vanity.

* * * *

The monkey with its hand in the baited coconut
Grips the prize with even more desperation as the machete nears.
Will it perish, or will it detach from its insatiable greed?

* * * *

What are You but a bag of assumptions?

* * * *

The history built of time by senses and minds is the dream we call life,
And the theater within which we synergistically play out
Whatever the collective imagination wills.

* * * *

What a challenge to see
All the masks of any given universe
Are merely vivid imagination.

* * * *

Time will wipe the slate clean
And all return to righteousness.

* * * *

In any given moment,
Heaven and hell
Are equally possible.

* * * *

Once a fork in the road is taken,
That is pretty much all she wrote
As far as going back is concerned.

* * * *

Just because somebody walks on two legs
Doesn't necessarily make them a human being.

* * * *

Souls are not bound by age.

* * * *

Who would one drop of the ocean
Be any greater than another?

* * * *

There are more than a few people out there
More than willing to tell You how to live,
But there is really no set rulebook,
And You are free to manifest existence
In whatever way suits your indivisible nature.

* * * *

Are You perusing and translating what is actually written here,
Or merely projecting what You believe You understand,
Upon a perhaps flummoxing mishmash of words?
Seek the vast subtlety to which they point,
And You will discern their clarity.

* * * *

All You are is a mind full of arbitrary assumptions.

* * * *

How many times have You drifted off into oblivion; come to, and called it daydreaming?

* * * *

What a lonely, despondent, pathetic God, so many have imagined real.

* * * *

After all, it is only death.

* * * *

One more thing You don't even begin to need.

* * * *

Yeesch and by golly.

* * * *

Where's a taco truck when You need it?

* * * *

The functional things in life should always come first.

* * * *

Alive on the page.

* * * *

No compromise is necessary.

* * * *

So cute that You would hardly even know
What to do with it anymore.

* * * *

Genetics aside, you're fucked.

* * * *

Malls are about unrequited desire.

* * * *

To be content is to have little use for this world.

* * * *

The irony of humility
Is that if You think You are,
You aren't.

* * * *

Eat it up, shit it out,
And buy, buy, buy between.

* * * *

Is contentment full or empty?

* * * *

Be cautious about getting between
Another creature and its meal.
Be even more cautious
If you're the intended meal.

* * * *

Why would anyone read all this?

* * * *

Discern the ironic smile of it all.

* * * *

A simple cup of water will do.

* * * *

This old mind has had some interesting days.

* * * *

Just a good old zen guy
Born on the back of a forklift
Upon petals of a peach blossom.

* * * *

Wealth is an interior state of mind.

* * * *

One body bag said to another…

* * * *

Oh, great hunter, the trashcan is at the exit.

* * * *

On the better days, it's just too crazy
To even begin to take it too seriously.

* * * *

Sometimes it's best not to look down, or up.

* * * *

Yes, I will play your game,
But please, please, please,
Don't ask me to believe it.

* * * *

Is it too much to ask from a chair or bed,
That one rise from it a bit more refreshed?

* * * *

What to do when your only ambition is to serve?

* * * *

One moment, here,
One moment, gone.
Time, life, is like that.

* * * *

Of never-ending amusement what some find attractive.

* * * *

Peace requires that all
See one another extremely clearly,
Which is, of course, all but impossible in this time
So let us continue ripping ourselves into itty-bitty little pieces,

Smaller than anyone would have ever dreamed possible,
Even in the most frightening nightmare imaginable.

* * * *

Never assume anyone has anything important to say
Unless they manage not to give it away first.

* * * *

Having your religion organized for you
Is handy if You really don't want to think.

* * * *

If any philosopher wishes to have his entire existence humbled,
All his ideals quashed into unrecognizable wreckage
He should spend a day wandering a mall.

* * * *

Every life form has a peak to its flowering,
And from then on, whether quickly or slowly,
The remainder is an inevitable statistical decline.

* * * *

Is philosophy any more
Than the physiological outcome
Of a brain in great need of more oxygen?

* * * *

If You don't mind sweating,
It really isn't all that hot.

* * * *

All the ills of the universe need not be your problem.

* * * *

Nothing happens a lot.

* * * *

When nature becomes simply a resource,
You have seriously short-changed your existence.

* * * *

Your body is the universe.

* * * *

Simplistic minds seek simplistic answers.

* * * *

We all play out our vanity in one way or another.

* * * *

You mean some supreme deity has nothing better to do,
Than generate some number-crunching corporate hierarchy,
That maintains endless scrolls of who is naughty and who is nice,
And then incarcerates them accordingly, in one purgatory or another?
Incredibly absurd; who came up with this bullshit, anyway?

* * * *

Perhaps tomorrow You will suffer such foolishness.

* * * *

If the indivisibility was a gold sovereign,
On one side would be a benevolent, godlike figure,
And on the other, would be imprinted the dark, menacing twin.
Yet despite the apparent duality, it is the same gold coin all the way through.

* * * *

We plant the dead in garden burial grounds,
And from these eternal resting places
Come tales of heaven and hell
Only the so-called living bother to imagine.

* * * *

Is it hope or fear that inspire belief?
Is there really a difference?

* * * *

Of humanity it can be said,
They left Eden seeking paradise,
Only to obliterate what was always theirs
In ways only the deaf, dumb and blind can imagine.

* * * *

Do not allow any to deny your quest for sovereignty
For few will ever comprehend your vision
Or your desire to travel to its eternal conclusion.

* * * *

You seek the fountain of youth
Without ever noticing that within
You have not aged even a moment.

* * * *

These words came freely to the scribe,
And he passes them to all for the same price he paid:
The nothingness of his birth, his dream, and his divine recollection.

CLXXXVI

Truth, that which words can never tell.

* * * *

It will not stop till it stops for good, and even then, who can ever know?

* * * *

As short as life is, eternity is much, much shorter.

* * * *

How ridiculous not to at least like yourself once and a while.

* * * *

Egads, not again.

* * * *

Feelings? As in stub your toe feelings? Or the imaginary sort?

* * * *

All assumptions are unreal.

* * * *

There is irony in every part and particle.

* * * *

Done's done as much as done can be.

* * * *

Words aren't really of much use where you're headed.

* * * *

Freedom is not about taking
Or doing anything You want.

* * * *

Doing nothing well is an art form
To which You cannot aspire.

* * * *

Pretty hard to find it
When you're searching around
Everywhere else but this here this now.

* * * *

What an untenable grip time has upon the human mind.

* * * *

There is no your way, there is no my way.
There is only the Way, and the essence
From which all forms burst into being.

* * * *

Though history grips the human drama, it need not be your personal burden.

* * * *

About a different purpose than most.

* * * *

Why would any deity be bound by any man-built invention?

* * * *

A lot of stories don't make it so.

* * * *

The circuitry of any given mind
Is such an endless maze of potential.

* * * *

Ironic how hellish "forever after" can be.

* * * *

Seeing is, of course, its own curse.

* * * *

How about You go somewhere else to get a life?

* * * *

Wherever You may wander,
It is ever the same ground
Through which all things pass.

* * * *

Neither ideas nor senses are ultimately real.
All are merely neurological metaphors
Washing about the play of light and shadow.

* * * *

Another sagging heap of flesh.

* * * *

God: An imaginary friend, not dissimilar in nature to the Tooth Fairy and Santa Claus and Harvey.

* * * *

You really are your own imaginary friend, or demon,

Whichever the case may be in any given moment.

* * * *

Resigned love.

* * * *

Can humanity every pull its mind together?
That is the research of time's invention.

* * * *

In far too many words,
You are shown that there is a way,
What it is, what it is not, and that there is,
In reality, really no way at all.

* * * *

The sort of rascals who write these words
Are in the eye of every creature small to great
Across the dream of time's fabrication.

* * * *

The first Christ was of a time long before the dawn of civilization,
When words were much less refined, and God was a nearby boulder.

* * * *

Those who fabricate spiritual hierarchies operate a theater only the delusional attend.

* * * *

Life is an opportunity to witness the dream of mystery,
And if doubt-free, to return to the origin of all origins,
That to which even the greatest spirit can lay no claim.

* * * *

Birth me, kill me, times beyond counting,
The essential me is ever untouched, ever unborn,
Without any beginning, without any end,
Eternal prior to comprehension.

* * * *

These writings are playing games
With a mind beyond imagination.

* * * *

No void shall stand.

* * * *

One is one no matter how You add it up.

* * * *

God may seem to be a separate entity, to those who will it so,
But those rare who discern more profoundly,
Know they are the eternal,
To which even the greatest deity must bow.

* * * *

You will believe what You want to believe
Until You distinguish that all beliefs are imagined,
And none are required by those of the mind prior to time.

* * * *

The devil, maya, illusion, call it what You will,
Is afoot in every corner of the mind in time.

* * * *

Every mind is ensnared by the duality of illusion.
Even angels wander the vain corridors
Of the mirage they are given.

* * * *

Respect intelligent authority.

* * * *

You and a supporting cast of billions,
All part of the current crop of consciousness.

* * * *

The monkey grows weary.

* * * *

The sage cultivates no vain hope.
S/he is impartial to the passing show,
Observing all as one and one as all,
Creating and destroying as quickly
As the senses weave the dream,
As quickly as no-mind ever is.

* * * *

Can there ever be any more inexplicable an existence
Than that offered to those whose mortal destiny it is
To be solitary eternal witness the grandest vision?

* * * *

But for your witnessing it,
Would anything ever exist?

* * * *

That which is most necessary
Is the space at the center
That makes the wheel possible.

* * * *

What greater evil than total self-absorbed isolation?
What greater good than utter self-annihilation?

* * * *

The universal mind is that oneness
Beyond the deceptive veil of space and time,
That magical source from which all diversity originates,
But to which few are fated to consciously return.

* * * *

Gardeners must be brutal in order to manifest their vision.
Eden will be pruned of that which does not serve
The enigma of its pointless purpose.

* * * *

The bubble of consciousness in which each life dwells
Is an illusory universe, an imagined state
To which few take a needle
And pop and pop
Until the popping's done.

* * * *

Fortunes are made, fortunes are lost, but true wealth is beyond all counting.

* * * *

Your date of expiration is written in one wave or another.

* * * *

The flaw of consciousness is that it came into being at all.

* * * *

Looking ahead, it is called free will; looking back, fate.

* * * *

You are a drop of the ocean without measure.

* * * *

Free will falls into a very narrow sliver of fate.

* * * *

Others will see You as they want to see You, until You show them otherwise.

* * * *

Each and every breath
Is the playground of birth and death,
And everything between.

* * * *

To what ends the quest for money will take
Is an endless array of woeful tales.

* * * *

Your universe is as arbitrary as mine.

* * * *

Perhaps no one is innocent,
But some are much more guilty than others.

* * * *

Unwarranted vanity.

* * * *

How many ways consciousness devises to torture itself.

* * * *

The challenge is seeing that everything You know
Is based on one arbitrary assumption or another.

* * * *

So much ignorance to know.

* * * *

Paradigms are changed one mind at a time.

* * * *

Life is a process that sometimes
Forces You to let go of what was,
And learn a new ways of seeing.

* * * *

An arbitrary conundrum.

* * * *

So many adventures outside the cave of origin.

* * * *

The glory days of youthful exuberance gradually succumb
To the mortal realization that many journeys
Lead to painful endgames.

* * * *

You are
Therefore You must be
That You Are.

* * * *

Contrary to all delusions,
Humanity is not in charge here.

* * * *

In this world there are those who give and those who take.
Too few find the balance between.

* * * *

Self-absorbed for so little reason.

* * * *

What do You touch, see, taste, smell and hear
But the dust of the cosmic storm?

* * * *

Tombs and ceremony comfort the living.
For the dead, any dumpster will do.

* * * *

Where is the mind free of craving?
Free of gain and loss?
Free of the desire for security?
Residing in the indescribable oneness,
Prior to the hellish confines of space and time.

* * * *

Madmen know no limits.

* * * *

Many seem so sure on one thing or another in this world.
They strive and measure from dawn till dusk,
And in their dreams as well.
But others want little,
From this mortal existence,
And doubting all they sense, approach,
With dust-like humility, that which erases all doubt,
Eventually disappearing back into the oblivion, anonymous and free.

* * * *

Who craves experience as if it really matters?
Who dwells in time's play of space?
Who dreams the dream,
Scripts the play,

Creates the set,
Delivers the dialogue,
And sallies toward vain conclusion?
Who is the weaver of this imaginary concoction?
You.

* * * *

If You are one who asks how to serve this needy world,
Pause, be silent, be patient, be attentive, to the given moment.
What is required will mindfully, effortlessly, compassionately, unfold.

* * * *

You may play it out in any way You choose,
Yet there is really no choice in any matter,

* * * *

Times have always been a-changing,
Yet what is truly the difference
Between new and old?

* * * *

Those destined to see will see no matter the cost.
Fate is written by the inclination that sustains any given day-to-day.
You would not be reading this if the deepest longing to ascertain that which You truly are
Was not propelling You toward the most obvious, simple, profound reality.
Many are called, few are chosen, fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

Mystics are the jesters of play.

* * * *

Future and past are the collective imagination.

* * * *

The lightening storms of thought
Can be creatively pleasurable when focused
And painfully destructive when not.

* * * *

Some are not easily discouraged,
While others can barely stand
Facing another moment.

* * * *

Poor Jesus.
If he only knew what a charade
His memory has become.

* * * *

Why don't You come up with a real problem for a change?

* * * *

Never assume a good memory implies intelligence.

* * * *

Death tends to bury all secrets.

* * * *

Watch the watcher watching
And You will one day discern
That You are it and it is You,
The witness to all stories,
Be they the fires of hell
Or the bliss of heaven.

* * * *

The challenge to living a long life
Is surviving all the errors of judgment.

* * * *

There is no supreme being,
Only the essential nature
From which all being springs.

* * * *

Master of your fate? Tell it to the Reaper.

* * * *

Too loud and obnoxious to hear,
Much less understand.

* * * *

You can only care for so many things.

* * * *

The only thing to figure out
Is that there's nothing to figure out.

CLXXXVII

One thing You cannot protect another from is their fate.

* * * *

Excess extract many prices.

* * * *

Fake brick does not for historic monuments make.

* * * *

Me likes me steak bloody rare,
And me religion bloody unorganized.

* * * *

Ironic that strength
Is so often sustained
By so much weakness.

* * * *

What is the dust
But the speck
Within your mind?

* * * *

No mortal school of thought
Can offer more than illusory degrees.
There is no diploma in the quest for That I Am.
When all doubt is gone, when grace alone sustains You.
You will have all that is necessary.

* * * *

How enamored we are
With bodies many functions,
Blind to the source of their illusion.

* * * *

Jesus died 2000 years ago.
He is not coming back,
And even if he did,
He would be killed again.

* * * *

Why do religions create so much fear of the origin?

* * * *

Soliloquies of no-mind

Wander through the maze,
To what end only time will tell.
How many minds will be touched,
This mystic cannot know, for in this eye,
Reality has scattered all points of reference.
There is naught but one solitary way,
Untouched by any ray of light
Or shadow of darkness.

* * * *

How hollow-sounding even a stadium full of applause can be.

* * * *

You are, after all, only a temporary reservoir
For water, air and sundry other elemental combinations
In an infinitely indivisible, holographic co-mingling.

* * * *

It is not the forms which are the mystery; it is That, which is prior to all quantum play.

* * * *

God is a placebo for those lacking the courage to stand alone.

* * * *

Practice letting go of everything till everything's gone.

* * * *

Consciousness is the delusion.

* * * *

The invention of any deity is a duality that can never be.

* * * *

Life is a process of gradual disintegration.

* * * *

Whatever it is, You must also be.

* * * *

You can opt for security and die bored,
Or adventure and live forever.

* * * *

Unfashionably punctual.

* * * *

Who listens to those who are silent?
Who sees past words into the imperishable depths?

Most are transfixed by those who babble so much and say so little.

* * * *

The universe is just one big little dust ball.

* * * *

All of these words, and not a bit closer to it than a newborn.

* * * *

Sometimes others get really angry at you
Because they cannot comprehend
What You are really saying.

* * * *

How simple the mystery is; how complex the mind.
The latter must submit to that which is prior
Or there can be no reconciliation.

* * * *

There is nowhere to lead You but home,
Nowhere to point to but within.

* * * *

Why are so many called, yet so few chosen?

* * * *

“There must be more to life than this.”
The epiphany of all souls who wander.

* * * *

Pain and pleasure are both attributes of the body-mind container.
They cannot touch that which is sacred beyond all measure.

* * * *

These words are a gift
To those who are attuning
To that which is the only one,
That which is prior to all sanctions,
That which is beyond all assessment,
That which removes all divisions,
And makes all parts whole.

* * * *

Come into this mind
And it will annihilate You.
Be grateful for the opportunity.

* * * *

You need not be a harbor of passion.
The choice to suffer is not required.

* * * *

Some must wander through the maze of hell
To merge into that which knows naught but bliss.

* * * *

What a mystery this all is.
How challenging to wash away
All the vanities and passions
Which cloud the vision
Of its true beauty.

* * * *

What is it about some bodies that attract You so,
And others that make You gag at the thought.

* * * *

If heaven is a corporate hierarchy, then be a doorman.

* * * *

There is really no boundary between you
And the edges of space and time
Devised by the imagination
Within your mind.

* * * *

Few are prepared to hear what these words truly inspire.

* * * *

You will be right with your deity of choice, When You are right with your Self.

* * * *

Society has corrupted You with the guilt and shame,
Which make You susceptible to its imprisoning rule.

* * * *

No matter what You do, it is well past before You know it.

* * * *

Who is not the source?

* * * *

Any given personality, is merely a windswept reaction to the loss of innocence.

* * * *

The rug is likely to be pulled out from under the drama sooner or later; when is the only question.

* * * *

Play your Self, without a hint of hesitation, without even a trace of doubt.

* * * *

If You love your children, do not bring them here.

* * * *

Every garden needs a pruning, and this one is long overdue.

* * * *

Behavior operates within the limits
Set by natural law and individual perception.
Societal norms are no more than statistical collusions.
Madmen and sages wander freely through that
Which they know is only imagined.

* * * *

Why keep spinning the lies?

* * * *

Another bother to add to the repertoire of pain.

* * * *

The clock goes round and round, and we call it time.

* * * *

How prone to delusion the passionate mind.

* * * *

Real doubt waylaid only by truth.

* * * *

Ironic how insistence on personal freedom so often denies it for others.

* * * *

Most revolutionaries revolt only to solidify their own position.
Their interest in “the people” is merely pragmatic artifice.

* * * *

Society does not easily tolerate the mind
That discerns the deception at its core.

* * * *

The inner eye awakens as a flower flowers.
Not a moment before, nor a moment after.

* * * *

So many seeking verification
Of that which they already are.

* * * *

Dwell on the infinite nature,
And it will become as apparent
As apparent can ever be.

* * * *

To be content with your lot,
To expect nothing and accept all,
That is the road to salvation.

* * * *

Most use their minds to achieve narcissistic purpose,
Rarely comprehending the underlying nature
Which concocts all possibilities.

* * * *

Only through doubting introspection
Can You discern that which You truly are.

* * * *

Are You the thoughts about yourself,
Or the thought itself?

* * * *

How absorbed we are in these bodies
And all the cravings they sustain.

* * * *

When You finally stare into the eye of mystery, it will be your own.

* * * *

Objectivity is ever tainted
By the mind of the observer.

* * * *

The manifest is by its very nature, a limited function of space and time.
Mere specks in the infinite quantum abyss of the unmanifest reality.

* * * *

What You name is your own projection,
But who is the projectionist?

* * * *

How long is long?
How short is short?

How real is real?

* * * *

The eye of insight is that which sees the unseen.

* * * *

To muster the greatest courage,
Discern the source of fear itself.

* * * *

Continuity, the greatest illusion.

* * * *

Diamonds are nothing
Compared to the jeweled facets
You are capable of discerning.

* * * *

Why do You deny your Self?
All your arguments for and against
Delineate your limitations.

* * * *

The true frontier is within.

* * * *

Joy awaits You in oblivion.

* * * *

You inherit the kingdom
When You have the courage and wisdom
To rule it.

* * * *

The sugar is tasteless,
Your it is the sweetest thing
You can ever know.

* * * *

You are the nothingness that knows.

* * * *

Like the candle, You are sacrifice to the light.

* * * *

When identity ends, what remains
Except that which You ever are.
Ever have been, ever will be.

* * * *

From nothing, everything.

* * * *

Meaning and purpose? This right-here-right-now moment is it.

* * * *

You will play out your existence
In the clarity your awareness allows.

* * * *

Have no thought of what the world thinks of you
As much as what your awareness brings to it.

* * * *

Your intuition takes You there.

* * * *

What a complex game each must learn to play
In order to survive this world's often harsh reality.

* * * *

Never be so attached to anything that You fear its loss.

* * * *

How can what is so obvious be denied?

* * * *

How can nothingness ever be touched?

* * * *

You trying to figure out you
Is impossible through any play of words.
You are the stillness prior to all symbolic attributes.

* * * *

The challenge before the human drama
Is to fashion all the divisive free will
Into a unified vision of diversity.

* * * *

Not likely, but what the hey.

* * * *

The more hats You were,
The more easily they come off.

* * * *

The innocence of the sage
Is simply the knowing not knowing.

* * * *

There is an infinity of possibilities
To be played out as we will.
What is our will is the only question?

* * * *

Peace is a rare dream.

* * * *

Trust a thief to know how constant truth is.

* * * *

You really do not know more than shit.

* * * *

Without the many actors, there would be nothing to direct.

* * * *

Discipline is best in moderation.

* * * *

Who cares who You were in some previous lifetime?
You were probably just as self-absorbed
As You are in this one.

* * * *

What is there to be vain about this body
Once You see it as function rather than form.

* * * *

A sense of I Am That I Am tends to make one responsible for each and every part.

CLXXXVIII

Much less bother
Dealing with things as they are
Than always wishing it was some other way.

* * * *

By this scribe's hand, or one of many others,
Those who truly seek will find that me in all.

* * * *

Discard all hope for security.

* * * *

It is the reborn who discern heaven.

* * * *

The world is a maelstrom of invective.

* * * *

Life can be a nightmare of effort-filled decisions.

* * * *

A blind man's world is so immediate.

* * * *

Your political correctness means nothing here.

* * * *

Beckon the world, and it shall find You in many ways.

* * * *

Presence is a state of mind.

* * * *

What a cruel undertaking to dispatch any child
From the dreamless void to this harsh world.

* * * *

I am come, the end of time is near.

* * * *

Miss the point, and pointlessness is all there is.

* * * *

What will be will be, until it is not.

* * * *

So many universes wandering this way and that.

* * * *

How could there ever be a supreme being?

* * * *

Amazing that it took so long to become obvious.

* * * *

Tales of irony fill every life.

* * * *

Yee-haw, learned a new word.

* * * *

You are life and death
Intertwined in each and every moment
Through which eternity consciously spins the dreaming.

* * * *

Each of us within our own universe
Defines the norm, the dualistic black and white.
Each is the law, no matter how much influenced by another.

* * * *

The sage pushes back all boundaries
Until all need for imagined safety dissolves
Into the unborn origin from which all forms spring.

* * * *

Everyone operates on a scale bound by a set of limitations.
Jesters wander the theater however they please.
Picking their way as a musician would
Along the strings of a banjo.

* * * *

All this is just another batch of conceptual entertainment
For an unborn audience dallying between birth and death.

* * * *

Funny how so many who see are put on pedestals
By those who will never begin to comprehend
The inner revolution truly being brokered.

* * * *

Ironic that the happy ending idealists so crave is prior to all ideals.

* * * *

All your passions toward deity of choice,
Be they love or fear or dread or anger or any other,
Are merely the restless streaming of conceptual masturbation.

* * * *

Once You discern what You truly are,
Exploring whatever You wish,
In whatever way You will,
Becomes the immortal option.

* * * *

See me as You will, I am not.

* * * *

You know You have it when your soul
Can rest easy in heaven or hell.

* * * *

All life forms have been fading in and out
Since long before time's conscious beginning.
In the no-mind of a mystic, all birthing and deathing
Intermingles like the drops of a mighty river.

* * * *

Death is not what You think it to be.

* * * *

And the worshipping masses
Suckled the golden greenback.

* * * *

From young and supple to old and unyielding,
Life's endgame is harsh no matter the play.

* * * *

It matters not whether You condemn the flesh
Or worship it with every sort of passion,
The worms will have final say.

* * * *

Funny how some people talk as if You can't hear.

* * * *

How many at death's door would without hesitation barter
All their possessions, titles, and every sort of promise
For even a handful of strained, painful breaths.

* * * *

For all small to great, havoc and destruction ensues
When the balance no longer sustains their presence.

* * * *

Ironic that so many scavengers
Thrive in humanity's dominant shadow.

* * * *

How do any learn balance and moderation
But through considerable and often painful lessons.
And those who do not catch the drift flounder in a sordid hell.

* * * *

Discerning that You are truly That I Am
Makes You all things across the eternal play.
There is no need to make believe an exalted path.
You are all glories, and beyond all need of them.

* * * *

Those to whom power, fame, and fortune is all
May call these words naïve, yet in truth,
It is they who are blind to reality.

* * * *

Been there, done that.
What more, what more
Must be endured.
What more.

* * * *

The true You is unmoved
By all cause and effect,
All dreams born of time
And the infinity of space
Through which it wanders.

* * * *

Nothing has been held back herein.
This channel's revelation is completely disclosed.
More than a little repetitious, but oh well.
To what end only time will tell.

* * * *

The seekers are many, the finders few.
Finders, seekers, losers, weepers.

* * * *

Absurdity.

* * * *

When dust accepts as true the dusty trail,
Sorrow and misfortune play the dusty tune.

* * * *

That so many believe Heaven is God's corporate headquarters,
Shows how completely, absurdly twisted, this carnival has become.

* * * *

Each draws to their Self, that which they are inclined.
Tacking from hell to heaven and beyond,
Is an immortal vocation.

* * * *

Life is full of best guesses, percentages,
Batting averages, and statistical probabilities.
There may be someone journeying life error-free,
But You probably have yet to meet them.

* * * *

Who was it when who came up with the delusion
That happiness could ever rely on another?

* * * *

The heart true and unwavering is a rare find.

* * * *

Perfection is just another concept having only one reality.

* * * *

One moment is like any other, as space and time collapse into the one-pointed nature,
From which mortal consciousness every moment issues its temporal illusory universe.

* * * *

Another dharma bum,
Useless to all and none.

* * * *

The stone cutter
Takes down the mountain
One cut at a time.

* * * *

All happens because You think it happens.
History is merely the sport of consciousness.

* * * *

The birthing seed is the food, and food spins into destiny,
Until it sooner or later becomes fodder for another.
And on and on and on, life ever carries on.

* * * *

Human beings judge themselves and each other, far more often and harshly, than any deity has need.

* * * *

Every creation seeks a witness,
So the mystery created of its Self a vast array of forms.
The oneness imagining its Self into many,
Playing it out as they will

* * * *

With every rise must come a fall; the merry chase of which only time can call.

* * * *

The so-called space between the ears really is just that,
Despite all the goopy gray matter by which it is hidden.

* * * *

Only fools disregard the knock of opportunity.

* * * *

From the first day of your existence,
You have been fed the lie that You are a mind-body identity,
And that You are to participate according to the notions of the given geography.
It is the yoke of human consciousness, which few even discern,
And fewer still ever completely throw off.

* * * *

To judge yourself in any way
By what the many others think of you
Is an obvious error of judgment.

* * * *

Are You humanness experiencing the mystery,
Or the mystery, experiencing humanness?
Both and neither, the daunting answer.

* * * *

All concepts are but monkey babble, lauded by the babblers, within their word-filled universes.

* * * *

Babblers Anonymous: “I am a babbler…”

* * * *

The end of time is a mind given over to the timeless.

* * * *

The seed of cruelty is potential in every human mind.

* * * *

The pain so many must endure is incomprehensible.

* * * *

That your pattern seems so rigid, is entirely a fabrication of imagination.

* * * *

If any form was truly important to some deity,
Would it not be permanent?
But none are,
So what does that tell You?

* * * *

A vehicle that parasites use and claim to be.

* * * *

Your persona is an exhibition of the desire,
The fear, the anger, the violence, the suffering,
The confusion, the joy, the love, residing within.

* * * *

No matter how many drops flow from mountain to sea, the aloneness of the mystery permeates all.

* * * *

No matter any apparent difference, ultimately, whatever I am, You must also be.

* * * *

The politics of idolatry knows only bounds.

* * * *

How can You ever hope to see, if You are blinded by fairytales?

* * * *

Death is your constant companion.

* * * *

What have You done to your garden?
Whatever became of the virtue
Of your ancestors?
If such a thing even existed.

* * * *

Is there anything more attractive

Than a stretch-marked womb
Sagging over tight jeans?

* * * *

If You only accept what others feed You,
You will miss the real feast.

* * * *

What You really are at the core
Of any given creation
Is the only permanence.

* * * *

What pride does a newborn have?

* * * *

What need have the unborn for sustenance?
It is the food-body, the play of the manifest consciousness,
Not the Soul, that dreams the many hungers.

* * * *

What do honor or dishonor or laughter or tears
Matter to the dead?

* * * *

Fame, fortune and power
Tend to harness You in time.

* * * *

What value a coin of the realm to a pile of dust?

* * * *

You, you're the one,
You are the only one.

* * * *

There are not too many real mirrors lurking about at this writing.

* * * *

Shut the other out of your existence.

* * * *

The intention here is for that
Not long for this world
Nor any other.

* * * *

You are that beyond all measure

From which all measure springs.

* * * *

When children have nothing better to do
Than squander their parents' affluence,
The decadence weakens the resolve
Which gathered it in the first place.

* * * *

Amazing is it not that a seed from your mother's womb
Expanded into an awareness which gradually
Became the food-body consciousness
You think of as the individual You.
Now, what truly makes you
Any different than any other seed?

* * * *

The human mind, in all it's glory,
Has taken the simplicity of the obvious,
And made it into a complex, rather
Ridiculously monstrous affair.

* * * *

Just another self-absorbed loony-tune.

* * * *

There are no shortage of people, well-intended or not,
Only too willing to tell You what to do with your life.

* * * *

If God cannot take a joke, then why bother creating one?

CLXXXIX

What a momentary mystery all existence.
How audaciously so many pass through it.

* * * *

Of what use is a big pile of gold if You have no life?

* * * *

How will You make it through the dying process?
The same as You have every other moment
In this illusive play of consciousness.

* * * *

Sometimes nature changes
As quickly as a ray of light,
Others as slowly as rock.
It is the ironic paradox
Of the Way in all things.

* * * *

The lost tribe are those
Who see the mystical union
In which there is no other.

* * * *

Do not allow time to enslave You.

* * * *

Real is as real does.

* * * *

The demons You imagine real and true
Will entice You in to passionate reactions
That will torment You for as long as You allow.

* * * *

Once, in one den of iniquity or another,
A colleague exclaimed that without passion,
One would be dead.
Exactly.

* * * *

How often we use others to decry out own failings.

* * * *

Do You really know what You want anymore?

Did You ever?

* * * *

Sometimes You go to the firestorm,
And sometimes it comes to You.

* * * *

Phases, blazes, hazes.
How obscure it all seems,
And on and on and on it goes,
The dream, eternally one.

* * * *

No demon cannot change his heart
But through the bitter resolve
To hover in eternal hell.

* * * *

What can You buy or steal
Which is truly yours to own?
We all borrowers be.

* * * *

This writer's bent is solitary confirmation.

* * * *

Barren are they who use others to their own selfish ends.

* * * *

You always want more,
But does it ever really make You happy?
Or merely distract the discontent?

* * * *

Has there ever been a grouping
Free of political correctness?

* * * *

If You do not enjoy suffering,
Find your way out of the maze.

* * * *

Freedom knows no partial detours or remedies.

* * * *

How challenging to be serenely detached.
The senses repeatedly draw the mind into illusion,
And You endure the imagined consequences ever again,

Such unending futility and suffering this irrational world tenders.

* * * *

You need not suffer for a world You cannot change.

* * * *

Attachment to time is the veil's foundation.
It makes fools and cowards of its minions.

* * * *

One day You just wake up tired of this world
Telling You where You can and cannot take a pee.

* * * *

Freedom is not lost.
It is given away.

* * * *

How does one view it?
As what it is, or as what it is not?
Perhaps as both and neither,
Or maybe and maybe not.

* * * *

What illusion can ever truly bind You again?

* * * *

Those who weep for the dead are dead as well,
For they neglect their eternal union
With that never born.

* * * *

Personal existence is a calamity
To which death and resurrection
Into eternal life is the only recourse.

* * * *

Desire takes the breath away.

* * * *

We are all blind to one thing or another.

* * * *

It is each and every breath
That gives You continuity.
Thoughts are as ephemeral
As fine sand on a windy beach.

* * * *

When the flames of doubt are fanned,
There is no telling what the fire will consume.

* * * *

Sometimes too much honesty creates distrust.
Dogmatic moralists wear the welcome mat thin.

* * * *

Is there anything more tiring
Than a superior human being
Bent on convincing You of it.

* * * *

You are the unmanifest whether manifest or not.

* * * *

There is a choiceless sovereignty
In knowing there is nothing to know,
That ignorance is the oblivion
Of the unknowable way.

* * * *

Back into time.
You have already done everything
You are doing.

* * * *

All dreams are the oneness played out
On the diverse screens of sensory input.

* * * *

Fortunately, life is just a temporary calamity.

* * * *

Waves crash and crash again,
Yet the ocean never feels
Their birth and death.

* * * *

You will never impress the others enough,
And once You succeed even the smallest bit,
You will be ensnared by the many expectations.

* * * *

All true religions leads to the same home.

* * * *

You seek loved ones,
Yet find only partial love
When You do not love
The oneness in all.

* * * *

Prior to concept, and the endless
Measurements born of thought, there is no time.
That, simply put, is what sages across this garden call eternal life.
To take thought to its origin is the ending of time,
The deathless oneness from which
All creation originates.

* * * *

Amazing how timeless nature is.
Wander about any of its countless forms,
Desert, mountain, ocean or valley,
And the clock fades away
Into the reality of dreamtime.

* * * *

Unlikely anyone would ever find your body
Even just a hundred feet off any forest trail.

* * * *

Prepare yourself.

* * * *

It appears we have come to destroy creation.

* * * *

Out in the dreamtime of nature
You could be at any point in your life.
It is the mirrors, the photographs,
And the reflections of others
Which cast You into age.

* * * *

It certainly won't matter
What any other thinks of you
Once they're dead,
Will it?

* * * *

Paradise is a very, very dangerous place.

* * * *

You'd think they'd at least leave a few places untouched,

Just so the future would have something to look at.

* * * *

Floating along in the middle of the stream
Gives You options to get out
On either side.

* * * *

What proof can You really offer that anything ever happened?

* * * *

Illusions die hard.
Patterns change slowly.

* * * *

You are your world, why shouldn't You be able to play in it?

* * * *

Is it new, or did You just not see it before?

* * * *

Who would bring their children here?

* * * *

Interesting things sometimes arise
When you're not told
You can't do something.

* * * *

It's called a hustle because You have to.

* * * *

You will know it's true if it is.

* * * *

Some heads are so full of bullshit,
They can't see any more clearly
Than a fish in a muddy stream.

* * * *

Look beyond your genetic reference point.

* * * *

The highest order is chaos.

* * * *

Saying "pure joy"
Is about the same

As saying “fresh fish.”

* * * *

It’s all about hunting grounds.
Get to know your mountain.

* * * *

Just another hollow goal

* * * *

In heaven there is no other.

* * * *

Funny how even the darkest pain fades
Through distraction and fading memory.

* * * *

It takes time to create hell.

* * * *

Funny how time can come back to haunt You..

* * * *

You’re just a mix of everything, aren’t ya?

* * * *

Have You come to condemn?
Or perchance, to understand?

* * * *

Why get pushed out of shape
By somebody else’s agenda?

* * * *

The only way
You’re going to pass a test
Is if You take it.

* * * *

You never know when they’ll hook You up.
So find a baggy or blow your head off
While you’ve still got a chance.

* * * *

Amazing how stuck a mind can get sometimes.

* * * *

Can’t blame a bee

For sniffing around a flower.
We all follow our nature.

* * * *

All patterns are locked in the mind
Through the binds of imagination.

* * * *

What, exactly, do You believe
You're really holding on to?

* * * *

Stoplights are great equalizers.

* * * *

It would probably be easier
To grab onto a wisp of smoke.

* * * *

Don't You see the ripples coming?

* * * *

The more You have,
The more that can go wrong.

* * * *

God is merciful if it suits Satan's ends.

* * * *

Looks like You are not much of a promise.

* * * *

We are all talking to ourselves; most people just have the ability to keep it to themselves,

* * * *

Destiny raises its ironic, paradoxical head again.

* * * *

Sometimes, if possible, it is nice to just let things be a surprise,

* * * *

Dealing with the way things are,
Generally seems to be much less painful,
Than always wishing them just a little different.

* * * *

Every bubble thinks its universe real, but what lies out beyond the Jacuzzi?

* * * *

To believe any word
Can truly encapsulate anything
Is probably one of the greatest delusions.

* * * *

How tiring the predictability can be.

* * * *

A compendium of love and hate, and every passion between,
For whoever bothers to even glance through its far too many pages.
Who knows how many rabbit holes it will send You down.

* * * *

There is not much to get really troubled about,
But let us all acknowledge, that we all do,
Many times, every day, in every way.

* * * *

Amazing to witness what happens to some minds as they play out their time.

* * * *

Despite all the "God and Country" propaganda,
Jesus has about as much to do with the U.S. Marines,
As he did with the Roman legionnaires who tortured him.

* * * *

No use impressing those not worth impressing.

* * * *

Innocence is the natural goodness
Of an uncorrupted, timeless mind.

* * * *

Diplomacy is the art of vain purpose.

* * * *

Just another high-powered, egotistic loser.

* * * *

Just the way things are.
No use whipping yourself
Too badly about it, eh what?

CXC

Accepting things the way they are, is one of life's greater challenges.

* * * *

Give whatever the moment calls from You.

* * * *

Do not try to deny it; You are as vain as anyone else.

* * * *

"Come out," replied the fly to the spider.

* * * *

There is no time, only its illusion.

* * * *

The moment is the eternal wellspring of all creation.

* * * *

It is a sanity seemingly few will ever discern.

* * * *

Where is this now of which You so highly speak?

* * * *

The sea of human suffering is not yours to mend.

* * * *

Is a drop a drop? Is an ocean an ocean?
Or is a drop an ocean, and an ocean a drop?

* * * *

It passes, it passes,
Quickly or slowly, everything passes,
And no matter the scheme,
You cannot stop it.

* * * *

Eden, in all the noise of creation,
Was a very serene place, as is any now,
Without the tangled rush of thought unending.

* * * *

The mind's ache to become
Is the ache of the bud seeking to explode
Into it's true, unlimited fulfillment.

* * * *

Taking responsibility for your choices in a choiceless manner
Is a surrender few discern, much less master.

* * * *

You can only see what You think You know.

* * * *

Are You going to spend your time arguing about it,
Or will You give up everything to discover
That which You claim to seek?

* * * *

The world is not really concerned
Whether You hold on to it or not.

* * * *

Any concept is only as clear
As the mind in which it dwells.

* * * *

Your universe is a vaporous delusion.

* * * *

Break the pattern,
And chances are
They'll never find You.

* * * *

Don't expect another to live your life,
Especially if they have their own.

* * * *

To abide in this temporal realm
Is to tolerate a galaxy of vanity.

* * * *

You are not of this time or that time.
You are of all eternity, that of which
Time is merely an infinitesimal scratch
Upon which all light and shadow dances.

* * * *

Infinity's infinity of parts all include the You, You truly are.

* * * *

We are still the children of God because we have not yet grown up.

* * * *

Just killing time.

* * * *

The passion of youth is not easily maintained.

* * * *

Inner serenity cannot be willed.
Separation and unification are mutually exclusive.
The former a product of dualistic free will, and the latter a surrender to the oblivion of personal identity.
How arduous for those who seek union, to reside in this mundane world.

* * * *

Unity appears to have many levels,
But that is, of course, merely more illusion
For the active mind seeking continuity.

* * * *

Bliss is the cotton candy of nothingness.

* * * *

Do not wait for any deity to knock at the door.
The source is in every heartbeat and every breath.

* * * *

If You are a student, study; if You are a teacher, teach.
If You have realized You are indeed both,
Do one as You do the other.

* * * *

The serenity is always present.
It is only the rippling waves of passion,
Which shroud the reality of unmanifest totality.

* * * *

All personal contexts
Are intertwined
In the same eternal holograph,
A matrix woven of creation and destruction.

* * * *

Our choices are creating a future few will envy.

* * * *

In the fog of time, You are born to witness the mystery as You will.
To die and die again, until You discern there is no death but through delusion,
That You are truly That which is sovereign and unmanifest and impersonal and absolute,

Prior to all imaginings underwritten by the quantum mind born of limitation.

* * * *

Enlightenment
Is born of the fever
Of resolute discrimination.

* * * *

What gold
Can be more valuable
Than that within?

* * * *

The real revolution is the one that transforms
You into the awareness that You are That I Am.

* * * *

All the distraction from what is real.
Will it ever end?

* * * *

No better way to ruin something
Than to know too much about it.

* * * *

Heaven is a little piece of nothing.

* * * *

A tranquil pond, a crashing ocean storm.
Consciousness, from heaven to hell,
Not really so different after all.

* * * *

Where are You in the theater of absolute stillness?

* * * *

In the beginning, nothing.
In the end, nothing.
And between,
The illusion of nothing
Cloaked in a dream of something.

* * * *

Do You have the courage to be truly free?
To die to your dream, and discern
That prior to all dreams.

* * * *

The fulfillment of time is its ending.

* * * *

All conflict is born of vain reasoning.

* * * *

What dream could there be without knowledge?

* * * *

Chances are that when You piss into a stream,
Eventually You will be downstream drinking it.

* * * *

Your ceaseless attempts
To cling to anything in this manifest theater,
Brings about only suffering.

* * * *

Behind the masks of every personal context
Is the ocean of eternity's maskless nature.

* * * *

Does the ocean recall every crashing wave?
Do You cling to every passing breath?
What full lungs You must have.

* * * *

Totality, of which the deities of choice play such meager roles.

* * * *

To those whom ambition so fill, a mystic is just another bum.

* * * *

Aimless wandering; to which this spirit is so partial.

* * * *

When You can be offered the universe,
And feel a simple, content breath is enough,
You'll really have all there is to have.

* * * *

Still trying to placate that deity of imaginary origin?

* * * *

What pleasure is not short-lived?

* * * *

Bloated on affluence, the parasites gorge on.

* * * *

Moments of non-caring are to die for.

* * * *

Another interesting experiencing, You really were no all that interested in experiencing.

* * * *

Born again and again and again; the never-ending rebirth of eternity.

* * * *

Count it however many times You will, the answer is always the same.

* * * *

The truth of words is a melee of contradiction.

* * * *

It all boils down to nothing.

* * * *

You are the stillness in motion, and the motion in stillness.

* * * *

Every moment awareness dawns into a new awakening of consciousness.

* * * *

A kaleidoscope of gray; only playing black and white in Technicolor and surround sound.

* * * *

Who is the doer? And is there anything such as doership?

* * * *

There is nothing to work on.

* * * *

You do not choose your parents,
Nor do You choose your children.
What, pray tell, have You ever chosen?

* * * *

You are an enigma unto thy Self.

* * * *

And what horrors will this fine day bring?

* * * *

Embrace your Self.

* * * *

It only matters that You see it now; deal with the so-called future, when that now comes into play.

* * * *

All the world's a breath from death.

* * * *

Make your breath your dearest friend.

* * * *

Tarry now.

* * * *

All the world's gold will not to even one breath matter.

* * * *

Flights of imagination are all in the head, and can only take anyone nowhere.

* * * *

Peace comes when You are fully engaged with the process unfolding now.

* * * *

In-flow…out-flow…
In-flow…out-flow…
In-flow…out-flow…
In-flow…out-flow…
That is all it is…in-flow…out-flow…

* * * *

The mind as identity is a fist of thoughts, which must be released for freedom to reign in time.

* * * *

Pray tell, what other I am could You possibly be but That I Am?

* * * *

Your universe is as large as your imagination.

* * * *

Where does God come from? Imagine, if You will…

* * * *

Through individuality, the indivisible is reckoned.

* * * *

There are no intermediaries, between You and your birthright; all attempts are parasitic.

* * * *

Creation and evolution, are not mutually exclusive concepts.

* * * *

So many wishing they had time, but none really even have a moment.

* * * *

Time is in the clock hands of your imagination.

* * * *

When self-imagery loses its self-absorbing weight,
It is quite all right to be a little bit incompetent, a little bit foolish.
To falter, to flummox, to fail, to make mistakes, and learn what You can from them.
You may be indivisible, but it is in the context of mortal limitation.

* * * *

Through our own ignorance, and the many passions it evokes, we allow Satanic Maya access to Eden.

* * * *

Knowledge is the flip side of ignorance.

* * * *

What dream can bind You, but for your chosen undying belief?

* * * *

When You take life seriously, it is really your identification with it, to which You are attached.

* * * *

No collusion of the collective consciousness can ever know its Self.

* * * *

Attachment to a conceptual framework, is the foundation of all psychological misery.

* * * *

Be angelic here now, and You will not need heaven.

* * * *

No, You do not have time.
Never have, never will.
It is all make-believe.

* * * *

Encased in every neural nexus we call mind, the play of consciousness,
Experiences a dreamy, individual universe, entirely, irrevocably alone.

* * * *

To see the unseen is the highest goal, in a theater full of imagined goals.

* * * *

Do not ask this scribe,
How this is all taking place.

It is all just a gargantuan mystery.
Maybe the next fellow will have an inkling.
For now, this will have to do.

CXCI

All angels, all demons, are of the same mystery.
They reside in every form, behind every mask, within every costume.
Variations of themes performed in every way the dreamscapes of consciousness can devise.
There is no heaven, there is no hell, but what each imagines in the given mind.

* * * *

Judgment tends to foster reciprocation in kind.

* * * *

Much to learn, and even more to unlearn.

* * * *

History is chock-full of butchers,
Who portray themselves as heroes and deities,
And annihilate any who dare question their megalomania.

* * * *

Time tugs You so many directions.

* * * *

At the most essential level, all forms, all boundaries, all divisions, dissolve.

* * * *

Everything happens when it's time to happen.

* * * *

The challenge is to see divinity in the everyday everywhere.

* * * *

All belief is equally pointless.

* * * *

All life is equally frail to the warrants of death.

* * * *

This moment must be destroyed to create the next.
For all practical purposes, a simultaneous dance.

* * * *

We only think we dance differently.

* * * *

To practice living, practice dying.

* * * *

Who were You before there were memories?

* * * *

The aloneness is inescapable.

* * * *

You see the truth of it so clearly now,
But will You remember it tomorrow?

* * * *

Music is a language for all ears.

* * * *

Sometimes something old must be discarded
Before something new can be discovered.

* * * *

Each part of the breath
Must humbly submit to the next
For the living process to carry on in time.

* * * *

Possible and probable can be worlds apart.

* * * *

So here we are, again.

* * * *

Belief is the easy out for those too dense or lazy to go the distance.

* * * *

Peace in the human drama
Is something only a relatively mindless few
Will ever entertain to ascertain.

* * * *

There are many false trails.

* * * *

To expect the unexpected
Is the sovereign nature
Of earth, wind, water and fire.

* * * *

It was your mother's fate to raise a fool.

* * * *

So much absurdity, one must either weep, or laugh with joyful abandon.

* * * *

Abiding in consciousness is an unceasing dilemma.
There is really no need for it, nor any point to it.
It sustains nothing but illusion and delusion;
The cotton candy of imagination's mirage.
To be liberated from the dream of mind,
Is to die to the irony, to the paradox.
A quest for which few have the interest,
Or the capacity or the courage or the resolve.

* * * *

The seeker of truth must within see the light,
And then in the stillness of its play,
Discern its true origin.

* * * *

Abysmally delusional.

* * * *

The senses stuff the mind,
With what it is capable of receiving,
But what of the mind clear enough to discern,
The universe they fabricate is not real in any lasting way,
And thus ponders that which is interminable,
Prior to all manifest dreaming.

* * * *

Though You may visit a place many times,
It is never the same, except that it is.

* * * *

What are You inclined to understand,
Will unfold in ways You cannot devise,
And at first might even think coincidence.
When it comes to reality, You need not ask.

* * * *

How challenging to be a seer in a world full of blindness.

* * * *

The spirit must deal with the urges of the body, before it can discriminate its causeless nature.

* * * *

From part to whole, and whole to part, it is all the same.

* * * *

God certainly does play games in your mind.

* * * *

The arrogance of pride is the blinding factor.

* * * *

Wrong, wrong, wrong, so many times wrong.

* * * *

Any corporate body will almost always, and with little hesitation and doubt,
Sacrifice what it considers unnecessary or contrary to the mission statement.

* * * *

Teaching your Self to focus the mind without tensing the body
Requires an ability to instantaneously detach into a full breath.

* * * *

We are all dreams forged in illusion.

* * * *

Te greatest vision dances within You.
Duality seems real until You discern it.

* * * *

The voice within, whatever the language,
Is the voice of mysterhy, the bubbling fountain,
From which all consciousness manifests.

* * * *

Scholarly pursuit of this inquiry is all very interesting,
But it is only when the knowledge is set aside,
That the truth of the matter can be seen.

* * * *

Ignorance comes in all shapes and sizes; intelligence crosses all frames and references.

* * * *

The mind has evolved through the matrix of space and time,
With the countless divisions of duality as its guiding reference.
To set aside all personal experience, all genetic influence,
Is what must be done to fathom the essential nature.

* * * *

You may vaguely seek to discern your essential nature,
But like the monkey whose fist is too large to exit the coconut trap,
You cannot release your vain identity, and all its trappings, without letting go.

* * * *

Do You save the best for last, consume it right away, or savor it evenly along the way?

* * * *

There is the sleeping dreaming, the waking dreaming, and the dreaming in which all dreaming ends.

* * * *

How much of your dreaming have You spent, justifying it to others, both within and without?

* * * *

The mind in the isolation of individuality, promotes disharmony and discord.

* * * *

The Self-absorbed, climb ladders of their own devising.

* * * *

Are You a human being, or simply the mystery, pretending to be a human being?

* * * *

The bean counters love to explore the coincidences and differences,
In their play of words and numbers, and all the other sundry concepts.

* * * *

Responsible for nothing.

* * * *

So much judgment, so little time.

* * * *

Must it always be, some future time, some distant place,
Some other type of work, or with someone else?
Anywhere else, but right here, right now?

* * * *

The mirage of time pelts a mind with delusion and unsought sorrow.

* * * *

So many thoughts waiting to be plucked from the stream of memory.

* * * *

Why is the background noise of mind, always insisting You push on; that now is not the place to be?

* * * *

Sometimes more is better, sometimes less; moderation is generally the best benchmark.

* * * *

Nothing ever happens again and again and again.

* * * *

We all hear a different drumbeat; some are deep, others shallow.

* * * *

So many scraps of paper in this creation.

* * * *

All but impossible for someone who does not see, to comprehend any explanation You might give them.

* * * *

Surrender to the breath, the origin of all being, and allow it dominion over your brief existence.

* * * *

Time dredges all innocence.

* * * *

Yee gods, another time-sucking project.

* * * *

Intelligent human beings, have probably always found the world a bit more challenging to bear.

* * * *

It is the same cosmos, the same totality,
The same unknown, the same ineffability,
The same mystery, the same eternity,
For everybody and everything.
The only disparity,
Is in the massive array of scripts,
Played out in all the theaters, in so many minds.

* * * *

All dreams fade into the nothingness of reality.

* * * *

As You move, so does the totality of all creation.

* * * *

All the wisdom ever born of time
Amounts to nothing in the grand equation.

* * * *

There is not one point of infinity
To which You are not connected.

* * * *

The human drama is just a very temporary, vain dream,
Full of itself for as long as it manages to endure.

* * * *

Do not be subjugated by the fears of others.

* * * *

You will do whatever it is your destiny to do.

* * * *

All eternity does but for a moment make.

* * * *

The soul purpose of consciousness is to awaken to reality.

* * * *

Who else can You be but your Self?

* * * *

Beneath all exteriors dwells the same I Am.
I am You, You are me; there can be no other.

* * * *

Insist whatever You will,
Unless You see the unnamable truth of it,
You live a meaningless lie.

* * * *

The usual serendipity.

* * * *

Treasure every breath as if was your last; one day it will be.

* * * *

Illusion and delusion over and over and over again.

* * * *

Meander well.

* * * *

Pray tell, what soul lies beneath that mask?

* * * *

It all fades into vague memories, the accuracy of which is often more than a little dubious.

* * * *

As You judge others, so You judge yourself.

* * * *

Do not expect reality to be bound by your vanity.

* * * *

What else can anyone do but tack the winds of one's time
As skillfully and gracefully and innocently as destiny allows.

* * * *

A pretty face so easily deceives.

* * * *

The measurers love to explore
The coincidences and differences
In the play of words and other concepts.

* * * *

Where our ancestors flew like eagles, swam like dolphins, and ran like deer,
We watch our watches, race our machines, and imitate our computers.
Our innumerable concepts rule our minds, and few see past them.

* * * *

Find the courage and strength to stand indivisible.

* * * *

What is the point of over-populating our world,
When it only creates an imbalance,
Which many or all,
Will be unable to survive.

* * * *

Consciousness, through the human species,
Has carved a niche that may well
Eradicate its continuity.

* * * *

More than a little ironic, eh what?

* * * *

Unless You truly plan to carry them out, why propagate meaningless ideals?
They are impractical time-bound hopes, lacking any impetus for realization.

* * * *

Nothing grows forever.

* * * *

How You suffer for your imagined life.

* * * *

One guarantee in life is that everyone and everything is eventually forgotten; most quite quickly.

* * * *

The intellect knows no lasting peace.

* * * *

You are eternity's ever-changing face.

* * * *

How arduous it is to surrender to the insecurity of vulnerability.

CXCII

Rest assured that nothing will happen.

* * * *

Life is about exploring the irony.

* * * *

So much poured into any given lifetime,
Yet ever as empty as a cup after the last sip.

* * * *

What does the world really offer
That is worth all the suffering?

* * * *

There is no schism but in consciousness.
Melt into the awareness of beingness,
And You shall witness all creation.

* * * *

Somebody had to write it, and fate has chosen You.

* * * *

What an odd mystery that every drop has a destiny
That must eventually melt back into the abyss of totality,
Both remembered and forgotten for all eternity.

* * * *

Nourish your real Self
However inclination plays out
In the ground of your brief span of time.

* * * *

What lights the fire of your consciousness?

* * * *

No one can truly be privy to your universe.
You are very much alone, no matter
The crowd stirring about.

* * * *

From choicelessness, an all but infinite set of choices.

* * * *

What can exist beyond all mortal dreams?

* * * *

Death whittles away at every form.

* * * *

Imaginary life, imaginary soul, imaginary everything.

* * * *

The sweet nothings of oblivion whisper in every ear.

* * * *

How will You respond when death bids You home?

* * * *

From birth You were conditioned
To play this silly little game.

* * * *

Funny the challenge it is to realize
How few choices one really has.

* * * *

History shows us again and again the limitations of the human potential.

* * * *

Why battle reality?

* * * *

The usual cover-up.

* * * *

Dust is a great equalizer.

* * * *

The only thing
From which the world needs saving
Is the human species.

* * * *

Time is the source of all addiction.

* * * *

The wind challenges You to stay.

* * * *

Deep or shallow, same ocean.

* * * *

No direction home.

* * * *

Another interesting assumption.

* * * *

As many as there may be living,
Many more have died along the way.

* * * *

The garden is a spaceless, timeless reverie; it is imagination that harvests the fruit of good and evil.

* * * *

Without compassion, any serious discussion of ethics, is meaningless yabber.

* * * *

Watch yourself from far distant shores,
As You would a stranger you'll never meet.

* * * *

Browse your universe.
After all, it's all You.

* * * *

From beginning to end,
And before and after, as well.

* * * *

As much as can be known
Of that which is unknown.

* * * *

Remember forgetting, forget remembering.

* * * *

Science is only as complete as the questions it asks, and the technology it brings to bear.

* * * *

The ocean chatters away in the crash of every wave,
But does all the roaring noise really mean anything?

* * * *

Discipline is never easy; that's why it's called discipline.

* * * *

Same old barbarity.

* * * *

Believe You me, the world, the cosmos, will continue on just fine with or without You.

* * * *

Just another organism fated to endure a brief existence in the eternal puddle of time.

* * * *

Love should never be uttered, just felt.

* * * *

It will never be this cheap again.

* * * *

And suddenly, You saw your way as clear as a full moon on a crisp night.

* * * *

Enslaved by insatiable desire,
The masses voraciously consumed
Until there was nothing left worth consuming,
And then they consumed that, too.

* * * *

You know You are losing it
When You can't even remember
What You were trying to remember.

* * * *

The whole thing is so crazy
That it's really not worth worrying about
Who's more or less crazy.

* * * *

Imagination is not ultimately real,
No matter how You believe it so.

* * * *

If humans were immortal,
Would time exist
In quite the same way?

* * * *

All the dreams of the universe
Need not play upon your own
But through your own consent.

* * * *

An imaginary universe
Founded upon the time-bound delusion
Of the senses, and the mind into which they ever feed.

* * * *

You cannot be responsible for more than a reasonable share
Of the drama this play of consciousness is acting out.
A detachment from all manifest distractions
Is more than a little inevitable.

* * * *

Many, perhaps most, argue the differences.
But, in truth, it is all very much the same.

* * * *

Will You ever reach the point
Of indifference to the personal context,
The awareness prior to all attachment and delusion,
The awakened state of being that liberated seekers call home.

* * * *

Consciousness is – fashioned, wrought, formed, shaped, bent – upon the waves of perception.
Impressions of an existence, a persona, a character; imagined in a quantum infinity.
You wander through a touchy-feely ever-present, cataloging experiences.
All of them but vague, limited recollections, entirely subjective.
Naught but the intertwined fusion of likes and dislikes.
For as long as – fate, destiny, kismet – allow.

* * * *

So many incessantly vying for attention from others.

* * * *

Only so much time left.

* * * *

The gravity of eternity draws all home.

* * * *

Even doubts are more thoughts
Wandering about as they will,
And You, believing them real.

* * * *

How terrified we are of our aloneness
That we fill the moments with every sort of activity
To keep at bay the eternal emptiness of the essential nature.

* * * *

The dike will not hold forever.

* * * *

Fate is an end born of choiceless choices.

* * * *

A student of the relativity.

* * * *

From beginning to end,
All just smoke and mirrors.

* * * *

Don’t You grow weary of measuring everything?

* * * *

The womb of all things is a mystery
Only awareness can truly fathom.

* * * *

Felling a sense of mystery
Is especially challenging
To those so sure of everything.

* * * *

It is not a matter of becoming anything.
Rather, it is paying attention to everything.

* * * *

Women: an interesting experiment,
But not necessary in the day-to-day.

* * * *

If You gave the breath
Even a pittance of the attention
You give your monkey-mind of thoughts,
How tranquil your existence would be.

* * * *

Discern the dreamtime of eternity
As often as your time allows.

* * * *

You are lost in your universe
Until You find your Self.

* * * *

The truth is as nebulous as time.

* * * *

One way or another,
In these words You will find your Self

If it is your time to do so.

* * * *

Fair is that to which we agree is fair.

* * * *

To steer a course, there must be a captain with a vision.

* * * *

Beneath every evil soul
Was once a child
As innocent as any.
Forgive them for being you
Twisted beyond human recognition.

* * * *

We are each our own demon
As well as an angel of redemption.

* * * *

Who is not the paradox of hell and heaven?
Demons of anguish and angels of redemption.

* * * *

Within these many pages
Is a sense of life's countless ironies
Seen in day-to-day mix of any given existence.

* * * *

Lord, please feel free
To take all your true believers.
We've had quite enough of their vanity.

* * * *

The club is nearly out of our hands; what will we do?

* * * *

Never let a defeat keep You down.

* * * *

We are all skeletons beneath our cultivated facades.

* * * *

Waking up to the ignorance binds one in a different way.

* * * *

It only matters as much as You believe it does.

* * * *

Old souls were never born.

* * * *

How vain we have made this God on high.

* * * *

Who knows how many times, how many ways,
You have already evaded the traps that Death has set for You?
Alas that the last laugh, will not echo in your ears.

* * * *

Maybe Jesus will come back next year.

* * * *

The You that You pretend to be, is not the You, You truly are.

* * * *

Decipher this, and You will earn eternal vision.

* * * *

And humankind imagined that the mystery could, or even would, be encapsulated by any form.

* * * *

Without the contrasting mind, there would be no duality.

* * * *

Another idea whose time has long passed.

* * * *

What a serious jester You play; the trick is to discern the art of laughing at your bones.

* * * *

What an amazing thing, that, that tiny little ball of fire, has radiated such an amazing dream.

* * * *

We are all skewered at some point.

* * * *

A mystery born of breath.

* * * *

Time can be a fine liqueur or a deadly poison; its transcendence is not for the meek of spirit.

* * * *

Your tribe may not include your family.

* * * *

Even a caged bird longs to sing.

* * * *

We are keen on history, real or imagined.

* * * *

A mirage built of flesh and bones.

* * * *

The mistake was caring for something that did not matter.

* * * *

The dream of time requires no investment.

* * * *

As transitory as this absurd dream is,
The corporal vessel is much more content,
Than the perpetually self-absorbed monkey-mind,
That dashes it through so many ecstasies, so many agonies.
It is a wonder it survives as long as it does.

* * * *

The evolution of instincts, are the means all creatures endure,
Whatever nature-nurture niche they have been cast.
In the human planet-of-the-apes paradigm,
The evolutionary track also includes,
The all-but-infinite complexities,
Of a sizable psychological component,
That has created the madness we now witness,
As the myriad variations engage one another for survival,
At an unprecedented, unresolvable, agonizingly imaginary intensity.

CXCIII

No thing can be yours for long.
Either it will wear out or get broken,
Be given away, sold, misplaced, or stolen,
Or You will one day meet the venerated Reaper,
And it will undergo its destiny without You.

* * * *

Another life full of agony and ecstasy
About to enter the garden.
Is having children
Some sort
Of subconscious retribution?

* * * *

Lighten your soul.
Do not be burdened
By the toils and troubles
Of worldly existence.

* * * *

Do not confuse personality with the Soul.
One is a temporary concoction of consciousness,
And the other is, quite obviously, all there is.

* * * *

All organized religions
Are merely towers of babble
Locked in one delusion or another.

* * * *

Few listen for long to what they cannot hear.

* * * *

Do You really think You chose this?

* * * *

How tragically so many approach their lives.

* * * *

Positive attitude . . . so often delusional smattitude.

* * * *

If the world does not love You enough, then learn to love your Self.

* * * *

How more impressive, those who live admirable lives, amid the chaos of this unfolding mystery.

* * * *

The gold You are, has no meaning, to those drowning in ignorance.

* * * *

How can there be peace between the many, if there is none within the one?

* * * *

You do not need to know
The specifics of another's life
To understand the nature of passion
For which all existence chooses to suffer.

* * * *

Many are called, but few are chosen
To witness that which none can see but within.

* * * *

The drop that thinks itself so high and mighty
Before gravity draws it back into the ocean.

* * * *

So many choices.
Which to experience?
One, some, all or none?

* * * *

The mind is the river.

* * * *

Totality trumps all.

* * * *

The shifting sand of concept
Take us down many roads.

* * * *

It is your eye that creates the universe.

* * * *

Consciousness is the veil,
The maker of all mirages.

* * * *

You are all time.
Savor it as best ye may.

* * * *

It will not, cannot stop for anyone or anything.
The vapor of illusion is a ceaseless changing.

* * * *

You've forgotten them,
Why would they remember You?

* * * *

Without function, form is but a vague shadow of meaning.

* * * *

Relax! It's only life.

* * * *

Even the strongest can throw a feather no farther than a child.

* * * *

What's beyond infinity?

* * * *

You must explore it for yourself
To your own satisfaction.

* * * *

Peel the hair and skin off anyone,
And there isn't much to brag about.

* * * *

Vanity dances with itself in so many reflections.

* * * *

You keep opening these eyes
Just to find out once again
Who You are pretending to be.

* * * *

We all find our little bandwagon.

* * * *

The mystics pass through the rocky straights,
Ears unplugged to test the bounds of temptation.

* * * *

Behind every mask
Is a view of your own existence
That You will never see.

* * * *

This day will be remembered and forgotten,
As are all others.

* * * *

Withdraw until You can stand freely in the midst of it,
Untouched.

* * * *

Be happy while ye may
For the reaping angel of death
Will soon enough take your dream away.

* * * *

The future is cast from the past.

* * * *

Humanity must at some point endure
A great deal of destruction and chaos
To return to a stable, viable equilibrium.
None can trek beyond their means for long.

* * * *

Will is imagination fabricating individuality.

* * * *

Who does not spend at least part of their day
Contemplating their heart of gold
In this vain world.

* * * *

You have made life altogether to serious.

* * * *

Enjoy even the leftovers
And hand-me-downs,
And You will be content.

* * * *

The mystery takes on the attributes
Of the given seed in which it dwells,
But is not bound to the form any more
Than water is the bank along which it runs.

* * * *

Those raised by nature intuitively know the way.

* * * *

Doubt is not comfortable,
Therefore few do very deeply.

* * * *

Truth is all-inclusive
Exclusion is delusion.

* * * *

When You were not even much younger,
There were many things that mattered
A whole lot more than they do now.

* * * *

Breath begins and ends all drama.

* * * *

Born to die,
And a dream between.

* * * *

Get over yourself.

* * * *

Any given other is a package deal,
Without which the pieces alone
Would mean little or nothing.

* * * *

Truth doesn't change.

* * * *

The mind is the measurer, the judge and jury.

* * * *

Of all there is to know, You know so little.
Of all there is to not know, You know nothing.

* * * *

Personality is the flaw.

* * * *

I am therefore I bother.

* * * *

If You let it, the mind will always wander its creation.

* * * *

People tend to do a lot of things
Both astounding and stupid,
Intentional or otherwise.
It is, after all, a drama of sorts.

* * * *

You're just along for the ride.
Try not to take it too personally.

* * * *

It's just a mystery.
No biggee, really.

* * * *

If everyone would just mind their own business,
Perhaps we'd get along a tad better.

* * * *

Greed is such a bother.

* * * *

The price of life is death
And all the suffering
One must endure.

* * * *

There is ultimately no escape from reality.

* * * *

Two legs does not a human being make.

* * * *

It is whatever You think it is, and none of it.
All the same.

* * * *

Those who have little,
And those who have it all,
Come to the same conclusion.

* * * *

The resolution to suffering
Is the eternal life of personal death.

* * * *

From queue to queue,
You wander the human zoo.

* * * *

Humanity sprints toward an increasingly uncertain future.

* * * *

Do You suppose cockroaches,
Rats, flies, ants, and other scavengers
Will be near as successful without all our leftovers?

* * * *

Traditional symbols, rituals, conceptual places of any sort,
Are thumb-sucking blanket-clutching habits
Used to ward off the insecurity
We all imagine.
Crutches we believe necessary
In a journey in which everything eventually falls away.

* * * *

Your ability to adapt to change
Is the oil of your effortless nature.

* * * *

True ignorance is bliss.

* * * *

The mind is a product of the conflict of dualist divisions.
For it to seek peace requires the dissolution of willfulness.

* * * *

You want a mystical experience?
Try picking your nose until it bleeds.

* * * *

Eternity is both very long and very short.

* * * *

The sovereignty of Youness, ends all need for hope.

* * * *

True integrity does not spring from dogmatic assertion.
It is the natural outcome of any who discern,
The intuitive human potential.

* * * *

There is only one way, but within its infinite potential, every form of limitation is possible.

* * * *

Imagine what notions You please,
But restrain yourself from acting them out,

If they will harm others in any way or shape or form.

* * * *

The plan of the mystery, if this even is a plan, appears to be,
To naturally-select into just about every conceivable manifestation,
The rules of quantum mechanics allow in this electromagnetic spectrum,
This touchy-feely, three-dimensional, brewed-in-awareness dreamtime.
This experiment of free will, if ever such a thing was even possible.

* * * *

What a chameleon You are.

* * * *

Step back into the larger context, to take the one You are in, less personally.

* * * *

The difficulty with righteousness,
Is that it often becomes just another guise,
Of arrogant self-absorption, in the most limited sense.
The subtleties of vanity seem nearly infinite,
In variety and scope and number.

* * * *

Good and evil: Just different vanities, forever battling passionately on an imaginary spectrum.

* * * *

Working with or for someone else
Should not mean You must adopt
Their attitude, passion or beliefs.

* * * *

What is there out there for You, really?

* * * *

Rome does as Rome is.

* * * *

No use confusing the point
With accurate information.

* * * *

Sometimes time is slow,
Other times so quickly it passes.
Like a river, it freezes, flows and dashes.

* * * *

Treasure those not out to get into your wallet.

* * * *

There can be no reconciliation
In a mind bent on differences.

* * * *

If You can't see it, it just isn't your turn.

* * * *

Nothing so tiring as unsolicited, foolish advice.

* * * *

Though still curiously enticing,
Women become much less fascinating
As You get older, and supposedly a tad wiser.

* * * *

Each mind weaves its own reality,
None of it real, of course,
But full of imaginary passion just the same.

* * * *

Death is the thief of all time.

* * * *

A frame of reference, that is all-encompassing, is a bit challenging to define.

CXCIV

The future must always play out history's karma.
It is the cause and effect of time's illusionary reality.

* * * *

The immediacy of nowness,
Only the a priori of awareness
Can even remotely attain.

* * * *

You are not obligated to do anything,
But through your own collusion.

* * * *

Judgment is such a bother.

* * * *

That which is imagined is not real.
That which is real is not imagined.

* * * *

A face that implies an angel that doesn't exist.

* * * *

The veil of difference is not easily pierced.

* * * *

Value is spun from the nothingness of imagination.
It is cast of the relativity of the mind trapped in the snare,
Of the ceaseless avoidance of pain, and the craving for pleasure.
For the hollow, temporal pursuit of power and wealth and recognition,
Delusions of no enduring importance or meaning, whatsoever.
A self-deceptive reasoning without a single root in reality.

* * * *

What a bitter harvest
The propaganda of time
Weaves for children to endure.

* * * *

Do You hear the bells tolling?

* * * *

Whether viewed individually or collectively,
Humanity is in for a serious reckoning
With the reality of Eden's Way.

* * * *

Can humanity afford to continue following leaders
Who only gratify their pointless megalomania?.

* * * *

Eden has briefly afforded humanity the delusion
That its vain concoctions are somehow vital.
To some equally vain supreme being.

* * * *

Will words such as these
Ever be discerned clearly by all?
Take Dante's journey through your world,
And the answer will be evident.

* * * *

You often yearn for the unmitigated freedom and peace of oblivion,
Yet are ever seduced into participating in the confusion and rancor and absurdity,
Of this Shakespearian theater of irony and paradox, and ceaseless delusion.
What a challenge to be a human being in the world, yet not be of it.

* * * *

Who am I but That which You are as well.
Discern it, and be free of all contrary claims.

* * * *

What a fool, a jester, a buffoon, You sometimes are,
But "Oh well," might the Cheshire Cat smile,
Or "So it goes," a Tralfamadorian nod.

* * * *

When You give a gift, give it without expectation of return or reward.
But if You give too much, be prepared for entitlement,
To drift like fog along a sandy shore.

* * * *

As time wanders on, anonymity becomes the gold of beingness.

* * * *

One of the greater challenges in life, is to not let security and comfort, whittle away the best of You.

* * * *

Domestication is for cattle and sheep; be a wild thing.

* * * *

Too bad more people do not follow their own advice.

* * * *

Who created language, anyway?
What an amazing, wondrous thing,
To think, communicate the way we do.
What a shame we have not come to grips,
With all the imagined demons born of dreams.

* * * *

Dust forms mountains, yet it is ever dust, and to the depths and heights, it will ever be.

* * * *

Form is the product of time, and if time is illusion, so is form.

* * * *

Dance the dance with whatever detachment You can muster.

* * * *

Who am I?
Discern who You are,
And the answer is all but obvious.

* * * *

The demon in You is your ignorance; an amusing play of needless suffering.

* * * *

We are all ruled by our habitual consumption.

* * * *

The predisposition to fight great wars does not for a great leader make.

* * * *

Delve into it deeply, and You will discern there is nothing You can, or need, prove.

* * * *

Mother Nature does not tolerate inadequacy and mediocrity for long.

* * * *

You do not need to see the world to see the world.

* * * *

Any black box opens its doors to those willing to understand its conceptual interior.

* * * *

It is imagination that sustains all paths to glory.

* * * *

Those who see past themselves, must put up with a world overflowing, with those who have no inkling.

* * * *

All fates hinge upon a genetic lottery, over which none have any say whatsoever.

* * * *

Nobody really knows anything,
Despite all claims by the delusional,
And those who will take any vein proffered.

* * * *

Through experience each makes assumptions
Based on a collection of subjective desires.
Are any truly valid in the largest vision?

* * * *

How much of your dream is spent elsewhere?

* * * *

To be free of what others think
Is to be free of what You think they think.

* * * *

Time is such a vain playground.

* * * *

The future past must always play out the history coming its way.

* * * *

The immediacy of nowness, only the a priori of awareness can even remotely ascertain.

* * * *

You are not obligated to do anything but through your own collusion.

* * * *

What sense does it make that some deity would judge its own creation harshly?

* * * *

Perhaps life's biggest challenge is wading through so much bullshit.

* * * *

Existence is all about realizing how little is truly important.

* * * *

Does the river pass the banks, or the banks the river?

* * * *

The snapshots of the mind do not easily still.

* * * *

You have your dream, and all the others have theirs; in oblivion shall they meet.

* * * *

Can't find what ain't there to find.

* * * *

Suspend the judge.

* * * *

Enjoy every breath possible.
You never know
When it will be your last.

* * * *

A saunter through Wal-Mart
Is a good way to disintegrate any whiff
Of optimism for humanity's future.

* * * *

Cater to no whim that does not suit your own.

* * * *

Strange daze.

* * * *

Nothing but interesting times left for humanity.

* * * *

Posterior times.

* * * *

Hate is without reason.

* * * *

Only through imagination is something greater created.

* * * *

The point of existence, if there need be one,
Seems to be to get the most pleasure
For as little pain as possible.

* * * *

There are just certain things that aren't worth the hassle.

* * * *

So many soap operas to ignore.

* * * *

Looking for an answer
With a conclusion already in mind
Doesn't usually solve the problem at hand.

* * * *

Pretty challenging to keep track
Of all the other dreams in your head.

* * * *

Cast out your judgment.

* * * *

What power You may have in this mortal theater
Is given by the collusive compliance of others.

* * * *

What do You ever justify
But a vain identity-personality
Born of imagination's fabrication?

* * * *

The You that You think You are
Is an unmitigated outcome of desire,
Fear, doubt and other passionate outbursts.

* * * *

Imitation is not the way to liberation.

* * * *

Consciousness will never rectify its inherent confusion
Because it is the fabricator of delusion.
It is the movement itself that must be understood,
And brought back to stillness by the discernment of awareness.

* * * *

Is your universe envisioned
Through an attached screen of passion?
Or through an unlimited sense of detached stillness?

* * * *

You operate within the bounds of your fate.

* * * *

You are accountable to none but your Self,
And in that, the judgment is naught
But what You imagine it to be.

* * * *

An individual, indivisible dream.

* * * *

The twists and turns of Soul
Wander every way imaginable.

* * * *

Words are all You know.

* * * *

Which leads your way, mind or heart?

* * * *

Discern your inner demon.

* * * *

Imitation is not the way.

* * * *

The countless assumptions
Upon which all dreams are based
Have roots only in imagination.
And all imagination is mirage.

* * * *

Belief is not the same as seeing clearly.

* * * *

Our silliness is all imagined; irony, irony, and irony again.

* * * *

The mystery is not a separate matter.
It is all the Youness, playing the nowness, of awareness,
Manifested into consciousness.

* * * *

All views are limited by divisive minds.

* * * *

You must banish everyone to be alone.
To discern the essential voice,
To discern the You,
And merge into the only reality.

* * * *

The obvious so often is not.

* * * *

Curious how You happen to have been born,
In the only geography, into the only group that harbors truth.
The only group that is favored by God.
Think about it.

* * * *

Your universe will reflect back the one You project.

* * * *

You need not believe in anything, to be what You really are.

* * * *

There is only one mystery, in which You are sensory witness, to its infinite indivisibility.

* * * *

They will think whatever You think they think.
The universe is whatever You imagine it to be.

* * * *

You are nobody's promise.

* * * *

Unintentionally cruel.

* * * *

May You be surprised by a quick, painless death.

* * * *

Fear is generally more imagined than real.

* * * *

It is as if it never happened.

* * * *

How interesting all the assumptions upon which You cast all your judgments.

* * * *

Toss all the euphemisms.
Call it for what it is.
Not justice,
But revenge,
Pure and simple.

* * * *

Even a proportion that would rouse the dead
Can lose its beauty with the utterance
Of a few vacuous words.

* * * *

Just one of the many ones.

* * * *

Must be somebody else's dream.

* * * *

Being responsible for your own dream is enough.
What another makes of yours is their own doing.

* * * *

Seeing clearly is not something
That can be persuaded, cajoled or forced.
It is an unfathomable mystery that so many seem destined
To remain blind no matter how many ways the feast is set before them.
All are invited, yet few are given the eye to discern entry
Into the eternal fraternity of humankind.

* * * *

All these thoughts about the nature of things . . .
Little more than an insignificant back-burn to the destructive inferno
Toward which the innumerable memes are driving
The theater of consciousness.

CXCV

Humankind resides in the purgatory between heaven and earth,
Between sublime and absurd, between angels and demons,
Between bliss and horror, between mystery and Gaia.

* * * *

It is a world of fallen angels.

* * * *

Your aloneness is a sovereign issue.

* * * *

What headline will your death get You?

* * * *

Truth is as nebulous as the workings of the mind.

* * * *

Once it falls away,
The veil never stays up
Quite the same way it once did.

* * * *

Is free will a fluke of evolution,
Or a determined result of divine origin?
Who knows, who cares?

* * * *

It must be You.

* * * *

The dreamtime of limited presence, is solely the result of the quantum mind-body and its sensory illusion.
When the container falls away, it will again melt into the unborn-undying timelessness,
That which is prior to all attributes, created in imagination's eye.

* * * *

Words are like clay in the way they mold into concept.

* * * *

Life is a temporary state of knowing,
A brief, impulsive conspiracy
Of unknown origin.

* * * *

When You stop recognizing yourself,
You will be your Self.

* * * *

Can push know what it is to pull,
Or pull to push?

* * * *

You were told by those around You, that it matters, and You believed them.
There was no reason not to, until You meandered outside their cave,
And suddenly, the reality of their truth, no longer made sense.
And that epiphany moment, lead You to be reading this.

* * * *

Ripples tell of an event, but are not the event.
The event is a mystery, and the ripples an echo.

* * * *

You are the source of your dreamy universe,
Free to participate, or not, as You choose.

* * * *

Cause is not effect, nor effect cause,
Yet each sustains the other,
And renews all.

* * * *

You are the primal cause personified.

* * * *

Humanitarians care about humanity
In an abstract, ideological, impersonal way.
Other humans are more notion than flesh and blood.

* * * *

Funny how some people's avenue to power, is threatening others with their deity's revenge.

* * * *

You have never really done anything before; now is always the first time for everything.

* * * *

Reality is so simple.
Knowledge can never attain,
The pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

* * * *

Analogies and metaphors have a way
Of being applicable to so many ends.

* * * *

How responsible can You ever be
For what any other might think of You?

* * * *

The newborn has yet to discern
The limitations inspired by time.

* * * *

Mind shields itself with every form of imagined concoction.

* * * *

Each devises his or her own sense of success and failure,
And lives and dies with the reckoning etched of imagination.

* * * *

The mind imagines a continuity that does not exist.
Yet even discerning this as a fact prior to mortal dispute,
Does not entirely free one from the shackles of material drama.

* * * *

Time can be fragrant like a blossom,
Or as annoying as a mosquito.
Attitude ranges the conscious spectrum,
Despite the ceaselessly vain attempts at consistency.

* * * *

Language may articulate it in myriad ways,
But is akin to the spokes of the wheel
Pointing to the empty center.

* * * *

Each plays out a perceived, choiceless role.

* * * *

The burden of time cannot tarnish any
But for ardent clinging.

* * * *

Water is the liqueur of the gods.

* * * *

The maintenance
Of any right or wrong
Is a personal projection.

* * * *

For drama to fabricate,
There must be consciousness,

And a determined sense of otherness.

* * * *

A total misunderstanding,
For which your forgiveness
Is humbly requested.

* * * *

All the wisdom ever gleaned
Is as important as a gnat's ass.

* * * *

Who is not enamored in one way or another,
With the mask and container that the genetic lottery has spun?
It is an attachment that ever draws the mystery into every variety of absurdity.

* * * *

If God's creation includes both heaven and hell,
How is it possible that he and Satan,
Are not one in the same?

* * * *

Any given universe is precisely what conviction inspires; attitude is all.

* * * *

Some are made to couple; others to single.

* * * *

Is there such thing as too much humility?

* * * *

All ways share equal legitimacy in the ineffability of infinite possibility.

* * * *

To understand the nature of the mystery, is to perceive without doubt, that nothing is not.

* * * *

We have all been brainwashed in one way or another.
The only question is, how much of the wash, are You willing to wash away,
In the investigation, in the pursuit, of the ultimate freedom?
Attachment to imagination is the crux.

* * * *

What has all that glory truly done for You?

* * * *

One moment the veil drops away.
The next it is created anew.

On and on the play flows in the mind;
The continuity of space-time's sensory illusion.

* * * *

Death is the flower of freedom.

* * * *

Sounds good, anyway.

* * * *

Sure, it is all pointless, but is it not rather ironic, how You enjoy certain parts of the pointlessness?

* * * *

You think anybody really has a choice, to be anything other than what they are?

* * * *

Management folks who sign the paychecks,
Tend to get a lot of tolerance, even approbation,
For their many eccentricities and abusive behaviors.

* * * *

Are You really a who, a what, a where, a when, a why, or a how?

* * * *

A-nothing we will go.

* * * *

Torn between heaven and earth,
You suffer the purgatory of continuity.

* * * *

Imagine a newborn infant,
Who has yet to develop a sense of self.
What an incomprehensible journey,
Every human being wanders,
From cradle to grave.

* * * *

From nothing to nothing,
And really nothing
All the while.

* * * *

Has there ever been,
A species as cruel and harsh,
As that which regard themselves human?
Do not confuse the instinctual savagery of other life forms,
With the brutal calculations of the human mind.

* * * *

Seeker and sought are the same.
Only the mind bound in the absurdity of consciousness
Asserts the delusion of separation.

* * * *

What is it that holds one back from ending it all.
Suicide really is the only philosophical question.

* * * *

Do You realize how often,
You use a history You do not really know,
To rationalize an existence, You have no need to justify.

* * * *

Assumption, all.

* * * *

Consciousness is not ultimately tangible.
It is the brief, ever-changing recreation of energy,
That dissipates as soon as the host container disincorporates.

* * * *

When the filament is no more,
Where goeth the light?

* * * *

Meander prior to all the narratives born of time's theater.
Discern the nothingness, the unfathomable, prior to all words and deeds.
It is there that You will at last be set free, from the dreamtime prison born of imagination.

* * * *

It is not easy, but standing aloof, disinterested,
Is the key to discerning your true homeless home.

* * * *

A man with a grain of sand
That no one else sees or values
Is a pauper to all but him Self.

* * * *

Let the absurd notion of God be the judge; there are healthier things to do with your time.

* * * *

Take away the assumptions, the judgments, the measurements,
The calculations, the fabrications, the personality, the knowing,
And what could possibly be left, but the stillness of awareness?

* * * *

Can consciousness be without duality?
Doubtful in this world.

* * * *

Seeking credit for your acts,
Even if You did them, and did them well,
Tends to corrode the future.

* * * *

Better to cultivate loyal opposition
Than vengeful adversaries.

* * * *

Ironically absurd.

* * * *

You can only know,
The theater of light and shadow.
Of the mysterious source,
You know nothing.

* * * *

* * * *

What innocently ruthless concepts numbers can be.

* * * *

We create deities that cater to our vain whims.

* * * *

Who are You to judge any one?

* * * *

Humanness is both baneful and noble.
It is the duality of consciousness
Which must ever be.

* * * *

Angels and demons come in all flavors,
And can at times be difficult to distinguish.

* * * *

Chaos is an order to which dis- does not apply.

* * * *

Everything has its time,

And in the end
There is nothing to remember.

* * * *

The subtlety of nuance is infinite.

* * * *

Any true experiment
Requires accurate control of variables
To avoid the taint of speculation.

* * * *

Fate is the sculpture of free will, and many currents well beyond any one's control.

* * * *

Let all the Very Important People move ahead and tailgate each other.

* * * *

Why do some feel so much freer than others?

* * * *

You are under no obligations to anything or anyone but through your own collusion.

* * * *

Duped again.

* * * *

It is whatever You know, which, by the way, ain't much.

* * * *

In the garden of good and evil, the relativity can make for a confounding walkabout.

* * * *

May You find peace in eternal life.

* * * *

Are your sure You really want to be free? All for nothing? All or nothing?

* * * *

So many hooks dangling in this mysterious garden.

* * * *

Fourth-dimensional logic.

* * * *

Amazing what suffering so many endure to continue living.

* * * *

Nothing personified.

* * * *

An opportunity to invent your Self.

* * * *

Another case of mistaken identity.

* * * *

Is knowledge really anything more
Than assorted permutations of belief.

* * * *

First, there is a mountain,
Then, there is no mountain,
And then, a mountain again.

* * * *

Guilt and shame are the fabrication
Of minds who probably are and should.

CXCVI

Those neurons sure are deft little magicians.
What difference could exist without them?

* * * *

Consciousness had to evolve
In order for the mystery to witness its Self
In all its imaginary splendor.

* * * *

Bold are the silent ones.

* * * *

So many grand project never begun.

* * * *

Missive to no one,
No who, no what,
No where, No when,
No why, no how, no way,

* * * *

You are the first, always.

* * * *

So many ways to carry the albatross.

* * * *

No wall stands forever.
Time ravages all defenses.

* * * *

There is no method to being free,
For it is in the being that is freeing.

* * * *

There are no followers in this game.

* * * *

Guns and violence do not discerning the matrix make.

* * * *

What a cruel dream the senses weave.

* * * *

Do You really want a truthful answer?

* * * *

Sometimes You just have to take a hit.
It's the aftermath that tests mettle.

* * * *

What difference does anything truly make?

* * * *

Imagine all the people, living for today.

* * * *

Personality is the response
To the surrounding voices.

* * * *

You may know the drama,
And the set upon which You stand,
But You can never even begin to fathom
The ground from which it springs.

* * * *

All the ideas with which You have built yourself
Are only released through unutterable simplicity.

* * * *

Be devoutly agnostic.

* * * *

Creating a hell for others
Is a twisted, macabre way
To feel good about yourself.

* * * *

People who sign the paychecks tend to receive a lot of tolerance,
Even approbation, for their eccentricities and abusive behaviors.

* * * *

Every life form requires at least one predator to keep it in check.

* * * *

History is only as accurate as the vision, and intent, of those who chronicle.

* * * *

How bored God must be, with our unending foolishness; no wonder he vacations so frequently.

* * * *

Science is the current exertion of ignorance.

* * * *

Personality is the mind's effort to survive psychologically.

* * * *

Reason and accountability are in such short supply.

* * * *

When You are completely attentive,
Thoughtless to the ever-present and its unfolding,
The press of time, of past and future, withdraw to the sidelines.
There is a cessation of hunger, a simple serenity, an unfathomable contentment.
The description of which, is more than a little absurd.

* * * *

Passion is the mind's unquenchable thirst for more.
The timeless is, without the sweeping dramas of desire.

* * * *

Sometimes You embrace this vain existence;
At other times it cannot end soon enough.
Yet through all the pendulum swings,
You are ever exactly the same.

* * * *

So challenging to be detached all the time.

* * * *

Those who weigh life only in loss or gain,
Miss out on the real opportunity
Of this dusty dream.

* * * *

Does it really matter
That every point and particle
Awaken to its ultimate mystical reality?
If You do, it is enough.

* * * *

How can You be responsible
For a universe over which
You have absolutely no control?

* * * *

Despite so many assertions to the contrary,
There are no hard and fast rules in the game of life.
We are all individually responsible for our countless choices.

* * * *

What an amazingly foolish fallacy
That another can make You happy.

* * * *

If You live for what others think of You,
You are but a puppet strung along
In one voice-over or another.

* * * *

The excess of options for so many in these current times
Is staggering when contrasted with the weight
Of all preceding human experience.

* * * *

How many ways the mind finds to imprison itself.

* * * *

The wealthy, powerful and famous
Have always been caught up
In the wave of pretense.

* * * *

Some are enamored with the creative force;
Others with that which is destructive.
The end sum is ever balanced,
All accounts paid in full.

* * * *

Every flowering is completely unique,
Yet absolutely, unequivocally the same.

* * * *

What do You know?
Whatever needs knowing.

* * * *

Whether of your sweat, or of your blood,
Those who run the game get their cut.

* * * *

Technique holds no candle to intuition.

* * * *

You want so badly for time to be permanent,
But, alas, it never can be more than a thought.

* * * *

What a fiendish persecutor time can be.

* * * *

No matter how real it may seem,
It has the illusive consistency
Of an ethereal dust storm.

* * * *

In making decisions,
You must set aside the fear
Of stumbling, fumbling, striking out,
Falling short, or even of dying.

* * * *

In strategic and tactical affairs,
Be predictable and unpredictable.
Do not always throw right or run left.
Sometimes launch headlong into the midst.
Sometimes hold, feint, or even feign hasty retreat.
Always maneuver at whatever tempo controls the ground.

* * * *

Too much caution accomplishes nothing.
Too much impatience throws away balance.

* * * *

The mighty fear assassination,
The eminent dread being forgotten,
And the rich worry over losing everything.
Power, fame, and fortune can be a dark journey.
A moderate, anonymous, serene existence
Is more enviable than many realize.

* * * *

How to live a richly spiritual existence
Without the wrappings of dogmatic assertion
Is the journey of humble moderation.

* * * *

Resolving conflict runs the gamut
From compromise to war.
It is vain attachment
To one conclusion or another
Which orchestrates the probable outcome.

* * * *

Who is the who
Who selects and correlates

The sensory data?

* * * *

When choice fades into the oblivion of choiceless nature,
How can karma's volitional accumulation continue?

* * * *

Few are prepared to be done with it.

* * * *

The dream of separation
Continues spiraling in space-time.
Because of consciousness's identification
With the body-mind's sensory dream.

* * * *

The world is as attached to You as You are to it.
It has many ways to keep You wandering
Along your Yellow Brick Road.

* * * *

Do You every really have any choice?

* * * *

Wherever You go, the universe unfolds.

* * * *

There is no good, there is no evil, in the ultimate reality.
Just ever-changing, imaginary collusions, between egocentric mindsets.
One man's good is another's evil, and every variety of visa-versa under any given sun.

* * * *

History's attempts to create a lasting set of rules
Illustrates again and again there are really none.

* * * *

The power sought by mortals is meaningless.
Real power is beyond imagination
And any need for it.

* * * *

Life is a vast smorgasbord.
The sum total of which
Means nothing.

* * * *

Now is the spontaneous outcome of an energetic die role made long ago.

* * * *

Any dream can transform into a hellish nightmare at the twist of a thought.

* * * *

The passionate mind is like a scalding cup of coffee sloshing from side to side.
It may take many a burned finger to learn how to sip it a bit more cautiously.

* * * *

It is the attachment to passion that generates the passion.

* * * *

Some containers cloak reality better than others.

* * * *

The mystery combines and recombines,
In a near-infinite array of synergistic sets,
For every reason and season imaginable.

* * * *

We are all the same eternal essence; each inventing and delineating a unique imaginary way.

* * * *

You operate within the limits of your fabrication.

* * * *

Boys, boys, boys.
Girls, girls, girls.
An endless sport.

* * * *

You awaken into another day of desire's pastime.
How many ways to be enticed by existence,
Into one passionate reaction or another.
What difference, really, but subtlety?

* * * *

Look into your own mind, and discern why our many creations, are so mesmerizing.

* * * *

We most certainly have enough people,
Enough idols, enough leaders, enough religions,
Enough agricultural and industrial and technological wonders,
Enough entertainments, enough cities, enough wealth,
Enough of just about everything imaginable,
To make a very fine kettle of fish.

* * * *

How much of the world, humanity has conjured, of artificial knowledge and experience,

xAnd still, the hunger, the hunger.

* * * *

All your life You have believed so many things matter, but do they really?

* * * *

Every brick in a wall,
Every drop in a cloud,
Every snowflake in a drift,
Every grain of sand in a beach,
Every part and particle in every where,
Every who and what and when and why and how,
Is indivisibly, unborn-undyingly, timelessly, ineffably absolute.

* * * *

No matter how enlightened You are, You will still play it out according, to your personal narrative.

* * * *

How can anyone become something, when there is really no time but to be?

* * * *

Political correctness is nothing new; it is the force underpinning any inquisition.

* * * *

What vanity to think any deity or deities esteem any belief,
Any form, any costume, any tradition, any ritual, any symbol, any dogma.
The ineffable mystery has never been bound by the idiosyncrasies of human collusion.

* * * *

The entropy of the way, consumes all forms back into the formless reality.

* * * *

Humanity is drowning in the ignorance of its ignorance.

* * * *

How can You know what none can ever know?
Mu, baby, mu.

* * * *

Imagine current events through the veil, of what will be written about it in time.

* * * *

Any corporate body, will be only too happy to accept your sacrifice, for its laudable cause.

* * * *

Do You awaken into dreaming, or shift into dreaming You are awake?

* * * *

Whatever way You choose, it is all the dream of Oz, in one Kansas or another.

* * * *

Respect your Self enough to stop the inner torture.

* * * *

Did the Jesus or Buddha, or whoever You might imagine, ever really exist?

* * * *

To be the mystery in the flesh, what a challenging tightrope.

* * * *

Drift nonchalant, or drift hectic and distracted, it is all the same.

CXCVII

Humility does not imply lack of confidence.

* * * *

The muck of the matter usually belies the glory.

* * * *

How many blame their suffering
On everyone but themselves.

* * * *

You do not necessarily have
To find love with another
To be in love with your Self.

* * * *

In making an assumption,
You may be missing the real source
Of both the problem and it's inherent solution.

* * * *

You must endure such imagined torture
To overcome your fear of sovereignty.

* * * *

You are wherever You are.
Being out of sync with the nowness
Stresses an otherwise innocent container.

* * * *

There's not much point to arguing with a pinhead vision.

* * * *

The garden will one day,
In one way, or perhaps many,
Prune humanity to a manageable size.

* * * *

What is the body but a harbor
From which dreams manifest.

* * * *

You are compelled by whatever life inspires You to want.

* * * *

What need have you

For the quagmire of sorrow
This world so often brings about?

* * * *

As wrong, stupid or foolish as it all too often is,
Might makes right.
Always has, always will.

* * * *

Pandora's Box is not often closed.

* * * *

The synergy of greed is overwhelming.

* * * *

What's truly ironic
Is that someday
These will be called
The "Good Old Days."

* * * *

Please don't ruin it by opening your mouth.

* * * *

The measure of pride
Is one's resistance to reality.

* * * *

What prisons excess can fashion.

* * * *

It's all about You, and not all about You, at the same time.
Your existence is but a negligible role of the larger stage,
But in your own dream, You are the center stage creation.

* * * *

You cannot force your fate into what it is not destined to be.

* * * *

Irony, always irony; paradox, always paradox.

* * * *

Wishful thinking is just that.

* * * *

In the manifest reality
There is a pecking order
To which all forms must abide.

* * * *

Who was that madman, Kemo Sabe?

* * * *

Something for divisive minds to chew on.

* * * *

Lust is perhaps the most demanding force
In this frail, very temporary existence.

* * * *

The truths and lies of history are left for time to distill.

* * * *

A remarkable thing to fully examine one's life, eh what?

* * * *

What doesn't annihilate You today
Often makes You stronger tomorrow.

* * * *

Each moment poses a new reckoning.
So many choices can easily make
For such a harried existence.

* * * *

Narcissism needs but one reflection.
But in a house of mirrors, conceit
Attains an infinity of potentials.

* * * *

Freedom is its own reward.

* * * *

Drink deeply of your existence in whatever way fate allows,
God or no, this mortal play, is truly an endlessly ineffable mystery.

* * * *

What a travesty the dogmas of organized religion.

* * * *

Ponder anything and everything
Until nothing is left to ponder.

* * * *

Demons and angels are bound by their oneness.

* * * *

So arduous, so simple,
To comprehend the truth of the matter.

* * * *

Habitually cleaning your plate
Is not necessarily a beneficial thing to do.
Very challenging it is to stop when the body is sated.
The mind will gorge forever, if allowed.

* * * *

The beast is not bound by the moralities of consciousness.

* * * *

To be human is more
Than walking on two legs
And manipulating one's thumbs.

* * * *

Pain and suffering are certainties of life.
A measure of detachment is the challenge.

* * * *

The only bona fide choice is unconditional surrender
To that which You truly are, and the fate that it inspires.

* * * *

A true gift is freely given.

* * * *

In the game of win and lose, there are ultimately no winners.

* * * *

If it fits, pass it on; if not, drop it, and wander on.

* * * *

Morality is not about vain, dogmatic assertion.

* * * *

What would You do or say if You could do or say it another way?

* * * *

It is all about fulfilling your fate.

* * * *

All remedies are but temporal jousts.

* * * *

All differences are imagined.

* * * *

Confusion is sewn of the desire
For life to be more than it is.

* * * *

Tranquility is a gift that few truly attain.

* * * *

Negate everything and You will see.

* * * *

History kaleidoscopes each and every moment
Individually, collectively, infinitesimally, infinitely.
No stone is left unturned in the annuals of time.

* * * *

Passing along what You know
Creates realities You will never see.

* * * *

Drift as You will, all time is an ephemeral spigot.

* * * *

Too bad we will never get past ourselves.
Ponder all the things we could really do
If humanity was infused with heaven.
Such joy there could be if wisdom
Were as commonplace as water.

* * * *

What a role each plays in their own vain dream.

* * * *

Who is it who witnesses
Through any sensory apparatus
But the same one in all?

* * * *

The only thing holding You in this 3-D mirage
Is a body bound to fall off some moment in time.
Will the freedom be too much to withstand rebirth?

* * * *

You are the unknown dreamer
Dreaming all the becoming real,
Caught in the web of vain division

And dread of the absolute aloneness
Of reality prior to all imagined attributes.

* * * *

Few others will ever see You as You are
Unless they, too, have remembered.

* * * *

You choose to be burdened
By your own imagination.
Discerning reality leaves you
Choicelessly, freely light-headed.

* * * *

Amazing to realize how many
Are incapable of empathizing with others.
How many are so self-absorbed as to have no vision
Of anyone or anything but me, myself, and I.

* * * *

Truth has nothing to do with any lightshow.

* * * *

If God is as vain as we, then what is the fucking point?

* * * *

All form is the ephemeral fluid of eternity.

* * * *

If You are still seeking, then perhaps You need to re-think your path.

* * * *

What can You have any feeling about that is not one illusion or another?

* * * *

What madness will You endure this day?

* * * *

Don't kid yourself that science
Isn't as thick with politics as anything else
Concocted by the human mind.

* * * *

First they make You feel guilty,
Then they absolve You,
Then they as for ten percent.

* * * *

You become what You imagine.
Together, we create theater.

* * * *

How can fear truly inspire?

* * * *

Chances are You will find whatever it is You seek.
If it is the messiah, You will find the messiah.
If it is a Buddha, You will find a Buddha.
If it is nothing, You will find nothing.

* * * *

No worries, mate.

* * * *

For that is all it really is.

* * * *

You just never know when one or more
Of these little ditties will bubble up.

* * * *

It doesn't need to be published
To ripple across the world.

* * * *

What was it You wanted to remember again?

* * * *

There seem to be few human foibles into which You have not
Intentionally, accidentally, foolishly, or unavoidably demonstrated.

* * * *

True perfection is impossible
At all but the most essential level.
Question the assumptions of any ideal.

* * * *

The routine of day after day after day
Can be both exhausting and enlightening.

* * * *

At some point, all the collection of data requires a decision.
No decision is, of course, one of the most likely selections.

* * * *

It's an interactive universe.

* * * *

The world was doing just fine
Before humankind wandered along.
One day, in the relativity of geographical time,
Signs of our vain presence will have long since evaporated.

* * * *

A little ignorance goes a long way.

* * * *

Passivity versus aggression is an irony
About which humanity has much to learn.

* * * *

What is wisdom without foolishness?

* * * *

Any extreme runs the risk of addiction.

* * * *

Left requires right, odd-even, coarse-fine.
One is not, cannot be, without the other.

* * * *

You are what You are educated to be.

* * * *

By the thread of imagination,
You wander the abyss.

* * * *

Rest assured that ultimate reality will be
Long after your presence has evaporated.

* * * *

We are herd animals, social beings,
Yet so competitive and limited by tribal views,
That we seem unable to see the inherent commonality
Of all life, all forms, no matter the nature.

* * * *

What melodrama we so willingly wade.

* * * *

That to which You react. demarks the fated road You travel.

* * * *

Be cautious that your loyalties are not naively misguided.

* * * *

Do You really need to know anything?
Even your Self?

* * * *

How interesting that we fabricate glory from the hellish destruction of war.

* * * *

Pause and reflect as possible upon your true timelessness.
It is the eternal liqueur in which You actually reside,
A transcendent state if ever there was one.

* * * *

What would You do if there was no other
To impress with your worth, or lack of it?

* * * *

To take anything personally is the vanity.

* * * *

So many believe there really is something to become,
Yet such a minority are truly interested in or able to discern
That the answer to all seeking is simple, profound awareness.

* * * *

Every possible distraction
Is planted within the maze of time.
One must disregard all to discern clearly.

* * * *

When You see all this and gaze back
Into the many perceptions of your dream,
What a girder-ridden, complex edifice it all is.
So preposterous, and the same time so binding.
As long as the body-mind continues to function,
One has little choice but to breath in and out
The ceaseless mirages of manifest reality.

CXCVIII

Life is so much simpler in childhood.
To regain that state is not for the meek.

* * * *

Absurdity hath no bounds.

* * * *

Greed works all too well.

* * * *

All your friends, your loves, your enemies
Are really You in disguise.

* * * *

How magnificent the potential of this dream,
And what a travesty we have made it.
It is not idealistic to believe
We could do better.

* * * *

Does your mask-costume shape You, or You it?
Perhaps a bit of both, and perhaps neither.

* * * *

Why should anything that happens in your life surprise You?

* * * *

When You have done your time in the desert,
Upon the mountain, beneath the tree, or in the closet,
You will know the field and its temporal duration.

* * * *

Win-lose games are played
By those who believe they will succeed.
Winners abound in the splendors the board offers.
Losers tumble into the street and whatever moment it allows.

* * * *

Discern the non-existence of existence.

* * * *

Nothing is just but what is made just.

* * * *

Despite all your vanity to the contrary,

The big picture is not about You.

* * * *

Who is it who makes
One moment preferred,
And another not?

* * * *

About as useful as pissing and farting in the wind.

* * * *

For those who are discerning,
The ever-unfurling experiencing of existence
Brings about a larger and larger view.
Incomplete visions fall away
And the day to day
Becomes merely a dream.

* * * *

Some aphorisms transcribe camera-ready,
While others need a smidgen of whittling
With the magic of the digital screen.

* * * *

No matter how ethereal your quest,
With enticing, unwavering arms.
Maya will always welcome You back.

* * * *

The sun wags your tale.

* * * *

Life's many cycles can move up or down with severe rabidity; fate is a strange bedfellow.

* * * *

How arduous is it to just be when the pulses of the mind
Ever kick start into one imaginary reverie or another.

* * * *

Is there anything that cannot be justified in one mind or another?

* * * *

Into excessive equality, dogma often creeps.
Democracy can be the stepping-stone to tyranny.

* * * *

Science is only as real as the eye with which it measures.

* * * *

At your death, the universe will not even for a moment blink,
Nor shudder, nor catch its breath, nor even belch.
The eternal wheel will roll on unabated,
Undisturbed, unabashed,
Untamed.

* * * *

It really may be
Only important to You.
So giving it a rest
Is an option.

* * * *

A pedestal tends to crack and crumble
As You get closer to the person
You've placed upon it.

* * * *

Every moment sculpts your fate.

* * * *

Your death will come and go
As has every moment
Since time's eternal birth.

* * * *

Hold it still with disciplined awareness.

* * * *

All the knowledge humanity has ever fabricated
Can never come close to trumping your true nature.

* * * *

What has convinced you
That your were born,
And must someday die?

* * * *

Desire and fear fuel and fan the drama.

* * * *

How reassuring it must be to be so sure.

* * * *

You are God's portal to a dream.

* * * *

To be free is as simple as erasing all the fear,
And the desire in which it is embedded.

* * * *

What most call love
Seems to often become
More trouble than it's worth.

* * * *

The things we'll do to avoid feeling lonely.

* * * *

Get born, breathe, learn, play the serendipity,
Occasionally toss in a dash of irony,
Or a smidgeon of paradox,
And, voila, destiny!

* * * *

Exhilarating and exhausting the AC/DC of existence.

* * * *

Vanquish the fear of suffering.

* * * *

How many personalities do You have?

* * * *

Become aware of the grace
That fills your every moment.

* * * *

Give it no name, for it is nameless.
Give it no form, for it is formless.
Give it no time, for it is timeless.
Give it no point, for it is pointless.
Give it no thought, for it is thoughtless.
Give it no meaning, for it is meaningless.

* * * *

Practice what You preach,
Or cap the sermon.

* * * *

Act now.
The will be eternity enough for resting.

* * * *

Resistance only fuels the suffering.

* * * *

Life is too short to worry about dying.

* * * *

Would that You had the passion
For more than zen bones.

* * * *

It is far bigger than any deity ever imagined.

* * * *

Pass it on freely.
No middlemen allowed.

* * * *

Avoid the game of differences.
Ascertain the common denominator
As often as your monkey-mind will allow.

* * * *

We still have so much to learn,
And so little time.

* * * *

The world is only a little larger than Easter Island.

* * * *

To be as a child is to have no concern about the future.

* * * *

How can ignorance ever accept
What it does not know or understand?
The vision of those who born to see
Is but madness to the dull mind.

* * * *

Why waste your time doing something
If You aren't going to do it well?

* * * *

Are You worthy of your own love?

* * * *

The irony of profound vulgarity
Again raises its bushy mane.

* * * *

The synergistic beast ravages its birthing ground.

* * * *

Before the dawn,
The wee hours
Must slowly pass.

* * * *

Love is infatuation
Until the first betrayal's
Inevitable dealing.

* * * *

Dark and light are the same.
Reality is neither.

* * * *

Connect with your source and You will be free
Of the ceaseless fatiguing limitations
Which bind You to time.

* * * *

If You must preach,
Preach reality,
Not fantasy.

* * * *

Heaven and hell are intertwined
In every part and particle.
One is not without the other.

* * * *

No need to worry about things You cannot change.

* * * *

If You want something
To which You can securely cling,
Truth is not for You.

* * * *

Some of us are redeemable.

* * * *

Integration with the infinity of eternal reality
Is the uninhibited blending of heart and mind.

* * * *

Even a momentary glimpse is redeeming.

* * * *

What good is a mind without a heart?
Or a heart without a mind?

* * * *

Why would anyone muddle through all this?
Yet still You plod on in this Sisyphean task.

* * * *

Step out of your given pattern just once,
And You will never be quite the same.
The question is, will there be a point
At which to give in to a conclusion?

* * * *

All conclusions are not.

* * * *

An accident is often fate's way of taking an unpleasant turn.

* * * *

What eyes see, ears hear,
Nostrils smell, tongue tastes, and flesh feels
Is the peculiar invention of the mind
In time's delusionary web.

* * * *

We are all encased in our own bubbles of imagination.

* * * *

Do You really get anything out of anything?

* * * *

There have been many mystical uprisings,
But none have managed to evade
The dogmatic assertions of ignorance.

* * * *

Belief motivates so much inanity.

* * * *

So many hooks pull You back into ignorance again and again.
When You wander into the foggy bog, purgatory ascends,
And You must again seek and discern what is real.

* * * *

Of course, there is a God, and it includes You, is You, has never not been You.

* * * *

Silly boys and girls.

* * * *

What if our entire universe
Was just an electron
In an atom of a universe?
And what if that that universe…?

* * * *

Get past yourself.

* * * *

So much space out there.
So much space in there.

* * * *

All but impossible in the day to day
To remember what You really are.
No wonder some just go into the jungle,
Or get a group of followers to play their game.

* * * *

Transcend the space-time frame.

* * * *

Remarkable how little control
One has over any given life.

* * * *

Awake or asleep, it is all essentially the same.

* * * *

Differentiation is the absurdity of limitation.

* * * *

Beauty is a mating strategy
To which time has no loyalty.

* * * *

One messiah was enough, thank You.

* * * *

Ponder reality.

* * * *

It is still infinity,

No matter how You form it.

* * * *

Go deeply within,
And You cannot help
But see it true.

* * * *

Unutterably pointless.

* * * *

The primary goal
Of organized religions
Seems to be about trumping
All the other organized religions.

* * * *

What a meaningless waste of time.

* * * *

Essentially, the infinite sleeps with one eye open.

* * * *

Stardust expressing itself one seed at a time.

* * * *

When language imagines so many opposites,
How can the grip of illusion be easily unraveled?

* * * *

The big bang, once a snowball upon mountain high.

* * * *

Running out of blather, yet?

* * * *

What dreams may come.

* * * *

So many masks. the snowflakes of eternity.

* * * *

There is not one part or particle
Within the entire realm of essential nature
With which You are not fully connected.
It is all much closer than You think.

CXCIX

Open your Self
To the near infinity
Of possibilities.

* * * *

You never know when it will be time.

* * * *

Why would You waste this day
In another's movie?

* * * *

You are your interests.

* * * *

Reality is a grand holograph
Prior to any sensory reading.

* * * *

So absolutely lonely
That only the aloneness
Of nothingness
Can fill it.

* * * *

Is the dreaming
Between waking and sleeping
All that different?

* * * *

The order of time veils the chaos of reality.

* * * *

Even the applause of the entire universe
Would not sate a lonely, incomplete soul.

* * * *

A lot of tollbooths
Using little neon signs of Jesus
At the collection plate.

* * * *

Look what havoc five senses hooked into imagination can create.
What if there were seven or thirty-seven, or one hundred seven?

* * * *

Way too many distractions for one lifetime.

* * * *

Consciousness is merely a thin veneer cloaking the abyss.

* * * *

Is death an ending, a beginning,
Or just a transition to another show.
It's all conjecture until show time arrives.

* * * *

A snowball in time.
What more will the journey bring?

* * * *

What a bitter aftertaste so many pleasures bring.

* * * *

The nothingness nobody sees.

* * * *

The wafting smoke,
No direction known.

* * * *

The leash of time.

* * * *

Not all that complicated, really.

* * * *

It is the drama queens
That make so many things miserable.

* * * *

Very challenging to be free
Of all the things
To which one clings.

* * * *

So hard not to fall asleep again and again.
Becoming Buddha 24/7/365 until death do You part
Is a road few have the capacity to journey.

* * * *

Such a mix to sort through and move beyond.

* * * *

Anonymous like a shadow.

* * * *

Across infinity, every conceivable experiencing
Happening in one here-now or another.

* * * *

To not care one iota.
How freeing.

* * * *

Doing nothing ranks high on the things-to-do list.

* * * *

Awakening is a lost and found exercise.

* * * *

How many scientists truly have no agenda? Is that even possible?

* * * *

You have all the tools You need
To go all the way to where your now stand.
It is a discerning determination that will set You free.

* * * *

Will the masses ever really comprehend
How many mystics amble among them?

* * * *

The paradox of being a true human being
Is that You really no longer are one.

* * * *

If not this form, then another.

* * * *

Key historical moments are like punctuation.
They demark endings and beginnings in the affairs of consciousness.
Time, of course, carries on with nary a shrug.

* * * *

The advent of self-imagery and knowledge
Gradually erodes the innocence of childhood.
To rediscover and reclaim the inherent simplicity,
One must allow all concern born of time to drop away.

* * * *

Taking it at all so seriously is the root of the absurdity.

* * * *

We certainly enjoy all our naming.

* * * *

In all our connecting, so much disconnectedness.

* * * *

You only get so many wake-up calls.

* * * *

Locked within every seed is the potential for destiny.

* * * *

The trouble with dissatisfaction
Is that it has no remedy.

* * * *

Natural selection creates
Every sort of mutation
Upon this mysterious garden.
Why, how, the scientists try to discern,
But knowledge ever disguises its own limitations,
And true ignorance is layered with endless coats of vanity.

* * * *

Craving does not hold a candle to bliss.

* * * *

Your awareness is the infinite ocean
And the senses are the waves crashing
Upon the bounded shores of time's illusion.

* * * *

How wrapped up we are in our space-time dreams.
As if their duration and scope were eternally significant.
As if a brief swirl of silt is any more important than any other.

* * * *

Girls become their mothers
And boys their fathers
Often enough to applaud the exceptions.

* * * *

The moonlight upon the water
Is as genuine a reflection
As the moon itself.

* * * *

Your responsibility
To this world or any other
Is entirely up to You.

* * * *

The words of oracles
Are the inner voice
To which each has access
If they pay close enough attention.

* * * *

Rules in philosophical questing?
As ridiculous as any in a knife fight.

* * * *

Let time iron out the details.

* * * *

In cyberspace they may be great warriors.
But in life they are often slothful, fat and lazy.

* * * *

Men hypnotically stare
In desire-ridden genetic lust,
While the objects of their attention,
With practiced nonchalance,
Pretend not to notice.

* * * *

Dream bubbles press against one another,
Interacting, witnessing each other's dream states,
Yet every calculation is ever a projection
Of one's conceptual equation.
All are imagined reveries
And all ultimately pop
Into the oblivion
Of eternity's
Timeless reality.

* * * *

Sexual fantasies play such a role
In all we have created.
Our lives are truly orchestrated
By the ebb and flow of the genetic structure.

* * * *

Dream inside the cave, or dream outside it,
To discern the dreamer is the commonality
Which relatively few are fated to explore.

* * * *

So many attaching so much importance
To their individual and collective dreaming
That they cannot grasp losing the investment.

* * * *

To climb any hill
Requires coming down it.
With every rise, a fall is inevitable.

* * * *

It is an ever-changing dream
Of an elemental functioning
Prior to any conscious perception.

* * * *

Taking nothing personally
Is an error of perception
To which we all succumb.

* * * *

Waves or particles.
Both or neither?

* * * *

Nor mirage can sustain a reckoning point for long.

* * * *

You allowed the world to bind You in its illusory prison,
And it is You who must discern the key
To unlocking eternity within.

* * * *

A watery mirage
Beckons your thirst,
Yet never gives You more
Than the desolate sands
Of unquenchable time.

* * * *

Only a fool would try so hard
To explain the inexplicable.

* * * *

In true peace, You no longer exist.

* * * *

You will conduct yourself in accordance
With the internal rules of your own making,
But what of those rare few whose beliefs
Have dissipated into the eternal mists?
Who be they who reside lightly within?

* * * *

What a lie the sense of identity is.
We all deceive ourselves
So completely.

* * * *

Where is a mind free of passion?

* * * *

Questions of a thousand dreams,
Answers never what it seems.

* * * *

Pure mind, pure heart.
The thunder of no-mind, no-heart.

* * * *

Odds are You cannot recall your birth,
And You know as little of your death.
Abide in the stillpoint of ignorance.

* * * *

How simple it all was
When You never worried
About losing everything.

* * * *

What makes one thing sacred, and another not?
All judgment is arbitrary.

* * * *

The essential is nothing to take personally.

* * * *

Each day builds itself.

* * * *

The play of words is all so meaningless, don't You think?
Absurd echoes drifting through this silly little play of time.

* * * *

Infinitely absurd, that's surely what it is, it is,
But it's better than being alone,
One supposes.
In a very dark room
With no furniture, that is.
Nor even a floor for that matter.
After all, what is the majestic abyss,
But the eternal nada, forever and a day.

* * * *

A good sense of humor, laced with irony and paradox, is the best salvation.

* * * *

Close the book of law, and there is no point from which to judge.

* * * *

Always be cautious when You wander the cement jungle; may be a bit beastly.

* * * *

The only real solution to all your worries is death; either literally or figuratively.

* * * *

Your choice.

* * * *

Make it a transcendent day, eh what.

* * * *

You may care, but does that starry-starry universe even know You exist?
And it is an exceedingly dubious assumption, that your imaginary little friend, God,
Gives a rat's ass about You and your well-being, or anything else, either.

* * * *

The majesty of the infinite absoluteness, is well beyond your most galactic premise.

* * * *

It does not matter why or how or when or where these words were written.
Or by whom.
That they were written is answer enough for any question.

* * * *

A manifesto of mysterious origin.

* * * *

Babblewocky.

* * * *

No order known.

* * * *

Transcend your murky, plebian, parochial little world,
And see the infinite, pounding pulse of each and every moment.
You are a witness born to envision the totality,
Of what You really are.

* * * *

To cloak your Self is paramount,
For there are but few who will jointly comprehend,
The chameleon nature all forms play.

* * * *

The blind see only the dazzling play of changing light,
Missing entirely the clarity of awareness,
Behind their deluded eye.

* * * *

You have co-created this very spontaneous dream,
Yet have so little influence in how it unfolds,
As to say You have virtually none at all.

* * * *

The course is set, and none may reconvene the crew, to chart another.

* * * *

Your world is truly a private affair.

* * * *

Herein is given to that which has no name,
But to which the course of all time sings.
The song of mystery knows no other.

Rest assured, even the scribe, is undeniably clueless, where all these words will lead.

* * * *

Just doing his good deed; the boy scout who never was.
A tamed beast, infinitely loyal, to that which is indivisible.

* * * *

There is no milieu through which the solitary wanderers have not journeyed many times.
And even then, the Yellow Brick Path less taken, is as woefully treacherous,
And, most certainly and assuredly, as ever-humbling as ever.
Wisdom is not easily won in this indelible, indivisible, ineffable, mystery.

* * * *

Life, sooner or later it will kill You.
But first, a word from our sponsors.

* * * *

Abscond while You may, You thief in the night.

* * * *

Those who do not subscribe to the current idiocies are elevated or shunned; it does not matter which.

* * * *

That You are not yet worm's meat, is the certainty that your course is well set in the play of time.

* * * *

Whatever history says or does not say of mystic scribes, their thoughts chime true.

* * * *

For most certainly, this is both pinnacle and pit through which humanity is passing.

* * * *

All choicelessly play out a dreamtime fate spun out by the genetic wheel of fortune.
Your first breath will find a way to the last; all equally timeless in the dusty maelstrom.

* * * *

Serendipity fuels countless adventures.

* * * *

Do not allow the meek, the sheeples, chance seeing too deeply into your eternal eye,
Lest they be paralyzed with unwarranted, unprovoked consternation,
Before the seed of doubt has naturally emerged.

* * * *

Death is the most unyielding adversary.

It has no pride, and will resolutely shadow,
Through whatever heavens, whatever perditions,
The mind, in all its imaginings, can so readily devise.

* * * *

It is neither God nor the Devil, who cause You so much suffering; it is yourself.

* * * *

Bliss os right here, right now, but are You?

* * * *

A touch of true wild abandon.

* * * *

Word processing is such a wonderful invention.

* * * *

You struggle with such ambitious fervor,, to climb to the top of one mound or another.
Only to find it never really all that much different than any other place or time along the way.

* * * *

It is all process, baby, and where are You along the way?

* * * *

Tee-hee.

* * * *

Among many other things, a penchant for aphorisms, I'd say.

* * * *

Curiouser and curiouser, that someone has not seen fit to off You just yet.

* * * *

Quicksand is so loving, that it cannot help but want to draw You closer.

* * * *

Just bone and fluids waiting to happen.

* * * *

The dragon is not quite hungry just yet.

* * * *

It would be just too strange to suddenly have everyone knowing your name.

* * * *

This is not for those who cherish safe, insipid, petty lives.

* * * *

Love is such a handicapped word.

* * * *

The telling is in the truth.

* * * *

Bread and wine is so Messiah 101.
Now, cutlery and goblets, that's another matter.
Jesus never even scored on that one.

* * * *

The news is only as accurate
As its reporters are thorough.

* * * *

I may lead,
But do You have the courage to follow?

* * * *

Here be the proverbial trust-god-but-tie-up-your-camel reminder.
Nothing like of dose of day-to-day to ground your earthly reality.

* * * *

Every creature your brother; be ye Cain or Able?

* * * *

Nothing extraordinary happened today.

* * * *

Growing larger and larger,
Consuming everything in its path,
The beast destroys all forms,
Until, with one final,
Painful belch,
It collapses,
Of its own weight.

* * * *

Greed is a penniless journey.

* * * *

Which is surely not the way any decent deity-on-high would have intended it.

* * * *

Your true perfection is muddied by the many flaws to which You are so resolutely attached.

* * * *

Nothing hurts as much as imagination.

* * * *

Why should You not enjoy your time in whatever way fate allows?
The challenge is to do it without infringing on others
Who share the same prerogative.

* * * *

Nothing matters near as much
As You would like to believe.

* * * *

What an amazing dream You have existed.

* * * *

Imagine you're already dead.
What's left to do?

* * * *

What an funny thing this concept of time.
What is a watch or calendar, really,
But an attempt to be secure
In a completely insecure reality?

* * * *

Relax!
You are just an imaginary filament born of space and time.
Nothing to get worked up about, really.

* * * *

A well-kept secret is kept alone.

* * * *

Who cares what You think about anybody?
Or what anybody thinks about You?

* * * *

Ponder the incessant inner monologue.

* * * *

When there's no other way You would do it,
That's the zen moment.

* * * *

Judge the world,
And it will judge You.

* * * *

Compassion is the end of judgment.

* * * *

Cynicism
May be the most challenging attachment
To leave behind.

* * * *

Now, That You can fall in love within.

* * * *

Nothingness gazing out
At the sensory somethingness.
The mystery of light's origin.

* * * *

Another blooper.
Oh well.

* * * *

Fall into the bliss of effortless oblivion.

* * * *

None can judge You without your complicity.

* * * *

What a challenge to remember
In the mill's daily gristing grind.

* * * *

Still yourself
To be
The stillness of Self.

* * * *

You are
THAT
I AM.

* * * *

Be still
And know
THAT
I AM.

* * * *

In the flash of a moment's realization,
All disappears, and only one remains.

* * * *

Observe the sea of attachment
In which You everlastingly swim.

* * * *

The senses are the vibration.

* * * *

Is what You want for your Self
What You would wish for others?

* * * *

Forget yourself.
Remember your Self.

* * * *

Change into the changeless.

* * * *

About as astute as refried beans.

* * * *

Living the way you're expected to
Is not a life worth emulating.

* * * *

How did You get here?

* * * *

Who were You before You were born?
Who will You be after You die?
Who could You ever be
But That now.

* * * *

Ponder the infinite matrix, the holograph,
Of the great All that can never be
More or less than one.

* * * *

The Cheshire Cat disappears to all but Self.

* * * *

Life gives many opportunities to show your caliber.

* * * *

Fear is not an inspiring choice.

* * * *

What would your existence be like
Without the many judgments
That cavort so callously
In your dream?

* * * *

Observe the way it is,
Not the way
You want it to be.

* * * *

You are part of it, too, You know.

* * * *

It is all about patterns playing out in the freedom of the eternal unborn-undying moment.
Patterns we embrace are regular, normal, comfortable, relaxing, certain, consistent.
Those we do not like are irregular, abnormal, uncomfortable, edgy, unsure.
Thus, good and evil are created in the garden that knows neither.

* * * *

Life is never pressing,
But what we make it so.

* * * *

An honest accounting is all one can ask.

* * * *

What else can nature do
But give way with total passivity?
Beware the beguiling embrace, however,
For it is the potential for every sort of hellish ruin.

* * * *

The ground of one day
Will mulch You into the next.

* * * *

You may be the greatest amusement of all.

* * * *

Enticing exteriors
Can so easily ensnare
The unsuspecting.

* * * *

Eventually, it will all pass,

And be as if it never was.
Such is the infinite nature
Of the eternal changing.

* * * *

Suicide is about not caring
What others think anymore.

* * * *

All is ordered
For You to witness
As You do.

* * * *

Even unto the nth degree,
It is really all the same.
The only differences
Hinge entirely
Upon the capacity
To comprehend the irony.

* * * *

Ask not for whom the bell is tolling,
Unless You are ready to hear
That it may be for thee.

* * * *

How much are You living for others?

* * * *

What insanity desire hath wrought.

* * * *

Totality equally embraces all creation and destruction.

* * * *

The Antichrist is risen,
And it is not what was expected.
Be wary the assumptions
Set before You.

CCI

Humility is without judgment.

* * * *

How much of any given day do You spend
Wandering from one judgment to another?

* * * *

Bury your arrogance.

* * * *

What confusion so many stories harvest.

* * * *

Women so badly want to believe
In a world that has never existed.

* * * *

Flies don't care
How their meat is served,
Do they, love?

* * * *

When the facades of all romance are removed,
What a savage, remorseless the garden becomes.

* * * *

When time ends,
Only stillness remains.

* * * *

To comprehend it is all for naught
Is not for any mind to easily discern.

* * * *

Peace requires vulnerability, care, trust, and faith.
In a world of betrayal, treachery, and ill will,
Who dares take the first step?

* * * *

The war is no longer with nature
As much as it is against ourselves.

* * * *

The end…again.

* * * *

One can certainly argue
That a world unconsumed
Is a world gone to waste.

* * * *

Respect nature as You would any loyal opposition.

* * * *

The smoke of your beingness will be long gone
Before another enters the room
On par with You.

* * * *

You'd have hoped our brief soiree
With knowledge and all it implies
Would have come to more than this.

* * * *

The joke will be on you
If You allow your vanity
To get the better of You.

* * * *

For what is it be smoke and mirrors, anyway?

* * * *

Who does not worthy of an acting award
For whatever part they have played
In this manifest garden stage.

* * * *

Imagine all this dribbling out
For whatever time is left.
Jesus Fucking Christ.

* * * *

The human drama is in an orbit
Which it cannot long survive.

* * * *

It's all about competing mindsets from now on.

* * * *

No matter what he tries to do,
If he did come back, there's no way
Poor old Jesus is going to make anyone
All that happy in this sorry world.

I would stay away, too.

* * * *

A world of difference
Between being a human being
And a humanitarian.

* * * *

The niceties of civilization are all forgotten
When the good times head south.

* * * *

To toy with the Darwinian equation
Is unutterable, insanely vain folly.

* * * *

Where would You be
Without an audience
To dictate your reality?

* * * *

Accidents tend to quickly forge unexpected detours.

* * * *

What would be the hunter's state of mind
Were he suddenly the unarmed hunted?

* * * *

Ironic how so many brilliant ideas
Articulate into death and destruction.

* * * *

The absurdity,
The absurdity.

* * * *

Safeties are designed for lapses in discipline.

* * * *

Brave, curious deer do not survive many seasons.

* * * *

Make the best of what fate offers, and perhaps You will be content.

* * * *

The essence is all the same; only in the eye of the beholder are differences maintained.

* * * *

Imagination machines is what we are, methinks.

* * * *

Sometimes You just need to veg.

* * * *

No boubt adout it.

* * * *

Doing the unexpected keeps the world on its toes.

* * * *

Illusions never change into something real.

* * * *

Due to its time-bound, moving, seeking nature,
Consciousness itself can never be truly content.
It can believe itself so, but the thought lasts only
Until the next diversion drifts into awareness.
True contentment is the not knowingness,
Which does not require the incessant
Checking of the conscious pulse.
Not for those seeking comfort
In this world or any other.

* * * *

Women want so badly to find a man
Who will find their prattle interesting.

* * * *

Fill it empty.

* * * *

What a rutted road any given mind becomes.

* * * *

Madness is a many-layered state
Of delusion's enterprising potential.

* * * *

The mystery of all time is That I Am.

* * * *

You keep on forgetting to remember.
C'est la vie.

* * * *

About that which You can never know,

Do not speculate.

* * * *

Judge it not
For it is all You.

* * * *

There ain't no dark
To thems that sees.

* * * *

Every life form
Plays out the universe
Born of the patterning it is given.

* * * *

A Prince of Nothingness.

* * * *

The heart may be dark or light,
The former a state of pride,
The latter of surrender.

* * * *

Avoid drama queens whenever possible.

* * * *

Forget who You believe You are.
It is nothing more than the make-believe
Of delusion's endless penchant for imagination.

* * * *

Dwell in the oneness of all diversity.

* * * *

Irony is the ultimate anarchy.

* * * *

Time washes away all creation.

* * * *

History is the fabrication of words, and words are the smoke of time.

* * * *

Dwell in the oneness of all diversity.

* * * *

Paths are the time-bound routes

Traveled by seekers as yet unable to discern
They are truly walking on the smoky veils of nothingness.

* * * *

Beware of the figurative being translated literally.

* * * *

Good lord, more irony.
Will it never end?

* * * *

The only thing we have to fear is imagination itself.

* * * *

As cruel as birth, as kind as death.

* * * *

An exponent of absolute madness.

* * * *

That little tickle on the back of your neck
Is death's guillotine taking aim.

* * * *

Doubt everything, especially
That You ever even existed.

* * * *

Yes, yes, I know.
You still want to believe it matters.
Only to You, only to You.

* * * *

It is really of no concern of anyone else
What You choose to do with your life.
It is ironically both gift and curse
For You to play out as You will.

* * * *

As it is for all of us.

* * * *

What a masochist this mystery is.

* * * *

It is the only thing You can imagine real.

* * * *

Doubt so completely
That You see through it all.

* * * *

Dying to self is not a sorrowful act.

* * * *

Only the blind fear death.

* * * *

What point is there in any judgment?

* * * *

Resume infinity.

Pain is as real as your imagination.

* * * *

Children see the unfolding moment clearly, until their minds are muddied by history.

* * * *

Free will is the delusion that You are choosing what to do with your fate.

* * * *

All your passion and fear
Weave through your body and mind
Like a glue that hardens with each day's passing.

* * * *

Hmmm…hmmm…good.
Burnt to the last drop.

* * * *

Desire temporarily alleviates
The agony of solitude and dread.
It is the source of all confusion.

* * * *

So incredibly simple.
You are That I Am.
All else is distraction.

* * * *

You are told to believe so much.
Why should You tolerate it?

* * * *

A different sort of activism

Is available only to those who see.

* * * *

An everything and nothing sort of Way.

* * * *

Death will take You any way it chooses.
Deal with it.

* * * *

Death is merely the matrix reloading.

* * * *

Religion is just another variation of vanity.

* * * *

If your deity of choice is so merciful, why were You ever born?

* * * *

Life is like a crap table,
And You are the ever-rolling dice
Permutating across its mysterious face.

* * * *

Use any metaphor, any analogy
The mind might possibly conceive,
It is ever absorbed by its given limitation.

* * * *

What You would do for nothing is your passion.

* * * *

The relativity of all points is beyond argument.

* * * *

Only the innocent can afford idealistic notions.

* * * *

A now temporarily preserved in time.

* * * *

It's always been the same.

* * * *

If You had never been given self-concept,
What would You be?

* * * *

If You had never viewed your face,
If You had never been burdened
With the vanity of self-concept,
What would You, could You be?

* * * *

We are all the same one.

* * * *

The mystery is as quantum-dynamic and ever-changing as You are.
Reality is the unchanging from which all illusionary delusions spring.

* * * *

Even wisdom gets old.

* * * *

Sacrificing Christmas trees is easier on the ears than sheep.

* * * *

How many others have You used for your happiness and gratification?

* * * *

What dreams are these of mice and men?

* * * *

What is a day to the universe?
And do seven of them really have all that much meaning?
And how many days, pray tell, have passed since the so-called genesis, a.k.a., big bang?
And before and after that, is anybody's guess.

* * * *

The mind need not imitate what it creates.

* * * *

Prayer is just a condoned way of talking to your Self.

* * * *

In any time there are
Any given number of trade-offs
We must all make in order to continue.

* * * *

We are all just monkeys in jungles of our own making.

CCII

Are You a slave to time?
Or simply a portal witnessing
A dream in its momentary unfolding?

* * * *

What distance exists when all contexts
Are within the mind of the dreaming.

* * * *

It would take a lobotomy
To believe the concoctions
Some people dream up.

* * * *

What life offers is empty
But for the essential nature
That connects its eternal unity.
Be wary of empty offers.

* * * *

There always comes a point,
When the ocean wave crashes,
When the hiker reaches the summit,
When the fire has nothing left to burn,
When the projectile hits its mark,
When the wind grows still.
Nothing can be forever,
Except forever,
Its Self.

* * * *

If You truly love, how can it be only for your own?

* * * *

Embrace death,
And what is there to fear?

* * * *

A very dangerous thing
To allow self-interest
To dominate common sense.

* * * *

How quickly it all comes and goes.

* * * *

Full of nothingness.

* * * *

Time unravels all.

* * * *

Only a heart uncommitted to anything is free.

* * * *

Soft are the lips that conceal the fangs.

* * * *

Speculation aside,
What makes You believe
You had any choice whatsoever
Over the body and life You were given?

* * * *

Chances are many people
Would not appreciate knowing
What You truly think of them.

* * * *

Who but a mirage wants anything from a mirage?

* * * *

Whatever You have done was done by a dreamer,
Not the real youness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

No matter how well or poorly to treat it,
The body will ever fall away,
And You will be back in the eternal
That can never be more than masqueraded.

* * * *

It is You and You alone
Who create all pleasure and pain,
All joy and sorrow, all sanity and madness.
Blame no other.
Discern only your own interpretation.

* * * *

The record spins on and on, still or no.

* * * *

The picture is far greater

Than You can ever imagine.

* * * *

Freedom is not something to imitate or pretend.

* * * *

A spacious mind is the truest home.

* * * *

Time swallows up all it creates.

* * * *

It is mad to have so many children
Being born across the planet.
What are we thinking?

* * * *

The barbarians have arrived,
And they are us.

* * * *

Thought coalesces too slowly
To grasp anything but illusion.

* * * *

The masses do not discern
They are not all that unique or different
Than any other herd, school, flock, drove, or pack.
Even the freest are caught by the winds
Of their human predisposition.

* * * *

So many trying to save that which was never at risk.

* * * *

Assumptions upon which personal existence is based
Are rarely flexible enough to change dramatically.

* * * *

The serene beast is without peer,
Absolute in its manifest vision
Of creation and destruction.

* * * *

Guilt is solely of human invention.

* * * *

Does your life suit You?

If not, why not?
Better to have the courage
To live even one day unburdened and free
Than a lifetime incomplete, destitute, and sorrow-filled.

* * * *

Spontaneity evaporates in a busy, filled life.

* * * *

Even genius is mired by its inherent limitation.

* * * *

Even those basking in the limelight
Of unmitigated adulation
Are totally alone.

* * * *

It's rarely a good idea
To pat yourself on the back
For a job well done.
For some odd reason,
Others tend to quickly tire
Of You informing them
How great You are.

* * * *

You can only extrapolate the existence of another
Through the depth and breadth of You own.

* * * *

You may imagine You are
Whatever delusion You have concocted,
But what You really are will ever be
The same as everything else.

* * * *

Thought tends to wander into suffering
In the inattentive, undiscerning moments.

* * * *

Why do You continue to look for something more magical than You?
For some special moment which will give your existence
More meaning than any other up to now.

* * * *

All meaning and purpose,
Is in whatever is kaleidoscoping this right here, right now,
And it is gone before You know it.

* * * *

Tme, the grand weaver of illusion
To which we all capitulate
Again and again.

* * * *

You seek to be worthy,
Yet could there ever really be
Even one moment when You were not?

* * * *

Pain is the great humbler.

* * * *

You pander is so many ways
To so many vain thoughts.

* * * *

How boundless the power
Of this world's panoply of dreams
To ever entangle You in all the thoughts
And emotions they evoke.

* * * *

How can any soul be naive
After a long, torturous life?

* * * *

Be open to misfortune.
Any river winds through many moments
To embrace the sea.

* * * *

Without the passion, would You have ever thought yourself alive?

* * * *

The journey to, and through, and beyond heaven,
Is a solitary sojourn, a philosophical soliloquy,
Wherein all beginnings and endings are the same,
And You become That I Am, to which even deities aspire.

* * * *

Can You ever really change anyone's dream?

* * * *

To ignore the impact
Of technology on the future,

How foolish we are.

* * * *

How many lies will You partake
Before You can hear the truth?

* * * *

Who can say what will become
Of this lengthy array of ditties?

* * * *

Who is not a chameleon
In one fashion or another?
Your genetic line did not survive
By being stupid in their time.

* * * *

You cannot see the insanity until You go mad.

* * * *

Do not even begin to believe the scribe was some perfect personality.
He was just another frail, vain, silly boy just like all the rest.
Perhaps a notch or two more weary
Of the way consciousness is being played out.
A bit more observant than some, and tad less than others.

* * * *

Very different, very much the same.

* * * *

Attachment to a geography is a limited view.
Home is whatever here and now You reside.

* * * *

Sometimes the eternal voice within
Echoes more clearly than others.
It is the witness of the changing,
Sometimes large, sometimes small.

* * * *

What can one do
But surrender
As gracefully as possible
To the grace of the eternal nature?

* * * *

And what, pray tell, is a meaningful death?

* * * *

A peaceful, transcendent mind is
When the ruts of thought disappear.

* * * *

In space all things are seen.

* * * *

The font of time hath no illusion.

* * * *

Don't know what I am. Just am, amming away.

* * * *

Light and sound are like space and time; inseparable.

* * * *

Be servant, but not slave to any other; follow your own voice wherever it may lead.

* * * *

There is always something fresh and invigorating
About having nothing, and the ever-beginningness it entails.
Security and comfort tend to foster stagnation and decay.

* * * *

The pain of existence is the bother, not death.
The black rose is the blossom of any creation.

* * * *

The quark is just another tentative name
The scientists have glommed onto
In their vain effort to prove this dream real.
Have no doubt they will take their all their naming
As far as perpetuity, resources, and imagination will allow.

* * * *

The spring of time is within.

* * * *

Suspend.

* * * *

If You were not the mystery, there would be an other.

* * * *

Call it meditation, prayer or whatever You will,
It is ever witnessed by the same stillness.

* * * *

Dance for as long as You like.
Sooner or later, You are the floor.

* * * *

What rational being would not prefer a world
That is fair, just, and equitable for all?
Is it really necessary that any of us
Foment so much pain for so many others
In order to further obsessively insatiable ends?

* * * *

Don't poop in your own pond,
Or in anyone else's, either.

* * * *

Women are raised to believe they are truly fascinating,
And have a great deal of difficulty understanding
Why men lose interest as their youth and beauty fades.

* * * *

Does anyone really have
Their own life so perfectly together
As to tell another how to live?

* * * *

The law of this scribe's mind
Is that all shall become their own law
Which shall inclusively allow all others their law.

* * * *

Fairness, justice and equity for all
Need not be just an idealistic notion
Within the confines of your dream.

* * * *

How to describe the wonder
At how all these thoughts
Have with so little effort
Written themselves.

* * * *

It is the nature of ants, bees and other creatures
To so aimlessly wander this garden with such great purpose.
How amazing that we consign such vain motives
Upon that which requires none.

* * * *

Unraveling yourself into your Self is effortless work.

* * * *

You are only what You imagine yourself to be
Because You have been conditioned since birth
With little, if any, real choice in the matter.
To liberate one's Self of all claims
Is the ultimate challenge.

* * * *

The mind's capacity for folly is nature's joke upon itself.

* * * *

A true parent does not pounce upon their child's innocence with their own vain reasonings.

* * * *

Allow others to till the ground of their own spirits as they will.

* * * *

Be less occupied with shaping another's universe than comprehending the mystery of your own.

* * * *

Though the whole world is me, it knows me not.

* * * *

Wisdom and truth are hard won.
The fires of suffering do not shape weak alloys
Into enlightened blades of discernment.

* * * *

What will You do if what You want to dream
Does not mesh with what significant others want for, or demand of You?
Will You abide in your inner vision, or succumb to another
To which You are ill-suited or disinclined?

* * * *

What strength it takes to wander freely in this world.

CCIII

Allow life to unfold in the pursuit of wisdom, not dogma.

* * * *

What power, fame and fortune
Can do to a soul
Is often not a pretty sight.

* * * *

What a strange thing, ambition.

* * * *

Greed is rarely charitable to the welfare
Of the many dreams yet to come.

* * * *

Assume this is your last life.
That way, You are more inclined
To avoid muddying it up with regrets.

* * * *

Sometimes You have to slap someone,
Figuratively, of course,
To get their undivided attention.

* * * *

Zen cowboy.

* * * *

Is happiness really any more real than sorrow?
More pleasurable, but still just sensory in nature.

* * * *

There is only one Way.
From it, all dreams spring.

* * * *

An ancient tree is seemingly set in its rigid time-bound form,
Yet, its essential nature is as free as madly rushing water.

* * * *

Even the greatest deities cannot possess illusion.

* * * *

More words in a world with too many already.
The upshot of a mind whose purpose is unknown.

* * * *

The field of consciousness
Permits every dream its play.
Glory and defeat comes and goes,
And as the field was before,
It will be long after.

* * * *

No thing truly changes.

* * * *

There is no other before You,
Nor will there be another after.

* * * *

Assertions that it is this or that, or not this or that,
Must be understood with an eye of discernment.

* * * *

Those who delve resolutely into the original nature
Will each have their time of awakening in one place or another.
It may be in the arid isolation of a desert, or beneath a massive ancient tree.
It may be upon a mountain, beside a river, or well beyond the waves.
It may be in the ebb and flow of a gridlocked commute,
Or the bedlam of a fierce battlefield.
Wherever or whenever it may come to pass,
It will be the unwavering vision of the essential reality,
And all those so blessed are ever consecrated
In the absoluteness of its eternal purity.

* * * *

If it is without beginning or end,
Where is there time for birth and death?
Where is there anything but the eternal nowness?
Where is there anything but the infinite indivisible nature?
The grand theater is but a dream, a lightshow to which empty words
Are filled with vain importance for each dreaming to perceive and transcend.

* * * *

Be a light unto thy Self.

* * * *

There is no going back.

* * * *

Again and again the veil deceives You.

* * * *

No end is known.

* * * *

Where are You when doubt ceases and questions end?

* * * *

Humility happens naturally
As personal existence is discerned ultimately unreal,
And insight into what is true fills the container
With the ground of nothing special.

* * * *

What is there to argue about but distinctions
That fade quickly in the stillness of eternity.

* * * *

Even God needs a buck now and then for a cup of joe.

* * * *

It takes time to erase all doubt,
But when doubt is gone,
Will there be time?

* * * *

Truth is hidden within the sands of time.
Most wander the shoreline dunes, never discerning that reality is ever-present,
No matter the space, no matter the time.

* * * *

Time is the quantification of the eternal mind.

* * * *

Just sharing a vision; make of it what You will.

* * * *

All that really matters in this brief existence,
Is that You were chosen to be a witness to the veil of your sensory allotment.
Anatomy and character are, indeed, one's destiny.

* * * *

Integration within brings about integrity without.

* * * *

Purpose and meaning
Is whatever consciousness
Makes of the choices it is given.

* * * *

Looking ahead, it is free will; looking back, it is fate.

* * * *

Any way You might look at it, it is really a very brief dream.

* * * *

To discern the immeasurable, You must be immeasurable.

* * * *

Most find it challenging not to take one side or another,
To entertain all facets, and at the same time none.

* * * *

You cannot know the unknown,
Only become it.

* * * *

Death wraps up another busy year.

* * * *

The only now there is, ever was, or ever will be.

* * * *

Neither alive nor dead,
The eternal essence is without attachment
To any play of light or sound.

* * * *

The stillness of the nothingness
Is the unutterable solitude.

* * * *

So simple
That You must surrender everything
To discern it.

* * * *

What a mystery the voice
That articulates so many languages,
Devises so many universes
In so many minds.
From the same fabric,
So many differences woven.

* * * *

Let it be.

* * * *

You are not a dreamer,
You are a dreaming.

* * * *

Don’t let language bind your thinking.

* * * *

Solomon had it much easier
Compared to the insanity we suffer
Only a few millennium later.
Humanity is on trial,
Facing a harsh judgment
Of unavoidable consequences.

* * * *

Enjoy the timeless beingness.
It is really the most precious gift
With which You are endowed.

* * * *

Merely a matter of convenience, comfort and security.

* * * *

Don’t allow cynicism to mold You bitter.
Find your inner smile, for, truly,
It is far too amusing
To endure too seriously.

* * * *

Inside each of us is forever young,
But it is wrinkles and gray
We must play
At the end of the day.

* * * *

How to give your all
And remain detached
Is an imposing challenge
Discern the effortless effort
That abides in every moment.

* * * *

By whatever course this mortal dream has been reached,
To even begin discerning the realized nature is a daunting task,
But to attain unconditional liberation, to be free of the imaginary prison,
To move beyond all attachment for the offerings of the sensory manifest realm,
That is, indeed, a pathless path only the rare are destined to journey.

* * * *

Freedom is when birth and death, creation and destruction,
Meld into the unborn awareness of the eternal nowness,
When all sense of otherness dissolves into oblivion.

* * * *

To wait for some indication of God, is to miss out on the very real fact,
That You have been the singular indivisibility throughout your entire existence.
No sign, no sanction, from any other, including an imagined deity on high, is required.

* * * *

Care if You wish,
But also feel free not to,
If that is your choice.

* * * *

Life, it'll kill You,
But it'll drive You crazy first.

* * * *

The ocean is just water at the lowest point gravity will allow.

* * * *

And what, pray tell, would be the point of doing that?

* * * *

The belief systems of organized religions,
Are founded upon societal conditioning,
And anything founded upon brainwashing
Rarely has little, if anything, to do with reality.

* * * *

You are all and none,
The eternal oneness
Witnessing the creation
Of the dusty storm forming.

* * * *

All worldly pursuits are for amusement only.
The ebb and flow of birth and death
Are the proof that nothing
Should be taken too seriously.

* * * *

History is just a long play.

* * * *

Fairytales and imaginary friends are not reality.

* * * *

The I who I really am will never leave You.
The body, the mind, the personality,
Is doomed as are all forms.

* * * *

Serve your illusion as faithfully as You can.

* * * *

More to forget.

* * * *

Any given piece of paper
Is really only as functional
As the person who earns it.

* * * *

Consciousness can only witness itself.
Imagination cannot grasp
What it is incapable of grasping.

* * * *

From known to unknown,
Alone You must journey.

* * * *

Why are so many so insecure
As to believe others should want
To embrace their purpose meaning?

* * * *

How did You ever convince yourself
That the impermanency of space-time
Will ever bring about anything forever?

* * * *

I seek those who seek me.

* * * *

Would it even occur to oneness
That there were two or more
Without the reflection
Created by light?

* * * *

As a fish returns upstream

To its birthing ground to spawn,
So does the sage to insight to know.

* * * *

Passion cannot exist without time.

* * * *

How arduous to remain in the world,
To take a step without a sense of greater good.
What delusion so steadfastly blinds You to the wholeness?

* * * *

To think only of You and yours
Is to remain deaf and blind
To the reality of all life forms.

* * * *

Let the taint of dualistic notion
Wash away from its unconscious domain
And the jewel of eternity will shine brightly within.

* * * *

The Song of Mystery is for all to hear.

* * * *

Complexity and strife is the unconscious path.
If we cannot discern harmony within our minds,
How can we ever put away the tools of destruction?

* * * *

Many play the game of ideals,
But have no intent of bringing them to fruition.
Why the pretense?

* * * *

The order of anarchy creates a democracy of spirit.

* * * *

These thoughts are a gift.
To evoke the virtue of Eden
Within all born to see.

* * * *

If You believe them,
Labels, like flypaper,
Are difficult to pry off.

* * * *

The grace of serenity is a state of being.

* * * *

In any play there is a collusion of actors
Working toward some synergistic conclusion.
What ending will this human tale play out?

* * * *

That's exactly the point.

* * * *

Detachment takes a lifetime of practice.

* * * *

Living for recognition
Is like walking around
With sand in your mouth.

* * * *

Is it me?
Is it You?
Is it anyone in particular,
Really?

* * * *

If You are open to all possibilities, where is there need for judgment?

* * * *

What is life but a series of sound bytes, to which You may succumb or ignore.

* * * *

Revenge is the elixir of hate.

* * * *

Be free of all judgment of yourself or any other.

* * * *

Unclench your mind, sweep away the ruts, sew the seed of eternity.

CCIV

The sea of consciousness drowns many souls.

* * * *

So many stages in a life well-lived.

* * * *

The nothing in everything.

* * * *

Woe unto the actor who believes the part real.

* * * *

The earth is but a sphere of imagination.

* * * *

Hard to shake a perception once the rut is set.

* * * *

Only the lonely feel sorry for those who are not.

* * * *

Follow where words lead, only if they match, your intuitive rightness.

* * * *

Be wary of those asking too much of You.
There are many ways the demons,
Tether the unsuspecting,
In this vain loathsome world.

* * * *

It is not these many words,
That will take You to heaven or hell,
But your understanding,
Or lack of it.

* * * *

To go completely mad, You need no other.

* * * *

So many, some intentionally, some in obliviousness,
Seek to manufacture one conspiracy or another,
To confound those who truly seek to know the mystery.
Do not be persuaded into the denial of your intuitive intelligence.

* * * *

No outer infringement, can keep You from being free inwardly, without your volition.

* * * *

So many insist on suffering for reasons beyond counting.
Blame it on karma or spontaneous ignorance,
Pain is ever imagined again and again.
Unnecessarily, inattentively so.

* * * *

So many praise deities for their blessings,
Or blame demons for their troubles,
Yet never seem to comprehend,
It is the perception within,
They thank or curse.

* * * *

To give any word sacred weight, is the hollow road of spiritual correctness,
The lever with which, parasitic forces gain entry with dogmatic virtue.
The truly sacred requires neither approbation, nor false reverence.

* * * *

That is easy, the answer is there is no answer.

* * * *

To call this mystery unborn-undying,
Counts on any given reader's comprehension,
Of physics and chemistry, and the sciences in general.
Wherein the building blocks upon which all creation is founded,
Is the miasma of eternity playing out ceaseless formation.
Science is ultimately a mystical inquiry into reality.

* * * *

Creators would never get very far if they waited for the masses to catch on.

* * * *

Once death no longer intimidates, what is there to hold any one back?

* * * *

A life blindfolded by the veil of illusion is a hellish journey.

* * * *

Doubt is the lever that binds all.

* * * *

Life as it is known becomes a surreal show to those awakened to that prior to all veils.

* * * *

If ever there is to be an age of virtue in the human unfolding,

It will not be without a great and passionate struggle
Between what is true and what is false.

* * * *

There is no fury like pride unfurled.

* * * *

Do not assume all human beings will ever discern the ultimate reality.
As the chaff is not the kernel, true beingness may not be the destiny of all.

* * * *

What most call religion sounds much like children
Exclaiming “It’s mine!” or “I’m right!”
There are no exclusions,
Despite the fact
That few are born to see.

* * * *

There is but one way,
But its interpretations are as many
As the minds within which consciousness dwells.

* * * *

The separation is strong in many.

* * * *

The abyss is a wanderful state.

* * * *

Making problems where there need be none.

* * * *

The therapy of Self.

* * * *

Do what You feel called to do,
But try to be relatively harmless,
If possible.

* * * *

Balance can be challenging.

* * * *

What is true,
And what is not true,
Who but You can discern it?

* * * *

Eternal salvation is the outcome
Of a personal inquiry
Into the impersonal nature.

* * * *

The deaf will never hear
What You are truly saying.

* * * *

Just passing through another daying.

* * * *

A child has no concept of time
Because it has not invented it yet.

* * * *

The turmoil of this world
Is the synergistic reflection
Of the human psyche.

* * * *

Why we idealize peace
With so little real interest in manifesting it
Is the irony of ironies.

* * * *

If your seed survives
At the expense of others,
What is the point?

* * * *

The only thing making a day good or bad
Is that willy-nilly gauge called comfort.

* * * *

What other creature on this planet,
Or possibly even the entire universe,
Creates time to play out their existence?

* * * *

Deities are comforting contrivances.
Imaginary friends spawned to avoid feeling alone,
And to perhaps even forgive You for feeling guilty and remorseful,
About all the evil deeds You ceaselessly accomplish.

* * * *

The evolution of the human mind,
Though founded upon instinctual drives,

Has increasingly lost the connection with Eden
That all other creature unconsciously know.

* * * *

Life is a marathon best played out
Through the ebb and flow of moderation,
There are times to sprint, times to sit,
And an even saunter will get you
Wherever You need to be.

* * * *

Most do not understand
That the hell of which scriptures speak
Is this world as we continue to synergistically create it.
How simple it would be to change everything.

* * * *

Belief systems, myths, traditions, rituals, mores, and folklore
Are a group's means of maintaining a common dream,
It is the way of the mind in its ceaseless quest
For security, comfort and pleasure.

* * * *

The form in which You abide
Has never been the same,
And will eventually fall off.
The real You prior to any cover
Was never born, and will never die.

* * * *

Nothing need come of any of these thoughts.
It is an amusing, pleasurable, therapeutic means
To meander through space-time's imaginary weaving.

* * * *

Not all who wander are lost.

* * * *

Lucifer is really God's most trusted ally.

* * * *

What will You do for money?
What won't You do for money?

* * * *

What is the difference between a cult,
And an established organized religion?
Time.

* * * *

The big bang is just dust
Being swept every which way
Within the ever-expanding theater
Of the great spirit's infinite imagination.

* * * *

You are privy to nothingness.

* * * *

We all come from the same smoky heritage.

* * * *

Corporations so mighty
As to make empires of old
Seem as paupers.

* * * *

Profanity is a common excuse
To never open a dictionary.

* * * *

The body is the shrine of the Soul's existence.

* * * *

How much easier to submit
To an organized point of view
Than to think for your Self.

* * * *

Any maxim is only as powerful
As the insight into its subtlety.

* * * *

The essential You, the oneness that pervades all,
Has been, and will ever be the eternal source of every potential.
The personal You, however, is an imaginary concoction,
Destined to the ever-changing dissolution
To which all form must surrender.

* * * *

What were you
Before the spin of the universe
Knitted You into being?

* * * *

Is it not rather eerie to exist in a world

That writers and directors once upon a time
Projected from their imagination?

* * * *

What can consciousness ever possess
But of dream of its own complexion?

* * * *

The mystery is a blatantly obvious reality
To which almost all are deaf, dumb and blind.

* * * *

You are defined by the limits
Of what You know,
What You do not know,
And what You can never know.

* * * *

Stare death in the eye.
It is in every now
You have every known.

* * * *

You seek out the dream You value most.

* * * *

Few wander far from their comfort zone.

* * * *

Mausoleums are full of heroic figures
Whose ambitious dust mingles formlessly
With those who fought their vain wars,
Built their self-absorbed monuments,
And supported their temporal empires.

* * * *

What ecstasy does not eventually beget agony,
And what agony does not strive for ecstasy?

* * * *

The mind is a waving flag.

* * * *

Those who can stand alone
Don’t create imaginary friends.

* * * *

So full of imagination,

Few can see clearly now.

* * * *

Try to forget for a few moments,
At least occasionally,
Who You think You are.

* * * *

Believing in anything is more than a little silly.

* * * *

A concept beyond the horizon today
Is often adopted by the masses tomorrow.

* * * *

When You are empty of yourself,
There is room for transcendence.

* * * *

Good parenting is protecting a child
Until they can be responsible for themselves.

* * * *

Life is too ephemeral to believe anything for long.

* * * *

Organized religion is a prison
Wherein unenlightened middlemen
Quench your hunger and thirst for truth
With idolatry and limited thinking.

* * * *

Another day to which arbitrary names and numbers are ascribed.

* * * *

So many allow middlemen sway over their lives
Because they dare not fathom the depths alone.

* * * *

Just about guaranteed
It isn't any thing
You imagine it to be.

* * * *

The madness You own
Is the one You alone have sewn,
A dreaming no one else has ever known.

* * * *

A glimpse of the future
Is but a projection
Of an imagined past.

* * * *

How inane to bother about that
Over which You have no choice whatsoever.

* * * *

The advantage any given generation has over history is anonymity.

* * * *

Rejoice all the things You will never know
That would cloud the mind even more so.

* * * *

Thief, rogue, demon, saint, samaritan, angel,
What difference, really?

* * * *

To follow any one path forever,
Is like climbing a ladder over and over,
Never really intending to arrive.

* * * *

Most recognize only the mask and costume,
Never discerning the essence is the same for all.

* * * *

Why is it You want another to desire You?
Does their want somehow magnify
What You could at any point
Create for your Self?

CCV

Sweet breath, the truest companion,
For without it, You are surely not.

* * * *

What works for one
Will never work for all.
It is the reality of diversity.

* * * *

A successful corporation often loses its flag,
Religion, and other geographical traces.

* * * *

The grace of peace lies in the tolerance,
Acceptance, and embrace of all things.

* * * *

Amazing what packaging can do to the wavering mind.

* * * *

Too many expectations tend to sour an outlook.

* * * *

Every niche has its day.

* * * *

Ethics is the luxury of those who are not hungry or in danger.

* * * *

So much easier to give into the divisiveness
Of anger, hate and revenge
Than empathy, wisdom and unity.

* * * *

Looking awful hard for nothing.

* * * *

Let it be now.

* * * *

So much attachment to an imaginary existence.

* * * *

There is nothing that is not You.

* * * *

So love it or leave it.

* * * *

Belief is merely a mix of speculation and hope.
It is not the knowingness of the absoluteness.

* * * *

How does evolution play its Self out,
But through the haphazardness of genetic mutation?
Every life form is but a whimsical outcome of a ceaseless throw of the dice,
Playing out since the eternal genesis of space and time.
Each of us is but a momentary figment,
In the casino of mystery.

* * * *

There may well be an infinity of sides to any given question.

* * * *

Age tends to make
The mindless cruelty of youth
Either less enticing or more calculating.

* * * *

It is what it is.
What You believe it be
Is absolutely inconsequential.

* * * *

The propaganda spouted
From any rigid point of view
Should always be questioned.

* * * *

One need not know a great deal about history to see the direction it is headed.

* * * *

Wisdom is merely having enough distilled experience
To see the possible consequences of any given action.

* * * *

All consciousness
Is a but a conversation
With one's Self.

* * * *

Wisdom is not a competition.

* * * *

You may be surrounded at your deathbed
By family, friends, acquaintances and strangers,
But, nonetheless, will die as You lived, very much alone.

* * * *

Self-appointed glory is the delusion of any narcissist.

* * * *

In the sea of relativity,
There are no laws
But those concocted by men.

* * * *

Much easier to remember the truth than a pack of lies.

* * * *

Unrequited love is the best.

* * * *

A frame reference so all-inclusive, as to make any boundary or difference, all but meaningless.

* * * *

All the world is indeed a stage,
But not everyone can get a lead part.
A great deal of support is required for the stars,
To play out their vanity for our amusement and chagrin.

* * * *

Hey, what do You expect from hairless monkeys?

* * * *

History evaporates in the moment.

* * * *

Content to be alone.

* * * *

A touch of vanity in everything You do.

* * * *

Nothing given,
Nothing taken away.

* * * *

What is this pressure You feel
To participate in the way You do?
Where did it come from?

When did it begin?

* * * *

Another impulsive act
That conveys You through
So many days, so many nights.

* * * *

Nothing to do but breath easy.

* * * *

All belief is inconsequential.

* * * *

Alice's meander through the madness of Wonderland,
Is really not all that different than your own trek.
Everyone is traveling an imagined dream.

* * * *

Do not get stuck on the ladder.

* * * *

The true nature of humility is so simple
As to be nearly impossible
For the arrogant mind to discern.

* * * *

The elements of nature do not ponder continuity.
Earth and wind and water and fire are the ever-changing mix,
In which all dreamtimes of consciousness are played in the ether of mystery.

* * * *

What an infinite space, the heart.

* * * *

So challenging
To set aside oneself
For the greater good of all.

* * * *

Embrace the nothingness residing in everything.

* * * *

No one will ever explain completely or accurately,
How the history of the universe, the world, the human species,
Or any individual came to be at this moment in time.
It is all the speculation of ignorance,
Pretending to know.

* * * *

We can all be very sweet
Until self-righteousness
Gets the better of us.

* * * *

The seers set their course beyond cradle and grave,
But they are a scarce and scattered lot,
And the world wags on.

* * * *

The many claims of personal existence, weigh heavily against the possibility,
That consciousness will ever resolve its seemingly countless vain differences.

* * * *

Challenging not to become enslaved by your creations.

* * * *

The baubles of the mind crash upon the shores of time.

* * * *

The fruits of this day's world, are the sediment of tomorrow's.

* * * *

The big bang creates,
The big crunch crunches,
Simultaneously, every moment.

* * * *

So much purpose in life,
Is merely incessant vanity and pride,
Played out for one self-absorbed cause or another.

* * * *

Memories are all You have, and only as long as there is breath to dream.

* * * *

Respect your Self enough to forgo the duality.

* * * *

Nothing truly exists.

* * * *

Your breath is the solar wind.

* * * *

Your origin is the field in which You will play and toil for the duration of your allotted time.

* * * *

You cling to things that have no support, but through the illusion of the sensory play.

* * * *

The mind is more than a storehouse of memories with which one identifies.

* * * *

How often the high and low roads merge.

* * * *

Do not let the opportunity of a lifetime pass You by.
Investigate your existence as thoroughly,
As mind and body will allow.
There is nothing to be discerned.

* * * *

Hell is a fragmented mind; Heaven a quiet heart.

* * * *

Service to others is the highest calling.

* * * *

Awakening is a never-ending timeless process.

* * * *

How many layers there are in the armor of identification.

* * * *

It is relatively easy to be in love with youth and beauty,
But when the delusion fades, is the truth of the telling.

* * * *

At the core of the onion, truth is revealed as nothing.

* * * *

All the posing mainly fools yourself.

* * * *

If You could do absolutely anything,
Without the concern of any consequence, what would You do?
The answer reflects the core of your character.

* * * *

To be at home with being very alone, s to be at peace with your Self.

* * * *

Most challenging not to fall asleep.

* * * *

Belief is an excuse to stop inquiring.

* * * *

For those drawn to the immortal feast,
Bypassing the limitations of others
Is a grinding daily challenge.

* * * *

Arrogance is a fool's blindness.

* * * *

Will does not rule the natural order.

* * * *

Pain teaches the limits of the mortal game.

* * * *

Death is but a snuffed flame.

* * * *

Many have these thoughts and more,
But it is an odd calling to jot them down.

* * * *

Even the mightiest must eventually fall.

* * * *

The folly of organized religion
Is the epitome of human vanity.

* * * *

The mystery is a mystery; nothing personal but You.

* * * *

History is a many-layered onion.

* * * *

What sense is there going into a box
To worship a figment of imagination?

* * * *

Much easier to settle for fantasy
Than it is to discern the truth.

* * * *

If You look for pain, you'll likely find it.

* * * *

Deal with a problem when it is insignificant,
And it quickly becomes a fading memory.

* * * *

Good and evil exist in only in imagination.

* * * *

How amazing to realize that You have formulated
Every portion and particle of your eternal universe
Through an imaginary mind inspired by the senses.

* * * *

If there is no other,
What other side can exist?

* * * *

Taking the first breath begins the last.
How many steps in a lifetime
To reach the last?

* * * *

Every beginning has an ending, and every ending, a beginning.
But what of that before all beginnings; what of that after all endings?
And what of that which is the indivisible sliver of what little is between?

* * * *

From understanding comes wisdom; from wisdom comes nothingness.

* * * *

How can there be another one?

* * * *

What do the terms enlightenment and liberation really mean?
If You were truly free, would You even ask such an absurd question?

* * * *

It is separation that creates all the angst within and without.
There is no need to journey far and wide; merely let the walls fall.

* * * *

When have You ever been attached to any form, but through form itself?

* * * *

The purpose of any dream lies within the sphere of its own design.

* * * *

The only real losers are the many who miss the opportunity to witness,
That they are the manifest mystery, meandering the illusion of space and time.

* * * *

Try as You might, You cannot help anybody, who will not raise their own mind.

* * * *

The dream seems so grand and infinite, yet without You here to witness it, how would it ever be?

* * * *

The many eyes of mystery,
Are upon You, and yours upon them.
Myriad witnesses birthed of the same oneness.

* * * *

What is not subjective? What is not relative?

* * * *

Those who seek wisdom get nothing for all their effort.

CCVI

Tear up and toss the scriptures.
Let no so-called holy book deprive you
Of the sovereignty of your own sacred vision.

* * * *

Moderation and contrast
Heighten the little pleasures
Of the monotony of daily living.

* * * *

It is challenging to work the path backwards,
But it shows the relativity of moving forward.

* * * *

You are the time machine, meaty as it may be.

* * * *

Do cockroaches ever bother about world events,
Sports trivia, weather reports, or Hallmark holidays?
And yet they will likely be around long after we are gone.

* * * *

Time has never been what You imagine it to be.

* * * *

But for all our vain notions,
Is the body really anything more
Than an energy-filtering unit?

* * * *

Sometimes You feel very old,
Other times very young,
And sometimes, when time ends,
As if You were never born and will never die,
The immortal Soul in the truest sense.

* * * *

How isolating the arrogance of will.

* * * *

If You must advocate, advocate That.

* * * *

Pride and passion do not for serenity make.

* * * *

Our intolerance of diversity
Is gradually making us intolerable
To the natural order of this chaotic mystery.

* * * *

"If some is good, more is better"
Is not the motto for those
Subscribing to moderation.

* * * *

There is a random synchronicity to it all.

* * * *

Be attentive to your own vanity
Before You judge harshly another's.

* * * *

We are all born of the same mystery;
Infinite, unconstrained, immaculate.

* * * *

Move beyond the narcissism,
Of the realization that You are the mystery.
So is everything and everyone else.
Let a serene humility blanket,
The daily awareness.

* * * *

Most end up doing with their lives
Whatever they can stomach.

* * * *

The charlatans get control of the pulpits, and doublespeak non-followers, as being against God.

* * * *

Brahman cannot know Brahman.
Brahman can only be Brahman.

* * * *

Any given war is made up of many battles,
The last of which usually carries the day.

* * * *

The divine plan?
To wake up.

* * * *

Though many are called, few are chosen
To consciously witness the play in its entirety.

* * * *

What constitutes any given life
But a bundle of vague recollections?

* * * *

So do cockroaches envy us living outside the wall?

* * * *

Is God a he, a she, an it, or all and none of the above?

* * * *

Is life pain punctuated by pleasure, or pleasure punctuated by pain?

* * * *

Do calendars and clocks rule your existence?

* * * *

Humanity's window of opportunity is shrinking
As we grow too many for the home we share.

* * * *

Can devoting one's heart and mind
To the insatiable material world
Ever be satisfying for long?

* * * *

To fashion a lucid dreamtime,
All one requires is a bit of space and time,
And a smidgen of light to discern the truth of the matter.

* * * *

Day after day passes,
Each giving way to the next
As the body ages in its play of time.
But does one's psyche grow old and bitter,
Or remain young and innocent?
Will You die to time
And attain eternal salvation,
Or age harshly in hellish self-absorption?

* * * *

A solid, irreversible mistake
Is often a great lesson.

* * * *

True goodness does not concern itself with reward
Any more than pure evil is cowed by punishment.

* * * *

There is no more.
This is as good as it gets.

* * * *

How many problems are really due to oxygen-deprivation?
The best way to resolve many a sour situation
Is with attentive breathing.

* * * *

Measure your life in whatever fashion You will,
It is ever a microcosm of imagination's limits.

* * * *

That God is just and merciful, is an imaginary assertion, with no basis in reality.

* * * *

Taking the deity of choice personally is a grand delusion.

* * * *

So many aspiring to be all-powerful
Rather than just clearly understanding
The essential frailty of manifest existence.

* * * *

You will not be the first to awaken, nor are You likely to be the last.
So, following without following, is the challenge set before You.

* * * *

You are the flowing river of existence ever one.
The rigidity of the mind is the denial of this very basic fact,
And the arrogance of this pride is its limiting factor.

* * * *

Realize that much of what is written herein, or anywhere else,
Is analogy, metaphor, parable, image, symbol, concept.
Little of which should be ever be taken literally.
Explore the subtleties of the inspirations.
Climb them as You would a ladder,
And when You reach where they lead,
Push the ladder away and reside on high.

* * * *

All is denied in the same breath in which it is acclaimed.

* * * *

You are the architect of all inner torment,
Whether it be fear, guilt, shame, sorrow
Anger or hate, it is all your own doing.

* * * *

Do You not feel sorry for God,
Having to watch his creation put to waste,
By such a pathetic, self-absorbed, malignant species?

* * * *

Whether You begin with the big picture,
And wander aimlessly the mixture of parts,
Or in the parts until You discern the big picture,
It is all truly very much and ever eternally the same.
All differences are the fabrication of slumbering dreamers.

* * * *

Since most prayer seems to be dismal, self-absorbed whining,
God must be very weary, indeed, of paying attention to the human theater.
If one lifetime seems enough to discern the nature of all things,
Witnessing billions of them must be exhausting,
Even to an immortal essence.

* * * *

Cans of bug spray beneath so many sinks.
In the relativity of all creation and destruction,
How many of us are really all that morally superior,
To any Ghengis or Hitler or Stalin or Sadam or Idi Amin?

* * * *

The world offers every distraction imaginable
Until You tire of the sensory-mind feast,
And one day begin slowing down
To behold its source within.

* * * *

The world will never be what You want it to be.

* * * *

Attachment to anything is not required to discern reality.
No geography, culture, language, tradition, ritual, symbol,
Costume, creed, color, sex, superstition, belief, ad infinitum,
Has any jurisdiction whatsoever in the realm of absolute truth.

* * * *

Free will is a matter of pride,
And pride cannot constrain itself.

* * * *

The wonder of a child's mind
Is that it knows so little of the world
And yet wanders through it with such ease.

* * * *

Just another self-absorbed assumption
Anchored in the vapor of consciousness.

* * * *

Language is the limiting factor

* * * *

Machines and computers are born of the logic of mind.
Do not confuse man-made reality with the natural order.

* * * *

Is there a power greater than death?
Perhaps an imaginary one.

* * * *

Laugh while the whole world dies around You.

* * * *

Does not just about every religion, every cult under the sun,
Truly believe they are their imaginary God's chosen few?

* * * *

You are being watched as You watch
By the many others who have
Shaped You into You.

* * * *

Why does this silly scribe
Continue penning this gibberish?
Because it keeps flowing to the paper,
And he doesn't exclaim, as he no doubt could,
"No more!"

* * * *

To say You are responsible for your universe
Does not suggest You have any control
Over the spontaneous unfolding;
Just your grace within it.

* * * *

Thoughts such as these

Are written in the annals of time
To describe that which is timeless.
They are not bound to any geography,
Or to any other conscious circumstance.
They hold true across the entire board.
Call it what You will, truth is truth,
Ever indefinable but through
Time's passing reflection.

* * * *

There is nothing that is not of the primal origin.

* * * *

Who sees?
Who hears?
Who touches?
Who smells?
Who tastes?
Who identifies
With the senses
But a dust-bowl
Of thoughts?

* * * *

A pride-filled mind is a force of time.
It is a signal of unrealized consciousness
Declaring ceaselessly what it can rarely defend.

* * * *

The first mistake was accepting that You were ever born.
From that first assumption, your destiny has been written.

* * * *

The drop flying above the soundless wave
Peers through reflective boundaries
And declares its universe real.
It entreats mercy for imagined sins,
Staggers in dread over imagined punishments,
All of which are an utter squandering of one's brief existence.
In the end all simply return to oblivion's womb
As the wave returns to the sea.

* * * *

Wander the circuses
And the countless sideshows
The manifest theater of illusion offers,
Until they leave You drained,
And perhaps complete.

* * * *

Even in the depths of imagined hell,
That which is remains ever untarnished.

* * * *

These words,
An inane intellectual reverie,
Slipping slowly, slowly into the inevitable oblivion
Sewn entirely of mystery.

How real can any form, no matter the size,
Ever be when all crack, crumble and reshape
Over and over again into new forms
Both similar and contrary.
Nothing a wondrous mystery in all.

* * * *

Okay, okay, one more chance.

* * * *

Ho-hum-yawn.

* * * *

We drink it in, eat it up,
Pee it out, and poop it again.
Awake, asleep, in it comes, out it goes.
Ever, never the same, who can say if it will ever end.

* * * *

Even if we all decided to be fair to each other,
How would we, could we even begin
To define that fairness
Without starting another debate?
There can be no unity
In the duality
Born of consciousness.

* * * *

Where do You seek truth?
Your response explains
The life You imagine.

* * * *

It isn't my way, or your way.
It is the Way, The Way It Is.

* * * *

Sages and mystics are like flowing water
Slowly softening the coarse world
Through which they meander.
And when their time ends,
Others take up the torches,
And share what there is to see.

* * * *

Flesh gets old.

* * * *

An unanointed task, for what reason, there need be no reason.

* * * *

To what mesmerizing tale will the media aspire this day?

* * * *

Never lose the capacity to have a good day
Happily mixing it up with a little dirt and water.

* * * *

How rare the modest saint.

* * * *

Everything ripples to some degree.

* * * *

What glory is there in winning the applause of ignorance.

* * * *

Activists aren't of much use to sages, either.

* * * *

Anyone who seriously believes human beings
Will ever colonize another world has lost sight of the fact
That Buck Rogers, Lost in Space, Star Trek, Star Wars, Aliens, Dune,
And the many others, are only popular science fiction fantasies.
The distances across space are too vast, and the likelihood
Of finding a hospitable planet, getting to that planet,
Surviving once there, and ever being seen again,
Make a lottery win look like a piece of cake.

CCVII

The momentary flow is in every way at peace with itself.
It is the mind in time from which all suffering spews.

* * * *

Don’t kid yourself,
You’re as short of humility
As everyone else.

* * * *

Don’t feel obligated to settle for the original menu.

* * * *

It all adds up.

* * * *

Another point of consciousness
Giving voice to ignorance.

* * * *

There is nothing more or less,
Merely nothing nothing-ing.

* * * *

Don’t cell and drive.

* * * *

In what is essential, every thing is equal.

* * * *

Crack the shell of judgment.

* * * *

A very hypnotic illusion, indeed.

* * * *

A cheerful, compassionate, open heart
Is the best sail in the winds of time.

* * * *

Humanity is living beyond its means.

* * * *

What does it mean to “Rule the World?”

* * * *

Potential is only as great as its application.

* * * *

The risk of specialization
Is that so much focus is placed
On the branch of one tree or another
That the entire forest is burning,
And few even takes notice
Until it's their corner
That's being consumed.

* * * *

And what, again, is the point
Of knowing so much trivia?

* * * *

Stardust quaffing the abyss.

* * * *

It takes great strength and insight to be truly humble.

* * * *

Fate rolls on.

* * * *

Why You? Why not You?

* * * *

Avoiding oblivion is a fool's journey.

* * * *

Every moment sacred
For its eternal nature
And its time-bound passing.
Once and forever, ever entwined.

* * * *

Some lives not their own.

* * * *

You cannot save anyone from their fate.

* * * *

You will endure whatever You must
For as long as will sustains You.

* * * *

What is grief but self-absorption

Pouting over irrevocable change.

* * * *

Is it cruel to state things as they are?

* * * *

You are the culmination of life's beginning,
And the permutations of stardust
Far prior to that.

* * * *

Is there a label that has not been used to describe You angel/demon nature?

* * * *

Who is not attached to the frame of reference, with which they are most familiar?

* * * *

For that just-in-case-you-never-know-it-just-might-happen kind of day.

* * * *

What is a gap between souls in the play of eternity?

* * * *

One's intent is whatever You wish it to be.

* * * *

A creative mind can be treacherous ground.

* * * *

We are but temporary glimpses of eternity's mirage.

* * * *

Madness is in the often overwhelming nature of details.

* * * *

Enjoy it while ye may.
The Reaper and all his cousins
Are following You closely.

* * * *

Discern the least common denominator,
And You will travel the ground of truth.

* * * *

It is not easy,
But You can change You mind.

* * * *

Eternal faire.

* * * *

A gift isn't a gift if something is expected in return.
Love is a gift.

* * * *

You haven't practiced forgetting enough.

* * * *

There are no differences at the essential level.

* * * *

Life, for some, is a journey of Self discovery.

* * * *

Even the purest science is a mirage.

* * * *

No assumption is real.
Everything is assumption.

* * * *

Another example why low bid is rarely the best choice.

* * * *

A harsh wit suffers a critical spirit.

* * * *

From dark to light, and light to dark.
Without one the other would never be.
Colors and shapes appearing and fading,
Imagination ever the source of all dreaming.

* * * *

It's good discipline
To occasionally deprive yourself
Of those things from which You derive great pleasure,
Just to know You can.

* * * *

Every seed is sculpted by the wind of space and time,
Into one dream, one soliloquy, one fate, or another.
All uniquely different, all essentially the same.

* * * *

Is there any particle that is not essential
To the unfolding nature of all creation?

* * * *

All differentiation is born of consciousness.
How challenging to see everything the same.

* * * *

The shadow of hands crisscrossing
Between the sun and closed eyes,
The vision of hands crisscrossing
Between sun and eyes wide open.
What is the awareness, the state of mind,
That witnesses all differences ever the same?

* * * *

That which is requires no name.
The incessant need to name everything
Is the delusion of consciousness.

* * * *

Wisdom is the therapy of those who
Discern the divinity of all creation.

* * * *

Practice equanimity.

* * * *

The Pharisees of all organized religions
Use You because You allow it,
Because You are too lazy and undisciplined,
Too fearful and full of desire to discern anything but false truth.
Idolatry is so much easier, so much more comfortable,
And permits You to do whatever You please.
And to assuage any shadow of guilt,
A mere ten percent will do.

* * * *

The irony is that the hypocrite
Cannot see his hypocrisy.

* * * *

To reclaim the earth for righteous intent
Requires that consciousness see its nature
As mere a coating across which reality reflects.
That it in itself is merely a transient passing
And ultimately only food for worms.
Can it ever possibly happen?
Do You, we want it to?
Is the only motive required.

* * * *

Idealism is useless,
A delusion to stay the course,
Despite the rocky shoals
Into which it aims.

* * * *

Many are disturbed by words such as these
Because it requires them to question every assumption,
Every bargain they have made to live as they do.

* * * *

Read.
Catch the drift.
Let go.

* * * *

Why does the name by which You are called mean so much to You?
Do You really suppose, in the infinite eye of the eternal,
That any sound is any more important
Than a flittering breeze, or a passing shadow?

* * * *

How can You expect
More out of existence
Than if can ever offer?

* * * *

The twists and turns
Of any given generation
Are compounded in the next.

* * * *

Always read the fine print.
And if it isn't written anywhere,
Discern its probability.

* * * *

False religion is a mainstay of human thinking.

* * * *

Why judge something You have had no say in creating?

* * * *

How many parents have the wisdom
Not to transmit their fears and prejudices
To their offspring and the future

In which they will reside?

* * * *

The thoughts and questions herein
Will inspire many thoughts and questions,
Yet really only one was intended.

* * * *

For those who yearn for sleep that is deep,
Dreams that are few, serene and restful,
Where do You reside, what do You do?

* * * *

The young explore, the old reminisce.

* * * *

This body of work says again and again
In many ways that You really know
Nothing but what You think.

* * * *

To consider yourself any more
Than a hairless monkey
With a highly capable thumb and mind,
An outcome of evolution as is every other life form,
Is a journey of ignorance and delusion.

* * * *

Simplicity is arduous.

* * * *

Glory cannot be long sustained.

* * * *

Though most will never fathom it,
In these eyes all are goodness.

* * * *

To lie, cheat, steal, rape or kill,
Comprehend your own response
If the same were to happen to You.

* * * *

Humanity takes more care
Breeding animals, plants and insects
Than it does its own.

* * * *

A gardener does not allow a tree to become overgrown.

* * * *

So many think religion
As some sort of Hatfield-McCoy game
Of whose side are You on?

* * * *

How absurd to believe the mystery has only one face.

* * * *

What most call eternal life is assumed to be the existence
They will someday experience after physical death,
Never discerning it is the one they are living right now.
Time is but an imaginary cloaking of the ever-present reality.

* * * *

You are not a slave
In this world or any other
But through your own volition.

* * * *

What human beings will do for attention
Leaves no stone, nor even mountain unturned.

* * * *

You have been dying every moment of your life.

* * * *

How many fantasize about being anywhere
But where they timelessly are right now?

* * * *

Sex, sex, sex,
How it permeates our minds.

* * * *

Create what You will,
Destroy what You please,
You only change the reflection.

* * * *

Every technology we create alters us in turn.

* * * *

If it can be imagined, rest assured
It is somewhere taking shape.

* * * *

Wander where You are.

* * * *

Old stuff, new stuff, all stuff.

* * * *

The use or non-use of drugs is an individual decision,
But those who do not have a baseline in moderation
Often lose out on the true potential of the journey.

* * * *

How insatiable the hunger of consciousness.

* * * *

So simple that it's easy to forget.

* * * *

Is ego anything more than attachment to sensation.

* * * *

Be wary of believing your own propaganda.

* * * *

We all talk to ourselves.
Some just lack the insight
To keep it to themselves.

* * * *

Celibacy is an internal commitment to the ending of desire.

* * * *

Nothing, in particular.

* * * *

One and the same.

* * * *

All that work,
For nothing.

* * * *

Who is the mother, who is the father,
But that from which all seeds are born?

* * * *

Usually best to keep close to the chest
Narcissistic self-absorption to your Self.

Others seem to tire of competing with it.

CCVIII

An uncarved block, a sitting monk,
Have within an infinity of potentials.

* * * *

The senses blindly swirl in chaos
Until consciousness finds its way.

* * * *

The degree You judge yourself
Will reflect upon the world,
And that will in turn
Reflect back
Within.

* * * *

Doubt all meaning and purpose, until the futility of meaning and purpose, becomes absolutely clear.

* * * *

To end the strife of striving,
To be at peace within,
End the desire.
Detach from all other.

* * * *

Free to buy, buy, buy,
And then buy some more.

* * * *

Go there as often as it suits You.

* * * *

Life is a curious meandering
Through a kaleidoscoping decoupage
Of inanely insane proportion.

* * * *

A bizarre reality, that even highly intelligent, educated human beings,
Would rather continue subscription with their original conditioning,
Than realize their entire cosmos is utterly finite and temporary.

* * * *

Praise God, we will probably, hopefully,
Never get off this garden planet in any meaningful way,
To cultivate our narcissistic absurdity, our hedonistic madness, elsewhere.

* * * *

To find meaning in time's play is a journey
Of agony and ecstasy intimately intertwined.

* * * *

The more accepting You are
Of whatever blessing and curses life offers,
The less painful it will be.

* * * *

Out there is everything, in there is nothing.
The everything and the nothing,
The surreal and the real.

* * * *

Which is which?
What is what?

* * * *

Still looking for meaning and purpose? Wise up.

* * * *

The imperialism of consumption.

* * * *

Truth is the same for all.
It is consciousness that skews reality
In every direction imaginable.

* * * *

The clock hands tick away the moment.
The calendar date changes daily.
The seasons cycle yearly.
But here I Am.
Still.

* * * *

Perhaps the greatest component
In the unwritten art of living
Is the ability to always be ready
To let go everything You know or own.

* * * *

Human being is just another concept,
A label no different than any other.

* * * *

What can an uncarved block know?

* * * *

You have conditioned yourself.
The challenge for those who would be free
Is to unbind the mind constricted by its own imagination.

* * * *

Cram in as much experience as You can,
Still time passes, memories fade, and life ebbs
Into the oblivion from which all springs forth.

* * * *

What a set of boundaries language creates within You.
All imaginary, of course, but as constricting as any rope.

* * * *

When your last breath wheezes out,
Where will all that set of memories,
All that knowledge, all those skills,
Where in the vastness will it all go?

* * * *

The stillness before time
Is the only here and now.

* * * *

A little Self promotion.

* * * *

To believe humanity is the highest life form
Is an arrogance of infinitely finite proportion.

* * * *

If You live to be 80 years of age,
You will have over 29,000 days and nights
To spin upon the wheel of mystery.

* * * *

All consciousness is entirely relative.
No dream is subject to any law but one.

* * * *

The nearest any can ever get to the present flowing
Is when mind ceases existing in space-time as separate identity,
And there is but the fearless elixir of the awareness prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Desire is a burning hunger,

Which drives the undiscerning
Into the insatiable madness
Of endless consumption.

* * * *

You must find your own redemption.
All the vain religions of this world or any other
Are of little use to the earnest seeker.

* * * *

In time there is gain and loss, turmoil and heartache.
But in awareness the unborn has no need of manifest tenure.
The wealthy are impoverished, the famous unknown,
The powerful weak, the living dead.

* * * *

Until sound birthed knowledge,
This little blue and green sphere
Was an absolute mystery.

* * * *

In the beginning was the word, and the word was God,
Or was it Jehovah or Brahman or Tao or Allah or Whatever.
Yawn, yawn, yawn, wake me when this absurd nightmare is over.

* * * *

How remarkably unfortunate
That education as we practice it
Fosters so little real freedom.

* * * *

Because ignorance has an infinite capacity to twist all it touches into unrecognizable monstrosities,
The scribe cannot be held responsible for the misinterpretation or misuse or abuse of these thoughts.

* * * *

Much easier to accept and believe what You are told.
To question deeply is to doubt everything,
And few have the inclination
To journey that far.

* * * *

The tiniest particle of an atom
Is a universe unto its Self.

* * * *

The fragmented mind sees only duality,
The indivisible only absolute unity.
Division within creates division without.

* * * *

You give into Maya in so many ways
Until every temptation posed
No longer does.

* * * *

The chains of imagination
Are not easily broken.

* * * *

Is anyone who they think they are?

* * * *

To know as much
As when You were born
Is the peace for which You long.

* * * *

From chaos, consciousness weaves a universe.

* * * *

All law is a concoction of mortal limitation.

* * * *

One day You will forget it all…
Again.

* * * *

The absolute seamlessness of all
Only becomes disjointed
In consciousness.

* * * *

Who are You?
Who am I?
Who is anyone?
Who is everyone?

* * * *

Time to empty the garbage.

* * * *

Contemplate the depth of aloneness.

* * * *

The difference between the believer and the non-believer
Is that the latter doubts everything, and the former nothing.

* * * *

Questions of a thousand dreams; what to do with what You see.

* * * *

It is a god-eat-god universe, a man-eat-man world, and You just another delicacy.

* * * *

So ironic that the most obvious, is the most arduous to discern.

* * * *

Your conversion from separation into indivisibility, becomes a singular movement defying all description.

* * * *

What can You really teach anyone who is not interested in learning?
What can You tell anyone who already knows everything?
A rock's return to the sea is a sluggish journey.

* * * *

Be wary of the experts blinded by all their knowing.

* * * *

No one can own you
But through your own choice
To surrender sovereignty.

* * * *

True law is without choice.
It is the natural flowing,
The right living of least resistance.

* * * *

Consciousness is just another passing fad.

* * * *

Eden is not a merely a resource,
It is a wondrous, evolving mystery
Confined only by limited vision.

* * * *

All your fantasies are imagined, insatiable and temporal.
A feast of imagination in which all travel, eternally alone.

* * * *

First and last,
Unimportant to the mind
Undivided by ceaseless concoctions
Of competitive notion.

* * * *

Even given time, relatively few
Will discern a larger vision.
The binds of mindset are too strong
To allow independence to all but those chosen.

* * * *

Passion is the barbed wire
Circling the mind's self-made prison
In which individuality is walled.

* * * *

Stay infinite.

* * * *

The striving to become something
Is an assumption open to inquiry.

* * * *

Every concept ever wielded
Is subject to interpretation
Until interpretation's end.

* * * *

A mind at peace with itself
Does not create undue strife.

* * * *

The joke, my friend, is on You.

* * * *

Be wary, odds are
Maya knows You far better
Than You know your Self.

* * * *

When the past
No longer infringes
Upon the timeless,
That is liberation.

* * * *

Any given group, no matter the size,
Conditions within all its members a fear
Of being out of alignment with its mindset.

* * * *

None know me but the rare few
Who are articulate within themselves.
I am the journeyman come home,
Beckoning You do the same.

* * * *

A madness exceedingly Self-contained.

* * * *

What place attachment in paradise?

* * * *

Life is a marathon that few can sprint for long without injuring themselves.

* * * *

The mystery created man and woman, and they in turn created every sort of deity in their own image.

* * * *

Fate is meted out in so many ways.

* * * *

What can any really do to punish you
Any more than You already have yourself,
Probably times beyond counting.
Why do so many engineer
Such pain within?

* * * *

Pretty darned incredible
How many universes there are
Roaming around just on this little sphere.

* * * *

What has sold You on the benefit of a personal existence?

* * * *

So much effort to learn such a simple lesson.

* * * *

Humankind has far exceeded
The population boundaries
That it would naturally sustain.
Our loins have got the better of us,
And some future will forfeit a harsh price.
That the parents of its invention will never see.

CCIX

The ultimate downfall of any group, is often its disintegration from within.

* * * *

If You do not like the rules of a game,
Or the way it is played, or the players playing, or the place You are playing, or the game itself;
No biggee, just pick up, and wander on to a different one.
If You can, that is.

* * * *

They certainly seem to enjoy their hell, don't they?

* * * *

To win heaven, surrender hell.

* * * *

What to plan, but what unfolds with path-of-least-resistance effort.

* * * *

Doing nothing.
Just fine since for all practical purposes,
There's really just nothing in all the things we so busily do, anyway.

* * * *

There's a time to climb the mountain,
And another to scour the toilet.
Each the same moment,
Just different times of mind.

* * * *

What will You choose in your life?
Contentment and harmony,
Or dissatisfaction and dissolution?

* * * *

Infinity become.

* * * *

All differences are merely linguistical rhetoric.

* * * *

From an immeasurable field of data,
You have created a universe.
Is it heaven or hell,
Or something between?

* * * *

To surrender to reality
Is nothing short of arduous.
It's never easy to die to delusion.

* * * *

Many deem You mad,
But You know it is really they
Who are lost in the maze of insanity.

* * * *

Does your yearning to be free
Ever give You the right to infringe
Upon another's to remain imprisoned?

* * * *

In the shadow of words,
Actions tell the tale.

* * * *

Countless faces come and go in any life.
Mirrors sustaining each other's ephemeral dreaming.
All so real, yet so unreal, yet so different, yet ever so much the same.
Wherever any may wander, wherever any may remain,
It is ever the same inexplicable way.

* * * *

The greedy, cling to gold, as a flies to paper.

* * * *

Wherever You go, whatever You do, the awareness, the witnessing, is ever the same.

* * * *

The glory to which so many aspire,
Is merely the vanity born of consciousness.
Nothingness trying so vainly to become something.

* * * *

Be You; never imitate another.

* * * *

You can believe You are alive, but can You really prove it?

* * * *

The error in any line of thinking, is crafted by the first assumption.

* * * *

As your head falls to the pillow, release your attachment to the given day.

* * * *

You need not answer to anyone but your Self.

* * * *

Are not deities and demons, good and evil, right and wrong, this and that, ever one in the same?
Where are the lines between any dualities, but the make-believe ones,
Endlessly fabricated by arbitrary minds.

* * * *

Put no deities before the Youness that is That I Am.

* * * *

In one way or another, we are all party to each other's agonies and ecstasies.

* * * *

Can consciousness ever reside peacefully in Eden?

* * * *

All anyone owns is a temporal head full of arbitrary emotions and thoughts, the haze of perceptions.

* * * *

Confusing to most, it needs no answer.

* * * *

Who are You, who are You not?
What are You, what are You not?
Where are You, where are You not?
When are You, when are You not?
Why are You, why are You not?
How are You, how are You not?

* * * *

How can anything impermanent ever be considered sacred?
The worship of any form, any concept, is only idolatry.
Only the surrender to the unknown is sacrosanct.

* * * *

Of the truly great, it can be said they were unknown,
Anonymous, mysteriously empty, useful to no other.

* * * *

Any given problem cannot be truly solved
Without full attention to the immediate need.

* * * *

Indoctrination is the weight of time
Determined to deny reality,

And crush innocence,

* * * *

In dying to time, You discern the eternal life
Of that which knows neither beginning nor end,
That which is truly divine prior to all plays of mind.

* * * *

Carve up the mystic sage
In however many pieces You will,
You will find nothing partial.

* * * *

Those who articulate truth are the real revolutionaries.
Those who maintain the lies of mind deceive only themselves,
And are lost to the righteousness of eternity's dusty reality.

* * * *

What need for prayer for those beyond doubt,
Those beyond the insatiable chasm of faith and hope?

* * * *

They must doubt,
Those who spend so much time
Begging forgiveness.

* * * *

You need not appease history,
For it is the dominion of the dead,
And You, it seems, are still breathing.

* * * *

Food consumes food consumes food.
From unborn to born to unborn, what is living
But that which is everlasting, without beginning or end,
Briefly dreaming an epic of mayic proportion.

* * * *

It is done,
And done again,
In the sweet and bitter
Of the immeasurable illusion
We call space and time.

* * * *

Grace is the acceptance of what is.

* * * *

All forms must play out their given destiny.

* * * *

You have many memories,
But they are not in the here now,
So who are You, really?

* * * *

It is long, it is short.
It is all, it is nothing.
An ephemeral dream,
Nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

The ultimate fate is the synergy of all journeys intertwined.

* * * *

Some follow one deity or another; the rare become the mystery.

* * * *

What a strange thing to have a name.

* * * *

Today or some tomorrow,
Death will come a-knocking.
Will there be anyone to answer?

* * * *

If You alone see it, that is enough.
If others see as well, so be it.
If they do not, so be it.

* * * *

How indifferent the totality is to any individual form.

* * * *

It matters much less
What one did in the younger days
Than what was eventually learned from them.

* * * *

You are very much
Both student and teacher
In the sorting of the given mind.

* * * *

If You see all this, be grateful
You are not any other one.

* * * *

Weed out the personal from the impersonal.
And your play in time will be all but done.

* * * *

Habits are not easily broken.

* * * *

Why spend so much time anticipating death
When it is always, indeed, very much present.

* * * *

Words only buzz like flies around what is real.

* * * *

Contrary to popular consumer premise,
Having many toys does not make for winners.

* * * *

How infinite does infinity need to be
For humanity to fathom how ludicrous and petty
The seemingly endless self-absorption
In which it is so engaged.

* * * *

You only suffer when You forget.

* * * *

It's all so simple,
But alas, we are simply
Too complex to see.

* * * *

The "I Amness" operates the body as a driver a car.
It gets in, moves to and fro, and gets out
When the journey's done.

* * * *

Consciousness is merely babble,
The time-filling patter of a seed sprung,
From that which has no origin, into an illusion.
A negligible ripple in an immeasurably huge, still pool.

* * * *

Hey, it fills the time.

* * * *

We are but seeds flowering in time,
Passing the flame of consciousness.
It will burn away until the fuel is spent.

* * * *

The paradoxical subtlety of attention
Without conclusion or judgment.
Is unutterably profound.

* * * *

Within the stillness of space, how would time, how would direction, be known?
Without the manifestation of stardust, there can be no frame of reference,
To gain foothold in the endless whimsies of illusion and delusion.

* * * *

Knowledge is the order molded from the chaotic essence,
The spontaneous accumulation of sensory stimulation
Cast into one mythological perspective or another.

* * * *

Eternal salvation
Is an entirely personal quest.
No middleman nor divine being is necessary
To discern the mystery-given birthright.

* * * *

The warrior analogy is often used
Because of the timeless immediacy
Invoked in any style of combat,
In which an inner tranquility
Burns away the dross
Of personal identification.

* * * *

What is there to fear about any dream?
Let it swallow You, not You it.

* * * *

Your limitation is created entirely
Of your own volition to its sensory unfolding.
You are the knowing of your version
Of the infinite's dreaming.

* * * *

Time creates birth and death,
But who creates time?

* * * *

In the absoluteness
Of inner solitude,
Immortality.

* * * *

As a rock experiences the river's passing
You are merely witnessing existence
From another sort of creek bed.

* * * *

The mystical seers of the absolute mind
Discern the common serenity of oneness,
A witnessing of the unfolding present
Within the individual indivisibility.

* * * *

In the largest sense,
All eyes are mine.

* * * *

What would it be like
To have no fear of time,
No dread of dying or death?

* * * *

Fear clings to limitations.
Surrender is beyond
Its capacity.

* * * *

Discern paradox,
And You will wander
An immortal field.

* * * *

Doubt creates resistance, and resistance, doubt.
A circle vying for advantage, fangs chasing tail.

* * * *

Life is more than capitalistic intrigue.

* * * *

Spread the wings of your discerning intuition
Until You see beyond its conscious invention.

* * * *

You are born alone, You will die alone,
And together, we will delude ourselves between.

* * * *

Dwell where only the mystery can.

* * * *

Breathe with attentive intent.

* * * *

How often science proves the obvious.

* * * *

There is a rational logic
To the irrational nature
Of social evolution.

* * * *

When You discern your ear is the only one,
All voices merge into the chatter of oneness.

* * * *

Few get past their conceptual masturbation.

* * * *

Saints and sinners are of the world.
Mystics pierce the veil of its origin.

* * * *

These words will anger and befuddle
Those who cannot see behind their nose.

* * * *

Ignorance is bliss only when it is true ignorance.

* * * *

The mind's potential for delusion and discord is unyielding.
Our species seems innately bound and determined
To turn every stone in this manifest realm.

CCX

When every mask is yours, who can You condemn?

* * * *

When You forget yourself, You will be your Self.

* * * *

Death becomes You.

* * * *

Your education is paid for in many ways.

* * * *

This moment must be destroyed for this one to be created.

* * * *

For the future, for what it's worth.

* * * *

Lots more horror ahead.

* * * *

Don't let the applause fool You.

* * * *

At the end of any given day,
What is more important than how much was accomplished,
Is the quality and attention with which it was done.

* * * *

Everybody hopes, speculates, prays, argues,
Wishes, claims, asserts, maintains,
But nobody knows.

* * * *

History is so much poof.

* * * *

The nonchalance of absoluteness is very clear.

* * * *

The first breath is the last,
And the last the first.

* * * *

Birth and death are just concepts.

* * * *

You aren't leading if no one is following.

* * * *

Consciousness as it is known
Is a burden You need not bear.

* * * *

Wisdom is a product of time,
But is not bound by it.

* * * *

These thoughts sketch a perspective
In which there is no need for hope.

* * * *

What discipline does wind require?

* * * *

History's divisiveness and rancor offers little peace.

* * * *

The male and female aspects
Are not eternally sacrosanct,
Merely mutations of a dreaming.

* * * *

You cling to all your memories
Because You consider time real.
Reality transforms into dreamtime
Once You see their relativity.

* * * *

Time does not exist until framed by consciousness

* * * *

A child's state of mind is infinite awareness
Until bound by the limitations of language.

* * * *

The articulation of eternity is not eternity.

* * * *

You will endure your time-bound nature
Until consciousness stills its busy way.

* * * *

Just more diddlysquat.

* * * *

A naturalness that knows no bounds.

* * * *

Sorrow is sustained by attachment to what is untrue.

* * * *

So-called reincarnation is just another pointless point in the same old eternal nowless now.

* * * *

Life is not a race.

* * * *

Organized religion is the idolatry of form and concept.

* * * *

Reality is without judgment.

* * * *

The time-bound space in which You reside
Is the same in every aspect of the essential universe.
It is the fathomless nature that is the source of your presence.
It is the beginning, duration, and end to all journeys,
The holy grail which many profess to seek,
Yet few are destined to discern.

* * * *

The witness You are is the infinity behind the eye.

* * * *

Some just have to take the most difficult route imaginable
Because their will is too strong for any less a journey.

* * * *

All concepts, all attributes, all distinctions, all nuances
Are born of an imaginative mind fabricated of time.

* * * *

The free do not enslave anyone or anything.
Their service is voluntary, without need of reward.

* * * *

Right action is born of righteous harmony with the source.

* * * *

Feel the throb of the universal presence.

Allow nothing deny its voice to radiate within.
Its denial is a soulless, pitiful existence.

* * * *

You are surrounded
By the minions of separation.
Do not barter your soul as they have.

* * * *

How much more sovereign we would all be
Without all the memes defining our every move.

* * * *

If You couch potato too long,
You may forget how to dance.

* * * *

When You really learn how to listen,
The cosmic symphony plays within.

* * * *

Whether instinctual or learned,
The desire for approval from the other
Creates every sort of absurdity.

* * * *

Your body is liquid nothingness.

* * * *

Think absolutely, act now.

* * * *

Hurl your Self through each moment.

* * * *

You create the problems You solve.

* * * *

You can only account for your own journey.

* * * *

It's never too late
To attempt a change
Since that's all it is anyway.

* * * *

How unfortunate for the garden
That wisdom has been pushed to the side.

* * * *

Success can breed the fear of failure.

* * * *

The conditioning is strong in all.

* * * *

Eternity begins now, ends now.

* * * *

If You insist upon worldly ideals, be your own.
There are plenty of hypocrites already.

* * * *

Break a note
Into as many beats
As You are able,
It is ever
The whole one.

* * * *

You want consistency?
Good luck.

* * * *

What is the rush?
See how much already happened
Before all your impatience.

* * * *

Feel the universe beckon your direction.

* * * *

The linear mind is an illusion
Caught in a loop of own limitation.

* * * *

You will ever come round to You.

* * * *

If You feel You must fear, fear.
If You feel You must hate, hate.
If You feel You must laugh, laugh.
If You feel You must dance, dance.
If You feel You must talk, talk.
If You feel You must sit, sit.
Do it all until You discern

It is really ever all the same,
And then do whatever needs doing
Again and again, until again is finally done.

* * * *

All your thoughts can never
Do more than disguise the space.

* * * *

All the passions
Have the same origin.
When their swell subsides,
The watchful discern the stillness
Of which all are born.

* * * *

What change in consciousness must occur
For humanity realize what it truly is?

* * * *

What You are is goodness
Diluted into a manifest vibration,
But ever very much the original stuff.

* * * *

It is up to You to figure out
That You really cannot figure out
Much of anything.

* * * *

The more You accept your conditioned lot,
The less likely You will ever discern
What it is You really are.
Most are shackled
By whatever mythos
Is rooted in their mind.

* * * *

Do You even know what it is
To have a full breath
Unburdened by thought?

* * * *

The pettiness of ego is very challenging to transcend
When You are surrounded by the squalor
Of so much self-absorption.

* * * *

If You seek consistency,
You insist on a hellish journey.

* * * *

How ironic that we use weaponry
To enforce what we call peace.

* * * *

Perception locked into memory
Creates experience, habit and tradition,
Which eventually creates rigidity and destruction,
Ashes from which new forms of creativity inevitably arise.

* * * *

In fewer than 100 cycles of the earth around the sun,
It will not matter what anyone thought of You,
So why let it consume You so now?

* * * *

If You value the continuity of your seed,
You will need to change your way of thinking
To something far more adaptable.

* * * *

In the inner reaches,
You reach your Self.

* * * *

Our ferocity has paid off
Far too well for our own well-being.
This garden world, and whatever denizens remain,
Will not miss our self-absorbed reign.

* * * *

What sorrow can touch spaciousness?

* * * *

To comprehend what is being said herein,
You must see what You cannot see,
The obviousness of what is not.

* * * *

Why burden innocence
With the confusion and corruption
Of imagined time?

* * * *

What is the pleasure so many seem to get

Manipulating and torturing others?

* * * *

It is the solitude of kings and beggars.

* * * *

To be at peace in the midst of every sensory distraction,
And know it is all but the play of oneness,
Is the goal of the quest.

* * * *

The cave from which You wandered is but an anthill now.

* * * *

I think I am, therefore I must be That I Am.

* * * *

A moment ago is as distant
As any point You can imagine.

* * * *

Madmen saunter beyond all answers.

* * * *

Joining heaven and earth is not just the work of princes and carpenters.

* * * *

Your seed took root, expanded into space and time, accumulated imagined attributes, and here You are.

* * * *

Good and evil are imagined dualistic notions; there is only indivisibility coated by ignorance.

* * * *

The mind devises so many distinctions.
Only in the momentary suspension
Of the stream of consciousness
Does the awareness discern
None was ever truly real.

* * * *

Thought is, by its very nature, divisive.
Without insight into the stillness from which it springs.
There can be no resolution to its many ripples.

* * * *

The breath is a vital component.
Without its in and out nature,
The dreaming would not be.

* * * *

You are the dreamer weaving gold into consciousness.

* * * *

Guilt, however it is played,
Is an insidious game of insecurity.

* * * *

How many would be better off
If they never saw their family again.

* * * *

How many meaningless ways
We have come up with to survive.

* * * *

The human species is not
Genetically engineered
To sanely come together
In cities as large as these.

* * * *

Everything has gone exponential,
And our capacity to deal with it rationally is nil.
We are doomed to ride out the storm of all our excesses.
Do not envy the future; it will not be pretty.

* * * *

The trouble with thick people
Is they often think everyone else
Is more thick than they.

* * * *

Solid is liquid.
Liquid is gas.
And gas is solid
Moving to happen.

CCXI

All notions of good and evil, will always be merely notions.

By its very nature,
Imagination can never be anything
But the play of time.

* * * *

Your beingness
Is no more or less
Than that of a midge.

* * * *

Gold's gold no matter
The form born of time.

* * * *

Without desire,
The mind as You know it,
Would not exist.

* * * *

Free will is born of the magic.
It is the maze of an imagined reign,
A delusion birthed of light and shadow,
And the play of choice it inspires.

* * * *

Harsh times ahead, You say?
Ahh, but truly they always have been,
Have they not?

* * * *

Until You are the burning bush,
It is all the arrogance of delusion.

* * * *

All the wealth, power and fame known to mankind
Cannot for a moment attain even an iota of eternity.

* * * *

Discern the bliss of no other.

* * * *

Language is both the prison
And the key to the unlocking

Of You your ultimate nature.

* * * *

The mind suspended in awareness.
Is one with the infinity prior to all creation.

* * * *

You are your worst enemy
Until You become your best friend.

* * * *

Respect.
So easily given, so easily lost.

* * * *

If You believe calling yourself a Christian
Makes You a Christ, guess again.

* * * *

The young are so easily mislead.

* * * *

The challenge of any given life
Is comprehending the world
Without succumbing to it.

* * * *

Now is the only time You will have
To make peace with your soul.

* * * *

Until You are timelessly at ease
With the beingness of nothingness,
Consciousness will entice you
Back into the winds of time.

* * * *

What can spaciousness be identified with?
Where can duality reside in its timeless nature?
All exists only when there is the movement of imagination.

* * * *

Why should anyone be compelled
By another's shoulds and shouldn'ts?

* * * *

What remembers who You are?
Is it real?

* * * *

Of consciousness, it can be said,
There is truly nothing to be saved.

* * * *

You will never witness your own face and body,
Only the reflections others cast back
Into your imagination.

* * * *

The snobbish pay a dear price for their caste creation.

* * * *

Magical exercises are no more than parlor games.
Maya is maya no matter the distracting dream.

* * * *

You are the ultimate extrapolation
Prior to all concept.

* * * *

Are we even more blind to the garden than our ancestors?

* * * *

Our loins compel us so surely
That we have lost all sense
Of where it must surely lead.
Do lemmings see any less clearly?

* * * *

Those who discern the seed
Discern its immaculate origin.

* * * *

It is astounding how a harmless statement
Can be misconstrued into a dogmatic assertion.

* * * *

Like the reed bending to the force of the wind,
Relinquish the imaginary self to the eternal nature.

* * * *

The only difference
Between youth and age
Is the amount of baggage.

* * * *

It's about freedom,
Not new forms of bondage.

* * * *

From stillness, everything.

* * * *

Who would not prefer to have a body
That knew only the passions and pleasures
Of a clear mind, perfect health, and idyllic vibrancy,
Without the stormy clouds of injury or illness.
That, fortunately or unfortunately, is not
What this little play of time is about.

* * * *

The meek inherit
Only death and rebirth
Within their time-bound vision.

* * * *

Each of us seems driven to play out life in one way or another.
All questions as to why can never be answered adequately.
Wonder is the only state of mind to which any inquiry can lead.

* * * *

To discern the stillness within
Is to know the essential nature
Of all things small to great.

* * * *

New paradigms arise from the ashes
Of those whose play in time is done.

* * * *

Practice is an "any given moment" kind of thing.

* * * *

You are a patterned set of particles interacting in such a way
As to incarnate into a conscious, ever-changing, exclusive form.
But in truth, all the while You are the eternal, infinite nature.
Individuality is the illusion born of sensory awareness
Creating the resulting dream of space and time.
And as to why these inexplicable particles
Have come to be, is a timeless query
Far too finite for any answer.

* * * *

Death is merely the evaporation of apparent individuality,

The restoration to the eternal indivisibility of all origins.

* * * *

Become one, become all.

* * * *

Acceptance is born of the mind's desire for continuity,
Doubt, the discernment of the absurdity of the notion.

* * * *

How little room we have left ourselves to maneuver gracefully.
We have created all these problems, all these horrors,
And the only way at all feasible to solve them
Is to discern, and shift, into a paradigm
In which all history and personal want is set aside.

* * * *

An unlikely proposition, at best.

* * * *

The content of persona changes throughout life.
Its parameters are bounded only by the inner vision.
The most expansive context imaginable in any dimension
Is the union beyond all thought of a personal nature,
The transformation into that which is absolute.

* * * *

All notions of good and evil, will always be merely notions.

* * * *

The dream of mystery is You.

* * * *

Eternal life means timeless living.
A deathless experiencing of beingness
Wandering about in manifest form.

* * * *

Challenging to discern,
Much less do in the daily now.

* * * *

How blessed are those whose parents
Do not burden them with false beginnings.

* * * *

These words are a snowball in time
Written by one who discerned

He need not remain
A fallen angel.

* * * *

If humanity is ever to tack into the Way,
It must happen of its own free will,
Of the volition without motive.

* * * *

Ha, ha, good joke, boy.
You make me laugh plenty.

* * * *

Discern it
In whatever manner You will,
It all rounds out into one.

* * * *

Limited thoughts limit the impact
Of even the most profound nature.

* * * *

Forget yourself,
Remember your Self.
Then forget that, too.

* * * *

Few see this,
Fewer still act upon it,
Fewer still act upon it no more.

* * * *

Is there anything more vexing
Than a friendly, loyal opponent.

* * * *

What a shifting wind human love can be.

* * * *

No problem is insoluble
Once it is understood
All are imagined.

* * * *

Say to yourself,
"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Light,"
Until it becomes obvious.

* * * *

The aimless ones know what words cannot tell.

* * * *

Mammon is a pacifier
For those satisfied with suckling,
Undistracted by doubt.

* * * *

Contentment is not a commodity.
It is not product of time or circumstance.
It is easily lost when treated as one.

* * * *

If your contentment requires approval
From any imagined other,
You are not.

* * * *

You will play a part until the whole fills it.

* * * *

You imagine all your obligations, giving them weight
Based on the complex interweaving of desire and fear.

* * * *

All identification begins with the conditioning
Of the geography in which You have been raised.
Few move beyond the parochial nature of their origin,
Much less discern they were never truly born.

* * * *

You never know who will wake up,
Or what will precipitate the awakening.
But, rest assured, You are not the only one.

* * * *

We are all pretending.

* * * *

The many others will be only too happy
To tell You what You should do,
But what do You,
Without them, really want?

* * * *

The vast conspiracy, unconscious and rather droll,
Seems to be about keeping the masses from awakening

To a greater revelation of beingness and meaning.

* * * *

All the world's a stage,
And You are but witness
To one version of the play.

* * * *

These writings are for those who long for a freedom
Seemingly so difficult to attain, and in yet in the same moment
As eternally simple and present as the next breath.

* * * *

You are so incessantly busy,
But what are You really doing?

* * * *

How impossible to describe sight to the blind.

* * * *

There can be an arrogance in humility,
And a humility in arrogance.

* * * *

Leave it to irony to discern every absurdity.

* * * *

Eden lies souly within your own vision.

* * * *

Enlightenment is not bound by imagined timelines.

* * * *

Any given life is conditioned
In the mix of ignorance and wisdom
By which it is surrounded.

* * * *

You are the instrument through which the void manifests.

* * * *

The senses are the temporal gates
Through which light's illusion filters.

* * * *

There have been many seers come before You,
And many more shall no doubt follow after,
But all have wandered the pathless

In the same solitary manner.
An immortal brotherhood,
Discerning the same eternal vision.

* * * *

No one can lead You to this but your Self.
Others at best can only point to the way they discern,
Yet language alone is incapable of igniting any other's awakening.
The quest within is for each seeker to reckon alone.

* * * *

Those who are not prepared
May well go mad.

* * * *

Every limitation to which You cling
Is your own imagined creation.

* * * *

Even the so-called masters,
Familiar as they are with the mystical territory,
Must sustain the exacting attention
Of any beginner.

* * * *

To have eternal life is not
An after physical death experience.
It is the timeless, passing now as experienced
By the mind divested of inner limits.

* * * *

For want of equals,
Genius often stands alone.

* * * *

Do not overly burden the mind
With all You may or may not have done.
History is intellectually and emotionally absorbing,
But ultimately does not really matter.

* * * *

Suffer, baby, suffer.
It hones the blade.

* * * *

Any thought of separations but one of the near infinite faces of vanity.

* * * *

Standing before the raging bull,
It's not easy to resist waving the red cape.
Calculating the harsher consequences of any given action
Can mean the difference between life and death.

* * * *

No one really knows You, unless they know Self.

CCXII

Consciousness, disconnected and identified,
And attached to any given moment,
Is by its self-absorbed nature,
Destined to both instigate and endure,
Every conceivable form of agony and ecstasy.

* * * *

Every society has annual patterns; embraced by some, endured by others.

* * * *

However one may describe it, it is the thread upon which the knower travels the eternal life.

* * * *

An encapsulation of what has been; a prediction of what is yet to come.

* * * *

The most faultless liqueur begins as a tiny seed,
And before that, a profound mystery,
To which there is no birth,
There is no death.

* * * *

Prophets, oracles, mystics, saints, seers, sibyls;
However You may call their insight;
Are lights of consciousness,
In the dusty vortex of space and time.
Though few are inclined to feast the unknown,
The ultimate which they discerned, is dormant within all.

* * * *

You are immaculately imagined.

* * * *

How many ways we find to bring deities down to our level of pettiness.

* * * *

The great stage witnesses every sort of play.

* * * *

Consume whatever You will, for in due course, You will be a great feast for one worm or another.

* * * *

Those who survive the time to come, will do so in the desolate remains, of humanity's cancerous path.

* * * *

Whatever it is, finite or infinite,
No instrument born of man's mind,
Will ever view its inexplicable entirety.

* * * *

The body is merely a temporary vehicle.
Attachment to it, and the journey it undertakes,
Inevitably results in an endless saga
Of agony and ecstasy.

* * * *

See the everything in nothing
And the nothing in everything.

* * * *

You will not find something where there is nothing.
Nor can You discern the nothing in the something.

* * * *

How can You judge anything
When You are everything.

* * * *

Live quietly,
Spontaneously absolute,
Free of the indigence of existence.

* * * *

Who can comprehend eternity
But those who surrender
To its sweetness.

* * * *

How vain every thought.

* * * *

Death is simply the dissolution of a brief fabrication.

* * * *

There is no species
That does not fall prey
To one predator or another.
Large or small, all are consumed.

* * * *

Lazily, the cinder wafts above the roaring fire,
Spent until eternity recasts it for another flame.

* * * *

Reality is seamless.
Only consciousness is lost
In the maze of duality.

* * * *

The truly rich, the truly powerful, the truly free,
Are those who meander unconcerned, fearless.
Even death cannot do more than consume them.

* * * *

Historian, scientist, teacher,
Anthropologist, sociologist, psychologist,
King, warrior, merchant, peasant, holy man, sprite, beast,
Philosopher, curmudgeon, jester, drunken fool,
Mystic, oracle, harbinger, hierophant.

* * * *

The essential point of sexual energy is procreation.
The seeds of lust weave the mystery of time.
For the sake of the children to come,
Do not dabble too incautiously.

* * * *

Idolatry is the way of the blind; those who see, discern the indivisible inherent within all manifestation.

* * * *

Do not make a burden of those who see; they are models to be witnessed.
Idolizing any form, any concept, only puts off realization and liberation.

* * * *

The long and short are relative to the measurer.

* * * *

Eternal life, timeless life,
Nowness ad infinitum,
Consciously traveled.

* * * *

You are of the same quantum,
Which has shaped all diversity,
Across every imaginable domain.
Any denial of that most basic reality,
Is the underpinning of all disharmony.
The decline and fall born of free will.

* * * *

Right is right when it feels right.

* * * *

Surely, but for greed, there is plenty for all.

* * * *

Where are You when thought stills?

* * * *

Take notice how language, born of the senses,
Molds your dream through its subject-object implications.
It is a deception woven into the thought process,
But is, in reality, without foundation.

* * * *

Why any separate themselves from reality, from the mystery, is beyond comprehension.

* * * *

The fabricated identity is the only real block.

* * * *

Do not for a moment believe
The Way is in any way a path.

* * * *

How effortlessly fear, anger, greed and idolatry
Shove aside reason and common sense.
We will hawk our wares as we hurtle
Off the cliff of our own making.

* * * *

What's done is done, and cannot be undone.
Though cause and effect are ultimately unreal,
In the manifest reality, the piper will not go unpaid.

* * * *

What we call progress is overindulgence in every way imaginable.
Population, ideas, technology, wealth, power, fame, ad infinitum.
Surely, we are a cosmic joke to any who would deign witness it.

* * * *

Though many are beckoned, few turn resolutely
Toward the eternal flame of personal extinction.

* * * *

Any idea of perfection remains only an idea; no matter how it aches to taste reality.

* * * *

Knowledge defines its own limitations.

* * * *

All claims to birth involve death.

* * * *

Leap the bounds of space and time, until You are that which is eternal.

* * * *

What, except arguments stablished on desire and fear and guilt, could persuade You otherwise?

* * * *

You live in all things, and all things live in You.

* * * *

For there to be the manifest play of space and time, there must be movement.
And for there to be movement, there must be the stillness to recognize its passing.
For there to be the recognition of the movement requires the memory of past movement.
What reality does the knower really know, really cling to, but a brain chock-full of movement?

* * * *

Even your most cherished concept is but an ephemeral reality.

* * * *

One creature's boon is another's blight.
Despite the essential equality of all,
Equity in the universe of forms
Is an impossible ideal.

* * * *

Eternal damnation is the inevitable consequence
For any who ignore or deny the eternal nature.

* * * *

Those who see
Know clay is gold,
And gold is clay.

* * * *

To see everything
And nothing,
That is the goal.

* * * *

If goals are real, that is.

* * * *

The chatter of irony.

* * * *

Personality is the wind of consciousness.

* * * *

Once You leave the cave,
Returning to it will never, can never,
Be the same as its memory.

* * * *

Wisdom is merely knowledge distilled.
The truth of the matter is prior to all knowing,
And thus, the only barrier ever remains the knower.

* * * *

One swill of essence is all You need
To know all organized religion
Is the hoax of mind.

* * * *

The patter of thought
Is like shallow footprints
In windswept sand.

* * * *

The turns of every word sets the tone
For those not deaf to its meaning.

* * * *

What agony to reach the ecstasy of true beingness.
To be consistently one with nothingness
Is not for the idle seeker.

* * * *

Without sagacity, endurance, and indifference,
The roiling mind is an infinite sea of suffering.

* * * *

What kind of gift is this existence?
Surely everyone asks many times.

* * * *

Breath fully this moment for it is quickly done.
And You must re-awaken again and again
To consciously witness your revelation
Of eternity's never-ending story.

* * * *

The sensual illusion is enticing for all, and thus every fate is played.

* * * *

Another year complete in the theater of time.
And those who are awake are reborn as no other.

* * * *

A mystical wonderland, more real than the senses can ever gather.

* * * *

What has come before,
And what will come hence,
Has no importance whatsoever
In this moment of paused reflection.

* * * *

It is not for the multitude to discern,
And thus they are witnessed by the few
In the splendid candor, the full regalia
Of all their ignorance and delusion.

* * * *

What is dark or light to the omniscient eye?

* * * *

Death wakens any who pause to reflect
On that which is prior to all origins.

* * * *

As free and untouchable as a beam of light.

* * * *

What passes as living for so many
Is merely death put off another day.

* * * *

What self-deception to believe
There is anything or anyone to be saved.
All is merely dust waxed and waned again and again.
Every form is temporary, dust given shape, but ever dust it remains.

* * * *

Do not move too quickly, too sharply,
Lest the sheep scatter too far afield.

* * * *

Death hovers near, its wings beating patiently.
Can You feel the surety of its inevitable touch?

* * * *

How strange that across the world, we are all conditioned
To play out one identity, one personality or another.
An entire species deluded by a collusion
Of its own collective invention.
Madness on a scale probably unduplicated,
Despite all our science fiction, anywhere in the universe.

* * * *

All those romantic walks along a beautiful beach
Take on a different hue in the shadow
Of a hundred-foot tsunami.

* * * *

Mother Nature can be beautiful and inspiring,
But do no be too beguiled and infatuated
By the reflection in a shark's tooth.

* * * *

Natural disasters are reminders that all life,
Despite humanity's nonsensical blather,
Exists merely at the whim of nature.

* * * *

The rules of the board cannot be broken.
The further the human species meanders
From the fundamental, unbending reality,
The harsher will seem the consequences.

* * * *

And pray tell, why, why, why, should some poor, defenseless deity be made responsible,
For your having arrogantly planted yourself in the capricious path of a force of nature?

* * * *

It is so simple; play by the rules of the game, or die.

* * * *

For any species to wander
From that fundamental understanding
Is a sure path to destruction.

* * * *

It isn't that Mother Nature is behaving any different,
It's just that there are more people in her way.

* * * *

How absurd all belief.
Be here now.

Be-ing, here-ing, now-ing
Is all there really is.

* * * *

You need not collude with any history.

* * * *

All are entitled to feast the dream of mystery, but few partake,
For they hunger only for what the narrow-minded senses allow.

* * * *

Peace is harmony with the present, however it may be flowing.

* * * *

Speak your truth, buckle in, and let it take You where it will.

* * * *

Wandering and puttering, no direction known.

* * * *

Where are those danged fishermen when You need them?

* * * *

Just remember, there's no such thing as too absurd.

CCXIII

You want madness, here's madness:
Peace on earth, good will to all.

* * * *

The most You can hope of anyone running any earthly theater production,
Is that they strive for the benefit of as many of the little people as possible.

* * * *

Revenge has a long memory, and many means to torturous ends.

* * * *

How many ideas we come up with to die for.

* * * *

Young folks have to endure much suffering, before learning to endure the absurdity.

* * * *

The trick, once You have a great idea, is not to become slave to it.

* * * *

A magical mystery tour headed tragically awry.

* * * *

The metaphorical chains of wage slavery.

* * * *

Amazing how many ways we have found to taint water with one vice or another.

* * * *

Every group its own collusion.

* * * *

A circus of one.

* * * *

Like…You know…like…You know…

* * * *

Words fail You, yet still they come.

* * * *

So easy to be lonely; much more challenging to be alone.

* * * *

So much effort, for so many willful reasons.

* * * *

Well, the dishes are clean,
The rug is vacuumed,
The tires are full,
The laundry is folded,
Hmm…maybe there's time
To save the world before dinner.

* * * *

All forms dissolve, break or die.
Nothing is permanent.
The challenge,
Is to readily surrender everything,
When that moment arrives, when the dreamtime ends.

* * * *

One of the greater addictions in life, is the anonymity of solitude.

* * * *

Anther passing moment wanders into the mirage of memory.

* * * *

Whether it is discerned or not, we all have one thing in common.

* * * *

Like Santa Claus and the Tooth Fairy, God is an imaginary figment.

* * * *

To be nothing, is to be everything.

* * * *

Do not let the world hold You back from discerning your Self.

* * * *

Doubt only what the senses discern; the Way is smoky clear.

* * * *

God loves dice, Mr. Einstein.

* * * *

Who can say who will see, and who will not; there are no boundaries in the mystical eye.

* * * *

Practice indifference, and the chaos of daily existence takes on a peaceful clarity.

* * * *

The more deeply You quest, You delve, the more obvious it becomes.

Uncertainty dissolves in the certainty, as seamlessly as sugar into water.

* * * *

Those of meagre wit will not find haven in these thoughts.

* * * *

The Golden Calf; just another tasty morsel on the skewer of time.

* * * *

The unwritten epitaph of Socrates; there is not enough hemlock to undo what has been done.

* * * *

Can any parent see their children clearly?

* * * *

What's the rush? You will depart soon enough.

* * * *

But what if the majority is insane?

* * * *

To believe You are anything but everything
Is the only madness.

* * * *

Intelligence and ignorance
Both find avenues to delusion.

* * * *

Without desire, without fear, without dread, without remorse or regret,
The sage roams the eternal abyss of the ineffable unknown.
Alone, anonymous, detached, indifferent, content.
How can You be anything but agnostic?
Nobody really knows anything,
And nobody ever will.

* * * *

Through repetition, we all paint ourselves into a corner
From which the inclination for change all but disappears.

* * * *

At the end of any given day, You are always still You.
No matter what You have learned, no matter what You have done,
No matter anything that may, or may not have happened.

* * * *

You cannot speak for tomorrow.
You can only act today.

* * * *

What if they're all right?
What if they're all wrong?

* * * *

To fundamentally, really, totally, absolutely,
And without hesitation, not care,
Is a formless art.

* * * *

Be wary the true believer,
For to deny his cause
Is to become his enemy.

* * * *

So vain as to have sought a place in history.

* * * *

How we cling to what we think we know.

* * * *

So much ado about nothing.

* * * *

Any given passion
Is merely the wind of consciousness,
By its nature brief and erratic.

* * * *

Salvation is realizing how little You truly know.

* * * *

Concepts are the links, and also the walls between us.

* * * *

Go ahead, lose your mind.

* * * *

Take all your assumptions,
And what have You got?
Bibbity-bobbity, bibbity-bobbity boo.

* * * *

Although, in reality, You cannot really kill your Self,
Offing this particular existence is an option.
Not necessarily in the spirit of a good,
Take-it-on-the-chin team player,

But it is an option, as all options are.

* * * *

Is happiness really any more
Than the absence of sorrow?

* * * *

Childhood seems the happiest time,
And then the world barges in
With all its silliness.

* * * *

Funny how food,
No matter how exquisite,
Always manages to turn into shit.

* * * *

No matter whether form or concept,
The more investment one gives it,
The more challenging to let go.

* * * *

You are That to which, neither pride nor guilt nor sorrow nor joy, can cling.
The eternal has no need of the whims of hells and heavens.
All consciousness is born of illusion.
All definition is limitation.

* * * *

You are merely a vehicle, through which the essence witnesses its eternal landscape.

* * * *

So absurd, yet so very challenging to laugh it away.

* * * *

What good does it do to heal another, if they have not learned from their pain?

* * * *

History is such a temporary, quickly forgotten thing.

* * * *

A play in which all things are possible,
And all hope is unnecessary and futile.

* * * *

Truth without paradox and irony
Is like wind without twigs and leaves.

* * * *

Gravity, the unseen force woven into every pattern.

* * * *

This interlude You identify as your life,
This dreamy facade to which You are so attached,
Is nothing but fantasy; baggage imprinted upon the synapses.
We are all absorbed in our bubbles of imagination.
Even those who seem selfless, are driven,
By the deception of the senses,
And the desire into which they feed.

* * * *

Wisdom has no name.

* * * *

Remember Easter Island,
For that is how absurd it can get,
And probably will in the time yet to come.

* * * *

Death is the end of consciousness.
The end of consciousness is the end of time.

* * * *

What is truly seen is not forgotten.

* * * *

So much babble about nothing.

* * * *

There is, how the world of illusion works, and how reality does not.

* * * *

A deft manuscript for any who come patiently inquiring.

* * * *

Heretics are any deity's only salvation.

* * * *

How many histories have ended with a last wheezing breath?

* * * *

Death's gift to all histories is complete and utter annihilation.

* * * *

Every twist and turn;
Just another opportunity,
For one calamity or another.

With a few respites of happiness,
Perhaps even laced with traces of joy.
Just enough sugar to keep You in the game.

* * * *

Gravity always gets the last laugh.

* * * *

Moving on …

* * * *

More soon …

* * * *

Brought to You by …

* * * *

In the primal essence, there is neither good nor evil; there is but the ground of all potential.

* * * *

The conspiracy smokescreen gambit, is always sure to get at least a pause.

* * * *

What seems so important today, will be even more unimportant tomorrow.

* * * *

How is it that as the road narrows, the horizon becomes so expansive?

* * * *

Who else could You really be?

* * * *

Romantic at one end, is just a broken pile of bones crumbling into powder, on the other.

* * * *

Yes, even The Dark Lord Satan can find grace, if s/he pauses for a moment of Self-reflection.

* * * *

A good idea, like truth, belongs to everyone.

* * * *

That which only blood can tell.

* * * *

Do You really believe, most people give a tinker's damn,
What goes on in any other frontal lobe, but their own?

* * * *

A good idea, if there is such a thing.

* * * *

So pleasant to have a forgettable, indistinguishably anonymous name.

* * * *

Pretty sad statement about life, when one's raison d'être becomes the avoidance of potholes.

* * * *

To have given so much, and it to count for so little, is always a humbling feast.

* * * *

Enjoy whatever mobility and simple pleasures, your meager allotment of time allows,
For it, sooner than likely most would prefer, shall one fine day be as done as done can be.

* * * *

How unfair to society's elders, that they should be bullied aside, by so much entitled arrogance.

* * * *

In at least a handful of cases, imagination may be much more enticing than reality.

* * * *

Death, a moment for which You have vainly practiced, far too many times to remember.

* * * *

The uncarved block is without voice or direction; all potentials at rest.

* * * *

Breathe into infinity.

* * * *

Let go.

* * * *

Yes, it is that simple.

* * * *

The wind can catch any given sail unawares.

* * * *

To be free is to be done with the passions of the mind.

CCXIV

You continue to think the cotton candy real, when it is the sugary essence You must taste.

* * * *

This path You think so real, disappears when time dissolves.

* * * *

To see this ultimate panorama
Of what You both truly are, and are not.
Yet continue residing in the manifest dreamworld,
Is like walking a razored tightrope.

* * * *

Washing away confusion and ignorance is your responsibility alone.

* * * *

Enlightenment is one thing; liberation another.
Discerning the solitary witness within, is much less arduous,
Than allowing its boundless nature, to reign supreme.

*** * * ***

The seeds of freedom are planted.
If or when they will bear fruit, who can now say?
But rest assured, it will if our kind awakens to the wisdom required.

* * * *

Morality may get You to a battlefield, but has little to do with the outcome.

* * * *

A drop separated from its source, must travel far to return home.

* * * *

The eternal is a merry drunk; tap the barrel for your full share.

* * * *

Reclaim the sovereignty at the root of your being.

* * * *

Do You desire the miasma of existence more than liberation?

* * * *

The coyote-thief-trickster-fool, is You.

* * * *

All creation is ever humbled by the grinding, gnashing, unyielding, ceaseless, kaleidoscope of change.

* * * *

You are already free; You just need to discern it.

* * * *

You may want to always be innocent, honest, and true.
But all too often life just doesn't happen that way.
The game of existence demands many tolls.

* * * *

We probably all identify with one school, one herd,
One gaggle, one tribe or another at one time or another.

* * * *

Patience, patience.
It will all happen soon enough.

* * * *

The herd instinct drives us all to one degree or another.

* * * *

What delusionary denial so many experience.

* * * *

Do You choose your fate, or it, You?

* * * *

Haven't You tired of nationalism yet?
Isn't your arm weak from all that flag waving?

* * * *

Ye gods, what kind of life would that be to live?

* * * *

Time happens, and sometimes even clicks in coincidental fashion.

* * * *

The biggest problem in this insane world, is that so many idiots are running the show.

* * * *

What an insult to intelligence the human paradigm can be.

* * * *

Contemplation is one of life's greater gifts.

* * * *

You cannot undo the past, so why waste time regretting it?

* * * *

Try not to create a dilemma about sexuality.
It is a genetic urge, a pleasure, a habit,
A physical tension, akin to hunger or thirst.
Give it its due as the moment dictates, and carry on.
Perhaps one day it will simply cease being of such importance.
Perhaps not.
It really need not be an issue.

* * * *

What You really are is not lost,
Just temporarily cloaked with layers
Of unnecessary, even comical complexity.

* * * *

The mind-identity is ever incomplete.
Wholeness, unification, integration, intuition
Is beyond the capacity of limited, parochial thinking.

* * * *

When the clinging to identity ends
There is a return to childlike awareness.

* * * *

We all play one game or another.

* * * *

Breathe each breath as if it were the last; fully, fearlessly, without desire for more.

* * * *

The Devil and his minions are probably far more interesting,
Than most religious, pious, dogmatic, narrow sorts,
Unless, of course, they are one in the same.

* * * *

Even the greatest deity would be well-challenged to sort this mess out.

* * * *

Ahh, the futility of result.

* * * *

Every form existence takes, will someday, in some way, die, whether by your hand or another's.

* * * *

Go ahead, take it personal, suffer.

* * * *

Wander elsewhere if You seek political correctness.

* * * * *

Nobody's got right by the tail.

* * * *

Be as impractical as You want, until necessity forces a pragmatic paradigm.

* * * *

To experience many things, yet be content through all of them.

* * * *

Play your fate to the hilt.

* * * *

So many You once knew already fallen.

* * * *

Is any fate deserved?

* * * *

Just words, man, just words.

* * * *

What's the point of being kind to friends and strangers
If You abuse or neglect those You supposedly love?

* * * *

Playground grass, is it the same everywhere?

* * * *

Hard to bypass the offer of an eighteen-year-old virgin beauty.
But it may well be best for both of You down the road,
If You were to tone down the randy and decline.

* * * *

Be outrageous, at least occasionally.

* * * *

Nirvana is in the breath.

* * * *

The rules of the game are unwritten, yet oh so obvious.

* * * *

You will do it for as long as You need to.

* * * *

At the root of wisdom is the humility of ignorance.

There is no humility in pretending You know anything.

* * * *

You are; need You know, can You know, anything more?

* * * *

Power corrupts in many ways at many levels.

* * * *

If You did not hunger, thirst or lust,
How silly all this would seem.

* * * *

Here You are.
Wondering why is a pointless distraction.

* * * *

Is it all happening to You, or You to it?

* * * *

In every aspect of the web of bondage
Is the seed of liberation.

* * * *

It is a dream,
Seemingly a very real three-dimensional one,
But a dream nonetheless.

* * * *

Be aware of the mental effort exerted
Explaining and interpreting the unfolding dream.
Be still, realize it requires no interference.

* * * *

Money draws every sort of vulture.

* * * *

If You deal in probabilities,
Outcomes generally become
All too predictable.

* * * *

Time wears down pride,
Smooths the corners,
Softens the harshness,
Eliminates the delusions.

* * * *

Vanity, vanity, it's all vanity,
But to what degree?

* * * *

What do You know all this for?

* * * *

White Rabbits endlessly pursue goal after goal
Through one moment after another
Toward other moments
That will elude them ever again
For the same manic, clock-bound reasons.

* * * *

Does a deep breath stop time?
Or merely pass through it
As it does every other moment?

* * * *

A journey into conscious perfection.

* * * *

Has death ever lost?

* * * *

Consciousness is all.
All is one.
Be one in consciousness.

* * * *

Who needs entertaining stories
Who needs tedious, windy discourses,
Once an aphorism has bagged the essence?

* * * *

All distinctions are fabrications
Created by the divisive mind.
They do not exist in themselves.

* * * *

The senses and mind see
Only what they are prepared to see.
Only with the so-called third eye of insight
Can You view beyond appearances.

* * * *

The absolute is without cause or effect.

* * * *

The ceremonial trappings of all religions
Are arbitrary man-made collusions.

* * * *

Be in awareness,
Conscious of mind and senses,
But without attachment.

* * * *

Identity is a burdensome coat.
Without it You walk so lightly.

* * * *

Merge consciously into the serenity of the eternal fabric.

* * * *

No, that is not your fate, either.

* * * *

It is all the Big Uno in the sky.

* * * *

Some worry so about the other side; the other side of what?

* * * *

Wander the existential void as You will.

* * * *

Welcome home.

* * * *

The vectors are changing; will life as we know it survive the twists and turns?

* * * *

Much will happen in time yet to pass.
Be aware that many judgments
May someday sound for You.

* * * *

We are all more than a little touched by the mystery.

* * * *

Can't force it, can't stop it.
Just happens.

* * * *

If You are open to all possibilities,

What can surprise You?

* * * *

Things can never be completely the way
You would prefer them to play out.
That might really be hell.

* * * *

Be as mysterious and composed as the unfathomable ocean,
Unconstrained by the many passions of its myriad tributaries,
Unbound by the endless plays of reflection upon its surface.

* * * *

How much useless data will it take
To appease your insatiable mind?

* * * *

Funny how so many meet your expectations.

* * * *

Cease pretending someone out there knows.
None can know anything but their own projection.

* * * *

Before knowledge, what can there be?
Ignorance is the womb of all creation.

* * * *

Words: labels, concepts and beliefs,
Are so very limiting.

* * * *

What is this intelligence
That awakens to the witness?
A question to which there is no answer.

* * * *

Being what You truly are
Requires a courage few muster.

* * * *

Watching the play,
Realize You are the play.

* * * *

Without You to ask them, there would be no questions about truth.

* * * *

To understand your essential nature, You must discern what You are, and are not.

* * * *

You are the center of a wheel without a center,
The meaning of a reverie without meaning,
The purpose of a dream without purpose,
The point of an existence forever pointless.

* * * *

Do You think all this makes any sense at all?
Boy-o-boy, are You a fool on a hill, or what?

* * * *

Is it even a remote possibility
That everyone could ever
Agree on anything?

* * * *

You will not host the mind of mystery, until You are willing to surrender your own.

* * * *

To those who see money
As more than a medium of exchange,
There will never be enough to still the craving.
Greed is an absorbing competition,
A game no one really wins.

CCXV

Everybody believing their universe so real.

* * * *

The pleasure button calleth.

* * * *

It is the idea of it You really crave.

* * * *

So, what does this omnipresent-omnipotent-omniscient deity, really want from You?

* * * *

Why should You ever feel obligated,
To play along with anyone's absurd notions,
Including anything inspired by this wandering scribe.

* * * *

Having a quiet mind does not mean You are free.

* * * *

There is no need for religious identification once You have recovered your original nature.

* * * *

No one has any right to infringe upon your quest for sovereignty.

* * * *

Identity camouflages your essential nature.

* * * *

Maya will spin anything it can to delude You into playing on its web.

* * * *

As a drunk is to drink, You are addicted to the mind-body.

* * * *

You are an individual in imagination only.

* * * *

When You are it, there is no center; only five senses functioning.
That there is a center, that there is an identity, is completely imagined.

* * * *

As much as older men may want the younger babes,
Guaranteed, there is going to be back trouble to pay.

* * * *

Whose idea of right and wrong do You subscribe to?

* * * *

If all your spirituality is based on fear of punishment or craving for reward,
What You reap from all your ambitions, will only confound You even further.

* * * *

Nothing completes the puzzle.

* * * *

Can anyone or anything make You truly happy, or do they only distract You till they are gone?

* * * *

Within every youthful stud
Is a withered, farting old geezer.
In every beauty, a dried-up crone of a hag.

* * * *

Prayer is just a self-absorbed excuse
To talk to yourself in a higher sense.

* * * *

To whom it concerns,
It's all yours.

* * * *

Memory can be a great inconvenience.

* * * *

You walk among many ghosts.

* * * *

Depends on the day.

* * * *

Everywhere humanity seeks its original nature.
That so few find it is ignorance and misinformation.

* * * *

Get beyond the trap of words.
They and vivid imagination are the root of the problem.

* * * *

Imagination can be either blessing or curse.
A misdirected, undiscerning mind is a sojourn through hell.

* * * *

The unburdened are unconcerned with birth, life and death
They tread beyond the limits of concept.

* * * *

Serenity does not imply complacency.

* * * *

Who is born? Who dies?
The answer decries the suffering.

* * * *

Manifestation may ponder isness,
But isness tarries for nothing.

* * * *

"Why", You ask?
The impossible question.
Discern, instead, who has asked it.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of courage
To not want anything.

* * * *

Always return to the stillpoint.

* * * *

Who are You? What are You?
Where are You? When are You?
Why are You? How are You?
Amness answers all the above.

* * * *

Field notes from an observer.

* * * *

What most call love
Is merely clinging to comfort and security.

* * * *

What a prison self-imagery.

* * * *

A free ride dulls anyone.

* * * *

You are defined by your resistance.

* * * *

Relax and enjoy the day, the night.
There's nothing to carpe.

* * * *

Moral of the story: Never record your crimes.

* * * *

All manifestation is sovereign, absolute.
Whatever You may do with it, respect its passing.

* * * *

Even if You sit regularly in meditation,
Without the edge of discernment
You will never be free.

* * * *

As long as there is a separate observer,
Objectivity is a meaningless concept.
The play of Maya is ever subjective.

* * * *

Denying any soul its process.
Only denies your own.

* * * *

When used to its potential, the mind becomes a flowering.
Most must practice discernment a great deal
To own the freedom implied.

* * * *

There is a mixture of audacity and humility
In surrender to the unmanifest.

* * * *

When the mind ceases to have limits,
That is liberation.

* * * *

How seriously You take yourself.
All that vanity for naught.

* * * *

The emperor had no clothes,
And neither, really, do You.

* * * *

As long as there is an observer,

Everything is subjective.

* * * *

Perhaps one of these days the faucet will turn off,
But one wonders if the mystery will allow it.

* * * *

Demanding or sweet as sugar,
Still they manipulate
As surely
As is their nature.

* * * *

A wolf amidst a flock
Tends to unnerve the sheep.

* * * *

Damage control often can't.

* * * *

Why should You ever require
Another's sanction?

* * * *

What a state of mind given no recourse.

* * * *

Your individual unity is indivisible.

* * * *

Your resistance, the walls to reality,
Is a hell of your own making.

* * * *

Allow the timeless
To melt like butter into your fabric.

* * * *

The gold You are cannot die.

* * * *

Love your Self.

* * * *

Love may participate in lust,
But lust alone is merely gratification
Of the mind's sensory cravings.

* * * *

Give over your desire and fear.
Allow the unmanifested the reigns of your being.

* * * *

Go into your imagination.
Turn it inside out and outside in.

* * * *

Why so many want to believe it all wonderful is a mystery.
Even an ostrich cannot plant its head as deeply in the sand.

* * * *

The undifferentiated state is not bound by manifestation.

* * * *

Your life is shaped
By whatever desires motivate your actions.

* * * *

We are all observers witnessing
Imagination's countless concoctions.

* * * *

Funny how so many need others to masturbate them.

* * * *

What to do when life wanders into this mystical sense,
When just being is enough, and accumulation
Is less a factor than understanding.
And even that fades in time
Into an unconcern.

* * * *

Is it my imagination,
Or do salesmen all seem
To have the same predatorial smile?

* * * *

Passion.
She comes, she goes.
All in a dream, all in a dream.

* * * *

Such a thin band we reside in.

* * * *

Your urgency

Is in direct proportion
To your attachment.

* * * *

The desire for liberation at the core of your being
Burns away the dross of what is not.

* * * *

Every moment is pregnant with the song of mystery.

* * * *

Duality creates illusionary choices; when separation dissolves, choiceless awareness is.

* * * *

The trade-off for birth is death; ultimately illusions, but often painful nonetheless.

* * * *

All is perfection, but You must vanquish fear of your own.

* * * *

Do not be a mindless sheep, except in the highest sense.

* * * *

Do what You love to do, until what You love to do is.

* * * *

Tolerate no ignorance within, but practice patience without.

* * * *

What part do You most want to play? Are You?

* * * *

Entertain doubts if You choose; that is the continuing price of duality's delusion.

* * * *

Those not used to thinking get headaches, or fall asleep when they ponder too much too long.

* * * *

The I Am is the essence that fulfills the attributes of every container.

* * * *

Image is power, at least in this theater.

* * * *

I think I am
But am I a little I Am
Or a big I Am?

* * * *

Imagine yourself into the peace of mystery.

* * * *

You want to be important,
Yet how can You ever really be
More important than anything else.

* * * *

What torture thought can inflict.

* * * *

Is the infant stillness either happy or sad?

* * * *

Self has woken to itself
In many ways since time immemorial.
This is just a current issue.

* * * *

Spread good karma.
What goes around gets around.

* * * *

Do not compromise your Self.

* * * *

If manifest time really existed,
We might be in real trouble.

* * * *

Inwardly strip yourself of everything.

* * * *

Merging into oneness
Is like being on a merry lifetime drunk.

* * * *

Why identify with time?

* * * *

What a sham, a lie You are.

* * * *

You see him practically every day in the media.
Why would You ever want to meet him?

* * * *

Where are we leading each other?

* * * *

One little ditty,
Two little ditties,
Three little ditties,
And more.

* * * *

Take care . . .
Wherever she takes You.

* * * *

Futile as all this is, makes it kind of look like You love a good beating.

* * * *

Nothing can touch You but through your complicity.

* * * *

Unless You have great intellectual capacity and thirst,
The best way to read this sort of thing, is a few at a time.

* * * *

Take early retirement.

* * * *

The dust swirls the senses and leads You into every temptation; what a rascal that God is.

CCXVI

Self is the awareness You have been, since the mind-body's entry into consciousness.

* * * *

Is it me? Is it You? Is it any of us in particular? Or all of us in general?

* * * *

Your sanctity lies at the deepest core of your being.

* * * *

There is no place You can ever travel where You will be any different than You are.

* * * *

What is the point of a chaotic stressful life?
Is all the wanting worth the all the suffering?

* * * *

Deny no vision until You one day own eternity's.

* * * *

The intensity of your fear in time is what keeps You from serenity now.

* * * *

The experiences You seek so passionately, are over as quickly as those You do not.

* * * *

Absurd as it may be, this is what your life has come to.

* * * *

Each of us plays out our own version of space and time.

* * * *

Mother Nature is the fang, the claw, the club.

* * * *

The human species is, on the whole, in great denial.

* * * *

If You are trustworthy,
At least some of the time,
You will fool many of them
The rest of the time.

* * * *

You can't be seen if You don't reflect.

* * * *

It's not the gun that pulls the trigger,
Nor the knife that wields the blade.

* * * *

Death reins all back into the bosom

* * * *

Just another arrogant flash in the pan.

* * * *

Let them touch You with their delusion.

* * * *

Am I talking of me or You?
Who's to say, who's to say?
Take it all as You would
Any other day.

* * * *

Jumping from one mythos to another
Misses the inanity manifested by all.
It is far more real to walk anonymous.

* * * *

What happens when You want nothing,
Have nothing, seek nothing, fear nothing,
When the emptiness of the unmanifested reigns
Every point and particle of your being?

* * * *

Physical desires can be satiated,
But psychological cravings have no end.
They are the breeding ground of human suffering.

* * * *

Every thought, every insight You have,
Is duplication of what science labels the big bang.
You are the creative-destruction of each and every moment.

* * * *

As an individual personality
You harbor a false illusion of free will,
But the essence You really are is, without choice.
Choiceless awareness is simply operating
In unmanifest awareness manifest.

* * * *

Memories are opportunities to make up later
What was missed on the original run.

* * * *

Desire and fear taint understanding.
Clear witnessing requires their absence.

* * * *

If You are a real guru,
No one will shed even a tear
When You depart from the theater.

* * * *

Losing your innocence comes when your realize
Life does not carry an insurance policy.

* * * *

Whose perspective has the greatest weight?

* * * *

Whether they know it or not,
Everybody, everything has it.

* * * *

How tiring both ruthlessness and compassion.

* * * *

These thoughts for those times
When You secure a moment
To catch up with your Self.

* * * *

What a scary thing to operate from the heart
In a world where so many minds squeeze it dry.

* * * *

Touching a woman is like driving a car,
Shooting a gun or smoking a cigar.
Something to do occasionally,
But not so often as to drown You.

* * * *

So few ever realize
That fellow who is pissing
On those pretty fronts
Is a great teacher.

* * * *

Why are some so absorbed
On discovering life on other planets
When our species is seemingly so intent
On destroying that which resides on this one?
What sane aliens would seek relationship with us?

* * * *

If You could only tame your goodwill for some
And spread it to all.

* * * *

Why not own that we are all lumps of clay
And just laugh at our irreconcilable vanity?

* * * *

Drugs are useful in lighting the way,
As aids in the rekindling of your own torch,
But they should not be treated as ends in themselves.

* * * *

Home is the dwelling from whence the unmanifest
Issues that which is manifest.

* * * *

Discover the light within
Which has projected all this illusion.

* * * *

To reside in vanity's superficial nature
Is the thin shell of blind ignorance.

* * * *

Pretending to know anything is akin to holding tightly
To a favorite blanket while sucking your thumb.

* * * *

What will You really do
If confronted with the reality
Of a fight or die situation?

* * * *

Complain about your lot all You will,
It can never change
Without some intentional action.

* * * *

Never let your desire or fear
Exorcise your good judgment.

* * * *

A warrior must be ready at a moment's notice
To do whatever is necessary to survive or die.

* * * *

Those who see only duality as real
Can never accept that the fraction
Cannot be independent of the whole
No matter how much thought is given to it.

* * * *

This is what happens
When You put nerds in charge.

* * * *

Don't we all gaze into the mirror
Enraptured with our reflection.

* * * *

Taste and smell the chemistry.

* * * *

All your vain silliness
Teeters on such unstable shale.

* * * *

States, as they have evolved, are little concerned
About the welfare and happiness of the individual.
They have become burdensome ends in themselves.

* * * *

Merge into undifferentiated consciousness
And find no other.

* * * *

In awareness the most simple things
Become profoundly extraordinary,
And the most complex things
Become scarcely a problem.

* * * *

To be in the body,
Yet be untainted by identity
Is the purpose You seek.

* * * *

How simple it is to share.

How difficult we make it.

* * * *

The mind caught in Maya
Will create every possible distraction
To put off the infinite quest.

* * * *

What makes anyone think
Either good or ill in any matter?
Where do like and dislike come from?

* * * *

What You staring at, man?
Your soul, man, your soul?

* * * *

These words relieve your denial.

* * * *

No mythological foundation is more true or real than another.
They are all relative collusions of geographical assumptions.

* * * *

You might have trouble thinking about your deity of choice, if, when You die,
A beautiful woman is giving You the best damned blow job You have ever had.
A worthy challenge, indeed.

* * * *

You are still too young to be the lecher You have set your sights on being.

* * * *

How easy give into the passion of outrage.

* * * *

Better to do a few things well, than many poorly, unless, of course, a taste is all You seek.

* * * *

Armageddon is the choice born of ignorance; it need not be a fate.

* * * *

Most seem content to stroke their vanity, and believe their limitations magnificent.

* * * *

Pleasure and pain seem so very real, but all sensations are ever-changing, in every moment yet to come.

* * * *

Any deity is merely a larger mask of quantum clay, that will someday succumb to the same fate as You.

* * * *

The unending oppression of those You allow elite status,
Ever plays upon your self-deceiving gullibility.
That combination of desire and angst,
Whose imaginary existence You play out.

* * * *

In the broadest sense, each of us chooses a death, based upon patterned choices.
Many are vain struggles for the renown, of one self-absorbed fantasy or another.
The conscious choice, pragmatic choice, the voluntary choice, is called suicide.

* * * *

You must die to mortal self to attain immortality.

* * * *

Can any dogma aid You in discovering your original nature?

* * * *

Be wary that all You see is not just words.

* * * *

Through all manifest fortune and adversity, recall your original nature until You never forget.

* * * *

It is not that there is not great goodness in many people.
It is just that too many are so self-absorbed,
They cannot allow that others,
Whatever the form,
Are really in no way different.
It all boils down to ignorance of the primal fact.

* * * *

Scorpio by one technique,
Charioteer by another,
Serpent by a third,
Fool by volition.

* * * *

The righteousness of the damned
Is the scroll of vain notion.

* * * *

A lot of folks talking the talk
Without walking the walk.

* * * *

These words are a meager attempt

To encourage courage across space and time
To fearlessly face the suffering that manifestation brings
All who consciously dare the journey.

* * * *

Real religion, true spiritual unification is abandoned, chaotic, disordered,
Reckless, wild, untamable, fierce, violent, irreverent,
Totally serene all the while.

* * * *

Why do we corrupt the young
With the tyranny of useless, vain histories,
Which serve little more than to create division and rancor?

* * * *

Rocks can no more withstand the wind and waves
Than You can your eternal reunification.
Stand naked before the elements
And know You are one with their divine nature.

* * * *

Real religion entertains
A good amount of common sense.
There's always wood needs chopping and water carrying.

* * * *

Consciousness is just another bodily fluid.

* * * *

Never forget those spontaneous happy times in childhood
When your quick nimble toes sifted through hot sand
Or a cold ocean wave caught You by surprise.
Remember how easy it was to laugh.
They are not so far from You.

* * * *

Believe nothing but what You alone
Are discerning enough to divine.

* * * *

We are all equals in this divine play.
All are given first title in the highest way.

* * * *

There are no different separate souls,
Only an infinite flowing array of costumes.
In all manifest diversity there has ever been oneness.

* * * *

Without space there would be no form.
Without form there would be no space.

* * * *

You will take your life to the grave.
No one will ever know you
The way You have known yourself.

* * * *

Sometimes You have to become the one,
Because the all is just too much to carry.

* * * *

Everything from mundane to infinity is covered on this journalist's beat.

* * * *

Abandon all hope; it is the insecurity of ignorance.

* * * *

What confusion these words may wrought in time
Must for others the same understanding
Do tell, retell and tell again.

* * * *

How amazing the disrespect for other life forms.
At least honor their sacrifice as You slaughter your Self.

CCXVII

Call it faith, call it knowing, call it what You will.
When that separation You have felt for so long is done,
The You, You really are becomes clearly that which is.

* * * *

Hatred is an isolating intensity
Which feeds on its angry mindless path
Like a cartoon snowball does a mountainside.
All introspection is lost and the mind
Becomes the ferocity known
Within the most ancient creatures,
A reality difficult to consciously unravel.

* * * *

Relearn that which children know
And for which it is we they may thank
For that which You must now again sow.

* * * *

There is only one lifetime that counts.
This one.
Make the best of it.
Find your way home.

* * * *

Smile, You coyote trickster,
It is You, ever You, and You alone
Who has manufactured this inane game.
So, enjoy it while You may,
For to its mortal ending
You will soon enough succumb.

* * * *

Fascinating how ancient sages
Are used to whatever scholarly ends
Can be molded into a more current scam.

* * * *

Can it end anyway but confusion?

* * * *

Much easier to be romantic
With someone You really care for.

* * * *

Like a string of pearls,
Time is ever the same now
Sustained by the eternal mystery.

* * * *

Mind was created to explore
The play of light in whatever way
Imagination may choose.

* * * *

What becomes of the harmony of duality?

* * * *

The separation of church and state allows humanity license
To avoid weighing political and economic decisions
With long range ramifications on the whole.

* * * *

Once You lock yourself into a narrowing competitive mode,
You become more isolated and deprive yourself the opportunity
For real fellowship with the diversity this world offers.

* * * *

It is this garden world, this life which each of us must make work.
Feeding just what we consider ours continues it hellish nature.
Feeding all things in spirit is the transformation into heaven.
Such a simple paradigm, but somehow each must transcend
The desire and fear that has brought us to this challenging time.

* * * *

Elitism in any form creates caste discrimination.
All parts in this diverse play are equally important.
Without the little people, the people who make it go,
The rich and powerful would be without a game.

* * * *

Real religion deals with the untainted whole,
Not vested interests or single-issue views.

* * * *

How many mystics have seen through drugs?

* * * *

Bask in the nakedness of pure, untrammeled Soul.

* * * *

Courage takes much practice.

* * * *

In fairy tales the couple only dances.
Who washes and mops after the party?

* * * *

So much, so little.

* * * *

If You look really close, that body
In which You invest so much vanity
Is really just an alien encampment.

* * * *

If You discern You are really your deity-of-choice's equal, what fear of wrath is left?

* * * *

Whoever tells You a booger's leaning out your nose?

* * * *

Jesus already returned, and when he was three, was at the wrong end of a bayonet.
Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do, again and again and again.

* * * *

Desire, fear, anger, sorrow, are signposts,
That You are not giving enough attention,
To either your thoughts or your breathing.

* * * *

A little anticipation is rarely unwise.

* * * *

It does not matter what is playing at the theater, once You realize You are the projector.

* * * *

The most effective caring is in the day-to-day, wherever You are, whatever You do.

* * * *

The gist of it is the everything and the nothing; played out each and every timeless moment.

* * * *

That life which You grieve for was never born.

* * * *

Look at your face and body from the inside.
What are those senses anyway?

* * * *

What appears real is a short-haul proposition.

What is real has never not been.

* * * *

You are raised to participate in this world,
To prove your worth to your family,
Friends, acquaintances and even strangers.
Yet in reality You need prove nothing to anyone.
You are free to live your life as You alone will.

* * * *

Believing this world is real
Is the source of all suffering.

* * * *

That need for approval from others is a strong psychological urge.
It is the longing for wholeness muddled by duality's divisiveness.

* * * *

Just as the ocean has always been, so has its surface.
The drop is not without its appearance.

* * * *

How vicious we are with animals
In the arrogance of scientific research.
Would You do the same to your children?

* * * *

There is only one religion.
Its source is in your heart.

* * * *

Wherever You are You are.
Resistance fans the fires of suffering.

* * * *

Take responsibility for your life
To the capacity You are able.

* * * *

The garden did not disappear.
You just stopped seeing it.

* * * *

What to do with all this gibberish
But let it unfurl in the windstorm of time,
To what end only imagination allows.

* * * *

Melt the heart
As butter caught in flame.

* * * *

On fire, the words come unbidden,
Unsought, to the receptive scribe.
One's life, the only true teacher.

* * * *

How can one explain divine madness?
Ignorance is deaf to any but false truth.

* * * *

The jewelry into which You have been shaped
Is not the gold You are.

* * * *

The only thing personal about your deity of choic, is your speculated projection.

* * * *

Though there is no Way, I am is.

* * * *

To discern the mystery is the highest goal; to see past the mystery the final destiny.

* * * *

Wisdom happens; it is not a commodity bought and sold.

* * * *

When ego is finally ready for totality,
The encasing chrysalis of consciousness
Is like a seed bursting from the ground,
A bud blossoming into full flower.

* * * *

So many want to change the world,
Not understand why it is the way it is,
Or what it actually is.
Confusion only creates more confusion.

* * * *

Few allow all diversity without judgment.
And who is worthy of judgeship?
Who is without sin to cast the first stone?
Self-righteousness is a heavy and false load to bear.

* * * *

All the labels You paste on your consciousness

Paint your life into a corner of your own choosing.
They are like a security blanket that secures nothing.

* * * *

No matter what material spiritualism You veil yourself in,
If any sense of smugness, of vain superiority
Continues residence within,
The only one You really fool is yourself.

* * * *

if You cannot find the courage,
You may well know the regret.

* * * *

Whether by calculated shearing or fire's roar,
Any garden overgrown must someday be trimmed.

* * * *

Love all forms equally detached.

* * * *

What an art
To not letting people know You have no memory
Of ever having talked to them before.

* * * *

What of the uncompassionate Buddha?

* * * *

Excesses today set limits tomorrow.

* * * *

All the games of religion
Continue to play to vanity's many faces.
This is not about costumes, masks or other ornate trivia.

* * * *

That structure of identity You carry in your head
Must be shattered and swept away
To be that beyond known.

* * * *

This world would not be what it is
If humanity were content.
Discontent foments injustice.

* * * *

We all make it up as we go.

It is all unrehearsed.
It need not be because we are all
Playing our perceived parts so believably well.

* * * *

Probably the most important things in your life
Are tethered firmly to your vanity.

* * * *

Many great teachers left your temples long ago.
What makes You think they would ever return?

* * * *

With all the seductions Maya creates,
It is most challenging to be in the world and not be of it.

* * * *

Your mythos may not accept it,
But there is no heavenly dictate denying freedom.

* * * *

Never let someone's else's law dictate your own.

* * * *

Can You abide in this world of mystery
Without destroying it so unnecessarily.
Can You become a gardener of Eden?

* * * *

The body's chemical concoctions
Can be notoriously good at what they do.

* * * *

The object exists because the subject does,
Because the senses believe the play
Unfolding in your imagination.

* * * *

How can You feel sorry for yourself
When what You think You are was never real?

* * * *

The ideal relationship for many
Might well be with themselves in another's body.
Your desire for love is the serenity You must find within yourself.

* * * *

Hope for a better time

Is generally distraction from the pain now.

* * * *

You get born and for the rest of your life
Maintenance of the body, submission and resistance
To the countless pleasures and pains it offers,
Is your chief occupation and interest.

* * * *

You are the unmanifest awareness in conscious form
Born into whatever circumstance the pattern has dictated.
Discern the common lessons obvious in each and every part
Of this infinite mysterious dreamy manifest whole.

* * * *

To those who have experienced material wealth at any given level,
What have You learned from its subtle or glaring teaching?
How tightly do You clench your fist?

* * * *

How do to take this world?
As something vitally important in itself?
Or as a sandbox from which to learn from whence You came?
Perhaps both.

* * * *

What a silly show so many make of their birthright.
Vanity over what has never not been
Is such a misdirected path.

* * * *

Where are then and when but now?

* * * *

To smugly label yourself this or that:
Christian, Muslim, Jew, Buddhist, Taoist, Shintoist,
Hindu, Confucianist, Rastafarian or ad infinitum what You will,
Is so much pandering to meaningless vanity.

* * * *

What have You ever known that lasts?
What have You ever seen that remains the same?
What have You ever grasped which has not slipped away?
What have You ever claimed which has been possible to maintain?

* * * *

Enlightenment is seeing You are greater than the part.
Liberation is unconditionally embracing the whole.

* * * *

Sometimes You must surrender
To time and circumstances beyond your control.
The flexible continue.

* * * *

You may live long or die young; is long short or short, long?

* * * *

I give You nothing; do with it what You will.

* * * *

How embarrassing to play this role; how ridiculous anyone has to.

* * * *

Who musters anything but mystery from the infinity within?

* * * *

If your sense of balance and bearing
Is totally warped from the beginning,
How can You ever hope to regain it?
To lose touch with the natural rhythm.
Is to be blinded to fundamental reality.

* * * *

DNA has the potential to throw dice an incalculable array of permutations.

* * * *

Can You look into another's eyes with nothing but affection?

* * * *

The union of mind may be described
In many ways with various conclusions,
But its reality is ever the same.

CCXVIII

Any given day, any given night,
So much like all the others,
For, indeed, they are all
Very much the same.

* * * *

We are given the body and senses
And a mind capable of seeing beyond them all.

* * * *

Live and learn
Forget it anyway.

* * * *

Interesting how so many believe
The creation of evolution
Excludes them.

* * * *

The air is very thin here.

* * * *

Who knows You but they who know themselves?

* * * *

What to do this now? What directionless direction does fate draw You?

* * * *

There can be no duality without consciousness.
Thought is the axe that splinters the one into other.

* * * *

It is so obvious You cannot cling
To the elements of wind, water, earth or fire.
What deceives You into believing a concept any less?

* * * *

Stopping time for even the briefest moment
Is as possible as clinging to a smooth, vertical wall.

* * * *

Sooner or later, gravity slam-dunks all vanity.

* * * *

Existential wonder.

* * * *

What the world thinks of you
Is what You think of it.

* * * *

Get past the most obvious meaning.

* * * *

You are easily forgotten.

* * * *

Love can manifest in many ways,
From scatter shot to laser,
It is ever the same.

* * * *

You are just a clay figurine
Waiting for the fist to fall.

* * * *

From the first seed come many,
But they are ever the same one.

* * * *

The depth You are only You can know.

* * * *

The vision written herein sees only an
Ocean of consciousness in a diverse weaving.
All is indivisible, separated only by imagination, not reality.

* * * *

So many ways Maya finds to tempt your longing.

* * * *

The easiest thing in the world
Is to get a woman to say no.

* * * *

Even if everything knew You,
Would it be enough?
And what if no one knew You?
What if You were completely anonymous,
Completely alone?

* * * *

So many stories no one will ever know.

* * * *

What can there be before before or after after?

* * * *

Look what mass education has done.

* * * *

Your means are your ends.

* * * *

Hell is insatiable temptation.

* * * *

How many labels have You collected?

* * * *

Always be prepared to move any direction.
Inflexibility is the rendezvous with death.

* * * *

Be wary of too small a forum.

* * * *

Pathetic is as pathetic does.

* * * *

What if the fat lady can't sing?

* * * *

Oh yes, I remember your vanity.

* * * *

You are the creator of your deity of choice.

* * * *

A few gold coins, an idea, a belief, an emotion, a physical craving; how cheap your soul.

* * * *

When desire strikes, watch the source rather than the object.

* * * *

The divisive power of dualistic thinking
Has been decisive in humanity's conquest
Of every domain of manifest creation,
Yet this very efficiency born of illusion
Is a Frankenstein of devastating proportion.
What desolation might it take for the human psyche

To flip into a new paradigm of consciousness?

* * * *

Wars, torture, unnecessary misery in every form.
Why do You continue to do this to yourselves?

* * * *

No matter the circuit,
All end with the same conclusion.

* * * *

Mountains and molehills
Are only as big as they seem.

* * **

From limitation it is challenging
To discern that which is without any.

* * * *

What new pains and bothers
Will be unleashed this day?

* * * *

If it needs the author to sell it,
Then it's not the book intended.

* * * *

What unimaginable pain
Must You yet endure?

* * * *

Gratitude is as fleeting
As demands are seething.

* * * *

Anthills and cities have so much in common,
Except the ants are better at cooperating.

* * * *

Read into everything for yourself.
Don't depend on the interpretations of others.
Learn to discern, to trust You own view.
It is no less real than anyone's.

* * * *

Martyrs need not apply.

* * * *

Not easy to face
How alone You truly are.

* * * *

How many women delude themselves into vainly asserting
No culpability to the disorder of this world falls at their doorstep?
Sorry ladies, but it is a collusion of Darwinian proportion from day one.

* * * *

It is not an issue of female or male,
But the magic that created them both.

* * * *

It stares at You and You at it
Until You see it for what it is.

* * * *

Each fabricates a separate reality
In this divine magical mystery show,
All very unique in their similarity.

* * * *

Moral binds are the operating costs of the limited mind.

* * * *

It is the calmness before falling into a deep sleep
Coupled with the awakened state of a full night's rest.

* * * *

Nope, not today, sorry.

* * * *

If You approach life through quality,
What else can anyone ask of You?

* * * *

To see clearly and adapt fully
To the vectors of energies coming at you
Is the art of living and dying well.

* * * *

Who will be your friend if You cannot?

* * * *

Meditation can only offer its momentary singularity.

* * * *

So many things You don’t even know You know.

* * * *

These thoughts are left without the burden of a personality
About which to create vain, useless, absurd assertions.
Just another drop drifting down the river of history.

* * * *

Through the countless others,
You discern the vastness of all potential.

* * * *

Every nuance of life changes constantly.
The challenge is letting them all go.
History need not bind You.

* * * *

Tempt neither angel nor devil.

* * * *

What need have You to see it any other way?

* * * *

Through the screen of yesterdays, we carve our destiny.

* * * *

Who are the terrorists, the revolutionaries
But those who might well be kings
In other circumstances.

* * * *

To remember You must forget.

* * * *

In a blink nothing is the same.

* * * *

All that imagination distracts you
From what is really happening.

* * * *

Humanity is more controlled
By basic instinctual cravings
Than most would like to admit.
After all, You are in animal form.

* * * *

Few human beings in this world
Have a truly high standard of living.

* * * *

Attachment sustains so many dreams.

* * * *

Who left the chemistry room open?

* * * *

The limiting factor upends many a plan.

* * * *

So much to each life.

* * * *

This day, this night too shall pass
As has every day and night since creation.

* * * *

How many breaths in a lifetime?

* * * *

Life, a bit precious,
A bit of a bother.

* * * *

Chores are merely the means
To set order in your world.

* * * *

What capacity for longevity
Does the human species truly have?

* * * *

That which makes us so unique
Harkens us upon a sure reckoning.

* * * *

How foolish and naive we all are.

* * * *

As far as we really know, we know nothing.
For all we pretend, our universe might be merely
A floating speck in some swirling toilet bowl
In a cosmos that is itself an amoeba
In an even greater dream.
Ad infinitum.

* * * *

Think on all You can never fathom.

* * * *

You may well find what You seek; be careful what You wish for.

* * * *

Make haste, your time of reckoning nears.

* * * *

To be born means You are here to learn; what is it You do not already know?

* * * *

What have You learned from your existence, so far?
Are You satisfied? Are You content? If not, why not?

* * * *

Make your death like a swan dive into a volcano.

* * * *

We are being overwhelmed by the details.

* * * *

Why wrap some silly little story around truth?

* * * *

The Fool is an adopted card.

* * * *

Say it with dead flowers.

* * * *

Courage is a full breath and a still mind.

* * * *

Mystics cloak in many faces and guises, and articulate ironies and paradoxes
Recognized only by those also fated to succumb to the mystery of mysteries.

* * * *

Slowly, imperceptibly, the mask and costume change,
But not the witness peering out through the senses.

* * * *

Imagine a life where what You looked like did not matter.

* * * *

How to participate in the insanity
Is the question.

* * * *

Plumb the depths
And find they are no different
Than the shallows.

* * * *

Unmitigated lust hath no bounds.

* * * *

What do women really want from men, or men from women?

* * * *

Ahh, a good day to fall asleep in the sun.

* * * *

Subtleties within subtleties within subtleties
Are the maze-like journey of the eternal reality.
Between infinity and limitation, You are the nexus.

* * * *

What is any memory but what an imagined center has chosen to perceive and prioritize?

* * * *

No matter how high You jump,
How far You run or walk,
How quick your mind,
Or pure your being,
You are an exponent
Of the manifest limitation
Given the potential to explore
That which is beyond all reckoning.

* * * *

Political correctness may appear
To win the day in any given theater,
But it has no say in the broadest picture.

CCXIX

Every mask and body, ever donned, has dissolved into oblivion.
Consciousness incarnating, consciousness imagining, each and every character.
Ever-remembering, ever-forgetting, within the illusory kaleidoscoping of the space-time matrix.
Your mind-body, ever transforming, ever morphing, even as You translate these words.
It can never be more, it can never be less, than the ageless, eternal moment.
And yet, through it all, imagination ever imagines it all tangible.
The same entity, the same identity, from birth to death.
And before and after that, for those mesmerized,
By religious propaganda, by pious puffery,
Celebrated by snake oil zealots high and low.
All of it, nothing more than the poof of imagination.

* * * *

You do not really know who or what You are; any explanation chokes on its own limitation.

* * * *

Freedom is the choiceless choice.

* * * * *

Value is created through attachment to experience, and the imagined identity that experiences.

* * * *

Token remedies will not appease or avert, the inevitable clash of mind and nature.

* * * *

Comprehend what is said here.
Do not tailor these words or their scribe,
To your own vain self-serving ends.

* * * *

It is so simple.
The christs and buddhas,
Could be a part of the everyday scene,
You among them.

* * * *

A garden given over to vanity is meaninglessness.

* * * *

If You cannot trust your Self,
Who can You trust?

* * * *

Notice how so many insist
Their attachments real and true.

Then try examining your own inanities.

* * * *

What do You judge but your own creation?

* * * *

Do not allow your mythos to so badly intimidate you
That You cannot even look through your fear.

* * * *

The bubble of this dream
Is of such tenuous making.

* * * *

Your mind is a nuclear reactor,
Imagination the fusion.

* * * *

Merging into your spirit is not a competition.
Who is there, really, to compete against?

* * * *

Be alone amid the many.

* * * *

How can You not grow weary of hell?

* * * *

You are the only one.

* * * *

You think You need sight to see,
Sound to hear, taste to savor,
Scent to smell, and touch to feel,
But does the You, You really are need anything?

* * * *

If we wish to change the world,
Everyone must change.
Impossible?
Only because we choose not to.
Every action, every inaction, is born of choice.

* * * *

In untrammeled awareness, all conditioning is dissolved,
Until the calling to conscious movement reawakens,
Time begins, and You once again sit, walk, run,
Within the habitual ruts of a personal world.

* * * *

Conscious awareness of awareness in time
Transcends the bestial nature of manifest existence.
A statement not of morality, but of non-dualistic fact.

* * * *

Space expands into one form or another.
And there You are.
Try not to take it too personal.

* * * *

How difficult for each of us,
To release the many investments,
We have manufactured in this vain dreamtime.
For most only physical death, will pull them from the clutches,
Of the mind's infinite pool of delusion.

* * * *

Character, personality, disposition – is an outcome of separation,
Birthed of imaginary notion, nothing more, nothing less.
Is any wave ever separate from the vast ocean,
Or the shore upon which it crashes?

* * * *

Civilization, culture, is cultivated
By those who cannot face their aloneness.

* * * *

The self-made knowledge of humanity
Is the key to both bondage and liberation.

* * * *

When seen for what it is,
This manifest world of space and time,
Offers nothing but a mirage of false hope and vain glory,
Impoverishing riches, meaningless knowledge, and inevitable suffering.
Only in the momentary realization of one's ultimate nature,
Does it have any real meaning whatsoever,
And even that is as insignificant,
As anything else.

* * * *

Your perfection is
Without any effort on your part.

* * * *

From the beginning your essential state

Has never been any different than a fleck of dust

* * * *

All that learning takes only an instant to unlearn.

* * * *

More than enough, perhaps too much,
Has been said of the spiritual quest through the ages.
The delusional divisive vanity surrounding and permeating it,
The dogmas, temples, money-changers and pharisees,
Are vain burdens You must eventually shrug off
To discover and walk freely in the garden.

* * * *

Over and over, much the same thing is said here and elsewhere:
Oneness is waiting for You, the earnest seeker,
To find your Self and be free.

* * * *

Time rules now with such thought-filled passion.

* * * *

The wealthy, famous and powerful
Still lose everything despite all their clinging.

* * * *

Deities are only ideas, until the reality prior to consciousness, is discerned to be You, as it has ever been.

* * * *

Putter with no goal in mind.

* * * *

Whatever I am, You are as well.

* * * *

Life migrates in every direction
Exploring every imaginable diversity,
Yet to humans they are merely annoying pests
Or sacrifices to the worship of mammon.

* * * *

Where is the wonder, the awe, the reverence
For this mystery unfolding within You beingness?

* * * *

To the confused these are more words
Which only confound them further.

* * * *

You cannot help those hell bent,
Nor stop those seeking heaven.

* * * *

Within the human sea of delusion,
There will always be the rare few
Who awaken to their eternal nature
As spring flowers do the morning sun.

* * * *

It is human nature to battle over nothing.

* * * *

To the same fate, so many ways.

* * * *

Wisdom is merely the predictability of the unpredictable.

* * * *

You get what You get.
Make the best of it.

* * * *

For words we destroy Eden.

* * * *

Jesus, what now?

* * * *

Be as dust.

* * * *

It is the nothing in us
Which longs so
For existence to be real.

* * * *

What You have to teach,
Not many are willing to hear.

* * * *

Wishful thinking does not for solutions make.

* * * *

The beast will fall of its own greed.

* * * *

Everything grows old ever young.

* * * *

Try caring.
Try not caring.

* * * *

We often suffer for our limitations.
Some call them lessons or trials.
They are a bother nonetheless.

* * * *

To believe there is only one son of God, denies your own part, and that of every other.

* * * *

Every mask and costume ever worn has fallen off again and again.
Consciousness imagining, consciousness reincarnating, each and every role.
Ever-remembering, ever-forgetting, within the illusory undulations of time and space.
It morphs even as you translate this; never anything, but what it ever is, and what it ever is not,
Except in the sensory mind, imagination ever deludes itself into calling your own.

* * * *

Science has proven, the more concepts we create, the more confined by words we become.

* * * *

Aimless wandering is not correlated to boredom.

* * * *

Do You think about the food You masticate,
Once it is sliding past the tongue, down the throat,
Gradually transforming into the mind-body?

* * * *

Imagine every form possible
And each individuated awareness
Of this indisputably indivisible moment.
Unfathomable.

* * * *

Honor your parents and ancestors.
They are the gateway to knowing
Your indivisible spontaneous origin.

* * * *

What a blessing to discern the surrender
Required to be born again into your eternal nature.

* * * *

All those magical mystical experiences
Only distract You with their enticing light shows.

* * * *

The real You is all form in formlessness.
You have been birthed times beyond number,
Yet all birth and death have ever been only imagined,
By the playful mystery of the dreamy patterns.
The real You is prior to all consciousness,
Prior to all suffering, all concoctions,
All the creations ever fathomed in time.

* * * *

Humanity's territorial needs
Do not match its breeding practices.

* * * *

Is there a morality that is not self-righteous?

* * * *

The king You seek to check and mate
Is your Self.

* * * *

These words are pregnant with subtle implication.

* * * *

Disbelieve everything
You have ever been told or told yourself.
Nothing invented by any form caught in the bounds of time
Stands through more than a blink of eternity.

* * * *

Eternity casts no claims upon You.
That is your own choosing.

* * * *

The coldness of the universe
Longs for the warmth of your bones.

* * * *

Everything has its time and place.
The trick is finding it without to much effort.

* * * *

The academic scholarly pursuit of this intuitive realization
Often ends up being like voluntarily putting on a straight-jacket.

* * * *

A teacher's role is to add a little water and fertilizer,
And make sure none are getting deprived of sunlight by the others.
Then to practice non-interference while the garden grows.

* * * *

These words are for those
Who have the courage to be free.

* * * *

In its own special way,
Gravity is pulling You home.

* * * *

All the world can ever offer is a temporary show.
It will never give that which your being truly longs for,
That which You have ever been, yet can never see or know.

* * * *

You need not wait to own what these incomplete words imply.
It is not be as difficult as so many would have You believe.

* * * *

Let go your countless attachments.
Your name and fame, your power and gold,
Your piles of possessions, your nearest and dearest,
The countless claims of the mind and body.
In detachment You may then discern,
A freedom prior to all dreams.

* * * *

We are all just echoes in each others' heads.

* * * *

Whether You consciously discern it or not,
All your promises and commitments made in time
Eventually fall the way of eternity's timeless sovereignty.

* * * *

Herein You are shown the way
As envisioned by one whose vision
Has gradually unfolded into the unmanifest
That he might share the insight with the many others
Who would also be free in the spirit of oneness.

* * * *

Why would You create a God that does not include You?

* * * *

How responsible is anyone for the reflections of other lives?

* * * *

What would You do with your existence, with your mortal coil,
If You were without human companionship,
For the rest of your days?

* * * *

Long after the human species extinguishes,
The diverse inertia of the life force of Gaia,
Will play out the changing nature of illusion,
As it did long before this brief history of time.

* * * *

Religions are the outcome of great loneliness and fear.

* * * *

It was all created to be destroyed; one cannot be without the other.
Only You in the most eternal sense, will ever be as You have ever been.

* * * *

Again and again, ever again, You are incarnated into every form,
With no memory of the countless dreamtimes arisen before.
Ever You struggle to recollect the ineffable most true,
Yet the irony of mind's illusion, is that You inevitably forget,
That which You so ardently pursued, the very moment it is discerned.

* * * *

Each rides a wheel of suffering spun of a limited mindscape.
To halt the rolling requires a discerning surrender
To that which reside at the wheel's center,
That which is the causeless cause prior to all attributes.

* * * *

As long as You keep seeking happiness,
You will find only the suffering duality brings.
How many insist upon it their entire life.

* * * *

The fires of passion
Slowly burn out.
And then what is left?
Is it anything more than dust
Playing out one vanity or another?

* * * *

Mastery of life is learning how to let go of it.

CCXX

Power without wisdom
Brings only confusion and destruction.
With wisdom there is a guardianship in every decision.

* * * *

These words are your most sovereign voice,
Verifying what You in the most daring moments suspected,
But doubted because You did not believe You were worthy of its mystery.
You are.

* * * *

What are You attached to, but a complex set of sensations?

* * * *

Each has an allotted time
Which we may spend as we are able
According to circumstances.
What is your will?
What would You give your life to do?
How are You spending your momentary existence
In this temporal manifest dreamy theater?

* * * *

The dependencies created by so many so-called teachers
Are remarkable for their brazenly vain manipulation.

* * * *

Envy is a major factor in the confusion of the human drama.
So few are truly content with their allotment in the genetic lottery.
Whether it is the result of the social context or the mind born of limitation,
The destructive result is ever the same play of vain imagination.

* * * *

In less than one hundred years,
Most of humanity will have cycled
Back into the fleeting dust of eternity,
And a fresh sprouting of consciousness
Will venture through this manifest dreaming.
How quickly the cosmic weaving changes form,
Every point and particle a time-bound play of wonder.

* * * *

Why worship anyone
Whether alive or dead, born of time,
But for your own incomplete, limited inner vision?

* * * *

Humanity's genetic need for approval from others
Is driving us into a seething so-called civilized rabidity
From which things will emerge quite different.

* * * *

All fighting is for short-term results,
No matter what calls to glory
Are paraded in your imagination.

* * * *

I have seen You in so many ways and places.
I know You as well as I do my Self.
I am within You peering out,
Wondering at your version of space and time.
I am You and we are bound through all illusion, one.

* * * *

Funny how your image of the universe,
As grand a lightshow as it may be,
Is entirely fabricated by your mind alone.
No one has ever seen it exactly the way You do.
We are all very much akin to the snowflake.

* * * *

Despite the most rational approach toward life,
The passionate mind of the personal nature ever again
Casts itself into intense suffering in all but those
With the most determined detachment.

* * * *

What are You really attached to
But certain habitual chemical-electrical patterns
Which create the illusion of continuity and imagined security?

* * * *

As long as You believe You are the manifest sensory body,
You will be caught in the endless suffering of self-imagery.

* * * *

The passionate mind caught in time
Is drawn out again and again by the senses
And the infinity of dreams they weave.

* * * *

When all You have to eat and drink is laced
With poisons placed there by your ancestors,

You will still consume it in the drive to survive.

* * * *

If You see that You are the one no matter the mask or costume,
That You have played every part and particle of the entire spectrum,
What need to judge any portion of any part of this dreamy manifest creation?

* * * *

The more effort You make to be seated near God, the further away You move.

* * * *

All claims to authority are founded
Upon the gullibility of those
Who want to believe.

* * * *

Hierarchies to God are fabricated by those who want things to be more than what they already are.
A better situation, more power, more acclaim, more wealth, a seat closer to the deity being acclaimed.
All crafted by those perpetually dissatisfied with the mystery they already are, always were, will ever be.

* * * *

You are not obligated to engage in the play around You.
That is the choice of the mind's response to sensory data.

* * * *

No nation-state, corporate entity, or any other tribal mindset, has ever stood the test of time.

* * * *

God is only speculation until the mind that is known dissolves.
So many toil so diligently to appease a concept,
They can no more than assert.

* * * *

Either You see it or You do not; anything less is the miasma of delusion.

* * * *

Be fully what You are when You are.
Do not try to be what You are not when You are not.
Hesitation and effort are the binds of suffering inspired by fear and dread.

* * * *

What will be your last temptation?

* * * *

You dream yourself real,
But that which is prior to all dreams
Is the undreamed reality.

* * * *

Besides being told to want this or that,
What do You truly want?

* * * *

To reside absolutely is unassailable detachment.

* * * *

Each fulfills a dream, an individual perspective originated
By time's mix of genetics, geography and the collusion of mythology.
There is no real escape but through death, either of the body
Or in consciousness prior to the vehicle's demise.

* * * *

Like a calm breeze or fierce wind,
The energy moves to and fro
In what we call thought.

* * * *

Wealth just means bigger bets and debts.

* * * *

Try as You might,
You cannot destroy your Self.

* * * *

All that You invest in life
Is eventually lost to the eternal dust mop.

* * * *

As You do not care for judgments against You,
Others do not care for those You pass onto them.
Judge, and You will provoke similar judgments.
Abide quietly, and You will be treated in kind.

* * * *

Probably just about anyone,
No matter how acute their thinking,
Can be drawn into the quagmire of duality.
There is a trial for every delusion.

* * * *

Anytime You crave that which only time creates,
You are tacking toward a storm of suffering.

* * * *

You are a Lucifer finding your way home.

* * * *

Vanity takes every tangent imaginable.

* * * *

Why feel any guilt, remorse or regret? Why apologize?
Simply fathom the experience and meander on.
You need not be bound by the sins of time,
In an idolatrous god-eat-god world.

* * * *

Who craves the respect of a fool?

* * * *

If You do not want your children to suffer, do not bring any into this world.

* * * *

We are political animals, but it is our pride that keeps us from doing it well.

* * * *

Push all others out of your thoughts, and abide in the abeyance.

* * * *

What makes You believe the infinite source of consciousness,
Is the least bit concerned with the vast soap opera,
Springing from its ocean of beingness?
A soap is ever just a soap.

* * * *

Vanquish all fear; it is your mind's inattention that tortures You so.

* * * *

Discern the assumptions behind passion and conviction.

* * * *

It is overwrought expectations that create disappointment and suffering.

* * * *

We cannot make-believe competition does not exist.
It is woven into the genetic material of our Darwinian origin.
The challenge is discerning a balance between necessity and excess.

* * * *

The tyranny of might, allows many opportunities for the passion of revenge.

* * * *

Having a large hoard of gold
And a great number of possessions
Certainly says something about one's life.

* * * *

Sometimes it's the first hit, first blood,
That sets the course of action.

* * * *

There are endless reasons and opportunities
To be passionately nasty and cruel in this mortal plane.
How challenging to refrain from the temptations.

* * * *

The equation is really quite simple.

* * * *

Don't bite the hand that serves You.

* * * *

We have created the mystery, and it is us.

* * * *

Death is ending where none exist; birth is its beginning.

* * * *

Whatever You believe on any matter is meaningless.
It is what it is and any belief is only a set of arbitrary concepts
Founded upon subjective assumptions of any give perceptual selection.
Conclusions drawn from any database are ever finite projections.

* * * *

Best of all to be freely content, empty of craving,
And the suffering tentacles of every form of fear.

* * * *

Burn it however You will, the clay bakes the same.

* * * *

Do You think the sun would compare itself to another?

* * * *

Followers create every sort of mischief in their delusion.
It is foolish and dangerous to encourage that game.

* * * *

Step totally into the inner eye and the holograph is consciously one.

* * * *

Words such as these only put You to sleep
If You are not ready for the vision.

* * * *

It seems so real that You often forget.

* * * *

Why take a dream seriously?

* * * *

At issue in any quest is
Do You really want to find that
To which You endow so many words?

* * * *

The mystery is the air You breathe, the ground upon which You walk.
So, breathe it in, breathe it out, and saunter on along your pathless path.

* * * *

Love thy Self and You will love no other.

* * * *

These many contemplations, as absurd as they is, are the time-fillers of this scribe's existence.

* * * *

Do not allow time's passing to frighten or coerce You.
Do not let technology and propaganda rule your mind.

* * * *

God most assuredly does play dice with this mystery cosmos, Mr. Einstein.
Have already shellacked the Devil more times than I can recall,
And have got some mighty fine whiskey and cigars,
For when God and I roll all or nothing.

* * * *

It sure is fun to be irreverent, and oh man, I am going to burn if the true-believers are right.

* * * *

We are playing a game, to which I no longer foster more than philosophical interest.

* * * *

Fighting a paradigm is Quixote and windmills.

* * * *

Revolutions are not won by those who get themselves killed.

* * * *

Be here now; be there then.

* * * *

Being one, does not mean others do not weary or irritate You.

* * * *

These words speak of truth,
With the same enormity and shallowness,
Of any other work ever invented by the human drama.

* * * *

The human mind cannot attain the supreme mind
But through intentional surrender of the known.

* * * *

Odds are You can hear them,
But they will never even listen to You.

* * * *

How many plot cheating death,
But who wonders that death
Will ever cheat them?

* * * *

The pie is always,
No matter how many ways
It has yet to be carved.

* * * *

There's always something else You could be doing.

* * * *

Insects have it far more together than human beings ever will.

* * * *

You need not feed the hell within.

* * * *

Behind so many eyes there is hard calculation.

* * * *

So many reflections.
Some profound, some vain and petty.
Some general, some as specific as pin pricks.
Some self-absorbed, some Self-absorbed.
No limits set in a diary few will ever see.

* * * *

The weaving of consciousness
Is played out in every way by all.

* * * *

God is as petty and mean as we; a burnt-out, cruel, bitter creator.
One better left in a dumpster, than worshipped as noble and loving.

* * * *

All thought is attachment.

* * * *

Dare You leave your home without your demons?

* * * *

It is much easier to breathe when You are content.

* * * *

If wisdom were golden sovereign, wise fools would perchance be kings and lords.
But alas for time's destiny, fools are kings, and false folly the riptides of all they bring.

CCXXI

There is ultimately no answer to the questions Who? What? Where? When? Why? How?

* * * *

It does not always have to make sense.

* * * *

If You are truly attempting to grasp the intention of these words,
You are one of the relatively few at any given time chosen,
Fated to reside as witness to eternity's frolic in time.

* * * *

Let the aloneness consume You.

* * * *

History, herstory, ourstory, mystory, yourstory, whosestory?

* * * *

The here-now is wherever You are here-now.
Would You be without all the measurement?

* * * *

All that is prior colors this moment.
It is not possible to know the unknown.
Reflections of the known project the unknown,
That fated to never be more than irony and paradox.

* * * *

You are the unknown remembering a fabrication.

* * * *

Be a cynical, pessimistic, skeptical, realistic curmudgeon,
Or whatever else You wish, but don't let it spoil your day.

* * * *

What do You recognize in another?
What do they recognize in You?

* * * *

How many towers of babble-on hath history wrought?

* * * *

We cannot do what we have done to our nest
And believe or hope it will stay the same,
Much less return to something it was.

* * * *

Rarely is history taught without agenda.

* * * *

What a tiny theater this world is.

* * * *

Just another personality faking it.
What an animal You are.

* * * *

Laugh once and a while.
You take it all way too serious.

* * * *

Dare to tell children the truth.

* * * *

You will always be a mystery unto thy Self.

* * * *

Don’t expect others to collude
With your self-deceptive delusions.

* * * *

For what they are worth, more words.

* * * *

Those controlling the necessities
Control the milling crowd.

* * * *

Yes means yes, no means no,
And maybe does not mean yes.

* * * *

Mountains tremble before the stone cutters.

* * * *

Not so outlandish
If You discern that Jesus
Was a misunderstood anti-christ.

* * * *

Ah, time, You are just too silly for words.

* * * *

Name the faceless however You will,

No word will stand the test of eternity.

* * * *

Behind all veils, the immutable soundlessness
Has, does and will ever reign supreme.

* * * *

The true legalist discerns the law
Underlying all testaments.

* * * *

What a challenge to abide in this ignorance.

* * * *

There is a great deal of care in these words,
As well as a great deal of detachment.

* * * *

The questions most seem to ask I cannot understand.

* * * *

Whatever time is, tomorrow will tell.

* * * *

To call this a civilized world is a conceptual paradox.

* * * *

We harbor our lives in packaged illusion.

* * * *

You may not know it now, but You probably will
Within your capacity if You give it complete attention.

* * * *

Your are advised to skip
Or get through adulthood
As quickly as possible.

* * * *

We each react and respond
To the mania of time.

* * * *

There is really nothing
Keeping You from utter joyful bliss
But You own constraints.

* * * *

Fortunately for this scribe,
He did not spend too much of his existence
Worrying about what You think.

* * * *

Peruse its nature in whatever way You will.

* * * *

An intellectual dream, an emotional dream,
Supposedly cast for the amusement of some supreme being.
Welcome to the Twilight Zone.

* * * *

Can You really help, that what once absorbed You, has lost all purpose and meaning?

* * * *

Do not look if there is something You do not want to see.

* * * *

Who's the who, who questions who's who?

* * * *

You inevitably have very little control,
And the sense of power can be very fleeting,
In all but the most detached sense.

* * * *

Life, so long, so short.

* * * *

Sitting here, sitting there, sitting who knows where, waiting for the guillotine to fall.

* * * *

On what passion will You focus?

* * * *

How do You participate, partially or whole?

* * * *

What a blessing to be free of both good and evil.

* * * *

Take a big deep breath.
Love thy Self.
Be thy best friend.

* * * *

Put all your ambition into being nothing.

* * * *

This is God's therapy.

* * * *

Who will think about You when the scribe is gone?

* * * *

Who can hear words such as these?

* * * *

Questions begat answers; endless entertainments of an active mind.

* * * *

Can You appreciably alter what is genetically ordained?

* * * *

Funny how uptight philosophy can make all who dip their minds into it.

* * * *

Ironic that we embrace those things that must eventually destroy us.

* * * *

The most dangerous revolutionary is the one who knows the system.

* * * *

You will get whitewashed until the bucket runs dry.

* * * *

Time whittles all forms into the dusty origin.

* * * *

Those who care will do for others, what they would do for themselves.

* * * *

Pieces of paper do not a healer make.

* * * *

Where will You go? Right here, right now, where You have always been.

* * * *

Truth pervades even the most distinguished delusion.

* * * *

What greater than the sweet elixir of the mystery?

* * * *

Demons and saints are tidbits to keep You distracted.

* * * *

An effortless passion of a mind journeying home; what an unplanned work all these thoughts are.

* * * *

All forms, living or not, rise and fall, come and go,
In the ebb and flow of creation and preservation and destruction.
The gold is immortal, indivisible, absolute, eternal,
Whatever the illusion's context.

* * * *

All form is dissolving and reforming
In permutations beyond number.

* * * *

Laugh at your fate.

* * * *

Oh the bother of things.

* * * *

Genetic hunger is insatiable.

* * * *

Ah, nothing like that nagging societal feeling
That You ought to be doing something.

* * * *

Is there anything harder to bear
Than the company of fools?

* * * *

What label doesn't fit, yet never sticks?

* * * *

Played out for your entertainment.

* * * *

How great to be in a movie firefight
And never be more than scratched.

* * * *

Conspiracy is always a handy explanation.

* * * *

Work through it.

* * * *

Be cautious about who You show
The defenses to your keep.

* * * *

Most secrets are best kept to one's Self.

* * * *

Experimentation is the objective observation
Of the way things are, not as You wish them to be.
To be proven credible, any hypothesis must
Stand any given test of any given time.
Even with that, it is all still relative.

* * * *

Time rests easy in the folds of eternity.

* * * *

A pattern may be altered, perhaps even broken,
If there is the courage, will and discipline
To chart and maintain a new course.

* * * *

What difference between the dreams of waking and slumber?

* * * *

How small is an atom? How huge a universe?
What difference, really?

* * * *

Just because some people can fill airtime
Doesn't mean they have anything to say.

* * * *

Who would want to save the world as it is?

* * * *

If You don't wish to be treated as a stereotype,
Stop behaving as one.

* * * *

A little something for everybody.

* * * *

Where are You when You peel away concept?

* * * *

Despite the envy of appearances,
Life is probably not easy for anyone.

* * * *

Nirvana is just way too simple.

* * * *

One conspiracy inevitably leads to another.
So many conspire that they are conspired against.

* * * *

Give yourself over to a moment of complete abandonment.

* * * *

Small talk, large talk.
Talk, talk, talk, talk, talk.
All the same chatter.

* * * *

You really have so little to say in any of this.

* * * *

Patience is a virtue
Requiring constant attention.

* * * *

Wake up or die.

* * * *

You are alone,
And that is enough
For any fool.

* * * *

How sweet the moments of non-caring.

* * * *

Born again and again and again....
In every attentive, attuned moment.

* * * *

Vanity is such a trickster.

* * * *

You cannot help but see a bigger picture
Once You have first stepped out
Of any given context.

* * * *

Meditation is a time-out.

* * * *

What can You really hope to gain from all this?
Vanity, vanity, all is ever and again vanity.

* * * *

The wall is racing toward You.
Too late to brake and acceleration
Only adds to the surety of your collision.

* * * *

What endurance, what stamina
Is required to complete your time.

* * * *

Has You life turned out the way
You expected or even hoped?

* * * *

When You go through life
Expecting, hoping, wanting,
You may instead bolt the door
To what it really does offer.

* * * *

Prayer is often just self-absorbed whining.

* * * *

The surest way to victory is taking the wind out of the opponent's sails.

* * * *

Terror subjugates those who fear pain and death.

* * * *

Why not You?

* * * *

Get past the demons.
Do not carry them.
Out of sight, out of mind.

CCXXII

No matter the language, culture, or time,
All mystics speak with the same voice.

* * * *

Within all movement,
The hub of stillness.

* * * *

Harboring ancient grudges
Will never bring peace.

* * * *

What a chasm between obligation
And that given unconditionally.

* * * *

What will You do for your line to survive?

* * * *

If You approach life with expectations,
You will often be disappointed.

* * * *

You will probably die a wretched death.

* * * *

At what level of exaggeration do You operate?

* * * *

Feel the untamed passion of life within.
Give it no direction and find where it leads.

* * * *

A physician's prescription is only as good
As the patient's determination to be healed.

* * * *

Ridiculously silly as it all seems,
This seems to be your most earnest work.
What drove You to this mad state?
Did You ask for any of it?

* * * *

Mankind, the great arbiter of patterns,
Conquered the world, but could not

Conquer its own virulent success.

* * * *

Where does this hunger come from?
What will completely satiate the beast?

* * * *

Life imitates its technology.

* * * *

Humility is a dusty demeanor.

* * * *

Silence is a state of mind, a quality of mind.

* * * *

What need to control another
When You have control of yourself?

* * * *

Lethality is the punctuation of human experience.

* * * *

Everyone and everything
Deserves an acting award
In this herald's version.

* * * *

What a foolish thing to spend your time doing.

* * * *

Something happened
And things were never quite the same.

* * * *

How alike we are in our differences.

* * * *

What's your favorite way to die?

* * * *

You can never have enough
Until You see how little it is.

* * * *

Alas, this poor feeble body.
You have abused it well.

* * * *

Both honesty and dishonesty
Define their limits.

* * * *

Home, James.

* * * *

Word spreads quickly in a henhouse.

* * * *

A wave is far more challenging to ride than a ripple.

* * * *

Why does there need to be an answer?

* * * *

Do we need the flaws of heroes, history subjects us to?

* * * *

Innocent does not mean stupid,
Merely open, attentive, truly ignorant.

* * * *

Impossible to be content
With so many words you're trying
So hard to achieve.

* * * *

Words are merely sounds given meaning.

* * * *

In your infinite wisdom,
Have You ever seen such a fool?

* * * *

For those who can delve into anything,
It's all quite simple.

* * * *

How ridiculous to kill without need.

* * * *

It's all different depths of superficial.

* * * *

You suffer from delusions of humility.

* * * *

Selective hearing does not for truth make.

* * * *

Must You endure every form of idiocy before it's over?

* * * *

To be the sail, cutting the edge in the winds of time.

* * * *

It's about personal responsibility.

* * * *

Just another version of someone's deity of choice.

* * * *

It will all be as if it never happened.

* * * *

History is a fleeting proposition.

* * * *

How deep the need for group approval.

* * * *

Why is it, our kind squabbles so over imagined deities?
Why do they believe their version the only one?
How vain and foolish the human species not to realize,
That we and every other life form are created of the same origin.
What an absurd muddle we have all made of such an obvious, simple truth.

* * * *

The checklist of an organized mind.

* * * *

Too much of everything.

* * * *

What peaceful ecstasy to let go.

* * * *

Once You understand how things work,
The knowledge applies to any form of work.

* * * *

A gift, or perhaps curse, of time.
From time to time.

* * * *

The civilized world is so out of touch
With the real rules of the game.

* * * *

What is beautiful and what is not
When one becomes the other
And the other becomes one?

* * * *

How the reflection in the mirror becomes
More and more your father or mother.

* * * *

What peace resides at effort's ending.

* * * *

Some efforts never end, some cannot begin.

* * * *

How many possibilities are never born?

* * * *

Vanity even to think you're not.

* * * *

We all need to make a buck somehow,
But some ways are more tiring than others.

* * * *

Essential nature is the stillness
From which elements move.
The mind is the source
Of their dance.

* * * *

The universe is a huge mind
From which all illusion is born.
Creation and destruction
Are one in the same.

* * * *

These are interesting times.

* * * *

Time has a way of evaporating.

* * * *

The compass within points home.

* * * *

Be wary of those too eager to teach You.
Find those who make the wait worthwhile.

* * * *

Spasms of this mind ponder anything and everything.

* * * *

There is a time for sound, there is a time for silence.
Knowing who-what-when-where-why-how,
Is for discerners of eternity to be.

* * * *

If You are afraid of errors, how will You learn?

* * * *

Mirages wading through mirages.

* * * *

Moderate You impulses.

* * * *

Why consign You soul to any other?

* * * *

The insecure thirst for power and fame and fortune.
Why do we so often allow rapacious specters
To control so much of human destiny?

* * * *

Even Orwell could not see how far technology would take it.

* * * *

The only constant is the awareness,
And even then only for as long
As the container survives.

* * * *

If those who read this ever come
To understand your meaning,
You will be the antichrist
In its truest meaning.

* * * *

When You know where home is,
Nothing can distance you

But a poor memory.

* * * *

Ground yourself.

* * * *

All your ancestors combined
Have probably not had near as much,
Either experientially or materially.

* * * *

It is fear that blinds you
To an eternal life.

* * * *

If You are reading this sort of thing,
You may yet be an awakened “one”.

* * * *

Approach it with the deepest sincerity.

* * * *

You would probably need a lobotomy
To accept the world as your true home.

* * * *

The admonition to forsake the world
Means to still the imagination.
Become the dreamtime.

* * * *

How many ways the body can torture the soul.

* * * *

We create all this knowledge
And then delude ourselves
Into believing we really
Know something.

* * * *

Go beyond parochial schools of thought.
Their vision is limited to what they see.

* * * *

What need for deities or demons; are You not proof enough of both?

* * * *

How useless to argue this inner vision.

Either one sees it or not.
There seems to be no middle ground.

* * * *

You are exactly the same
As everything You call else.

* * * *

Ego is as tentative
As the wall of a balloon.

* * * *

The true seeker of the unknown, the one
Who will eventually find that which is sought
Discerns a security few ever comprehend.

* * * *

How wearing life can be.
Sometimes one just longs
For the peace death will bring
From the endless striving,
The incessant craving,
And predictable constancy
Of vain ignorance and delusion.

* * * *

Most only know what their mythos
Has colluded to let them know.

* * * *

Freedom is frightening
Because of its vulnerability
To the aloofness of the unknown.

* * * *

None will ever have the same frame reference.
Every dream is unique in its snowflake indivisibility,
And the pretensions of imitation or collusion
Only multiply the pangs of suffering.

* * * *

Heed the call of your inner vision.
Follow unfailingly your inner voice.

* * * *

Most argue their limitations
To the very end of their time.

* * * *

Are You clever enough
To escape your own creation?

* * * *

Contrary to what so many would have You believe,
We are not arguing about a different God,
Only different conclusions.
It is the blind men and elephant thing.

* * * *

You are an adaptation to time and circumstance.

* * * *

I am the I Am that includes You,
And You are the I Am that includes me,
And we are the I Am that includes every other,
All to the point where there is no other.

* * * *

Life comes without a set of instructions.
You make up your own as You go.

* * * *

Americans like to believe they are morally superior,
That they are born with white hats and are here
To tame and teach this world full of savages.
It is a hypocrisy we would do well to drop.

* * * *

Life is always a bit sweeter
When things are going your way.

* * * *

Philosophers are a pretty useless
And expensive by-product of education.

* * * *

Humanity will probably never cease to be disappointing.
Reconciling to insanity is one of the greater challenges

* * * *

The only truth is change,
And even that is a lie.

* * * *

Don't make promises You have no intention keeping.
Don't make claims about which You have no proof.

* * * *

We are overwhelmed by our words,
Yet we, as in so many things we touch,
Manufacture and consume more and more.
We can neither stop nor help ourselves.

CCXXIII

Can anyone remain innocent for long?

* * * *

Half full, half empty,
The half glass is.

* * * *

To You, from You, all light streams.

* * * *

Give and You will get back manifold.
Well, maybe.

* * * *

More rattlesnakes, black widows and other critters
Have died by human hands than will ever
Inflict harm upon our species.

* * * *

Time is space and space is time.
The two are separate in concept only.

* * * *

People seem more impressed by miracles
Than simple fare and common sense.

* * * *

How can what was never born ever die?

* * * *

Perhaps some will grieve at your passing,
Others will nod, and most will be indifferent,
If they even happen to know of your existence.

* * * *

Lump all consciousness together
And what do You have
But the conclusion of all delusion.

* * * *

These writings are the reminder
That You are sovereign and complete
But for the muddiness of your limited vision.

* * * *

Evolution is merely the way the mystery creates and plays out whatever passion comes to mind.

* * * *

This moment is forever.

* * * *

How many angels can dance
On the tip of a full-metal jacket?

* * * *

Worship that which is least obvious, but most true.

* * * *

As a man's bowels move, so does his mind.

* * * *

Sell, sell, sell … buy, buy, buy … consume, consume, consume …
Until this spinning pale blue dot petri dish has nothing more to offer.

* * * *

What a strange thing, superstition.
To believe some random act or event,
Creates a good or evil outcome.
What an absurd species.

* * * *

Brand new, hot off the shelf, as predictable as ever.

* * * *

Sex can be an overwhelming,
Incomprehensible urge at any age,
But especially during the earlier years.

* * * *

Interests, they come, they go.

* * * *

Random acts of consciousness.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of sorting to reach this point.

* * * *

Thank You all.

* * * *

All the people You will never see again,
Are they dead? Are they alive?

You will never know.

* * * *

You are the window
Through which the eternal
Comes to pass.

* * * *

Rules?!?
In an illusion?

* * * *

You cannot hear what You cannot see.

* * * *

Biographies are opportunities to step into another's universe.
It is learning to see the genetic and geographic patterns
Which wove a life into its role, its fated contribution.

* * * *

When did You begin
Adopting the guise of identity?
When will You let it fall away completely?

* * * *

Who is the who You pretend to be?

* * * *

Ahh, to want nothing.

* * * *

The reality of relationship
Happens after You leave the theater.

* * * *

It's all one, baby, but your personality sucks.

* * * *

Love only that and You will do no wrong.

* * * *

Does everything take time?
Or does time take everything?

* * * *

No such thing.

* * * *

Chasing windmills again, Don Quixote?

* * * *

There will probably always be people
Who have something to say about everything.
The universe is dabbled by pundits and philosophers.

* * * *

Good with a quip, and a slip of the tongue,
You remain irascible and aloof,
As any fool will.

* * * *

What an ocean the universe is.

* * * *

It's your show.
May as well make the best of it.

* * * *

An infinite
Pool of differences
All the same.

* * * *

Of what use is a philosophy
Which has no practical bearings?

* * * *

What makes your opinions
Any superior, any more valuable,
But your own fallible, self-absorbed will?
Might makes right, but what is right?

* * * *

Perhaps I will burn them,
But dang, it's already too late.
They are already blown to the wind.

* * * *

Tis done, whatever the glory.

* * * *

You need not participate, perhaps cannot
Participate in the dance the way so many are.
Your sovereign choice is to play it out
In whatever way You see fit.

* * * *

Guilt is self-imposed.

* * * *

It is so ironic how the current Rome has become
Far worse than what it originally rebelled against.

* * * *

You began existence with
All the innocence in creation.
Keeping it is like trying to drink
A cup of water from a leaking cup.

* * * *

Oh yes, You can still be easily tempted.

* * * *

Imagination is the maze.

* * * *

Most seem so satisfied with one notion or another.

* * * *

As long as false value rules our decisions,
We doom the future to a terrible nightmare
We would likely never wish upon ourselves.

* * * *

Some people are so stuck on themselves.

* * * *

Are You not weary of being afraid of your deity of choice?

* * * *

Be sure to tell yourself
When You get something new
That it will never ever be new again,
And maybe even sacrifice the first scratch
By You own hand just to make the point.

* * * *

The mind-body is a divine sensory receiver
Genetically programmed to be You,
One with all, despite the limited visions
Which have colluded to create this fine mess.

* * * *

What a heritage we leave the future.

* * * *

What atrocities we rationalize in the name of science.

* * * *

A zit on your face is probably bigger
Relative to Mt. Everest on the earth's.
What is big, what is small, short or tall?

* * * *

There's leadership and there's tyranny.

* * * *

No one is watching You near as closely as yourself.

* * * *

Sometimes You have to go out on the edge to find where the middle is.

* * * *

How many who use the word love don't.

* * * *

Caught in hell, discern it to be
But another face of heaven
That both are but states of mind

* * * *

Bitterness is an acquired taste.

* * * *

Only fundamentally can any moment
Be experience, compared or transcended.

* * * *

How absurd that we consider
Any calendar date a reflection of another.
How can there be a birthday if You were never born?

* * * * *

Can't argue with a dead man.

* * * *

How frightening some in their ignorance become.

* * * *

At some point those who see either renounce the world, or play the chameleon.

* * * *

What judgment is of any meaning, when not even a grain of sand has a choice.

* * * *

You are the knower, but what do You really know?

* * * *

You have journeyed heaven and hell, and You want more?

* * * *

What makes You fear more than the lack of a full breath?

* * * *

Consciousness has created all.

* * * *

Notoriety has its own rewards.

* * * *

Have You figured out why Buddha left it all for nothing?

* * * *

Vanity's vanity no matter the guise.

* * * *

Bargain with God? What a concept.

* * * *

Coffee and piss, what's the difference?

* * * *

This is the only conclusion worth pursuing.

* * * *

Try not to let a groove hamper You adaptability.

* * * *

Silence is the eternal companion.
A priceless birthright prior to all value.

* * * *

Having little regard for life,
Science has become an end unto itself.
Knowledge and understanding, no matter the price.
"In the name of science," its tyrannical cry.
Truth is beyond its partial grasp.

* * * *

Forgetting to remember and remembering to forget

Is arduous whatever way You look at it.

* * * *

Glean the truth from your own experience.

* * * *

It is not your decision to make.

* * * *

A committee should make the best camel possible.

* * * *

Nothing more demoralizing
Than getting stabbed in the back
By someone You thought You could trust.

* * * *

Positive attitude so often seems to mean
Make the almighty dollar any way You can

* * * *

Regarding personal responsibility
How many bury their heads in sand?

* * * *

How much history will we carry before it topples us?

* * * *

There really can be no solutions
Until humanity clearly comprehends
That it is the source of all problems.

* * * *

Never assume someone is not intelligent
Until they prove it beyond all doubt.

* * * *

Do not be so foolhardy as to assume
That You are totally free of all attachment.

* * * *

"If..." is an imaginary capital letter word at least ten miles high
Built of a thought so durable as to be as practically eternal.
But it's not.

* * * *

The human inherent urge toward conflict is the precipitator of history's dervish whirl.

* * * *

Once again this craving to own, to possess,
Grabs hold with its fractured mania.

* * * *

The instantaneous point.

* * * *

What can really touch you
But that which You imagine?

* * * *

Another ensnared by his vanity.

* * * *

The usual demons.

* * * *

Always something else to think about
In that ceaseless carousel of consciousness.

* * * *

You can be sure it will happen again…forever…

* * * *

Whatever it is, whatever it is not, finding contentment is the challenge.

* * * *

This mission, Mr. Gray, should You choose to accept it, is to write something sane.

* * * *

Duality will never be persuaded its space-time dream is not reality.

* * * *

The arrogance of pride is the inevitable outcome
Of the dualistic separation born of the senses,
And the consciousness into which they play.

CCXXIV

Are You not weary of this mundane insane asylum, and its relentless absurdities?
Are You not so awash in experience, You sometimes feel like exploding?
Have You not yet discerned a point, a purpose, worthy your time?
Does this field of dreams offer You the home You seek?
Or are You serene, content beyond all knowing?
Have You discerned the source all facades conceal?
Only You know the answers to these and other questions.
Only You hold the key to eternal salvation, every moment offers.

* * * *

What humility it takes to surrender space and time to oblivion.

* * * *

If You had not been living there so long, You might delude your Self, it paradise.

* * * *

To resist your life is to resist the role You were born to play.

* * * *

The masses, believing they know so much, miss out completely on their true reality.

* * * *

So many telling others what to do, all the while living in the shadow of their pious hypocrisy.

* * * *

Maybe, maybe not.

* * * *

The mind is a tool, not an end in itself.

* * * *

What so many call civilized is not even close.

* * * *

What great visions have not been resisted at first?
The masses habitually cling to their ignorance.

* * * *

Life is too short to put up with unbearable situations
If You have the wherewithal to avoid them.

* * * *

When even playing God would be of no interest to You, these words will resonate.

* * * *

Humanity perhaps has the potential to transcend its base animal nature,
But that would require an intelligence, a discipline, an austerity, a sensibility,
That relatively few have the inclination, much less the insight, to marshal.

* * * *

Watch how your body discards itself bit by bit.

* * * *

The development of languages throughout the world
That enabled us to witness countless universes,
Has proven to be a havoc-ridden blessing.

* * * *

An interesting dream best not taken too seriously.

* * * *

Sorry to be the one to tell You,
But love has not always won.
In fact, it so rarely even makes
Much more than a faint showing
That it is quite arguably nothing more
Than a four-letter, single-syllable concept.

* * * *

Gone through a lot of people to reach this point.

* * * *

The questions are endless for so few real answers.

* * * *

Why do You do this to your Self?

* * * *

Be wary of the demands of political correctness
Groupthink is the curse of the human drama,
The bane of all those seeking to know the Way.

* * * *

How much pain is life worth?

* * * *

The plebian taste bud is much more content.

* * * *

To gain Buddhahood,
One must endure every agony.

* * * *

The sand in eternity's hourglass
Shifts in its own chaotic way.

* * * *

It can never be foretold
When the vibration of a butterfly wing
Or an explosive solar flare from across the universe
Will trigger another soul's awakening.

* * * *

Pushing grocery cart
Down a lonely road,
Now that's humility.

* * * *

How can anyone ever long
To keep on playing the same song
Or recite a bad joke over and over and over?
Like a dog chasing a ball, or an organ grinder monkey
Jumping for a token or a bit of stale applause,
It must get awfully, awfully old.

* * * *

If You do not hunger or thirst,
What will become of You?

* * * *

Neither know nor care.

* * * *

Peace is a simple breath away.

* * * *

Imagine the laughter
If poodles declared themselves
The highest life form.

* * * *

What seems so solid, so permanent
Is really as fluid as any stream, wind or fire.
All illusion is ephemeral.

* * * *

Your judgments
Really say more about you
Than those You judge.

* * * *

All differences the same.

* * * *

Brother, You are ripe
For a bout of self-examination.

* * * *

The road to madness has many avenues.

* * * *

Inspired leadership generally gets more from the troops.

* * * *

The court jester abides without a throne.

* * * *

Put yourself in the line of fires,
And You may well pay a price.

* * * *

When You tire of moving, sit.
When You tire of sitting, move.

* * * *

Goliath is much mightier and David much weaker
Than any flick of a stone will ever hope to prevail.

* * * *

The totality is indifferent
To all arrivals and departures
And all journeys between.

* * * *

How tiring all obligation.

* * * *

An empty vessel can be filled with anything.

* * * *

What's yours is mine to treat with respect.

* * * *

Personal importance is an interesting delusion.

* * * *

Failure lays bare the vanity.

* * * *

Embrace oblivion.

* * * *

Maybe that's what You need to wake up.

* * * *

There are no magic equations, no combinations of words
Which will more than briefly distract you
From the eternity within.

* * * *

The abandonment of will is the end to personal adventure.
The union of surrender is the point of all seeking.
When that which is sought is found,
The divide within is joined.
Peace reigns,
Goodwill towards all.

* * * *

It all boils down to nothing.

* * * *

Life is an opportunity to wake up,
Nothing more, nothing less.
Everything else is chaff.

* * * *

The recovery of one's innocence requires a surrender,
A passivity, a vulnerability very challenging to master.

* * * *

Ignorance may be no excuse,
But, alas, it is all You truly have.

* * * *

All the giving in the world will not help a soul
Who will not find the strength to endure.

* * * *

You are a time machine of perception.

* * * *

What if this is heaven?

* * * *

What is physical death
But the ending of consciousness,

And the resumption of the timeless stillness?

* * * *

We're all ghosts,
Apparitions of imagination;
Some just a bit more solid than others.

* * * *

The accidental discovery
Is the serendipity
Of eternity's mystery.

* * * *

It is all just the movement of consciousness,
Nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

We have created a jungle
Far more dangerous than Eden ever was.
And the only way to a safer future
Is to change our minds.

* * * *

A vivid imagination
Is the crux of the problem,
And its solution.

* * * *

The permutations of the dreaming are infinite.
If You had not meandered in this journey,
You would have wandered another.
All are equally witnessed,
Equally absolute.

* * * *

The subtlety of words depends upon the potion they brew,
Within the mind of any given recipient's frame of reference.

* * * *

Hard-heartedness is the shield so many raise
To defend themselves from a world
That contorts us all.

* * * *

You are the space caught in form.

* * * *

The scribe never saw his own face.

It is not necessary that You do either.

* * * *

Why do we burden each other
With so much foolishness?

* * * *

How separated we are within our unity.

* * * *

Happiness and pleasure are not the same,
Nor are they always mutually exclusive.

* * * *

Love is a timeless, unspoken commitment.

* * * *

Why are consideration and responsibility
Such difficult options for so many?

* * * *

If, before the conclusion of your manifest dream,
You can discern even a glimmer of your original nature,
You will have earned the accolades of heaven.

* * * *

From the general is delved the specific,
And from the specific is divined the general
And round and round the cycle goes and goes.
No fire can exist without the flame of totality.

* * * *

Every life form is a play of creation and destruction.
And even though there is no other in the ultimate reality,
There would be no mortal theater without it in duality's reality.

* * * *

Confusing and frightening
To all but those who see.

* * * *

When You lose your way,
You must slow down, even stop,
To rediscover its momentary presence.

* * * *

Divine madness is a simple path,
But not necessarily easy nor painless.

* * * *

The cosmic genesis is a tapestry beyond mortal comprehension.
Humanity's disheveled drama is of perfection no matter our theatrics,
Yet how serene our meager existence would be if joy rather than sorrow,
Community rather than self-interest, was instead our daily fabric.

* * * *

The absurdity of idealistic notion is unending.

* * * *

But soft, You are already drifting in the abyss,
Gravity not withstanding.

* * * *

So many souls trapped in the web
Of one debilitating addiction or another.
Unable to discern the discipline of moderation,
They become locked in a hell of diminishing choices.

* * * *

Even God must wash his own bowl.

* * * *

Seems like the less You have to do in a day, the more time You fritter away doing it.

* * * *

Heaven or hell, the choice is yours, each and every moment.

* * * *

Let it go.

* * * *

You may find an incredible capacity for exploring life,
If You are called to transcend your fear-bound limitations.

* * * *

Suffering is the inevitable result of self-absorption.

* * * *

Who cares what anyone thinks of You,
For all reflections are ultimately your own.
Be kind to yourself, and much will be forgiven.

* * * *

You are traveling
Through a maze of your own creation.
You are a-mazing.

* * * *

You are not required to linger in hell,
Nor obligated to realize nirvana.
It is your thirst for clarity
That is the voucher.
Either way, the ride is free.

* * * *

Love is so much more than an emotion.
Emotion is fashioned by desire, by fear of loss.
Love is the source of nowness, the integrity of eternity,
Pure and simple, sovereign, absolute, infinite in its excellence.

* * * *

Another day of madness.

* * * *

That's the mystery of it.

* * * *

Listen closely, listen well, for if You are fortunate –
Call it God's will, call it courage, call it luck, call it fate –
You will discern your calling, and perhaps live an engaged life.

* * * *

What need for purpose
When the mystery
Offers everything required.

* * * *

What is each of us
But a spark of consciousness
Steeped in delusion?

* * * *

Sometimes the obvious
Is not to the masses,
And takes time to fathom.

* * * *

Patience takes time with a grain of salt.

CCXXV

Dump poison into the earth.
Spew clouds of venom into the air.
Pour rivers of toxic waste into the water.
Torment any given life form any way imaginable.
And then annihilate whatever still survives any way possible.
If that is what it takes for human vanity to awaken,
To what is really ruling the show here,
So it goes, with a shrug.

* * * *

After all, we are only human.

* * * *

It is but another bout with ye old windmill, I am a-feared.

* * * *

God is cast a harsh judge, yet is there really anyone but You judging yourself?

* * * *

The passion of any given day is unrelenting.

* * * *

You are That which is before all time-bound precedents,
The lawful lawlessness most true, prior to all mortal edicts.

* * * *

Think what You will
Do whatever You please.
Who would ever even know?
Who would even care
But you

* * * *

What a world this could be
If we could really trust one another,
If we really had each other's interest in mind,
If…

* * * *

Specialization has a tendency to weaken the capacity
To survive the tumultuous inevitability of change.
The generalists will abide, and even thrive
The harshness of any given time.

* * * *

How can You really be forgiven
If You do not forgive yourself?

* * * *

Another case of youthful idealism
Morphing into pragmatic insight.

* * * *

You are the goal.

* * * *

Bow to no concept.
They are all relative.

* * * *

Don't You grow weary of all the scams
Devised to coax your desire for more?

* * * *

Students of life and death
Are never without a classroom.

* * * *

You need not please the many masks.
It is obviously impossible anyway.

* * * *

Each must discern the infinite center
From which awareness springs eternal.

* * * *

Time need not age the eyes.

* * * *

What a waste to take thought so seriously.
We pander our minds like spoiled children.

* * * *

You continue to think one form or another
Will appease your insatiable hunger.

* * * *

Each of us experiences
The agonies and ecstasies
Of the mindset to which we cling.

* * * *

Mystics are not necessarily saints,

Nor are saints inevitably mystics.

* * * *

Overstating the obvious seems to be this scribe's fate.

* * * *

There almost inevitably forms an insulated bubble
About the wealthy, powerful, and famous.
A separation that deprives them
Of the companionship
Of the anonymous masses
To which they are really quite equal.

* * * *

It is not a question of happiness, compassion or love.
Truth is prior to any concepts or emotions of mind or body.

* * * *

Try as hard as they might,
There are those who can never feel
Quite at home in any field of the human drama.
Those who do may call them insane,
But that is only cosmic irony.

* * * *

Gravity never loses.

* * * *

Imagine what You were before You were born,
What You will be after,
And what that makes You now.

* * * *

We are but an infinitesimal fragment
Of what is, for all practical purposes,
An infinite chemistry experiment.

* * * *

Drama, dreama.
Hmmm…

* * * *

The flag You wave is your delusion.

* * * *

Any given mind, even those in the gutter,
Ceaselessly glories in its thoughts.
But all greatness is delusion.

Even saints and sages
Can tumble in the near infinity
Of proud permutations born of imagination.

* * * *

Truth is prior to all belief.
It does not require any
Approval or compensation.

* * * *

I am.
As detached as the sun,
As sure as any burning bush.

* * * *

In every decision, small or large,
Ramifications in space and time ripple.
Until You see time does not exist,
They will rock your world.

* * * *

How unfair for You to be born into this world,
And not be told that in every way,
From beginning to end,
You are one,
With this divine orchestration.
The sovereignty of the mystery is within all.

* * * *

The world does not require a savior,
For is only those with masks who perish.

* * * *

Consciousness will dance,
In every permutation possible,
Until the lights are turned down,
The dance floor disappears,
And the band goes home.

* * * *

And it will always be You dancing.

* * * *

It does not matter one whit,
What You conceive, or what You believe,
For no concept, no belief, can ever,
Come close to touching it.

* * * *

Oblivion's fount has no attachment,
To creation or preservation or destruction.
Such vanity is your own concoction.

* * * *

Even the greatest being in this immeasurable drama,
Is as impermanent, as transitory as any other.
Even the greatest fire turns to ash.

* * * *

The blind cannot see what sight would show them.
The deaf cannot hear the good news around them.
Truth is wasted upon those with neither eye or ear.

* * * *

The sage will nod,
The seeker will question,
The deluded will take no notice,
And the fool will laugh.

* * * *

The mirage of the day entices us all, to continue our little worldly play.

* * * *

Good and evil are dualistic perceptions, born of humanity's irrational self-absorption.
We mortals, not some imagined deity, are the creators of heaven and all things perdition.

* * * *

All ages are the same spaceless-timeless awareness,
No matter the player, no matter the stage, no matter the costume,
No matter the nature-nurture reverie of consciousness.

* * * *

Those discerning the truth of the eternal nature,
Are really no more exceptional, no more or less special, than any other.
All forms are equal in the divine play of the mystery.

* * * *

Your specialness is in the beingness,
Not the imagined, vain, greedy, character.
The character is but a temporary, mortal concoction,
But the beingess, is the timeless nature, prior to any mask or costume.
It is the absoluteness prior to any dream of consciousness,
Unbound by any collusion concocted by mind.

* * * *

Being a human being is truly quite impossible.

The human drama is really only a game of make believe,
A delusionary, time-bound recreation fabricated by consciousness.

* * * *

That which has never existed cannot be touched.
The eternal quintessence has never been born, and thus never dies.
Despite all the reflections, all the mirages, all the delusions,
Each of us only pretends the mortal faire is real.

* * * *

What You want truth to be, and what it is,
That gap is the degree to which You suffer.

* * * *

A breath free of craving,
Free of fear,
Is a remarkable mystery.

* * * *

Nothing has to be the way it is.

* * * *

You are no more an identity than the man in the moon.

* * * *

Most seekers merely pamper their vanity,
With grandiose delusions, eternity will not sustain.
Until You fully embrace your death,
It is all a joke on You.

* * * *

Try tossing away your greatest vanity
Just for the sake of experimentation.

* * * *

Become that which is prior to all concoctions of mind.

* * * *

The irony is You must use the mind to free the mind.

* * * *

“I Am” is the good news.

* * * *

All attributes are merely the coating,
The play of light upon your true being,
Upon the oblivion of your essential state.

* * * *

To become the way, the truth, and the light,
You must die to your sense of identity.
Are You sure You are ready for oblivion?

* * * *

Funny how so many self-proclaimed spiritual types, so often believe they are privy to God's plan.

* * * *

The Song of God is sung with your voice.

* * * *

Moralists bound in duality create heavens and hells,
And heave those who do not agree with them
Into the dungeons born of imagination.

* * * *

Idealists often seem to expect others
To achieve their ideal before they do.

* * * *

You will not discover your true Self,
Until You no longer desire something from some deity.
Until You are fearless enough, to discern the mystery of your own mind's eye.

* * * *

Take on the bluntness of words such as these,
Or dilly-dally down one comfortable detour or another,
Until You finally hunger for that where all man-made channels,
Must inevitably come to their eternal, pathless end.

* * * *

Flesh becomes less and less enticing as it rots off.

* * * *

Each must find their own route to the indivisible.
Some quickly, some slowly, many if not most, not at all.

* * * *

I am That I Am.
You are That I Am.
We are all That I Am.
There is nothing that is not,
That I Am.

* * * *

Grin and bear it.

* * * *

Absorb the bluntness of thoughts such as these,
Or dawdle bemused on one comfortable path or another
Until finally ready for where those avenues, too, must surely end.

* * * *

Each must find their own path to the indivisible.
Some do it quickly, some slowly, most never.

* * * *

Reincarnation, being born again and again, is an easy excuse for complacency.

* * * *

What is reborn but a set of concepts?

* * * *

How different existence is for those whose lives
Are never touched by the knowledge
Fabricated by technology.

* * * *

What is there which can quench the mystical thirst
Except total fusion into the oblivion of the unmanifest?

* * * *

You cannot hedge your bets
With this inquiry into your essential nature.
It is an all or nothing proposition.

* * * *

You will never see your face, because, truly, You do not have one.

* * * *

You may surrender to whatever or whomever You will
Until You discern everything and everyone
Is but a grand play of illusion.

* * * *

Maya, kiddo, maya.

* * * *

The yoke is on You.

* * * *

Existence is an opportunity to awaken if it is your fate
In this brief time to partake the destiny of all destinies.

* * * *

You must disengage all judgment, all delusion,
All yearning for reward, all craving for more,
To examine what is really being said here.

* * * *

Succumbing to desire can often be measured,
By its impact on the lives of others.
Seeing the truth of this,
Requires a capacity,
Many find all but impossible,
Because the keystone of their existence,
Is embedded in gratification, rather than compassion.

* * * *

The consequences of yielding to your many hedonistic inclinations,
Is inevitably made apparent when it impacts the lives of others.
Seeing it requires an empathy that may be difficult to muster,
When values are grounded in gratification rather than compassion.

* * * *

If You found out You would not be waking tomorrow morning,
Would You stay up until the break of dawn, or go to bed early?

* * * *

In every step, all things come to pass.

* * * *

The waves of time are the lightning storms of your mind.

* * * *

What is there to worship when idolatry falls away?

* * * *

The sun and all its planets and moons,
Are merely particles of dust swirling,
In the infinity of the cosmic dance.

* * * *

You may recollect that You did not ask to be here,
And there is no point in praying to be staying.
So why not do your best? Why make assumptions?
Why take anything personally? And why not love your Self?

CCXXVI

The idolatry of form is no substitute for truth.

* * * *

The lion and antelope, the eagle and rabbit,
The king and pawn, the sage and fool.
Each must endure the outcome,
Of their given function,
For the theater to carry on.

* * * *

That You would expect this realm,
To be any different, to be any epitome at all,
Is the source of your disappointment and anger and fear,
And, ultimately, these passions will bring about a world-weariness,
That may well consume mind and body if You do not discern,
The ultimate perfection from which all things spring.

* * * *

Shuffling the cards does not change the game.

* * * *

You are promised heaven and hell
In exchange for the false gold
Middlemen so badly crave.

* * * *

Another day, another change,
Another problem, another solution
Rippling into the unknown.

* * * *

Science can only be as accurate,
As the instruments used to measure,
And the mind brought to bear.

* * * *

The presumption that life is inviolate, no matter the situation, is a dubious assumption.

* * * *

When asking a question,
And truly listening for an answer,
Your comprehension can still really only be,
Whatever your frame of reference is prepared to hear.

* * * *

The appearance
That there is either
A traveler or a destination
Is an enticing delusion.

* * * *

A truth is a truth no matter the source.
Whether it comes from some deity or demon,
Your discomfort with one or the other,
Is an issue of your own making.

* * * *

In the animal world, chameleonship is the art of survival, not an issue of pride.

* * * *

You make up so many claims to be this or that.
All self-deception, all ultimately false conjecture,
Delusional fancy, imagined conceptual trickery.

* * * *

You can surrender to whomever or whatever You will.
But until You surrender to the formless essential nature,
You are merely dancing with an infinity of enticing mirages.

* * * *

That any other bothers to gossip,
Or think of You in any fashion whatsoever,
Need not be of great concern.

* * * *

Desire is incredibly enticing
Until You eventually realize how painful
Its inherent discontent truly is.

* * * *

False pride, false humility,
Is there really a difference?

* * * *

We are each conditioned to be attached
To the culture of our origin.
And relatively few
Ever wander outside the cave.

* * * *

What form or concept is sacred
When none have eternity
As their foundation?

* * * *

Real detachment
Implies an unconcern
Prior to all desire for more.

* * * *

Is all your movement, all your busy-ness,
Really only an indication of your dread of oblivion?
The corporeal downfall is an inescapable fact.
No point in White Rabbiting to and fro.
You may as well become aware,
Of the eternal reality.
After all, it is your true home.

* * * *

Joy and sorrow
Are not a concern
For an uncarved block.

* * * *

A separate personalized deity is the make-believe,
Of those still caught in the division of the mind.
The dilemma of the dualistic sensory illusion.

* * * *

Hate is a lazy, ignorant, isolating way; agape, a journey of good intentions.

* * * *

Will You spend eternity trying vainly to quench your desire?

* * * *

You are truly liquid dust.

* * * *

Impossible.

* * * *

No point debating with those who see,
You must do as they did.
Investigate your Self.

* * * *

Trust God?
Only that he/she/it,
Will inevitably crush You,
Like a windshield does an insect.
And if You are very lucky, for the last time.

* * * *

You are not reading these words
Because you're an angel,
You scalawag, You.

* * * *

[sic]

* * * *

Do You believe
The costume You wear, or the mask You bear
Really matters to anyone but You?

* * * *

The first of many unfair calamities in your world
Was that You were born at all.

* * * *

Those who really believe
They truly know what is going on here
Certainly are fooling themselves.

* * * *

Only You can heal the rift within.
You must become your own physician.

* * * *

How infatuated we are with the superficial.

* * * *

The nowness You can never see,
Touch, taste, smell, feel,
Or know in any way,
Is your eternal nature.

* * * *

All dreams are witnessed equally
By the same detached essence.

* * * *

When You become unsure
Who or what You are anymore,
You may almost be at the front door.
The trick to getting back to Kansas,
Is to be beyond-a-doubt unsure.

* * * *

Wrong assumptions can get anyone
In serious bother pretty danged quick.

* * * *

Eternal life, eternal death.
Is there really a difference?

* * * *

Eternity has neither time nor space for abstract conjecture.

* * * *

The obviousness of oneness
Is an absurd joke upon any
Who ever think otherwise.

* * * *

Assume nothing.

* * * *

These words speak well enough for themselves.
They require no priests or organizations,
Merely seekers of what is true.

* * * *

You will continue
Finding whatever You seek
Until there is literally nothing left to seek.

* * * *

So many interesting ways to live.
So many interesting ways to die.
Hard to pick just one.

* * * *

Is judgment any more than unreflective projection.

* * * *

Everything everywhere, smoking.

* * * *

Is it idealistic to be weary of bullshit?

* * * *

Regarding the ultimate nature,
Any given answer, any given conclusion
Is only conjecture and delusion.

* * * *

The world will always beckon You join in,
As the alluring sirens did Ulysses,
But it is You who chooses
To be possessed,
Or not.

* * * *

It is always the first time in the eternal sense.

* * * *

There is no resolving this mystery,
Which is why minds across the human epoch,
Have resorted to fabricating every delusion imaginable.

* * * *

Do not allow delusion to be confused with reality.

* * * *

Me, myself, and I,
Is the source of all experience,
All ignorance, all delusion, all agony, all ecstasy.
The personal mystery of existence,
From which all springs.

* * * *

Absurdity is at home in every geography.

* * * *

If You believe in anything,
Imagination has gotten the better of You.

* * * *

Religions are merely well-established cults.
Tradition, ritual, and idolatry are not truth.

* * * *

Anonymity within and without is the finest freedom.

* * * *

Blaming any given situation
On deities or demons
Is a convenient delusion.

* * * *

Prayer, n, A condoned way to babble to an imaginary friend.

* * * *

We are all the only witness there is.

* * * *

You are the bound link
To that which has no bounds,
The perjury to that which is only truth.

* * * *

Your attachment to that which is unreal
Is all that holds You back
From discerning that which is.

* * * *

One in the same.

* * * *

These words are a gift
To the epoch of humankind,
Wherever the mystery may wander.

* * * *

Over and over, the blinding lights
Of power, fame and fortune,
Of excess in any form,
Draw moths to their fiery doom.

* * * *

How bittersweet the tang of ironic doubt.

* * * *

Myths are the make-believe of time.
Be wary lest they betray You further.

* * * *

Though You are but a droplet of the immensity,
You are a reflection of the infallibility
Of its essential reality.

* * * *

What is not fabrication?
Is there anything concocted by mind
Which is ever truly real?

* * * *

Glory is a shiny bauble
That entices all who would seek it
Into the voracious quicksand of arrogance.

* * * *

Standing before your mirrored reflection,
Can You ever truly envision your Self?
Or merely another passing scene
Truly no more distinct than any other?

* * * *

Who are You but the wind of the mind
Existing not but for the sensory illusion
Of partitioned spaces drifting through time.

* * * *

You cannot ever fully comprehend,
What the many mystics of this world,
Over and over, in so many ways, declare,
Until your own ear is at last prepared to hear.

* * * *

Free will is illusion; You really have no choice but to accept the caprice of fate.

* * * *

Identity is the pride.

* * * *

The I am this or that ends.

* * * *

To realize fully, absolutely, that it is not You,
But the whimsies of vain consciousness,
That act out all these absurdities,
Is the liberation You seek.

* * * *

Do not feel bothered that You are not an expert,
Or that someone else pretends to be.
As least You are candid
About really not knowing anything.

* * * *

Every so-called problem, has as its source the mind.
We and we alone have created, the disarray of the human theater.
There is no outside influence, upon which criticism and reproach, can be placed.

* * * *

All philosophy is essentially nonsense.
To be or not to be is the only question.

* * * *

Absurdity hath no bounds.

* * * *

Your body gradually withers away.
Your self-concept alters from moment to moment.
You endlessly attempt to rein in the irrevocable passage of time.
Take pause and ponder, what will your self-concept be,
When the body to which You are so attached,
Has returned into its dusty origin.

* * * *

Whether or not this manifest dream could ever be any different,
Is the question any thinker must eventually ask,
In the quest for the truth of it.

* * * *

The truth of God's so-called plan may be that there has never been one.

* * * *

The quest for fulfillment is the monkey's dream.

* * * *

Scientists pretend they are so objective, but how can they be?
Observer and observed are linked in eternal relativity,
And intellectual assumptions to the contrary,
Only blind them to their collusion.

* * * *

For surrender to absoluteness to be all-embracing,
Is not just about one's undesirable attributes,
But the so-called positive ones as well.
Your pleasure as well as your pain,
Your glory as well as your despair,
Your confidence as well as your doubt.
Because, in reality, all the You think of as You,
Is merely an invention of the same cradle of delusion.

* * * *

If You truly understand your seeking the mystery,
Will annihilate the You, You know and daily cultivate,
Only the most determined, will not cast these words away,
And turn even more blue-pill vainly to the world.

CCXXVII

The greatest potential of consciousness, resides in the awareness of its source.

* * * *

The tranquility of eternal stillness,
Is that of a charging tiger or a just-suckled infant.
All potentials timelessly flowing in the vast ocean of manifestation.

* * * *

Attempting to take back that which was surrendered,
Only seems to exacerbate a spate of hellish outcomes.
Attachment is a byway to perdition in this dreamy voyage.

* * * *

What so many consider teaching,
Is simply one who has been schooled,
Instructing another to perform the same tricks.
Merely handing another a basket of fish,
Or coaching them on how to fish,
Will make a great difference,
In any given journey.

* * * *

Deny the lie fodder for its vain feast; give your life over to that which is real.

* * * *

And where exactly is this “Me, myself, and I”
To which the You that is really You,
With such great tenacity,
So vainly clings?

* * * *

The subtlety of the essential nature, fools all but the most discerning.

* * * *

Those caught up in the web of wealth, fame and power
Fan the adulation of those who envy and fear them most.

* * * *

Why settle for less than You deserve?

* * * *

Ignorance fosters despair, havoc, and loss.
The freedom of recollection is cause for celebration.
Weep not for the dead, but for those who reside
In the hell of a mind lost in Self-deception.

* * * *

Believing in any mythological fabrication
Is as real and meaningful as a child's
In Santa Claus or the Tooth Fairy.

* * * *

Attachment to any mythology
Is an extremely acute constraint
On the quest for the ultimate reality.

* * * *

The ultimate iconoclast . . . I Am.

* * * *

Nothing more tedious than a true believer.

* * * *

Nature and nurture, seed and ground, blossom and bounty,
Are a unitary journey in the dreaming of space and time.
One cannot be without the other, and their intwining,
Ripples into countless futures well past their own.

* * * *

From blank canvas, from uncarved block,
All things are created, all things evolve.
Genesis is evolution, evolution is creation.
And in the nowness of the kaleidoscoping moment,
The ineffable mystery unfurls yet another magnum opus.

* * * *

The unknowable awareness of the inexplicable You,
Neither loves nor hates, neither gains nor loses,
Neither grasps nor releases, neither exists nor dies.
It is but a vastness, through which all illusions rise and fall.
Through which the unborn-undying quanta dance in whatever way they will.
Through which all kaleidoscoping creations are witnessed for all eternity.

* * * *

Surrounded by so much hogwash, You will endure . . . somehow.

* * * *

Doubt is the key to freedom.

* * * *

Sometimes, what is said would be better left unsaid.
Other times, what is unsaid should be said
Over and over until it is heard.

* * * *

How long must we be drained by beliefs
That miss the point or have lost their way?
Move on and discern what is real for your Self.

* * * *

At least children have an excuse for all their pretending.

* * * *

The senses create the veil,
And desire the prison.

* * * *

So many hollow thoughts buzzing to and fro,
Yet what is it they fly to and fro within?
The answer to the only question,
The question without answer,
Is one flies have no need to ask.

* * * *

The body is but a container of the mystery.
You are the singleness of all eternity,
Not a persona bound in time.

* * * *

You are blessed if You truly comprehend
This kaleidoscoping dreaming is but a hiccup,
In the seamlessness of eternity's essential nature.

* * * *

Until power, fame, wealth, or any other desire imaginable
Are less important than knowing You are That I Am,
You will not know the sweet liqueur of grace.

* * * *

You can only know who a buddha or christ truly were
When You yourself are seated in the lotus of totality.

* * * *

If You understand time,
You discern what it means
To feel your fleshless bones
Slowly crumbling into dust.

* * * *

All your fears come from falsely identifying
With the suffering of an ever-changing form.

* * * *

By being born,
You are mortally compelled
By a vast array of choiceless choices.

* * * *

Save time?
How?

* * * *

Even if You could travel in time,
It would be jus as imaginary
As any other moment.

* * * *

It is the only way.

* * * *

Imitators always miss out on being themselves.

* * * *

How obvious, the pointlessness, the futility, of throwing pearls before swine.
True gold cannot be grasped by those who lack the astuteness required.
Those content with the false gold, can read words such as these,
And never even vaguely comprehend what is being said.
Throughout human history, in every geography,
Seers of reality have often been persecuted,
For the mistaken, idealistic assumption,
That others will be at all interested,
In seeing the mystery as clearly as they.
Seek truth or whatever delusion calls You;
It does not really matter what any do, or think,
For it is all the dreamscape of an impartial mystery.

* * * *

Organized religions, and other cults, are often so off the mark, that it is not even worth arguing about.

* * * *

All sense of security, all sense of sanctuary is illusion.
All things are inevitably ground up, and recycled again and again,
For as long as the manifest dreamtime streams through the ether of eternity.

* * * *

So many mindsets, far too idealistic for this doubtful eye, but minds wander where they will.

* * * *

See your Self in everything, everywhere.

* * * *

This too,
This too,
This too,
This too,
This too…
Ad infinitum
Shall pass.

* * * *

Tap into the eternal as a root does the soil; it is your true sustenance in this mad dream.

* * * *

Like a dog gone mad, from chasing a thrown ball, far too many times.

* * * *

Truth is a word, repeated by many; understood by few.

* * * *

No grand significance is set upon hominoid consciousness.
It is dross to the flame; a mere zephyr of dreamtime.
The unknowable truth need not know of itself.
The essential is prior to consciousness.
All is but a momentary figment.

* * * *

How arrogant of humanity, to name that which is its primal source,
Much less consider any word bona fide, in any way or shape or form.

* * * *

The You that You truly are can never be duplicated.
The oneness can never be two or more.
All duality is a play of illusion,
And the delusion it so easily fosters.

* * * *

If You must cultivate faith or nurture hope,
Let it be that You will one day die,
For the last time.

* * * *

Your fear, your dread, come from continuing,
To forget that none of this really exists.
That it is but a temporary dream,
And that it can never sate,
The hunger You have,
To return home.

* * * *

You want so badly to love some form or another,
Yet are denied complete union by the laws of space and time.
Merge within, and You will fathom the agape all are.

* * * *

To believe yourself too superior to mix it up with the masses,
Is a serious wake-up call about the karma awaiting your arrival.

* * * *

All things will rise, and all will fall.

* * * *

What is real, anyway?

* * * *

You want immortality? Then kill yourself.

* * * *

Seeing this changes everything.

* * * *

See how the universe is imprinted in the skull; most often veiled by the fog of consciousness.

* * * *

For the sake of manifest survival,
You must participate, and perhaps even thrive,
In one way or another.

* * * *

Is not an infinite universal intelligence, both obvious and unprovable, at the same time?

* * * *

The depths and heights, o which humanity will both rise and sink, are seemingly incalculable.

* * * *

What is the state of mind that does not remember?

* * * *

It is the nature of history for all things to eventually be forgotten.

* * * *

Could even tyrannosaurus rex match humankind's capacity for fearsome savagery?

* * * *

Why should You fear anything? Nothing can truly kill You.

* * * *

Help children retain their innocence, their freedom, their child minds, for as long as possible.
With that underpinning, there is the potential for happiness, wisdom, and perhaps even agape.

* * * *

Attachment to life is so biologically embedded,
That it is difficult to discern the source of one's being,
And once seen, remembering to recollect it is not easy, either.
So You continue stumbling and falling off the tightrope;
Keep getting sliced by the blade of discernment.
It a challenge requiring great discipline,
To absolutely surrender to That,
Which You truly are.

* * * *

Imagine how many times, the oceans have evaporated,
To erode the highest mountains, and wash them to their greatest depths.
Why would it, how could it, how should it, be any different,
For each and every atom across the cosmos,
To awaken to the Self in all.

* * * *

In any given classroom,
The superior teachers match step for step,
The many assorted capacities and limitations and interests,
Of whatever students enter their realm.

* * * *

How many ways the Way
Can be painted and sculpted and described,
Yet no matter how many attributes may conceal its essence,
It eternally remains the same indivisible one,
Indifferent to all plays of time.

* * * *

The world is burdensome
Until You discern that spaciousness
Where no burden can exist.

* * * *

You a still voice
From the infinite inner space,
Truly, the final frontier.

* * * *

When You reside in the rigid-inflexible-unyielding ego born of illusion,
You are like a boulder locked in place in a mountain stream.
But when You release the reverie that is unreal,

You rediscover the state of wonder,
The awareness from which all springs.
And stone turns to sand to silt to river to sea.

* * * *

It is less about a personal deity, than it is a personal quest to discern the mystery within.

* * * *

The game of organized religion is an absurd farce, only eyes given over to the mystery can discern.

* * * *

Even one follower, can bind the unwary teacher, but genuine students are never a burden.

* * * *

The tiniest beginning can beget a tsunami of epic proportion.

* * * *

You speak of surrender
Yet do not truly begin to comprehend
The sacrifice required.

* * * *

You play cat and mouse with your Self,
A game of tag with eternity its field.

* * * *

If we cannot tame our many passions,
The conscious potential of this manifest dream,
Will be a barren birthing, like a blossom unable to flower.

* * * *

You are but one infinitesimal particle of eternity's witnessing.

* * * *

Martyrdom is just another form of vanity.

* * * *

Nothing matters but what imagination dictates.

* * * *

Different frames of reference,
Different capacities and limitations,
Differences of every sort,
Are that by which
All life forms live and die.

* * * *

Given a choice between a lie and a truth,

It is a curious, rather staggering fact
That many seem to prefer the lie.

* * * *

In the maze of any given life,
Some doors are open, some doors are locked.
Some open now, some later; some that once opened no longer do.
And most doors have never opened, and never will.
Though many may well merit a better shake,
The truth of it is that life is not fair,
And not all fates are just.

CCXXVIII

Dissolve the a priori, and what truly remains
But a stream of seamless sensory input,
The perfect order of timeless chaos.

* * * *

It is but death knocking . . .
Play on.

* * * *

Do not judge the world harshly,
For its redemption is in your seeing.

* * * *

Bouts of suffering
Slivers of joy

* * * *

You are That which cannot be named.

* * * *

Agony and ecstasy, suffering and happiness,
Are relative to the given circumstance.

* * * *

Difficult to be content
When one's health is fading,
And whatever power You once had
Is little by little dissipating.
Not easy growing old.

* * * *

It is less about some deity judging You, than You judging yourself,
For memories that are no longer relevant.
Let them go.
Be at peace with the nowness that is real.

* * * *

Buy someone else's book; this one will cost You what it expounds.

* * * *

Ho-hum, ho-hum, ho-hum . . .
Another name, another number,
Another this, that or the other . . .
Nothing really new under any day's sun
Except every this, that or the other

Any given now eternally offers.

* * * *

Today's falsehoods are the silt
Upon which tomorrow's will settle.

* * * *

No use feeling bothered
By some event You cannot take back.
Just don't do it again, forgive yourself, and move on.

* * * *

Some deaths are described as having no purpose,
And others as meaningful, even honorable.
Yet the Angel of Death is unconcerned
About any vain human pride.
When one's time is done, it is done.

* * * *

Any given outcome
Is less a matter of superstition
Than it is inattention.

* * * *

Perhaps your resentment and fear, the angst tainting your dream,
Comes from having to play a painful role forced upon You,
This reverie You have never really quite believed,
But must play in one way or another
Until death do You part.

* * *

Attaining heaven on earth,
Is merely bending one's frame of reference,
Towards compassionate choices.

* * * *

If this is a battleground between good and evil, then it is fairly obvious which side is winning.
So, the question is, whether it is some huge chess game between God and the Devil,
Or simply the mundane reality of vanity and greed churning their way,
To a most predictable and tragic dystopian conclusion.

* * * *

The delusion is strong in that one, Obi Wan.

* * * *

If there is an entity called God, and it is as vain and petty as we, there is nothing for which to hope.

* * * *

Suffering in every manner conceivable
Is the consequence each must pay
For whatever air is allotted.

* * * *

It is not the location,
But the quality of mind
In which equanimity abides.

* * * *

Wisdom is simple, straight-forward and matter-of-fact.
It culls the distortions of opinion and propaganda,
And serves all in all geographies in all times.

* * * *

Surrender brings a sense of intuitive right action.
Things just happen spontaneously, as they truly always have.
And with little interior effort, it will all unfold before You.,
And You will again embrace your true beingness,
Doing whatever the moment beckons.

* * * *

All the walls in your mind
Are merely contractions of energy
Crashing to and fro.

* * * *

Is all the gazing at mirrors and photographs
Merely a vain attempt to remember
How the mask looks,
Or a check-in to see if the image
Really matches the sense of space and time?

* * * *

Become a voice in the wilderness.

* * * *

The subtlety of surrendering
Is like the rings of a tree
Gradually dissolving.

* * * *

A near infinity of forms . . .
I Am . . . all and none.

* * * *

Surrender is completely voluntary.
It is the choiceless choice.

Perhaps the only one.

* * * *

Without You as its source,
There would be, could be, no universe.
All that is known has You at the core of its foundation.
You are the eternal spring from which all manifest existence flows.

* * * *

Each of us births a universe.
Death is its annihilation.

* * * *

Consciousness comes, consciousness goes.
So it goes, c'est la vie, oh well.

* * * *

Winning and losing with equanimity
Requires an inner grace few possess.

* * * *

The mind craves its conscious movement.
The stillness of eternity is a voluntary death
Only the most intrepid seek and discern.

* * * *

The only real resolution to the pain of consciousness
Is to discern beyond its temporal nature.

* * * *

Slowly, surely, inexorably . . . it is done.

* * * *

Words only get You the place words attain.
To discover that which is real
Is a realm
Words can never attain.

* * * *

Life is a corridor of time,
A seamless maze of birth and death.

* * * *

Lost in space.

* * * *

When You say me, myself, and I,
Who, what, when, where, why and how

Do You really mean it?

* * * *

No point in guilt-ridden regrets.
There is no going back in the maze of time.
One can only choose to never wander that path again.

* * * *

I am whatever I am,
You are whatever You are,
We are whatever we are,
Whatever that may be.

* * * *

True science is always open
To new questions, to new answers.
True science seeks truth, not conclusions.

* * * *

What more do You really need?

* * * *

To be content,
You merely need
To decide to do so.

* * * *

In the midst of the most ferocious storm, a serene wind.

* * * *

Soul interrupted.

* * * *

No matter the perceived how,
It's the same now across time.

* * * *

Ain't the pig's life great.

* * * *

Detachment, detachment, detachment . . .
Is the ticket home.

* * * *

Define your assumptions.

* * * *

Practice non-caring,

And your right actions
Will be clear of suffering.

* * * *

You've read it perhaps one hundred times before,
Yet this time You finally understood it as never before.

* * * *

It is what needed to be said.
Nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Scientists have delved into the core of the atom,
And found nothing.
Your body is made up of atoms.
Put it together and there is only one conclusion.

* * * *

If each of us somehow approached everyone, everything as equal
Rather than through the veil of perceived differences . . .
Culture, gender, race, language . . . ad infinitum . . .
Indeed, what a different world it would be.

* * * *

Sometimes You lie,
Sometimes You cheat,
Sometimes You steal,
Sometimes You kill.
C'est la vie.

* * * *

Is this the world You see for your children?

* * * *

So be it.

* * * *

Every day . . .
Something sweet . . . something bitter . . .
Find the equanimity in all.

* * * *

Thought is but a neural storm.
Still the thought, still the storm.

* * * *

When You leave this world,
Will You seek another?

* * * *

Curious.

* * * *

You are the beingness.
There is really nothing to worship
As much as there is everything to embrace.

* * * *

To be fixated on any particular aspect
Is to miss the vast mystery
Encompassing all.

* * * *

Humanity's desire for a better world
Has created a looming monster.

* * * *

To realize You own law is an outcome of divine logic.

* * * *

It is partial surrender, which makes words such as these, useful.
Once all resistance ends, You will no longer need them.
Like a trail or ladder after an arduous climb.

* * * *

Eons beyond counting
In the flow of space and time,
And who knows what prior to that,
Have gone into the crafting
Of this fleeting instant.

* * * *

Once You have climbed the mountain,
And seen it for what it is,
It is no different
Than any other point in creation.

* * * *

Hell has an infinity of tentacles
With which to pander your soul.

* * * *

You will project your imagined will upon the world
Until You comprehend neither the world
Nor your narcissistic will
Truly exist.

* * * *

Consume until You explode
If that is what it takes
For You to wake up
To what is really going on.

* * * *

If You find the need for ordinary order,
You will not find it here.

* * * *

Does God become mortal, or mortals godlike?
Was there ever any real difference,
But in the realization,
That in the other there is but one?

* * * *

As long as You believe You are your body, You cannot speak with undeniable conviction.

* * * *

An imaginary world, in which the indivisibility dances with untiring grace.

* * * *

All the others have convinced You,
That You should participate in a manner,
Aligned with a geographical mythos.
Seeing past one's conditioning,
Is not for the conventional.

* * * *

To the periphery of your tentative veil,
And well beyond to the most distant of shores,
You are ever the same vapor of oneness.

* * * *

The dreaming of consciousness
Is a spontaneous unfolding,
An infinity of choiceless choices
Of a vaporous now playing time real.

* * * *

The scribe,
Despite all he imagined himself to be,
Never really existed either.

* * * *

Become your ideal,

Or succumb to eternal hypocrisy.

* * * *

It is not easy for the hatchling to pierce the shell.

* * * *

Fear and desire are simply
The body's chemical response
Aiding the mind's attempt to survive,
And the mind's futile attachment
To an imaginary personality
In an imaginary theater.

* * * *

Ordinary order is the ordinary fabrication of ordinary imagination.

* * * *

There is nothing inherently wrong
With anything the mind may deign concoct.
It is the painful, imagined suffering which is the bother.

* * * *

Lost in the dull, monotonous roar of the churning crowd,
The oblivion of the bottle's upturned bottom
Beckons yet again.

* * * *

We're all the same pile of ashes.

* * * *

Is this the way we really want to play this dream?
Is this endless ocean of suffering so necessary
For the existence of our imagined psyches?

* * * *

The limited mind imprisoned in everyday thought
Is an inexorable, mishmashing, hodgepodging clutter
Riddled with absolute nature at every crook and cranny.
The intent of all that has been said in this meandering work
Is to point to the largest mirror eternity can imagine.
It will well more than likely change nothing,
But what else was there to do?
Somebody had to do
Nothing.

* * * *

As always,
Best wishes.

CCXXIX

A missive from eternity.

* * * *

Return to the womb of eternal spacelessness.

* * * *

Don’t confuse psychedelic with spiritual.
Something that seems extraordinary
Is really no different than the most
Mundane, everyday experience.

* * * *

A rock
Is really as much you
As You are.

* * * *

Another mind locked
In a box of its own making.

* * * *

It’s all about patterns and one’s attachment to them.
Only through direct, detached attention
Can any change come about.
And even then,
It’s easier said than done.

* * * *

It might get better,
It might just sort of carry on,
But this brief moment in time may be
As good as it gets ever again.

* * * *

The clarity of Soul.

* * * *

A rolling stone gathers no moss.
One that sits is layered with dust.

* * * *

Cynicism hath no bounds.

* * * *

What dull, grinding lives the masses lead.

* * * *

Intolerance builds walls.
Acceptance dissolves them.

* * * *

The true seeker leaves no stone unturned.

* * * *

Wander nearby, wander afield.
The universe is your pearl,
Every hearth your home.

* * * *

To have friends, or enemies, You must be one.

* * * *

The high cost
Of experimentation
Is that it may well kill You.
At least as well as doing nothing.

* * * *

Even beyond the pale,
The mystery remains You.

* * * *

Mothballed again.

* * * *

The detective studies everything
Until there is only one conclusion.

* * * *

Cheers to the herd.
They will abide the savageries of time.

* * * *

We each witness whatever the moment offers.

* * * *

We're all just hamburger waiting
For McDonald's to come up with
Its own version of Soylent Green.

* * * *

The greatest show on Earth
Still has much ground to cover.

* * * *

Make death your best friend,
And there will be no fear
When it does arrive.

* * * *

Dusty beginnings, dusty ends.

* * * *

No remorse allowed.

* * * *

Curiosity is handy
To discover new worlds,
But it kills cats.

* * * *

Hunger and thirst
Are not life-threatening.
Oxygen deprivation will kill You.

* * * *

Born to witness.

* * * *

Maestros all.

* * * *

Drift nonchalant
And You will see all
For the one it is.

* * * *

What better way to spend a day.

* * * *

From chaos
To pretended order
To chaos again.

* * * *

Patterns have a way of melting away
Into the primal, seedless nature
From which they formed.

* * * *

It is a God thing.

* * * *

Justice for all,
For the revenge it is.

* * * *

The mystery gave us hallucinogens, to help us discern its presence.

* * * *

Time is much like smoke,
It seems so real, but quickly wafts
Into the selective formlessness of memory.

* * * *

What is history but selective, vague memories.

* * * *

Given an infinite set of possibilities,
What is it exactly that we are creating?

* * * *

How quickly the fear in one's own eye
Can be the cause of an ocean of sorrow.

* * * *

Attachment to the senses, to their birth or death,
Is the source of all this imagined separation.

* * * *

A vast game of making up everything physics will allow.

* * * *

So much time it took to knead this moment in consciousness.
How quickly adept we are at destroying the diversity
Caught in the headlights of our making.

* * * *

When You were an infant, a product of seed union,
The senses were totally functioning without interference,
Without the burden of thought, without the sense of persona.
What will it take to return to that sense of innocence.

* * * *

The trick is to fall into the silence without babbling back up.

* * * *

A top-heavy roof collapses upon its foundation.

* * * *

Across the vastness
Beyond what any eye will ever see,
You are.

* * * *

Life may be less valued
If You manage not to be overly attached
To the play of consciousness.

* * * *

When You see what education has deprived You,
You do what You need to do to get it back.

* * * *

Who fools who calling human beings civilized.
Living in cities has not necessarily
Made us less barbaric.

* * * *

The universe is like a blossoming flower.
You are the flowering and the flowering is You.

* * * *

The eternal silence,
Is your most constant,
Acquaintance, friend, lover.

* * * *

The hurts others hurl in words
Have no real power
But what You give them.
Your reactions are their might.

* * * *

It is the play of light that creates the vast diversity.
Find that from which all light pours forth
Within You own eye.

* * * *

Try not to expect others to value what You do.

* * * *

The slate is slateness whether full or empty.

* * * *

To think You are,
To think You are not,

No real difference.
The awareness
Is still there
No matter
What You do

* * * *

To blame suffering
On one thought or another
Misses the real creator of the problem,
The identification of the awareness of consciousness
With the thought itself.

* * * *

There comes a day
When even all You tokens of wisdom
Are given to the fire.

* * * *

The mind's incessant craving for purpose,
For pleasure, for any moment of hedonistic desire,
Can be the source of an infinity of unresolvable problems.

* * * *

You are that from which all concept is born.

* * * *

There You go again, trying so hard to become that which You have ever been.

* * * *

Everything You declare,
Spiritual or so-called non-spiritual,
Is continued sustenance of the ego-center
And its dance with all the vanities.

* * * *

Let the ignorant ridicule You.
It is only their loss
To have only seen the fool.

* * * *

What better place to hide than smack-dab
In the mythological center itself.

* * * *

Preach to the choir,
And they'll either toss You out,
Kill You, or, worse yet, just ignore You.

* * * *

Too scary for words.

* * * *

Nothing You need to witness this day.

* * * *

What are the deities of your time?

* * * *

All pedestals crumble, eventually.

* * * *

All manifestation operates
In cycles of creation and destruction
At every level imaginable.

* * * *

Does time unfold through You or You through it?

* * * *

Our inclination to fashion time,
And with it the muddle of dualistic notion,
Has left us bereft of the virtue of our garden origin.

* * * *

Once You have discerned the biggest picture,
The many parts commingle as they will
More and more effortlessly, still.

* * * *

If You believe some conceptual deity,
Cares whether or not humankind survives,
It might do You well to examine more closely,
Your relationship to the relationship.

* * * *

Passion fogs clear thinking.

* * * *

As You peruse this brief aphorism, imagine all the relationships
Consciousness is playing out across this garden sphere.
Then ponder all the dreams that have already been,
And how many more there are yet to come.
And know it is but a momentary sliver
Of the dreaming of eternity's infinite nature.

* * * *

A circus is a circus no matter the tent's shape, size or color.

* * * *

Be as carefree as your courage will allow.

* * * *

Consciousness as manifested by the human species
Is a cancerous struggle with the garden of its origin.

* * * *

Who can ever master that which has neither beginning nor end?

* * * *

Real freedom is priceless.
Freedom from fear, freedom from want,
Freedom from the myriad engagements born of time.
It is the divinity of complete, utter aloneness,
Oneness with all, pure and simple.

* * * *

All is clay despite comparison.

* * * *

How dreadfully wearing it can be to daily witness
The seemingly endless suffering both within and without.
So much of it is so unnecessary, so pointless,
Yet this is the reality of consciousness
And its ceaseless desire for more.
It is the burden of time and separation.
How arduous it is to discern beyond the veil,
To perceive clearly, with absolute, fearless surety,
That all existence is really nothing more
Than a relatively brief dream.

* * * *

As dictated by the sun.

* * * *

Abide or die.

* * * *

The quest for quality is the greatest pursuit.

* * * *

It is challenging to be centered in Self
When the physical body is in great pain.
When the sourness of the sensory creation

Weaves itself into so many thoughts.
Only the greatest detachment
Can reassert the point of reckoning
Which You truly are, and have ever been.

* * * *

How grueling the separation from the mother's womb.
And so few ever discerning they never left the home.

* * * *

Your universe is your own creation,
Your own truth, your own light, your own way,
And eventually, your own destruction.

* * * *

There is really no viable solution
To the dilemma fabricated by humanity.
Unless enough of us discern that it is the colluded
Sense of identification that is the source of all divisiveness,
The garden, in order to survive, will be forced to end,
Or at least severely diminish, our presence.

* * * *

Life is a privilege, not a right.

* * * *

Civilized implies civility,
And how many of us truly are?
Our actions belie so many of our words.

* * * *

How easily your emotions, thoughts and actions
Are manipulated in so many subtle and not so subtle ways.
Are You any more than a puppet talking the talk and walking the walk
Dictated by the many puppeteers surrounding You?

* * * *

That we operate believing war brings peace
Is Orwellian doublespeak over and over again.

* * * *

How is it a very great number of atoms
Have come together to create this vast universe?
Impossible question, impossible answer,
But here we are, nonetheless.

* * * *

Given the inanity of possible outcomes, You were inevitable.

CCXXX

Speculation about truth is meaningless.
Despite countless assertions to the contrary,
No one will never really know anything.

* * * *

The only thing
You can ever really know
Is that You really know
Absolutely nothing.

* * * *

So, relax, do with your time,
Whatever the given moment calls.
Sit quietly, walk calmly, sprint boldly.
Dance with irreverent abandon.
Speak clearly, confidently.
Breathe in, breathe out.
Be That which You truly are,
Have always been, and will ever be.

* * * *

No matter how good or bad it seems,
It will never be more than a brief dream.

* * * *

The powerful forces of nature:
Earthquakes, tornados, hurricanes, lightning,
Do not need to vainly boast, nor maintain idolizing histories
Of their influence upon the course of this planet.

* * * *

How much psychological pain
Is merely oxygen deprivation
Due to inattentive breathing?

* * * *

Humanity is far too deluded
To ever fathom its potential.

* * * *

Timeless moments are seldom recalled.

* * * *

Those unable to discriminate acutely
Often expect messengers of any given vision,

To maintain some sort of moral bearing for the milling crowd.
Few, if any, however, will linger on a pedestal for long.
And why should they even make the attempt?
What ideal has really ever been more
Than wishful, inflated notion?

* * * *

Martyrdom is very convenient.
Far worse for a message
To die on the vine.

* * * *

Memo to Self.
Re: The Return of Jesus.
Two thousand years plus . . . and counting.

* * * *

What a wearing, meaningless hoax
The gullible incessantly play
Upon themselves
And the many others
To whom they vainly cater.

* * * *

The veil of ignorance
May be heavier and thicker
For some than it is for others,
But it is a veil, nonetheless.

* * * *

Any given seed materializes
From the oneness into a harsh garden
That molds it into a destiny it might well not ask for
If it had been given a choice to begin with.

* * * *

Only when You are exhausted by the suffering
Will You detach from the passion that creates it.

* * * *

There is no original sin.
There is only the separation of birth,
A relatively brief, narcissistic play of consciousness,
And finally, in one ending or another,
The reunion of death.

* * * *

Do not be bound by your mind.

* * * *

In the totality of absoluteness,
Every thing is relative.

* * * *

More paradox to bemuse the already confused.

* * * *

The You to which this is written
In this wandering menagerie
Is not the You that You idly dream,
But the You that You really eternally are.

* * * *

People generally project their world upon the world.
Where lovers and friends see only affection and good will,
A cheater assumes all, given the opportunity, would hoodwink him.
Likewise for liars, thieves, murderers and other scoundrels.
And the sage, what does the mystical eye see?
What else, but himself in all?

* * * *

Consciousness is not in any way sacrosanct.
It is the basis of a dreamy relativity of continuity,
But ever endures the fate of crashing waves.

* * * *

The maps of history are drawn and redrawn again,
As suits those who endure, and those who rule them.

* * * *

The charades of those who play
The many games of power, fame and fortune
Leave the realists unmoved.

* * * *

At what point as a child did You start pretending
Along with everyone else that You were a name.

* * * *

Any given circus will draw its crowd.
How simple it is to mislead the multitudes
With a loaf of bread laced with a few drops blood.

* * * *

The road to heaven is littered
With every shade of despair.

* * * *

Does the heritage of your ancestors
Free You in the highest sense,
Or merely burden you
With a vanity
No different than any other?

* * * *

Why settle for the will of any herd?
What is the point of a mindless existence?

* * * *

You never asked to be born, yet here You are
Again and again encased in every pattern imaginable,
Ever witnessing the myriad dramas of ignorance and delusion,
Ever compelling those whose time it is to awaken
To surrender to divine awareness.
Your eternally mysterious, illusory unfolding
Is, indeed, inevitably, absolutely, unfathomably immaculate.

* * * *

Can humanity afford
To contrive so irresponsibly.
Is avarice so insatiably, foolishly blind.

* * * *

As was quipped by a revolutionary
Only a few cycles of sun ago:
“We must hang together,
Or we shall surely hang separately.”
No doubt as true on a macro scale
As it was for the micro version.

* * * *

To witness without wanting, to be without fear,
That is the challenge of one’s daily existence.

* * * *

Imagination seduces in so many ways.

* * * *

Chart the course that will take You home.

* * * *

Before the duality initiated by sensory separation,
What else could You have possibly been
But the source of all things,

* * * *

How much day-to-day thought is bent
Upon the other in one form or another.

* * * *

It is the mother of all things,
Oneness, pure and simple.

* * * *

No matter how aware anyone may be of the universal nature,
Each must still deal with the day-to-day of the personal mind.

* * * *

All consciousness, all imagination, is just the ego play of the mystery.

* * * *

Not quite nihilism, in the most extreme sense, but definitely skimming the periphery.

* * * *

It is rigidity that sabotages even the best of intentions.

* * * *

No living thing can long survive, if it disregards the balance within its given niche.

* * * *

The temptress of your desire
Will assume whatever seduction
Will entice You away from your Self.

* * * *

Be a student of consciousness
And You will discern all is one.

* * * *

How often we allow leaders to choose themselves.

* * * *

That consciousness
Presumes itself important,
Or even vital, to the grand scheme
Is the crashing roar of narcissistic waves,
A collusion of the most ludicrous magnitude,
A hoax born of its own delusional inertia,
The joke of everything it has imagined,
The irony of ironies rippling nowhere.

* * * *

Consciousness is witness to the lightshow,
And the lightshow is the creator of consciousness.
The symbiotic link between the mystery and its creation
Is the same as between any initiator and the resulting handiwork.
The challenge is to realize there is no duality in the process.
That creator and created, observer and observed,
Despite all assertions to the contrary
Are ever one in the same.

* * * *

Despite the innumerable speculations,
There is only one truth, one way.
Bestow upon it whatever sound You will,
That which is -- has ever, is ever, and will ever be
The same source, the same mystery, the same divine oneness.
There is no getting around the bare simplicity of reality but through obfuscation.

* * * *

How many permutations there are in any given beginning,
Yet always the course narrows to an obvious conclusion.

* * * *

It is the sensory body
That creates space and time.
Duality would not even be possible
Without the field it each moment fabricates.

* * * *

That someone enjoys another's pain
Illustrates how much they have suffered
To have lost all compassion and empathy,
Assuming, of course, that they ever even had it.
After all, not all hairless two-leggeds
Are true human beings.

* * * *

Imagination projects every possible future
For this illusionary garden world.
Which will come to pass,
Only history knows.

* * * *

You drift off into pure, undifferentiated awareness,
Disappearing until You again fabricate your vanity.
It is the daydream of Self unconsciously manifest.

* * * *

Religious Paradox: Trust in an idolatrous deity,
That You will someday die in one fashion or another,
And are likely to be tortured countless times along the way.
What is there to venerate but your ultimate nature,
The beingness that is your only true friend,
From the beginning to the end.

* * * *

Be less concerned about the story, than the main points it is making.

* * * *

Image has become all-important
In this two-legged, hairless monkey theater.
So many living their world for what others think of them.
Where are the sovereign few?

* * * *

Competition is the nature
Of all creatures small to great.
What ridiculous vanity to even ponder
That this theater could ever be any different:
Any less confused, any less painful, any less anything.
As long as the oceans ebb and flow, why would crashing waves
Ever stop pounding every shore resisting their might.

* * * *

Human beings could probably co-exist peacefully
If we behaved moderately, lived simply, and shared.
Alas, true communism is the reality of some other world.

* * * *

It is the nature of imagination to imagine itself real.

* * * *

Efficiency can be quite a burden.

* * * *

Awareness is as good as any drug.

* * * *

No need to confess everything.

* * * *

There are really no opposites.

* * * *

Morph into that which is mystery; real and unreal, true and untrue, unborn and undying.

* * * *

Another testament; paradox revealed.

* * * *

Pity the wretched souls whose lives
Are ever subject to the public domain;
Their sovereignty dissipated by the many
Fashioning their misaligned personas
Into the putty of political character.

* * * *

As false as anything else.
Absurd through and through.

* * * *

Do not allow the words to fool You.
Tread lightly amidst their many imaginings.

* * * *

In the midst of reverence,
Leave some room for irreverence.
It is that as well.

* * * *

Once upon a time, You were born,
Or so You have many times been told,
A well-constructed lie if ever there was one.

* * * *

The fantasy that humanity
Is manifestly important to the universe
Is a day one delusion.

* * * *

The niche in which life abides is relatively slim.
How foolish humanity is to gratuitously toy with it.
Cease and desist, or suffer dire consequences.

* * * *

Never assume that someone
With an assortment of letters and titles
Is truly intelligent, much less wise.

* * * *

In the magic of the manifest inner vision,
You are the infinity of all that is,
And all that is not.

* * * *

Why follow anyone who believes
Their delusion more real your own.

* * * *

All manifest forms
Must eventually dissolve
Into the dusty source of all origins.

* * * *

Entropy, the anarchy of manifestation, will always reign in statistical excess.

* * * *

Practice detachment and moderation, lest the absurdity drive You mad.

* * * *

Because consciousness values itself so highly
Does not necessarily make it truly valuable.

* * * *

Who recognizes you
But through your recognition
Of the mirror image You have created.

* * * *

This planet is rather like a very small pebble in a very large, very still lake.

* * * *

If You cannot leave it an improved dream,
At least do not interfere too harshly
With that, perhaps, futile aim.

* * * *

Time, as reflected in mind, is the creator and destroyer.
You are the eternal nowness, the stillness timelessly witnessing,
The sensory nexus through which all appearances dance.

* * * *

Delusion comes in every shape and size.

* * * *

May You discern and dwell
Within the abiding grace of the infinity
Of the divine presence within.

CCXXXI

If duality is real, where's the seam?

* * * *

Each of us finds so many reasons and ways to suffer.

* * * *

Pity the future we have all aided in creating.

* * * *

Another inane catechism assaulting the mind.

* * * *

A non sequitur work if ever there was one.
And because so few will ever read more than a few lines,
It really doesn't have to be a coherent manifesto.

* * * *

It's the nature of the beast.

* * * *

Suffer in bliss.

* * * *

Pretty easy to be one with the sun,
Until it burns You.

* * * *

Accidents force changes.
Little ones, small changes.
Big ones, great changes.
Birth was an accident.
As will be death.

* * * *

Delusion is a product of fear.
The greater the fear, the greater the anxiety,
The more twisted the delusion.

* * * *

Love what You truly are,
And You will love it all.

* * * *

Any given system
Is only as functional

As its users are inclined.

* * * *

You do what You do
To the level that grants satisfaction.
Yet from quality to inferiority,
All is complete.

* * * *

Conclusions simmer into rigidity,
And water that does not course freely
Stagnates into poverty and waste.

* * * *

So miniscule, so infinite
As to become meaningless.

* * * *

No one else is responsible
For your happiness or sorrow.
It is up to You to ponder thoroughly.
Anything less is merely smoke and mirrors.

* * * *

The Other Side . . . the other side of what?
The other side of that wall in your mind.

* * * *

On the whole,
How much more hellish
Could this calamity possibly be?

* * * *

To usurp all that is good for maligned reason, is the way of the believer.

* * * *

Who is not harbor for one delusion or another?

* * * *

It is really much less about differences
Than it is similarities.

* * * *

To live in conclusions is to be
Voluntarily walled off from reality.

* * * *

Surrender to utter vulnerability,

Completely open to the momentariness
Of the infinite stillness of eternity.

* * * *

The mind that is destined for wisdom and beyond
Is open to the study of anything and everything.

* * * *

What is it any recognize
But concept after concept fed to them
By the environmental context in which they abide?
Are any anything but disjointed perceptions
The movement of mind has encased
And habitually projects.

* * * *

It is not about opinions and assertions.
It is about nowness unfolding
In its ungraspable way.

* * * *

All You own are figments of your imagination.
A dream to which You must eventually die.
Do it ahead of time if You are so-fated,
Or claw furiously as You are drug
Into its inevitable conclusion.

* * * *

Every step You make,
Every direction You take,
Creates your future.

* * * *

So it goes.

* * * *

Memory can never be more
Than a keeper of concepts.

* * * *

Born again.
Unborn again.
Different concepts;
Same quality of mind.

* * * *

Once You understand
The nature of concept,

You see that is all it is.

* * * *

Completeness is an every moment matter.

* * * *

Each must alone gauge
His impact on the dream's future.
No other can ever dictate another's dream.

* * * *

Eat, drink and breathe; consume the universe,
And then piss, shit, spit and sweat back into it.

* * * *

Chew well, Great Destroyer of Worlds, chew well.

* * * *

There are prophets, sages and mystics,
But there will never be a messiah.
Nothing to save, dear boy,
Nothing to save.

* * * *

All this suffering for nothing.
Imagine that, if You will.

* * * *

Feel the poison of desire and fear.

* * * *

The Force, Luke, The Force.

* * * *

Just throwing it out there.
No idea what might happen.
Anything would be a astonishing.

* * * *

Probably far too late for remedies, anywho.
Daft to even ponder a paradigm shift possible.
A foolhardy product of idealist notion gone amok.

* * * *

Any given vocation can be pretty odd
To the many who lack clear vision.

* * * *

Boxes are handy if you're into boxable things.

* * * *

Practice, practice, practice.
But who's the who who's practicing?

* * * *

The sense of freedom is something of a relative condition.
One person's view might well be another's chamber of horror.
Dissatisfaction and discernment are what will determine
That which breaks beyond the boundaries of time.

* * * *

How can You forget what You didn't know in the first place?

* * * *

That which many
Are only able to discern
Upon one mountaintop or another
Permeates every particle along the journey.

* * * *

Buddhahood is when You become the space,
No longer concerned with material forms.

* * * *

Are the dreams of kings
Really that much different
Than those of a beggar?

* * * *

Imagination concocts an existence
That can never be proven
Without the a priori of memory.

* * * *

Within every pleasure is the seed of pain.
No coin has one side without the other.
Only in the contentment of beingness
Does the play of duality regroup
Into the serenity of oneness.

* * * *

The idealist suffers so for wishful thinking.
Love, care and hope are four-letter words.

* * * *

Minorities must often succumb,

At least outwardly,
To the delusions of the majority.

* * * *

The brewings of consciousness are a quantum chemistry
Whose origin and fate are only rarely deeply discerned.

* * * *

Release into the effortless reality of now's unfolding.

* * * *

Goals come and go,
But the process is always
Here and now.

* * * *

Dwell where birth nor death,
Nor the pride between
Can ever enter.

* * * *

How awash we are in such a menagerie of meaninglessness.

* * * *

God must be exceedingly weary of human vanity and greed.

* * * *

Detachment lends itself well to a full breath.

* * * *

What are You not?
Imagination is the vehicle of all creation.
Death is its destruction.

* * * *

Until the next seed bears fruit.

* * * *

There is nothing worse than a moral hypocrite.
Their judgments only magnify the vanity
Of their delusional existence.

* * * *

The world as created by consciousness
Offers a delicacy for craving.
How long
Before You are hungry no more?

* * * *

The patterning is birthed of that
Which is prior to all patterns
And the illusory divisions
They inevitably create.

* * * *

A silly, futile hobby no doubt destined
For one anonymous landfill or another.

* * * *

Such is life in the slow lane.

* * * *

Your fate awaits your arrival.

* * * *

Pity the body that
Must somehow contain the soul
Which so badly yearns to explode into infinity.

* * * *

Your brother's best interest may be yours as well.

* * * *

The problem tomorrow
Is likely one set in motion
One today or another.

* * * *

No prison can hold a free soul.

* * * *

How easily the insight gleaned today
Will be forgotten tomorrow.

* * * *

"Better You than me,
Better yours than mine.
Me, me, me, it's all about me."
The common subconscious chant
Of just about every human every born.

* * * *

What merry adventures is now unfolding now?

* * * *

Live as if there were no tomorrow,

For truly there is not and never was.
Yet try to do so without bringing about
Too much havoc when it does arrive.

* * * *

It's coming.
With statistical certainty,
It's coming.

* * * *

Religion,
The higher form of vanity.

* * * *

How can anyone make sense of something
That is utterly, pathetically nonsensical.

* * * *

You may destroy a man's will,
But in destroying him, what have You gained?
Only the furthered torment of your own.
Who conceives hell but You?

* * * *

On that which You can depend,
I am, I am until the journey's end.

* * * *

You are the eternal dust
Lusting of itself again and again.

* * * *

Christ consciousness did not die on the cross,
And Buddha is not locked inside a statue.

* * * *

Wouldn't it be so very pleasant, so very peaceful
If we could all get along for just a little while?
If we could just put aside all our bullshit
For just a couple teensy-weensy
Portions of a second?

* * * *

When the last role
Is yours, and yours alone,
Is when the long journey is done,
And your remaining time is ever home.

* * * *

For all the mystics, seers, prophets and saints yet to come.

* * * *

Do not be swayed, do not covet
The flauntings of power, fame and fortune.
They have no say over those who were born to see.

* * * *

It's pretty hard not to get tuckered out once in a while.
Some days are smoother and more pleasant than others, of course,
But (harrumph) only from . . . a detached view . . . that is . . .
What I mean to say is . . . life is . . . damned difficult,
For every living creature across the board,
If You know what I mean . . .

* * * *

Is what humanity doing to this garden planet
Any different than any given cancer to its host?

* * * *

It's looking pretty darned bleak, folks.
And I'm betting all in against us making it.
I'm betting we have not got the necessary wit
To paradigm shift our conscious behavior together
Enough to bring about a cooperative dance.
That we have not got what is critical
To modify the collective will
Into a manifest theater of harmony
Founded on wisdom rather than self interest.

* * * *

An unlikely revolution,
If ever there was one.

* * * *

As if You could every forget
That it's all about You.

* * * *

Irony rules, dude.

* * * *

Debates about whether or not there is a God,
Are about as absurdly insignificant as it gets.
Of course, there is; of course, there is not.

* * * *

Mad men gather no moss,
And don’t get grass stains, neither.

* * * *

Another gift from left field.

CCXXXII

Intuition is the epiphany voice of the mystery within.
You are That to which mystics across the field have pointed.
A club with only one member; a club to which You nominate your Self.

* * * *

Read all about it.

* * * *

The narrative of the human drama is more than a little absurd.
What outcome the two-leggeds are mindlessly pursuing
Is surely not one bent on long-term survival.
Even general well-being seems
To be a non-issue.

* * * *

Ironic that we will likely do ourselves in,
That cockroaches and rats
Will still be here
Long after our dust has settled.
Very Darwinian in a convoluted sort of way.

* * * *

What so-called high society
Often really teaches the mindless little folk
Is a for-all-practical-purposes-never-ending number of ways
To feel embarrassed about nothing at all important.

* * * *

Given the way this aphoristic menagerie
Has been written, transcribed, and (maybe) edited
They may be sort of connected . . . or not.
You'll just never really know.

* * * *

A very wander-madly-about-
Sort-of-Billy-Pilgrim-lost-in-time process,
If y'all knowz what I meanz.

* * * *

Fascinating.

* * * *

Too bright for words.

* * * *

It wasn't meant to be real, You know.

* * * *

How painful the linear mode.

* * * *

Any given situation is relative.
The bad one day may not be the next.
What is good this day may not be tomorrow.
Beautiful may well become ugly, and ugly, beautiful.
Right may become wrong, and wrong, right.
Anything can be turned on its head
By the Ministry of Time.

* * * *

Nationalism is synergistic vanity.

* * * *

We are all evolving equally at whatever rate time allows.
No use getting worked up over what cannot be changed.

* * * *

It is no wonder so many are so angry.
No one with any sense of sovereignty
Will easily tolerate a harshly reigned bit.

* * * *

We each simmer into our own
Imagined concoction of madness.

* * * *

Discern the unmitigated equality
That weaves through all things.

* * * *

Another's vanity will never become
As narcissistically enticing as your own.

* * * *

The quest for God, easily becomes a prison, inspired by its meager projection.

* * * *

Tried so hard to be reverent,
But couldn't stop laughing.
Really sorry, well, sort of . . .
Especially about getting caught.

* * * *

We live, we die for so many imaginary glories.
But death discerns no pride greater than another,
And wipes away all forms with nary a trace of regret.

* * * *

All this is really just gibberish.
Trust me, it is practically useless.
You are no doubt better off not knowing
You've been given a life sentence
With a cellmate called Mind.
With the a.k.a., Bubba.

* * * *

Memo to Self Re: Waking Up.
Keep writing, keep talking.
Someone whose time it is will hear,
Whether it be this piece of silliness or another.
And they, too, will someday blossom into what all truly are.

* * * *

Contentment is woven
With quality in every strand.

* * * *

Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.
Just say "No thanks" and walk on.

* * * *

Does it always have to make sense?
Why? How?

* * * *

What a useless occupation words such as these are.
As useless as the space at the center of the wheel.

* * * *

The joyful madman
Is the one remembers to forget.
If he is crying, he has forgotten to remember.

* * * *

It's the last few minutes in the fourth quarter.
The clock is counting the game down.
A half-hearted field goal won't do it.
A total team effort, a touchdown, is required.
Can we muster whatever it will take to go for the goal?
Or will we squabble and struggle until the board lights up in zeros?

* * * *

Rough times ahead, Harry.

* * * *

Flowers are merely weeds more favored.

* * * *

It takes a special stomach to be a politician.

* * * *

Ramblings of nothing.

* * * *

Through existence,
Meaninglessness
Finds every purpose.

* * * *

Pursue Jesus, Buddha or any other,
But realize the cross and bodhi tree
Are both free of their imaginary kings.

* * * *

It could be anything, anywhere, anytime.

* * * *

Another mysteriously magical day a-whooshing by.
Welcome to Foreverland.

* * * *

Just because You are conscious and mortally immortal
Doesn't mean You can behave irresponsibly
And get away with it forever.

* * * *

Just because it is imagined
Does not make it real.

* * * *

A book for all seasons,
All rhymes, all reasons.

* * * *

How can That which was never born ever die?

* * * *

You are That which is greater than any deity envisioned by mind.

* * * *

A koan if ever there was one.

* * * *

Yes, a couple notebooks
Were misplaced along the way,
And many thoughts were never set down.
Perhaps several hundred pages
Lost to the play of time.
Oh well.

* * * *

When You can do the laundry
With as much contentment
As that which You most cherish,
You will be in the province called grace.

* * * *

There is only one conclusion,
And it is never-ending.

* * * *

The only thing to become
Is to be what your really are,
Not what You think it to be.

* * * *

Dumpsters, landfills and compost piles
Make for great unmarked gravesites.

* * * *

Paying attention
To one's hair or nails,
Or a football game or soap opera,
Is not quite the same as
Paying attention
To one's Soul.

* * * *

It is to be remembered
And forgotten
Ever again and again.

* * * *

Death is like that.

* * * *

Truth is a state of reality,

Not a state of mind.

* * * *

The menagerie of imagination
Is without conclusion.

* * * *

The only time is now.
What past should be allowed
To haunt its brief passing.

* * * *

How arbitrary any law.

* * * *

And despite all vain assertions to the contrary,
This universal epic is, without doubt,
Relative from tip to toe.

* * * *

Another dusty mirage.

* * * *

A universe of distractions will entice you
As long as You succumb to the senses.

* * * *

It's too late, oh, it's too late,
Though we really did try to make it.

* * * *

Whether You like it or not,
Reality is always the same.
Only the mind changes.

* * * *

If some deity created all that is, then how can he/she/it, not be part demon?

* * * *

The vanity game will play over and over,
For whatever time humankind is allocated,
In this imaginary dreaming of the mystery.

* * * *

All are eventually forgotten; some sooner than others.
No glory can long stand in the gravity of eternal reality.

* * * *

Much easier to kill something greater or smaller, than it is something equal.

* * * *

Die well.

* * * *

The only difference
Between black and white
Is the gray of words.

If all this seems a bit arrogant,
Sorry, oh well, deal with it.

* * * *

Know that the mystery comes in all forms.

* * * *

Consciousness is the beast.
Again and again it is snared by realization,
But ever again it thinks itself free
To wander the wildlands
Of imagination's
Unrelenting delusion.

* * * *

Any group that has no vision for its continuity
Sets in motion an inevitable decline,
Perhaps even annihilation.

* * * *

Between the lines of any given history
Are many lingering uncertainties,
About what really happened.

* * * *

His story, her story, their story, our story, its story … all just stories, nevertheless.

* * * *

Yadda-yap.

* * * *

Take pause,
The many judgments
You cast upon so many others
May more likely be applied to yourself.

* * * *

Exploring through thought

What thought is, and is not.

* * * *

Uninhibited freedom is the natural state.
It is the constraints of space-time
That cloak oneness with the fear of death
And the countless other accidents of manifest origin.

* * * *

Pain often casts one into an unsought fate.

* * * *

Alone, not lonely.

* * * *

To where are we so madly rushing?

* * * *

You are the purpose and meaning, You ninny.
Right in front of your blinking nose,
And You can't even see it.

* * * *

It is not what You think.
It is what it is,
And there is nothing
You can ever do to change it.

* * * *

The irony is that You must,
In the eyes of the day-to-day world,
Go mad to regain your sanity.

* * * *

Myriad universes are born of subjective perception.
That I Am, which is absolutely impersonal,
Is inevitably taken personally
By those unable
To discern beyond the veil.

* * * *

All seams are imagined.

* * * *

For there to be true peace, all craving and fear must cease.

* * * *

A mask by any other name would wear the same.

* * * *

We are all sharing this vast dreaming.
Do what You can, give back what You will.
Acquiring more than is needed or can be used,
And contributing back nothing but me, myself, and I
Is a one-way, dead-end road to desolation.

* * * *

He came, he saw, he died.
A lone ranger if ever there was one.
Chameleon witness, truth-seeker, philosopher,
Visionary, receiver, mystic, seer, prophet,
Shape-changer, madman, jester,
A stranger of many hats.
Come and gone
Before the end of time.

* * * *

Who but one impaled
By the windmill of consciousness
Would have been given the paradoxical wit
To communicate the divine irony of manifest creation.
An errant scribe whose inclusive inner vision
Discerns all arrayed, and beyond.

* * * *

Somewhat skilled at wordplay,
But certainly not as linguistically adept
As many less inclined to contemplate in this fashion.
So please forgive the many errors in grammar, spelling, et cetera,
And immerse your dreaming in the grist of intention.

* * * *

Best wishes, ciao for now.

CCXXXIII

The drop is in the ocean,
And the ocean, in the drop.
All division is imagined.

* * * *

You are in reality merely the in and out of a momentary breath
Now You are this breath . . . and now You are this breath . . .
Now You are this breath . . . now You are this breath . . .
And when the last one someday slowly wheezes out,
You will again dissolve into the great formlessness
You have ever been, ever are, and ever will be.

* * * *

And all the while
The source containing all
Remains steadfast and absolute,
Untouched, unconcerned about any or all.

* * * *

Swallow your pride
For it hath no reality
In the ultimate nature.

* * * *

Old soul, young soul
All the same Soul
Just the same.

* * * *

These outrageous thoughts
Are for those who have
Outrageous potential.

* * * *

Given a childhood, a child will putter and play,
Oblivious to the thoughts surrounding him.
Childhood's end is when she becomes
Concerned about what others think.
Few ever find again the wonder
Of a small mound of sand.

* * * *

Belief is more often than not a synonym for delusion.

* * * *

Jester redux.

* * * *

There is always balance in the play of forms.
But balance changes in every moment,
And the changing may or may not
Be favorable to the survival
Of any given life form.

* * * *

Peace begins with peace.
At some point the revenge must cease
If there is to be an end to any given cycle of violence.

* * * *

How will You ever attain heaven
If You cannot discern it now?

* * * *

Wings singe when they touch the sun.
Fly close enough to discern what is real,
But not so near as to fall back to earth
Twisted by the fog of clouded vision.

* * * *

The salve for the pain of existence
Is to surrender to that which all truly is,
To disappear into the harmony of absoluteness,
Unutterably complete, irrevocably pure, undeniably real.

* * * *

Where is the individual drop
In the vastness of an ocean?

* * * *

Imagine yourself whatever You will,
At the end of any given day,
It was only a notion.

* * * *

Imagination brews every possible distraction,
A vast hydra whose willful nature can only be stilled
By a mind able to discern beyond the veil of its own making.

* * * *

Imagine that You are already dead, long forgotten,
And bask in the still aloneness of your true nature.

* * * *

No matter which moment You choose,
They all boil down to the same now.

* * * *

Is it true, or merely wishful thinking?

* * * *

Overriding doubt is a prerequisite.

* * * *

When You are ready to be free,
You will find me in one form or another.

* * * *

Life n. a lucid dream.

* * * *

Waiting for nothing.

* * * *

It is very challenging to be mindful every moment.
Consciousness has an unfailing tendency
To seek out the highest vanity.

* * * *

We're all working our way towards the grave
In every conceivable manner possible.

* * * *

To settle for less than truth is to miss out
On the fullest potential existence offers.

* * * *

How randomly, arbitrarily, serendipitous any given fate.

* * * *

The free mind is an empire,
A fiefdom of consciousness
Witnessed by original nature.

* * * *

Everything falls into statistical relativity, the unifying principle that science so vainly seeks.

* * * *

How predatory the eyes of a beautiful woman can be.

* * * *

When You do finally wake up,
You will wonder that it took so long.

* * * *

It is all the silence of now,
Crowded with the seemingly,
Endless chatter of imagination.

* * * *

The only point to all these thoughts,
The aspiration that You may or may not share,
Is to point out with absolute certainty
That You are the whole,
Not a part.
That You are truly That
Which is called by countless names,
Yet is prior to all light and sound in the eyes and ears
Of those who discern the eternal nature
In each and every moment.

* * * *

How much greater a revelation do You need
To ignite the timeless doubt required
To die to all the false limitations
Concocted by a world lost in delusion.

* * * *

What is there to save
When nothing can be lost.

* * * *

Each of us has a genetic lineage of fathers and mothers
Who have contributed to the weaving of this vast passing moment.
Their existence was really not all that dissimilar to your own.
Consciousness, with all its imagined variations,
Has never really been any different.

* * * *

What is the universe but a sandbox made of stardust.

* * * *

Knowledge is the bittersweet fruit of the garden,
Poisonous to many until they through doubt discern
The only antidote is beyond the conceptual veil.

* * * *

Truth is so absurdly simple, as basic as a breath.
Sidestep the countless semantic smokescreens

That distract and delude so many in every way.

* * * *

It is strange, so strange, so very, very strange.

* * * *

By definition, what is unknown, can never be known.

* * * *

So breathe, kiddo, breathe; that is really all any of us ever has.

* * * *

It's all or nothing.

* * * *

The latest delusion.

* * * *

Aging is about learning to let go,
To discern how little You really know,
To realize You are separate from nothing.

* * * *

What an incredible thing this mystery truly is.
But what is truly even more incredible
Is how thoughtless we are
With the gift of it.

* * * *

More infinite than the farthest star.
As near as the most innermost You.
The temple of totality is naught else
But this now here forever now.

* * * *

Mindsets arguing mindlessly.

* * * *

You have taken everything personally,
Else why would You still be imagining You?

* * * *

Suicide is merely imagination weary of its own game.

* * * *

If You are mad, it is the world that has made it so.

* * * *

Pretty good for a bunch of neo-monkeys.

* * * *

Imagination is full of limitation.

* * * *

The universe does not owe any of us a fair shake.

* * * *

You might be one of the forms
I'd like to be if I weren't me.

* * * *

Driven, so driven.
What the heck for?
And where the heck to?
Here now, kiddo, it's all here now.

* * * *

Let those who insist stir in their own juices.

* * * *

All the world's a stage,
And each and every one
Is at the center of theirs.

* * * *

What is there to justify?
If You did it, You did it.
Don't devise excuses.
Just admit, and move on.

* * * *

You think You exist,
But can that which was never born ever cease?

* * * *

The youthful delusion of immortal entitlement
Is inevitably eroded by the harshness of time.

* * * *

Before You judge another, ask yourself, honestly,
"Have I not done or thought that before?"

* * * *

All I know is that I am,
But what that is,
I'm most certainly not sure.

* * * *

All identities are fabricated reflections of the other.

* * * *

The only true prize is within.

* * * *

So this is what a civilized world looks like.

* * * *

The emptiness is very tall,
Very wide, very deep.

* * * *

What is a mind free of worry?
Bliss.

* * * *

Another good day to die.
Live it well.

* * * *

Is God dead? Or just irretrievably jaded?
Can You imagine having to witness all the absurdity,
Humankind ceaselessly comes up with over and over again?
And then have to oversee all the bullshit that Heaven and Hell inspire.
If he/she/it is biblically real, he/she/it most likely wishes he/she/it could depart,
But, alas, is ensnared by his/her/its unborn-undying, timeless immortality for all eternity.

* * * *

Consciousness is a drunk from which few recover.

* * * *

Pride's snowballing synergy in the human theater
Is like lemmings rushing toward the edge
Of their own deluded free will.

* * * *

Whether You like your part or not,
Somebody has to star as You,
And even if it wasn't You,
It would still by You.

* * * *

Expect nothing to continue.

* * * *

The entire universe
Is created and destroyed
In the blink of an eye.

* * * *

No worries, mate.

* * * *

What would You do
If there was no one else?
If You would never see or talk
To another human being ever again?

* * * *

Christhood is not a matter of mystical powers.
Making wine, healing the sick and raising the dead
Are merely distractions for those who only have capacity
For soap operas, carnivals and other self-indulgent spectacles.

* * * *

Martyrdom has proven to be an effective way
To get interest focused on any message,
But so many have failed to realize
What Jesus was likely saying.
The documentation is very poor,
And would probably have little chance
Of getting attention in this world's marketplace.

* * * *

And why did he choose a group of fishermen?
Perhaps because they were the only ones
Who had the space from which to listen.

* * * *

Despite what many neo-Christians seem to believe,
It is highly unlikely Jesus' weapon of choice
Would be either an M-16 or an AK-47.
He would no doubt choose
A Barret .50 Caliber.

* * * *

In an eye-for-an-eye world,
Everyone goes a little blind.

* * * *

It is a curiously absurd and paradoxical irony
That all this knowledge You have absorbed
Becomes ineffectual, and only impedes

Your quest for the ultimate freedom.

* * * *

You think that you're burdened in life?
Geez lueez, You have no idea
How many cups of coffee
Have gone into this boil and bubble.
Where did the Tin Man get that oil, anyway?

* * * *

What deity, what belief system might You create
If the theater of time had never presented one?

* * * *

No one can truly rival the companionship of a seer.
But not to worry, the madness is catching to few,
And only in the most tentative, fleeting of ways.

* * * *

Any given mindset will mesmerize all born into its fold.
Few can step back far enough to see the relativity of all.

* * * *

There is no black and white
In the manifest mirage of dreamtime.
Only the immeasurable, panoramic rainbow
Of every achievable shade of gray.

* * * *

Wade into any given pain.
Shine the inner light of attention upon it.
See its true nature clearly, without distraction or desire.
Become your own physician.
Heal thy Self.

* * * *

Death is at both the beginning and end
Of the journey of mortal existence.
And, paradoxically, so is birth.

* * * *

You are truly the sovereign of your universe.
Play the game the world about You requires,
But be inwardly free from beginning to end.

CCXXXIV

Each of us is bound by the random circumstances,
Of geography, culture, linguistics, socio-economics, anatomy,
And whatever other capacities and limitations contribute to the given context.
We all swim serendipitously in the relative currents of dreamtime.
It is the commonality of each and every manifest form,
To participate in one destiny or another.

* * * *

For as long as it takes, and not a moment longer.

* * * *

Leaves may camouflage the nest of origin, but only from those who cannot see.

* * * *

If it is as good as You can do or be,
Then it will do or be.
You are the perfect You.
Let the critics judge themselves,
In their absurd, moralistic, trivial pursuits.

* * * *

The master of time is the player least concerned about its passing.

* * * *

Remember nothing.

* * * *

The sheath of any form only temporarily masks the inexplicable infinity.

* * * *

For better or worse, these way too many thoughts tinker with the future of consciousness,
Yet another attempt to redirect the way humanity has up to now played it.
Whether it will be a gift or a curse, only time will tell.
Many apologies if it is the latter.
Rest assured,
Best wishes were the only intention.

* * * *

The many conceptual twists and turns,
Used by seers across all times and geographies,
Are naught but illusory veils, mirages of consciousness,
All vain pretenders to the origin's lotus throne,
That upon which You already reside.

* * * *

Water and air and soil, daily become murkier and more foul,
And humanity is too blinded by vanity and greed,
To clearly see the time of unraveling,
That is well underway.

* * * *

Rhyme and reason is often permeated, by an utter deficiency of rhyme or reason.

* * * *

Human history has typically had predictability as its favored bedfellow,
But if consciousness ever fathoms an earnest paradigm shift,
Now that would be well worth writing about.

* * * *

The conventional is doomed, to a rigidity hell well knows.

* * * *

This stream of consciousness lengthens day by day, amid the chores and puttering of work and play.

* * * *

Intuition is the most unconditional means of expressing eternity's infinite potential.

* * * *

Free will is all You are, will You surrender it, merely to survive?

* * * *

None read philosophies such as these by chance.
Everything in the reverie of your existence,
Has brought You to this moment in time.
It is like playing out a role in an impromptu theater,
In which every player spontaneously acts out as the moment calls.

* * * *

To boldly go where no man has gone before.

* * * *

Comprehend that language,
Is the both the source and the solution.
The limits of concept rein in the intuitive potential,
Which is the key to the piercing of the veil,
Into the freedom of eternal life.

* * * *

To be born again, one must die to time.

* * * *

Imagination is the source of all addiction.

* * * *

It is generally for the young to establish any meaningful changes.
Vested interests in maintaining the continuity of traditions,
Preclude those with too many years under their belts,
From bringing about whatever paradigm shifts,
Are essential for the human paradigm to carry on.

* * * *

To get back to the beginner's ground,
One must see there are really no experts.
Too many are too restricted in scope,
To comprehend the eternal nature,
Entwining all in the given now.

* * * *

Only foolish mad hatters bother,
To point out the paradox of this dreamy milieu.
That it both matters and does not, is a hefty portion of the irony.

* * * *

You are a seed of the human experience.

* * * *

Only in the most recent evolution of the forebrain,
Can the intuitive aspect be discerned and mobilized.
Not all have the capacity, much less the inclination.

* * * *

All our theories and systems will never put Humpty-Dumpty back together again.

* * * *

Little self-absorption is the nitty-gritty of the matter.
Big Self-absorption would likely be much less a burden.

* * * *

True revolution is not about power, it is about realization and liberation.

* * * *

Once the truth of this is seen, then all You see, all You do, will be swimmingly eternal.

* * * *

You must become a tad foolish in the eyes of the monkey-mind world,
Else, the crashing waves, the trickling streams, the twinkling stars,
Will have no eyes and ears to witness their quantum harmony.

* * * *

Ten thousand names by which no name is known.

* * * *

Would You intentionally kill or main or diminish,
Your own children, or their children's children?
Alas, together we already have in so many ways.
How we would feel if those who have come before,
Had sold out this point in time for a handful gold coins?
Those yet to be born, will not look kindly upon their legacy,
Of that we can be sure.

* * * *

A channel to eternity, the final vanity.

* * * *

All across the world, disintegration of every sort,
Is eroding humanity's communal fabric.
The new Dark Age is brewing.

* * * *

One gets freer by the moment; it is not a time-bound thing.

* * * *

In this dreamtime, You may see your little self,
As a pure-bred or a mutt, as a Brahman or an untouchable,
But in any given vision, You are ever a seed,
Of the same divine origin.

* * * *

However You look at it,
Empty, half-empty, half-full, full,
Or any possible combination contrived by mind,
It is all brewed of the same essence.

* * * *

The time of humankind, and the cosmos, is but an ephemeral blip, in the infinity of eternity.

* * * *

Existence is really nothing more than one kaleidoscoping mirage after another.
There is actually nothing one needs do, but awaken to the illusion-delusion of all.

* * * *

What are You but a breath full of imagination.

* * * *

Nothingness is a fact.

* * * *

The harvest of wisdom is one for which few have inclination.

* * * *

Loose the bonds that tie You to mortality.

* * * *

The essential has no need to wrangle,
With the countless limitations of mind.
It is whatever it is, with or without,
The consent of pointless notion.

* * * *

You are that which is the mystery, and the mystery is that which is You.

* * * *

How extraordinary to have discerned,
And to then spend one's brief existence witnessing,
The vast essential reality inherently common,
To all manifestations small to great.

* * * *

All groupings in all geographies,
Are but vain, hectic anthills to the eternal eye.
Pride in any way or shape or form, is absurdly meaningless,
And has foolishly destroyed so much, for such wretched, short-sighted gain.

* * * *

Repose assured,
It is not this garden planet,
That is sprinting toward a bleak end.
Our species is but another dusty layer of compost,
In eternity's vast theater of space and time.

* * * *

Our survival is important only to us.
No other species, nor any imagined supreme deity,
Truly gives a tinker's damn, whether or not, we exist or go extinct.

* * * *

Food for the thoughtless to chew on, as we dash toward the precipice.

* * * *

Be very clear about this.

* * * *

What keeps any mind from perceiving the eternal reality?
From surrendering to the cognizance of this moment?
Perhaps something as artless, as clenching a breath,
Allowing thought to run to and fro like a squirrel,

When all the brain really needs is a bit more oxygen.

* * * *

What coulda-shouda-woulda this world be,
If every child were allowed an innocent childhood,
So that they could one day recollect and abide,
In that most eternal of mind's potentials.

* * * *

Who has created all the guilt-ridden anguish,
But the many reflections of authority surrounding you,
Since your seed of consciousness took root in this garden world.
Cast the authority of the imagined other into the wind,
And fathom the fundamental sovereignty,
Of the immortal absoluteness.

* * * *

The progeny, of we, and all our fellow earthlings small to great,
Will pay dearly – are already paying dearly – for all the poisons and waste,
We have, in all our vanity and greed, spread in every way, throughout our paradise lost.

* * * *

The nuances of bullshit are seemingly endless.

* * * *

Another breath come and gone.

* * * *

To be in this world, and not of it, is very challenging, indeed.

* * * *

The conditioning is deep-rooted beast.

* * * *

Go causeless.

* * * *

You are not in the presence of the mystery, You are the presence of the mystery.

* * * *

Another unfolding calamity.

* * * *

Neither light nor sound can touch the essential nature.

* * * *

The Great Reaper pardons none.

* * * *

What is a tad scary is that these thoughts, would by many be considered revolutionary.

* * * *

Cause and effect dissolve when eternal awareness reigns.

* * * *

Jesus was not a Christian.
Krishna was not a Hindhu.
Buddha was not a Buddhist.
Mohammed was not a Muslim.
Lao Tzu was not a Taoist.
Labels mean nothing.

* * * *

Imitation is a herd thing.

* * * *

Great things come from small things,
Small things from great things,
And yet they ever remain,
Very much the same.

* * * *

We are all brief figments of imagination, imagining ourselves, imagining each other.

* * * *

The greatest mystery ever told.

* * * *

Evaporating mind.

* * * *

Doing nothing takes on a whole new meaning.

* * * *

Like a key to a lock, words can imprison You, words can free You.

* * * *

Fucking up is just part of any given day.

* * * *

So many scientists and scholars and philosophers,
Probing a mystery that has no need to be known.

* * * *

If You want peace, still the mind.

* * * *

Enjoy it while You may; eat, drink, be merry.
Suffer your imagination in every way imaginable.
Time will come bearing the gift of death soon enough.

* * * *

Each moment, You move closer to that final breath,
And when that guarantee of birth does arrive,
If You have not already discerned it,
You shall have one last mortal moment,
To realize the bliss of infinite absoluteness.

* * * *

By its nature, the ego,
The imaginary illusion of free will,
The sensory dreamtime of being an individual,
Is separation from the inherent mystery.

* * * *

The great abyss of infinite oblivion, yawns at the quibbles of mortal fare.

* * * *

Do not assume You know a Christ or Buddha, until You see the shining of your own light.

* * * *

Without the stillness of awareness, the movement could not be recognized.

* * * *

Immaculate conception, immaculate deception, is there a difference?

* * * *

The good and evil, You view on any screen,
Would not be, without the projector,
Without the imaginary you.

* * * *

How can You even claim to be an individual, when even proving You exist is impossible?

* * * *

How can that which is immeasurable ever be measured?
Only a true student, of both science and philosophy,
Can discern the immensity of relativity's reality,
Of this infinitesimally infinite quantum matrix.

* * * *

We are so besotted by our naming,
That we have long since lost the vision,
Of the awareness, from which all things come.

* * * *

To so many, truth seems cruel,
But only to those who cannot,
Peer into their own reflection.

* * * *

Words are sounds.
Sounds are vibrations.
Vibrations are the universe.
The cosmos is but a minute speck,
Of the immeasurably ineffable mystery.

* * * *

To be attached to any sound,
To any form, to any concept, to anything at all,
Is to impart credence to illusion.

CCXXXV

A mystery too vast for any explanation.

* * * *

A mystery solved in a moment of unconditioned insight.

* * * *

Another turn of a page in the same book.

* * * *

So much ado about nothing.

* * * *

When You were very young,
Every moment was timelessly effortless.
To be born again is to embrace the essential nature,
To be the eternity of awareness without harbor for want or concern,
To resume being the utter simplicity of absoluteness
Which we all equally once upon a time
So very innocently were.

* * * *

A culture with no vision is a culture in decline.

* * * *

It does not matter who wrote this.
What matters is that it was written.

* * * *

Our self-absorbed hedonistic greed
Will be the poverty of those to come.

* * * *

But through your own choosing,
You are not bound today
To repeat what was done yesterday.
Nor tomorrow, repeat whatever will be done today.

* * * *

You have never really done anything wrong.
The threats of heaven and hell are groupthink mantras,
Concepts to bend fearful minds to one limited mythos or another.

* * * *

Questions of a thousand dreams,
What to do with what You see.

* * * *

The transcendent mind trumps all.

* * * *

Suffering is the taproot of hell.

* * * *

A mystery theater brought to You by the unknown.

* * * *

All your wanting this or that is imagined,
And all it brings is temporary respite
From the suffering and confusion.

* * * *

Why feel sorrow that this world no longer appeals to You?
Why anguish that what it offers only parches the soul?
Enjoy the joyful wander of your eternal solitude.

* * * *

How do we play it?
One for all and all for one?
Or none for all and all for none?

* * * *

What obligation can a madman have?

* * * *

Guides can only point the way.
The journey is for each to make alone
With all the joy and suffering the trail entails.

* * * *

The beginner sees nothing and thinks it something.
The master sees something and thinks it nothing.

* * * *

Pain is the teaching that leads the student home.

* * * *

Awareness of one's foolishness
Can bring it to a very abrupt halt.

* * * *

What is lust but a projection of one's own vanity?

* * * *

All divisions are concocted by the mind,
The grand weaver of the matrix of time.

* * * *

You are all the experiences
Your seed line in time offers.

* * * *

All are one.

* * * *

Only the great keeper of time knows
Where such thoughts as these eventually lead.
Yet, whatever function it may someday play, it will only be
But another dreamy page in the epoch of man.

* * * *

Consciousness,
Great or humble, strong or weak,
Is, despite all assertions,
Only consciousness.

* * * *

Cotton candy,
Despite all the fluff,
Is ever the same sugar.

* * * *

His story, her story,
Whoever's narrative it may be,
All accounts are merely projected perceptions.
Subjective in every imaginable way.
We are all flawed witnesses.

* * * *

A different body, a different character, a different fate,
Would only inspire a different illusion, a different delusion.

* * * *

This work is an invasion upon imagination's mischievous shore.

* * * *

What need for an imaginary friend, if You are your own best companion?

* * * *

What do You find irresistible in another, but a favorable reflection of yourself.

* * * *

Same clay, just a different day.

* * * *

You are but a sensory play of the mystery, waxing and waning in eternity's dreaming.

* * * *

When it comes to religion, why feel at all obliged to choose between any human fabrications?

* * * *

What we call growing up,
Is really the sculpting of infinite potential,
Into one inflexible rut or another.

* * * *

Satan is an imaginary enemy.
God is an imaginary friend.
Narcissistic tomfoolery.

* * * *

Saving souls from imaginary futures, is surely an incomprehensible mystery.

* * * *

Such a twisted species we are, we are.

* * * *

So many reading some scripture,
End up have no insight, whatsoever,
Into what the scribes of old truly meant.
What an ironic mystery that so many seek,
What so few are prepared to find.

* * * *

You have been taught to read, but You must also learn how.

* * * *

What is a so-called cynic but an idealist, whose capacity for observation, is not yet well-honed.

* * * *

Any system is only as efficient as those who use it.

* * * *

A man without enemies may well be a fool.

* * * *

When any given physical entity ceases to exist,
That version of the universes evaporates forever.

* * * *

What an amazing thing, imagination.

* * * *

Apologies for not being able to offer more than words.
We all must each alone pan for our own gold.

* * * *

Everything has its pluses and minuses
In the relativity of time-bound manifestation.

* * * *

Sometimes self-absorbed.
Sometimes Self-absorbed.
Hard to be one all the time.

* * * *

The eyes have many faces.

* * * *

The wind is indifferent to nook or cranny.

* * * *

It is not always easy to accept
That everything breaks, disappears or dies,
And, at some point, so will You.

* * * *

Be alert to the probability that you
Have likely only fabricated another prison.

* * * *

You don't have to own something
To perceive its essential nature.

* * * *

Within every seed
There is an architectural plan.
A birth, a role, a play, a destiny, a death.
Every seed spawns a witnessing.
Without it, You are nothing.

* * * *

Vanity and pride,
The avarice of the mind,
Knows no limits.

* * * *

If you're still following,

You've missed the point.

* * * *

The suspension of reason
Is the ground for all confusion and delusion.
The surest course to coherent thinking
Requires unrelenting doubt.

* * * *

We are all just recordings,
Echoes etched in mind.

* * * *

The unending timeless moments
Of which all in stillness are capable.

* * * *

The things about which
You are only partially concerned
Inevitably descend into great disrepair.

* * * *

Every garden must be pruned and weeded now and again.
Some will call it Armageddon or some such thing,
But that is only delusion and ignorance.
The rules of the game are clear
To all who see clearly.

* * * *

Few crave freedom to its ultimate end.

* * * *

A healthy body is one that is not yet distracting you
With the countless forms of pain of which it is capable.

* * * *

Dogma is created by those who lack the vision
To clearly comprehend that they are really
The original architect of their own law,
Even if they adopt another's.

* * * *

Science deals only with what can be measured in space and time.
It cannot fully acknowledge intuition because its foundation
Disintegrates when the unknown is acknowledged.

* * * *

All traditions are born of geographic assumption.

Like the seven blind men believing the elephant
Is one part or another, all conclusions are limited.

* * * *

No experience bears the winds of time.
Only in the timeless awareness
Is experiencing real.

* * * *

Anyone thinking they can possess truth
Is waving around a bag of empty concepts.

* * * *

That which is prior to knowing
Is the eternal life You seek.

* * * *

The web of wanting
Crisscrossing the limited mind
Offers no serenity.

* * * *

Unattached breathing is the manifest ebb and flow of the ocean within.

* * * *

Depending on its level of entropy,
Every successful adaptation
Must eventually face its demise.

* * * *

The buddhas, christs and other mystics
Feel so acutely the suffering of existence
That they travel within the ends of the world
To discern the eternal causeless nature,
Which is the origin of all dreaming.

* * * *

How we would laugh at other creatures
If they named themselves and their worlds,
Yet we delude our fabrications so real, so true.

* * * *

Irony, irony, all is irony.

* * * *

What are these thoughts
But another useless distraction
Brought to You by a mind of our kind.

* * * *

Discerning the eternal
Is not about becoming something.
It is about complete surrender to the beingness,
Of all manifestation, the matrix of totality.

* * * *

The keepers of any given religion have no interest
In your really discerning the source within.
It would compel them to get a job,
And maybe, just maybe,
Even come up with a real life.

* * * *

The boulder is but a speck of dust in your eye.

* * * *

Your true aura is so huge
That it cannot be conceived,
Much less perceived.

* * * *

How many forms the mystery attires its Self in,
In its timeless, spaceless, illusionary sojourn,
Are well beyond any bean counter's count.

* * * *

It is consciousness,
With all its attachments
To mind and body,
That suffers so,
Not the you
You really are.

* * * *

The foolish jester wanders where he pleases
In whatever manner intuitive spontaneity allows.
As dazzling as the sun, as anonymous as the breeze,
As still as a mountain, as unknown as the ocean's depths.
As articulate as any creation, as dumb as any rock.
Blind to space and time, yet caught in its web,
Waiting for the spider's hungry will
To feast upon the lifeblood
Of vain existence.

* * * *

After all is said and done,

What difference to an atom,
The building block of all illusion.

* * * *

Why does life strive so to survive in so many ways?
Because that is the way it is.

* * * *

In one form or another,
What have You not experienced
In this dreamy exposition of consciousness?

* * * *

If You haven't already realized it,
This is one of those serendipitous works
In which You often seem to come upon a reflection
That You in time are most primed to mull.

* * * *

Some might deposit this scribe in a shallow grave
If they were to realize these writings are analogous to the story
Of the lone stonecutter bit by bit chipping away
In the bowels of the mountain.

* * * *

A stream of consciousness,
And though many may often seem alike,
You will likely never discover
Any given aphorism
Written exactly the same.

* * * *

Do with this exertion what You will, but be advised,
Do not WWMD: "What Would Michael Do?"
Never imitate nor attempt to play out
Any space-time but your own.

* * * *

All questions, all concerns,
Find serene closure in the singularity
Beneath the expansive brow.

CCXXXVI

The politics of any given group
Rarely has anything to do with reality.
Groupthink is groupthink no matter the assertion.
Agreeing to a lie does not make it true.

* * * *

The suspension of reason is the hallmark of all superstition.

* * * *

The idolatry of form offers an endless array of distractions.

* * * *

Life is a ride You cannot escape
Until the seed's flowering ends.

* * * *

So many lies captivating so many minds.
The ability of the human species to suspend reason
In the face of the truth so plain to see
Is an amazing irony.

* * * *

Truth cannot be tamed.

* * * *

Dwelling upon anything less
Will only further the quagmire
In which we are already sinking.

* * * *

The challenge of dying to every moment
Is the mind's insistence that its sensory play is real.
We are all ever again bound by the dream within our purview.
To be inwardly free is so strenuous because it requires
The moment-to-moment simplicity of a newborn.

* * * *

Ponder every possibility and You will see
The finite limitation of the mind born of time.
For as far as the net of imagination can be cast,
There is an ocean far too infinite to ever be snared.

* * * *

Idolatry is played out in so many ways by the undiscerning
Who believe only what the sensory dreaming allows.

To esteem, to worship any form, any concept,
Any mindset, whatsoever, is a sure road to perdition.

* * * *

Death to inner fabrication is the trail home.

* * * *

The road to inner peace, as simple as it truly is,
Is fraught with every imaginable inner conflict.

* * * *

If it is your fate to find your vocation, it will be your life's tithing to the dream.

* * * *

Journey as far and wide as You will across this universe,
It will ever be the same moment, the same indelible mystery.
No matter the guise, no matter the structure, no matter the passage.
No matter anything designed and maintained by the frame of reference.

* * * *

No one can free You but your Self.

* * * *

Truth is without the taint of mind.

* * * *

Religion is naught but a numbers game
Played out in time by the pliable herd.

* * * *

Followers and leaders play the mutual vanity game.

* * * *

Another soul lost in the shuffle of delusion.

* * * *

Those who fear deities and demons, have only their imagination to blame.

* * * *

Challenging as it may be to realize it, You are the will of the mystery.

* * * *

There are no followers in reality; that is the harvest of delusion.

* * * *

It the guise of finite form,
There are an infinity of questions.
In the guise of infinity, all need to know ends.

* * * *

The stillness of awareness is as good as it gets.

* * * *

Of course You are the truth, the life, and the way.
To deny it is to be lost in a painful sea of delusion.

* * * *

The other may deny it,
But You need not succumb
To any other's delusion.

* * * *

Every seed plays out a cosmos of its own creation.

* * * *

Every moment a new fabrication.

* * * *

I give You my vision of Self
That You might discern You own,
And see all are truly the same.

* * * *

Character is fate.
Anatomy is destiny.
Each and every moment,
The unfolding mystery plays on.

* * * *

Mass confusion on a different scale.

* * * *

At the core within,
Everyone, everything
Is the same ageless age.

* * * *

If not for consciousness,
What difference could there possibly be?

* * * *

Blast away,
Nothing to say
Again, ever again
For it is all the Way.

* * * *

What must be directly understood
Is that an antichrist is not an evil spirit.
It is just someone who simply, clearly says no
To the oppressive absurdity of all organized religions.
One who, without fanfare, states that we are all
That which is ever the same oneness.

* * * *

The road less traveled is less traveled
Because it is much more arduous
For the mind to discern itself
Than it is to be absorbed
In the illusive pursuit
Of every desire imaginable.

* * * *

Do You not at times grow weary
Of the countless differences
By which we are bound,
Knowing all the while
That nary a one is truly real.

* * * *

Curious how so many seekers
Are ceaselessly bemused
By the only answer ever given.

* * * *

Like moths, passion draws us all
To one consuming flame or another.
The mystery and its conscious reflection
Slowly whittles every form into the purest state.

* * * *

It is the many reflections of others
Which lend themselves
To the thoughts
Of the common bond of all.

* * * *

All forms are formlessly transient,
Created of the same essential nature,
Yet You spend your existence judging them
In seemingly every whimsical fashion imaginable.
Yet what does anyone ever really care for, or not care for,
But a wide swath of arbitrary, fleeting choices?

* * * *

Amazing grace,
How sweet the sound.

* * * *

Take away desire,
And what difference
Can there possibly be?

* * * *

Is that so?

* * * *

In any given work,
The problem with editing
Is that the editor may have taken out
The golden meaning of the story.

* * * *

Extrapolate until that which extrapolates
Is beyond all extrapolation

* * * *

Singularity rules.

* * * *

Wherever You run,
Your mind will follow.

* * * *

Guaranteed.

* * * *

Are You so sure of anything?
Who, what, where, when, why, how?

* * * *

When man created God, he forgot to acknowledge himself mastermind of the collusion.

* * * *

All your thinking it through
Will only lead you
To more vain conclusions.
The further You drift from the center,
The more suffering You will inevitably entertain.

* * * *

It is the quality of any action that matters.

Intent without a deep sense of quality
Brings only separation and strife.

* * * *

Every mind has its own trail of tears
Born of the perceptions of time.

* * * *

It always boils down to momentary awareness.
Thought cannot assert final victory, for the ground
Is soon lost in the mists of its time-bound fog.

* * * *

Heaven or hell,
Same gold.

* * * *

Love everything, or nothing.

* * * *

Take away all the scriptures, and all any have left
Is the awareness of the eternal mystery,
Pure and simple, untainted.

* * * *

Used to believe in so much, so much.
Now, I can't even touch
What I used to be, used to be.

* * * *

There is no only son,
Just everyone and everything.
One is one under every sun.

* * * *

Life is a journey through wonderland.

* * * *

In the still, unconditioned awareness,
Of the eternally infinite, momentary present,
You are the embodiment of the mystery.

* * * *

Mu to You, too.

* * * *

A mind bound up in desire is a mind
Filled with every imaginable turmoil.

* * * *

Vampires will almost always hijack innocence
If given the opportunity.

* * * *

The mindsets are hatched, and the rest of human history will be their unfolding confusion.

* * * *

A desert is still a desert
No matter how much water is imported.

* * * *

Staying clear is one of life's greater challenges.

* * * *

Haven't You been suckered enough already?

* * * *

Is a drop really anything but the ocean
Playing out an ingredient again?
And is it the same drop,
Or merely another rendering?

* * * *

Is there really anything to save?

* * * *

You are,
Therefore You must be
That I Am.

* * * *

Do not blame yourself
For a world You cannot change.

* * * *

Children are the innocence of time eternal.

* * * *

Is evaporation a choice?

* * * *

Permanence cannot be sewn into any creation
By even the greatest divinity imaginable.
Space and time are ever illusion,
No matter the dream.

* * * *

A literal mind
Generally creates great confusion
From figurative intent.

* * * *

Being bound by any extrapolation of thought
Is the death rattle of further investigation.

* * * *

Gold is not concerned what form it is given.

* * * *

Within any given theater of consciousness,
There is the potential for infinity to blossom.
All You must do is simply let go of everything.

* * * *

It is the road less traveled
Because most miss the exit.

* * * *

As simple as it is, however,
It is the most arduous of journeys.

* * * *

The individual drop that believes
It is the supremacy of the ocean
Is, indeed, arrogant, vain and dim.

* * * *

What delusion could there possibly be
That would satisfy those who truly doubt?

* * * *

You are me, and I, You,
As it has ever been and will ever be.
Those who sincerely seek truth
Will always find it within.

* * * *

To follow is to be enslaved
By one delusion or another.

* * * *

You act as your passion dictates.

* * * *

It was much less difficult before kindergarten.

* * * *

The impetus of civilization ever ratchets its demands

* * * *

All sense of individuality
Cloaks this elemental truth.

* * * *

To resume the spacious reality, disengage all sensory distractions.

* * * *

Anonymity,
Within and without,
Is its own reward.

* * * *

When does the singular become the plural,
And was the plural ever really
Anything but singular?

* * * *

All forms, by their nature,
Must entertain a limited view.

* * * *

We are all compelled to do
Whatever it is we individually do
By dynamic, often arbitrary influences
Few, beyond doubt, ever muse.

* * * *

You have all the time in the world.

* * * *

We have become so mesmerized
With our conceptual creations
That the given relationship with nature
Has receded to ornamentation and manipulation.

* * * *

Imagine a life without fear.

* * * *

Discerning your capacities and limitations
Can both an exhilarating and painful process.

CCXXXVII

Life is but a mind full of vague perceptions
Playing out an unknowable future
In a momentary present.

* * * *

From beginning to end,
All any of us ever really has
Is this ever-fleeting awareness.

* * * *

There are no followers in this game.
How can there possibly be?
We are all one-and-only original copies,
So different, and yet always so very much the same.

* * * *

If You cannot really think for your Self,
If You cannot question or doubt,
Then You are little more than a recording,
Playing over and over and over and over and . . .
Until the last meaningless, single-minded breath wheezes out.

* * * *

History is but an often-tawdry burp within the infinity of totality's mirage.

* * * *

Anyone spending a great deal of time
Criticizing the creativity of others
Probably isn't doing much of their own.

* * * *

Just another collection of thoughts,
Impressions of cynical innocence.

* * * *

Do not confuse love with lust
Or the many delusions of romantic notion.
It is a transparent affection that is absolutely unconditional,
Not a petty, self-absorbed minion of desire.

* * * *

It does not matter who said what when.
All that matters is that it resonated
In ears capable of hearing.

* * * *

The fog of mystery is not easily dispelled.

* * * *

History entices many onto the shoals of immortal pretense.

* * * *

It is not your persona that is immortal, You ninny.

* * * *

Identity is the soot of consciousness.

* * * *

If hell is in the details,
Is heaven without any?

* * * *

Identification is all about nothingness
Blown up into the pretense of somethingness.

* * * *

Fortunately, it's only for a lifetime.

* * * *

Flip the coin however many times You will,
Which side is good, and which is evil,
Is ever a delusional declaration.

* * * *

Even the maddest of hatters will only go so far.
But from the edge of that madness,
It can be discerned
There really are no limits.

* * * *

Poor translation tends to sow the seeds to a bountiful harvest,
Of confusion and ignorance and dogma and conflict,
Down the winding yellow brick road of time.

* * * *

The role of this lone voice
Is to set down these many thoughts
And meander on in the stream of time, anonymous.

* * * *

These thoughts are like piles of dung
For seeds to feed upon,
And prosper or fail as time wills.

* * * *

I don’t know why all this is happening.
What makes You think You do?

* * * *

The drop cascading above the wave
Raises its head, and, peering though its reflective edges,
Mistakenly calls what it sees . . . reality.

* * * *

An all too common error.

* * * *

Yes, six billion-plus people can be wrong.

* * * *

Put down the script
And let your face go.

* * * *

The challenge is to sharpen into an adroit mind
That can solve problems without making them.

* * * *

What madness the sexual aspect
Can bring upon our species.

* * * *

It happens.

* * * *

One of many amusing hobbies
Done without any real belief or concern
That it will aid in bringing about some future clarity.

* * * *

Clinging to select portions of the dreaming
Is the cause of all suffering.

* * * *

How would You judge yourself
If You had another set of eyes?

* * * *

Who have You ever personally witnessed
To be free of the natural laws
Of this world?

* * * *

Do You look for yourself, or merely repeat
What You have been conditioned to repeat?

* * * *

Creation and destruction are a fifty-fifty proposition.

* * * *

So many tokens gathered.
Baubles all.

* * * *

Are we talking your justice, my justice,
Or some imaginary friend's justice?

* * * *

Any mind that wanders the greatest heights
Must occasionally slog the greatest depths.

* * * *

Life is but a few moments
On an ever-changing stage.

* * * *

How adept the senses are at leading one astray,
And the mind with an almost infinite capacity
To fall asleep and forget again and again.

* * * *

What need for there to be a point to all this?

* * * *

There's nothing to prove to anyone,
Including your Self.
That You are is enough.

* * * *

The sound of one hand clapping
Is the same as one ear listening.

* * * *

Too much comfort softens the grip.

* * * *

There are the ignorant
Who know they are faking it,
And the ignorant who haven't a clue.

* * * *

You cannot save anyone
Who will not save themselves,
Who will not learn to stand
On their own two feet.

* * * *

You are the ubiquitous eternal awareness
Witnessing the beginning and ending of all time.
Eternal salvation is freedom of an absolute inner vision.

* * * *

You will be caged in the mind's mortal weaving,
Until You can pierce the individuality,
With the single-pointedness,
Of pure indivisibility.

* * * *

Does air choose the balloon?

* * * *

The weight of thought rests only
In your peculiar attachment
To its ephemeral nature.

* * * *

From earth, wind, water and fire
Spring the rainbow of time.

* * * *

How is it You find it so challenging, so difficult, to accept the reality,
That You are one of the countless forms of the mystery dreaming?
End the doubt with the all-consuming fire of pure attention.

* * * *

What I am, You are also.
Neither doubt nor forget ever again.
For however long You live,
Live eternally one.

* * * *

Ignorance has a curious way
Of winning every argument.

* * * *

From mystery, burst forth the dust storm of singularity,
And from that dust storm, countless forms sculpted into all potentials,

And in those many forms, the dream of consciousness evolved,
And in that consciousness, arose the yearning for union,
And in that union, quantum discerned its mystery.

* * * *

Slowly, very slowly, like drop after falling drop,
The stonecutter whittles away the mountain.

* * * *

You are a dream of the indivisible oneness
Pervading all forms, witnessing the eternal theater
In whatever fashion the play of consciousness may partake.

* * * *

These words are brought to you
From a source beyond reckoning
By the hand of a mind born to scribe.

* * * *

No history is necessary to perceive the innate veracity of the ultimate nature.

* * * *

You are the me and the not me
In the unreality of reality.

* * * *

Does any thought or deed
Really matter even one iota
To the ultimate source?

* * * *

Eternity has no awareness of time or space.
That is the purview of time-bound consciousness.

* * * *

How vain can it get?

* * * *

To seek that which is unborn-undying,
Has no relation to the malevolent concoctions,
Set into scripture by so many dread-ridden paradigms.
Threats of the fire and ice of eternal damnation are meaningless.
The unborn-undying actuality is the singularity prior to all manifestation.
It is the mystery, which experiences neither birth nor death,
Nor any beginning, nor any ending, whatsoever.
To realize the mystery, is to be it.

* * * *

Why fear your own creation?
Why want from it what it can never be?
It is an empty offer no matter the mirage projected.

* * * *

From simple beginnings to simple ends.
Complexity can never endure
For long durations.

* * * *

Just because the hatter is mad
Doesn't mean he isn't right.

* * * *

The pleasure button pushed without moderation
Will only weave a harsh web of self-destruction.

* * * *

In which lifetime were You born?

* * * *

Why do You follow leaders who have no insight
Into anything but your greed, prejudice
And other separative notions.

* * * *

We embrace and suppress each other's flags
And the many cultural ideals surrounding them
As if they have any real and lasting importance.

* * * *

You cannot hide from your fate.
One space or another, one time or another.
Something is going to happen.

* * * *

The inward journey is one only
The maddest of fools contemplate.

* * * *

Life is something of an empty offer,
A beguiling siren void of any ultimate substance,
Yet ever enticing the wayward pilgrim into the reefs of delusion.

* * * *

Normal is relative to a personal view.

* * * *

The passions are millstones
Dragging You to and fro in your mortal dream.
Tame them, and You will discern the freedom for which You yearn.

* * * *

To bring about a sense of serenity,
The source of duality must be seen within.
Only a pervading sense of detachment will free any,
From the confusion inherent in the mind.
Manifest the quietude of mystery,
And reality will find its way.

* * * *

Dogma is born of literal interpretation,
Mysticism of a figurative approach.

* * * *

Reality is not the problem here.
It is the general lack of insight into the natural order
That is the source of all human derangement.

* * * *

Every life form gets one die roll or another.
Do any have any real say in the matter?

* * * *

Space and time are mirages of the mind.

* * * *

Getting between individuals or groups
Intent on doing great harm to one another
Can be more than a little precarious.

* * * *

Stating the obvious is what this work is about.

* * * *

Many spend their lives believing
The concoctions of imagination will save them,
But all plays of mind are but tethers without anchor in reality.

* * * *

A moment lived fully is expelled with each breath.

* * * *

No word, equation or symbol for reality makes.

* * * *

Illusion, one and all.

* * * *

The danger of scientific inquiry and technological advances,
Is that no ethical constraints are inherent in the process,
And already the train is galloping off the tracks.

* * * *

What is there to do,
But savor this moment,
However fleeting its duration.

* * * *

No one can tempt You but yourself.

* * * *

The passion woven of craving and fear
Gradually cloud the given clarity
Of the innocent heart.

* * * *

Why justify your life to a dream
Which has no ultimate reality?

* * * *

If You imagine You are not suffering,
Perhaps You are not paying attention to the angst,
Your day-to-day consciousness has become too numb to feel.
The pure mind is corrupted by day-to-day divisiveness,
Deteriorated by excessive, self-serving passions,
To which the dissolution of all identification,
Is the only authentic, lasting solution.

* * * *

Be wary of the arrogance of pride.
It wreaks havoc in many ways.

* * * *

In all your incessant accumulation, all your longing,
Have You ever really fully witnessed the desire?

* * * *

The world is a pearl of cosmic design,
A one-time gift that the life forms it births
Are absolutely free to treasure or destroy.

* * * *

Any given body is a test tube

In which chemical interactions
Precipitate every sort of passion.
Does any seed have any real choice
But to witness the blend allotted?

CCXXXVIII

All the little monkeys in the grove munched contentedly,
Until their instinctual minds began to stir, and words began to form.
As they revealed their newborn concepts, they found their universes different,
Contention took root, contentment faded, the garden disappeared,
And the epic battle of vanity and greed was underway.

* * * *

Human drama, human trauma.

* * * *

Every life form consumes, every life form is consumed.
It is a god-eat-god world, every moment of every day.

* * * *

Human savagery is tempered by the pretense of civility.

* * * *

How arduously simple it truly is
To fathom You were never born.

* * * *

The instant thought thunders,
Truth is lost to the conceptual abyss,
The edifice of human neurology.

* * * *

The quest for truth is an ironic joke,
A quixotic duel with the windmill of the mind.
The closest any can ever come to direct perception
Is complete surrender to the stillness at its core.

* * * *

The seeker climbs the mountain,
Discerns there is no mountain,
And saunters down a mystic.

* * * *

Dare You end it all now?

* * * *

Truth is completely effortless,
But whether or not it is comfortable
Is a matter of personal inclination.

* * * *

Beliefs are set in so many tenuous foundations.
A constant stream of assertions is required
To keep them roosted in any given mind.

* * * *

Where exactly are You in that container,
And how far away is the tip of your nose?

* * * *

Your mind, my mind, any mind.
How different are they, really?

* * * *

Revenge tends to shatter into shards
In the angry soul of the vengeful.

* * * *

Grasping truth is like trying to pick up
A wandering drop of mercury with tweezers.

* * * *

How much more serene life becomes
When You do not resist the ebb and flow
Of sickness, injury, aging and dying.

* * * *

Either we are all that which is mystery, or the mystery does not exist.

* * * *

Maya offers an endless array of placebos, but seeing the truth of the matter, is the only real medicine.

* * * *

Existence is a mirage of mind.

* * * *

Do You really want, or only think You want?

* * * *

There are many ways vampires suck essence from their victims.

* * * *

What world would we all agree upon?

* * * *

Expand your contraction.

* * * *

So, which reflection are You, really?

* * * *

Is it worth it?

* * * *

The mystery can only know itself through the eyes of limitation.

* * * *

To say I am that which is sought
Is not to be understood personally.

* * * *

The mystery has walked this world, in every space, in every time.
You are it, in your version of this very temporal, very imaginary dream.

* * * *

What is so contrary about evolution
Being the means of creating the diversity?
One process is not without the other.

* * * *

Believing anything is just this or that
Rather that this and that
Is the delusion
Of linguistic malapropism.

* * * *

Are You the “I am” of limited proportion,
Or the “I Am” of the infinite eternal?

* * * *

And the mystery blew its Self into life,
And here You are, trying to figure out,
How to deal with the vanity of it all.

* * * *

The highest high
And the lowest low
Are equally imagined.

* * * *

The decomposers will inherit
The last remains of your vanity.

* * * *

Within strength is the seed of weakness,
Within weakness, the seed of strength.

* * * *

When it boils down to it,
All your morality will probably take a back seat
If You are tired and huddled.

* * * *

One wonders how many historical figures
You would be partial to, support or follow
If You actually met and listened to them.

* * * *

The universe provides an endless database
For those who spend their time collecting data.

* * * *

The advent of humanity
Implies an inevitable decline.
And how then shall the epic read?
You do not need to see it all
To extrapolate the gist.

* * * *

What seems so sure one moment
Can change so quickly the next.
To discern the mind which knows no security
Is the mountain few seek, much less find.

* * * *

Anyone who believes
There is such a thing as normal
Doesn't understand the relativity of a bell curve.

* * * *

Sticks and stones break bones,
And words will never hurt You,
But sticks and stones will be used
For the words of some imagined slight.

* * * *

The innocent babe stretches into a new life
As it slowly awakens in space and time.

* * * *

What do You desire from this world
That You are so enticed to again and again witness
Humanity's seemingly endless capacity for confusion and turmoil
Dream after dream, moment after moment,
In what end will it end?

* * * *

The eternal dreaming
Through which each of us wanders
Is really the same ever-present, ever-aware nowness.
So, the challenge is to make every now
A good now in which to die.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is not some inane eternal reward endowed by God after physical death.
It is the moment-to-moment experiencing of a mind that has died to an imagined creation.

* * * *

Improve the quality of their lives as much as they will,
For so many always wanting more, it is never enough.

* * * *

What is essential, and what is not essential,
And need You ask anyone to tell You these things?

* * * *

Humanity has spent so much effort
Denying its roots in nature.
And in so doing, has set itself apart,
Deaf and blind, to the core source of all creation.

* * * *

We delude ourselves
Into steadfastly believing
Our madness rational.

* * * *

We are thoroughly experiencing
The consequences of civilized life,
How the synergy of imagination
Creates havoc at every turn.

* * * *

So, what do we do now?

* * * *

So many striving to change the other,
Not allowing them the empowering sovereignty,
The freedom to simply be, for which all intrinsically long.

* * * *

We are all the same actor
Playing every part imaginable.

* * * *

Everything You have ever perceived,
Whether consciously or unconsciously,
You are.

* * * *

The kingdom of mystery is within,
And You are sitting upon its lotus throne,
As are any and all who realize the simple truth.

* * * *

We are all equal in the "I" of the mystery.

* * * *

So-called masters have come and gone.
Where does that leave You?

* * * *

You sleep because creating the universe is heady work.

* * * *

The luxury of a long, innocent childhood
Has always depended upon the circumstances
Binding any given geographical mindset.

* * * *

It is likely You have been exploited
In many ways and degrees by others
From the moment You entered this world.

* * * *

Humanity is so absorbed in its little-self orientation,
So trapped in the theater of pain and pleasure,
That we have become deaf, dumb and blind
To the untainted majesty of the inner kingdom.

* * * *

Imagine the profound silence,
Of the many creatures of Eden,
Who never know even one word.

* * * *

Curious how each of us extracts so many
Different conclusions from the same database,
Which makes the universe acquiescent
To being whatever is imagined.
Very curious, indeed.

* * * *

Too many are oblivious to the mystery
To appreciate that we are quickly destroying
The future's ability to witness the wonder of the garden.

* * * *

How much has been lost in translation.

* * * *

Those who judge all imagined opposites harshly
Are blindingly attached to their own narrow view.

* * * *

All the precious items prized by the world of men
Cannot buy the innate freedom of the unknown.

* * * *

The pure mind is the alchemist
Capable of perceiving
All things gold.

* * * *

How can any soul
Be greater that another
When all are the same Soul?

* * * *

Just a wayfaring free spirit with a general self-taught knack for wordplay
Who awoke one day and saw how much we all have in common,
Despite our seemingly countless imagined differences.

* * * *

"Shame we can't get along a little better,"
He said to him Self.

* * * *

Take out all the mumbo-jumbo,
And are any of us really doing anything
All that different?

* * * *

This fleeting moment is all You really have.
Whether innocuously bland, pleasurable or painful,
It is done practically as quickly as it started.
Only a hint of memory will ever reflect
It ever even happened at all.
Such is existence.

Individually or collectively,
What is there to cling to, really?

* * * *

A reminder to savor the day,
Whatever its flavor.

* * * *

Either we choose to see through the differences,
Or we foolishly grow even more blind,
And destroy everything.

* * * *

Unless wisdom is acclaimed more than false gold,
The legacy of humanity will inevitably fall into ruin.

* * * *

The effort it takes many to merely survive can be overwhelming
Yet the will to survive, whether it be fear of death or indomitable spirit,
Keep each of us playing our little part in the on-going creation.

* * * *

Of course You are personally responsible.
We all are.
As far as it can be taken personally, anyway.

* * * *

You are a seamless drift of time.

* * * *

Go elsewhere if You want the order of collusion.

* * * *

It is what it is.
It doesn't really matter what any of us believe.

* * * *

Belief is just another face of fear.

* * * *

No matter what You believe, You must still deal
With the heaven and hell of consciousness
Of the given day.

* * * *

It's all pre-ordained, pre-destined,
Looking back, that is.

* * * *

Delusion is woven of imagination gone astray.

* * * *

Alas, humanity does not abide in the wisdom
It has with such suffering so repeatedly earned.

* * * *

Oblivion is the ground,
And imagination the seed.

* * * *

Some things need a different context
To be clearly seen in their entirety.

* * * *

How very unlikely that humanity
Will ever even come close to transcending
Its seemingly countless delusions.

* * * *

Once upon a time, we were all children;
Innocent, playful, prone to laughter and tears, empty.
And then the wind blew, and the rain fell.

* * * *

So much delusion,
Yet the world spins on,
Oblivious.

* * * *

Nothing matters but what You care that it matters.

* * * *

Ignorance seizes the day again and again.

* * * *

How is it that so many
Can exist so many years,
And still be so incredibly blind?

* * * *

Go, Quantum.

CCXXXIX

Whenever, however they may arrive, the pandemics,
The environmental and economic collapses,
All the countless consequences,
Of our synergistic design, are coming,
And the greatest challenge of those who survive,
As they align with their time, as they construct a new paradigm,
Will be to somehow, never again, recklessly, foolishly overlook, overplay,
The physical laws upon which this quantum dreamtime is founded.

* * * *

But first we must endure a harsh, nature-born calamity, a die-off,
On a scale that our species has never yet encountered.
A horror story that will make everything,
We have seen in our ascendance,
Look like a relaxing meander in the park.
A time that may well mold the mind into a new paradigm,
A rational trail from whence our descendants will not far wander again.

* * * *

Wisdom and compassion are hard-won in this callous world.
You must forgive your many trespasses
Upon so many.

* * * *

The irony is that those who attain leadership positions
Are so often incompetent or ill-suited by nature to lead.

* * * *

Neither is it what we imagine it to be,
Nor is it not what we imagine it to be.

* * * *

Some see more, some see less,
But we all see the same mystery
Ever cloaked by a sensory dream.

* * * *

Deities dissolve into You with the suspension of imagination.

* * * *

Why You?
Well, why not You?
After all, it had to be somebody,
And in this round, it looks like it was your turn.
Deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

History is an imaginary anchor in an eternal quantum illusion
That perceives neither space nor time nor beginning nor end.

* * * *

Just another of the many idolatrous forms
So-called religion so typically manifests.

* * * *

It always comes back to this.

* * * *

It is really just about breathing,
And listening very closely,
To the silence within.

* * * *

Is any given angel, really any more favored by the mystery, than any given demon?

* * * *

About this, be Self-conscious.

* * * *

Rest in peaceful assurance that Mother Earth
Will abide long after we are food for worms.

* * * *

After You walk away from enough roles, wear enough hats,
You discern that You have never really been any of them.
That You are in reality the great null and void playing,
In an ethereal quantum dream of conscious design.

* * * *

Woke up again today.

* * * *

This pulpit is a paper-only forum.
Anonymity assures a purity of form.

* * * *

No matter how discerning your vision,
You will not find anyone within.
You are really nothing,
But an imaginary sack of concepts.

* * * *

You cannot solve any given problem

Until You are willing to see the solution

* * * *

A fool loves his gold.

* * * *

What other exists in your mind, but the one You project.

* * * *

Each of us finds many different interests during a lifetime,
And stay with them for as long as they are somewhat interesting.
At some point many discern an interest in the mystery,
When that is said and done, they return home.

* * * *

Simple … pure … real … true …
What else, what more, could it be?
What else, what more, need it be?

* * * *

How is it that insignificant little ants believe God-Fucking-Almighty favors them over all others?
What arrogance, that they who are six-legged, do not comprehend human beings are the Chosen Ones.
They being the fifty-three hippies who make up a Northern California sect no one has ever seen or heard.

* * * *

All history is based on whatever happens right now.
Decisions are based on habit, and habits are subject to change.
Nothing need stay the same bur for one's attachment,
To the empty security of the mind's vanity.

* * * *

The personal I am
And the impersonal I Amness
Are very much the same,
Just different visions.

* * * *

It is impossible to measure
All the gold You truly are.

* * * *

The mortal dreaming of consciousness, is ephemeral in every form taken,
Despite the immortal nature, of that upon which it is all founded.
The patterning has created this dreaming, through an evolutionary process.
But the ever-changing stage, is only the given nature of eternity's quantum ground.

* * * *

The unknown is much greater than the pretense of knowledge.

* * * *

The witness awakens within the rare, and they discern, they explore,
Their brief time's version of the mystery, in its unfolding genesis.
And perhaps generate new narrations, for their future yet to come.
For those who will discern their moment's story of the source of all.
And on and on and on – so it goes – for as long as humankind endures.

* * * *

All have a vision,
Of what is real,
And what is not.
Some visions, however,
Depending on the degree of attachment,
Are more accurate than others.

* * * *

A choice in which there really is no choice.

* * * *

Being awake does not necessarily make life easier,
Merely more mysterious in an understandable way.

* * * *

What matter any of these thoughts
As You discern the true nature of the dream?
They are the paradox of consciousness.

* * * *

The analytical mind must avoid
Being trapped by its own analysis,
Critical thinking by its criticism.

* * * *

You are not obligated to anything
But through You own consent.

* * * *

What can You not imagine being
Which is, at the core, any different
Than that which You already are?

* * * *

Give the other no thought.

* * * *

The rare awaken one by one.

* * * *

Seeds are again and again
Replaced by the next generation.
Who can ever predict into what future
Any form will flower and abide.

* * * *

We measure . . . we measure . . . we measure.
How we do believe it so important to measure.

* * * *

Herein is described a drunk
That cannot be imagined.

* * * *

Surrender to the silence of the emptiness You are.

* * * *

Desire and fear operate in the field
Of time founded in the spacious void.

* * * *

What is written of here
Is much older and younger
Than any universe.

* * * *

A mantra introduces You to the field of sound within your mind..
Watch it closely until You discern the source from which it springs.
That is home.

* * * *

The guides are many,
But few start the journey,
And fewer still arrive.

* * * *

Desire and fear find no footing
In the stillness before time.

* * * *

Move slowly or move quickly,
The timeless is ever-present.

* * * *

What any other thinks about you
Need not be your concern.
Who can judge you

Who is not your own creation?

* * * *

Many speculate on the mystery in one fashion or another.
None is really any more bona fide than any other.
All are merely swirls of conceptual design.

* * * *

Getting home is much easier than staying there.
Consciousness is alluring in every way imaginable,
And the beguiling play of passion is not easily quelled.

* * * *

All paradigms are subject to change.

* * * *

Those who roam the vain fields of power, wealth and status
Are easily entangled in unenviable lives of hellish design.

* * * *

Why care what another thinks of You?
You are, no matter the reflection cast.

* * * *

That, too, may well be true.

* * * *

The patterning of seeds
Weave and waft to and fro
In the winds of eternity.

* * * *

Why bother with talk
If You have no intention
Of taking the walk?

* * * *

Change offers the opportunity
To fight, withdraw or embrace.

* * * *

Can any of us really change
Whatever it is that we say and do?
We are all locked in one pattern or another.
To see beyond all patterns is itself a part of the weaving.

* * * *

You perceive me, and I You,

And together we create a new moment.
Within the bounds of whatever has brewed before,
History will continue to weave the moment our synergy provokes.

* * * *

Rabid cynic, eternal optimist

* * * *

Every mind is a unique swirl of consciousness.
Some are grand, ecstatic celebrations of life's potential,
Others a descent through every fathom of purgatory.

* * * *

The human paradigm, the human drama,
Is at times so exhilarating, is at times so exhausting.
No wonder so many imagine good and evil, God and Satan, real.

* * * *

Once one fathoms the inner solitude,
The need for the many others,
Just sort of gradually,
Naturally takes a back seat.
Merely a means to dance, if You will,
In whatever way You will.

* * * *

You wonder what others think of You,
And again and again, it ever ends up being,
Whatever judgments You project into the translation.

* * * *

You think whatever it pleases You to think.
You achieve whatever it pleases You to achieve.
Yet, whatever melody You offer in the song of mystery,
Is it really any more than a choiceless choice,
Manifested of conscious design?

* * * *

Consciousness is merely a temporary fixation.

* * * *

From the moment any thought is expressed, any moment is experienced,
It undergoes a translation within the mind of the perceiver.
Who knows what human history would be,
Had so much not been altered in all the renditions.

* * * *

Would the mainstream Christian even know

What to do with the real Jesus if he were to return?
Odds are, they would martyr him again
Just to clear their conscience.

* * * *

Now rules.

* * * *

What is truly sacred but the nowness,
That ephemeral, ever-fleeting eternal presence,
That which has ever, yet never been.

* * * *

Meditation is complete surrender to the passing moment.
Pure awareness detached from the quagmire of mind and body.
A sober witnessing at the most essential level consciousness will allow.

* * * *

Surrender to that which frees You.

* * * *

Even the "I Am" is conceptual delusion.

* * * *

As long as You are in a conscious sensory form,
You will be forced to endure the suffering of separation.
And in that divisiveness, will in every moment,
Be the opportunity for reunification.

* * * *

Truth has never been all that popular.
Sex and Harry Potter are what sell.

* * * *

Revolutionaries do not tend to ask for permission.

* * * *

There's no point to reading any of this if You lack the doubt required.

* * * *

To see what it is, and what it is not,
Therein is the crux to any answer.

* * * *

For those who have no vision or ear for truth,
There is surely an expert in your future.

* * * *

A species whose selfishness
Permeates every choice
Will not long endure.

* * * *

Whether or not we know its currents, we all yield to the rip tides of history.

* * * *

Once again, the mystery is afoot
Searching for words to avert
Its being seen too clearly.

* * * *

The word is not the thing,
And from the quantum view,
The thing is not the thing, either.

* * * *

Ethics is the luxury of a full belly and a safe harbor.

* * * *

Patchwork solutions tend to get patchwork results.

* * * *

It is through dualistic relationship, that knowledge is imagined.
And often, alas, it is at the expense of others, that wisdom is gleaned.

CCXL

The limits of consciousness are the limits we define.

* * * *

Imagination takes itself so seriously.

* * * *

Absurd is the word.

* * * *

Another case of smotherly love.

* * * *

Death is merely a sleep
From which You in this container
Shall never again awaken.

* * * *

In complete surrender,
Could one be more free,
And still be conscious?

* * * *

You kill time until it kills You.

* * * *

Personal prejudice weaves its way into every thought.

* * * *

In the day to day of existence,
You must often pretend to care,
But in ultimate reality, You cannot.

* * * *

There are many plays and many endings.
In this play, there is only one.

* * * *

Your entire existence is wiped out
With a pause in consciousness.

* * * *

This is the book I wish I'd had
When it began so many years ago.

* * * *

Does it not all make sense?

* * * *

All complexities are imagined.
Reality is as simple as it gets.

* * * *

How many times have You been so lucky?
How many times has it all worked out?

* * * *

Pride is a harsh master.

* * * *

It is the game we play
Over and over again.

* * * *

What do You want from this mirage?
Your life's story is the telling.

* * * *

You cannot discern the eternal nature
If the storms of thought blowing about the mind
Are of more interest than the stillness.

* * * *

We are but a snag of consciousness.

* * * *

The greatest story ever told
Is really about you
In the most eternal sense.

* * * *

May as well relax.
It's all going to happen
With or without your consent.

* * * *

Air is just another form of earth, water and fire,
And the space from whence they are formed.

* * * *

The true unbeliever is agnostic.

* * * *

When it's kill or be killed,

What choice will You make.

* * * *

Attachment to the passage of time
Accentuates the suffering of consciousness.

* * * *

Play it again.

* * * *

A crashing wave
Is consumed by the shore,
And must withdraw to regain its potency.

* * * *

A fixed point is hard to attack,
And hard to defend, as well.

* * * *

How bound so many are to one geography or another.
Strange that we do not see the entire world,
The entire universe, as our home.

* * * *

And You were fashioned into one of the infinite faces of the mystery.

* * * *

To which graven image are You most bound?

* * * *

Regardless whether it is positive or negative,
The level of passion set the tone of the day.

* * * *

What part of now don't You understand?

* * * *

Too austere for minds relying on sensory devices.

* * * *

The continued survival of our species is only of concern to us.
The mystery doesn't give a diddly-squat what comes and goes.

* * * *

Your dream is whatever You think it is.
Nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

It is to a dream You are speaking.

* * * *

Forget every day.
Remember every day.

* * * *

It is only vanity that deprives You of a direct relationship with the mystery.

* * * *

Humanity races madly toward an extinction, born of its own synergistic choices.

* * * *

We are all cycles within cycles, patterns within patterns.
Why have we lost sight of this fundamental, undeniable fact?

* * * *

The mystery has walked upon the earth many times in many places,
Witnessing the evolving creation in countless guises.
If You have the insight and courage,
You will be one of them.

* * * *

Treat yourself at least as well
As You would a friend or lover.

* * * *

There are an infinity of experiences,
Which point to the true source within all.
No life is lived without opportunity to awaken.

* * * *

You do not need another to define the indefinable You.

* * * *

If You spend You life
Preoccupied with the many others,
You will never access your given original birthright.

* * * *

What solution can there ever be
If the problem is first not fully grasped.

* * * *

No matter the form allotted in time,
It is all You.

* * * *

Once You are lost to divine madness,
You cannot die again.

* * * *

You cannot become a sage
But through the minds of he other.

* * * *

Your fear of the other costs You eternal life.

* * * *

When You are merely the senses functioning, merely awareness, the other vanishes.

* * * *

Those who judge harshly seek out harsh deities.

* * * *

Die again today.

* * * *

Who am I? Maybe You can tell me.

* * * *

The other is a mold with dubious claim.

* * * *

And then there are those out of time moments, which memory cannot explain or contain.

* * * *

How meaningless to judge another, when it is You who has created them.

* * * *

Passion tends to create divisions that time, sooner or later, fashions into great divides.

* * * *

Try to remember this time.

* * * *

Why is it so difficult for the many to comprehend, they are of the divinity their presence implies.

* * * *

Every form has a unique capacity and inclination.
It is vanity that fashions caste systems,
That arbitrarily bind all.

* * * *

You desire the creation, and fear it, as well.

* * * *

The demons are among your greatest teachers.

* * * *

Time being what it is, the eighth day is well underway.

* * * *

All You will ever be, is already all You are.

* * * *

What will become of the human species, when civilization falls of its own conscious weight.

* * * *

The stream of consciousness
Is all the same ceaseless chatter
Echoing in the stillness prior to Om.

* * * *

There really is no mastery once You discern
All there is begins anew in each and every now.
The beginner's mind is really the only mind.

* * * *

It is a mystery, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Put all duality behind You.
Wander the only ground there is,
Peacefully solitary and free.

* * * *

You shield yourself in concepts,
And the pain of separation
Is like an open wound
You are too numb to feel.

* * * *

Discern what You are not,
And You will discover
What You truly are.

* * * *

If the other could truly offer You anything,
You would not be reading this twaddle.

* * * *

Until You are pure of mind,
The pain will each day continue

In all the many ways You have chosen.

* * * *

Where there is birth, there must inevitably be death.
All beginnings must succumb to one end or another.
Destruction is required for this creation to continue.

* * * *

It is no longer a statistic when it happens to You.

* * * *

No wind blows, no river roars, no fire rages
Forever.

* * * *

Where once a crossing or view was free,
Rest assured, a tollbooth will find its way.

* * * *

War is not a chess game.
Pieces do not die.

* * * *

To see.
What a blessing.
What a curse.

* * * *

Whether You are mind-numbingly aware,
Or blissfully ignorant,
It will all happen as it always has,
Right now.

* * * *

No matter how great You think You are,
You're probably still wiping your own rear.

* * * *

Curiously inevitable that one man's up
Is so often another's down.

* * * *

Eternity is now.
Eternal life is simply setting aside fabricated identity,
And living in the momentary awareness
Prior to consciousness.

* * * *

Watching everything.
Recording nothing.

* * * *

If humanity is not interested or capable,
Of perceiving reality clearly, then so be it.
Whether the water is polluted or pure,
We have no choice but to drink it,
If we wish to continue living.

* * * *

You may judge another harshly,
But what makes any of their choices
Any different than the many made by You?

* * * *

Brand new.
Again.

* * * *

Here to witness and participate
In whatever way the moment calls.

* * * *

It is the nature of life to adapt
To whatever circumstances prevail.

* * * *

How far You have come.
How much farther to go.

* * * *

If You believe only Jesus or Buddha or Lao Tzu, or any of the other big names,
Are the only ones who have some supreme deity's ear, You are blind and deaf.

* * * *

Many decisions to reach this point in time.
Regrets are useless distractions.
Learn from the mistakes,
Then let them go.

* * * *

Cut out the middleman.
Find the Way for your Self.

* * * *

Without a sense of history, culture declines, chaos ensues,
Until a new order amalgamates, and a new page unfurls.

* * * *

Go anywhere where people mill to and fro.
And You will see what a witness
You have become.

* * * *

How pointless all idealism regarding the human theater.
And yet, through it all, the thread of oneness is the source.
Irony and paradox, paradox and irony, again, ever again.

* * * *

Pause to remember what it was like
Before You began waking up,
And You will understand
Where all but a few
Will ever reside.

* * * *

There is no top, there is no bottom to the food chain.
Everything consumes, everything is consumed.
Time never dies, the circle is not round.

* * * *

The webs woven by spiders,
And those even more complex by humans,
Are really only different in form and scale and means.

* * * *

The higher You go, the less You care.

* * * *

In the end,
Life is little more,
Than a blink of the eye,
Or the in and out of a breath.

CCXLI

The answer to the question,
“Who am I?”
Is dauntingly simple.

* * * *

The mind of mystery is nearer than You think.

* * * *

The only real enemy is human vanity.

* * * *

From the beginning, we are all trained
To be concerned what others think of us.
That shaping, that molding, that conditioning,
Is the perdition of consciousness bound in time
To which so many minds without protest succumb.

* * * *

Be an absolute independent.
No ties, no binds, no commitments
To any form, to any concept, to any sound,
Completely, irretrievably, unapologetically alone.

* * * *

So many wayfarers are cast upon the rocks
By the sirens of passionate delusion.

* * * *

When nature is given a blind eye,
The superficial reigns.

* * * *

Would You even know
What to do with eternal life
If You knew You already had it?

* * * *

What is the body
But a wind-like flowing
Of flesh and bones.

* * * *

Be nobody’s fool.

* * * *

Nothing matters.
Nothing does not matter.
None of the above.
All of the above.

* * * *

The disintegration of a culture is not a pretty sight.

* * * *

The flurry of imagination permeates all.

* * * *

The Great Nada is veiled by a grand mirage.

* * * *

That which You truly are,
Is all the meaning and purpose there is.
Everything else, is but insatiable vanity and greed.

* * * *

Awash in the sea of relativity,
You wander aimless,
Sometimes free,
Oftentimes captivated
By the clamor of the senses.

* * * *

What doesn't kill You today
Will take another stab at it tomorrow.

* * * *

Few if any minds could handle
Sensory deprivation for long.

* * * *

It is in humanity's best interest
To synergistically discern
What words such as these imply.

* * * *

Mind-altering substances foster the latitude
To practice being free for the drug-free times.

* * * *

This vast universe had to be created
Because throwing a body around in gravity
Provokes far more illusion and delusion
Than is possible in a pointless void.

* * * *

Change your way.
Repent of all identification.

* * * *

Challenge Self-doubt.

* * * *

Each of us deceives our Self in so many ways.
The garden birthed of imagination
Is an infinite theater.

* * * *

There are few upon whom
A sincere, friendly smile or laugh
Does not work a wondrous transformation.

* * * *

To see beyond all forms
To see the infinity of all beings,
To see the matrix in which all forms dance.
That is the point of a life well-lived.

* * * *

Men set upon men for a happiness
They have given little to deserve.

* * * *

Once it has been reframed for what it is,
The human paradigm becomes just another obscure footnote,
In the universe's eternal kaleidoscoping.

* * * *

Even God is not invincible to time's fabrication.

* * * *

If You have to be martyred to have your message heard,
Then most were not really interested in the first place.

* * * *

To be concerned with what any other thinks of you
Is to build vainly upon the ever-shifting sands of time.

* * * *

How harrowing what life has in store for any of us.
Were You to know your fate in advance,
It might well be overwhelming.

* * * *

It is often in one's best interest to hold back
From many or most of the worldly temptations
Existence so regularly offers the hedonistic mind.
But, then again, what would be the pleasure in that?
Sooner or later, time will off You no matter what You do,
So, it all boils down to the trade-offs You are willing to make.

* * * *

Seek, and ye shall find,
For better or worse,
Whatever it is ye seeks

* * * *

Be content with the fact
That You really know
Absolutely nothing.

* * * *

We are all creatures of the sameness of the mystery.

* * * *

Oh, how we do likes our pleasure.

* * * *

Real revolution is the rebirth into eternal life.
It is the suspension of time born of consciousness,
And all the havoc of fabricated personal nature.

* * * *

To choose heaven is a quality of mind few can muster.

* * * *

Any given culture promotes its continuity
Through a process of indoctrination,
And though all are truly relative,
Most declare their supremacy
In one fashion or another.

* * * *

To ascertain the infinity of your absoluteness
Is a holy grail few can even begin to envision,
Much less quest.

* * * *

To be, or not to be, that is the question.

* * * *

Never –ist your Self by following an –ism.

* * * *

Do You have time,
Or does time have You?

* * * *

Completely alone and dissolving back into oblivion.

* * * *

Projecting your personal delusions upon some make-believe deity, does not make it so.

* * * *

All genetic ties are unsolicited,
And all too often more than a little painful.
Blood may be thicker than water,
But that's a moot point
When it's flowing
Down the gutter of a knife.

* * * *

It is tabula rasa until the intertwining
Of genetic disposition and circumstance
Start formulating a conscious design.

* * * *

There is no original sin,
Just a dualistic delusion
Of conscious design.

* * * *

This now is really no different than any other
That You have ever witnessed or imagined
Through the mystery-given awareness.

* * * *

You are the living mystery.

* * * *

A new paradigm must arise, must evolve,
If humankind wishes to sustain its narcissistic-hedonistic adventure,
In this imaginary garden of good and evil.

* * * *

Not likely,
But one can hypothesize the possibility.

* * * *

This moment is all that is offered.
To seek more from its constant passing
Is to suffer the consequence born of all illusion.

* * * *

It is unlikely that any mythical character,
Were You to somehow cross the barriers of time,
Would ever match the sketchy expectations
Brewed by the propaganda of time.

* * * *

Curious that so many egos
Require that others follow them
To sustain their self-worth, and support
The trivial need for one gratification or another.

* * * *

Insidious illusion

* * * *

Vanity hath no bounds.

* * * *

So clearly stated that only a clear mind can comprehend it.

* * * *

Bowing and scraping to your is not an act of faith.

* * * *

Fear is not a prerequisite to spiritual awareness.

* * * *

Death is about how and when, not if.

* * * *

Justice is little more than a euphemism for revenge,
Which is a state where forgiveness is excluded,
And the opportunity for redemption denied.

* * * *

The love that binds
Is not a love worth having.

* * * *

It is through relationship
That we all have the opportunity
To learn about our Self.

* * * *

Sooner or later, all lives must pay the death tax.

* * * *

There is really nothing more
You can do in any given moment
But witness the passing kaleidoscope.

* * * *

How can any deity be any less imagined than You?

* * * *

Ignorance is motivated and fueled by the furies of desire and fear.

* * * *

The nothing of everything is a curious mystery saturated with irony and paradox.

* * * *

Asserting something true does not make it so.

* * * *

Eternal life is not off in some future time, but right here, right now, in this very timeless moment.

* * * *

Ignorance will usurp anything for its own ends.

* * * *

When will eternity begin, when will eternity end, if not right here, right now?

* * * *

Why wait for Godot? He is already here and gone.

* * * *

The media often seems filled with people
Who, when they were children, and even more brutal,
Put insects in jars to see if they would fight.

* * * *

What is the body but a breeding and filtration unit
With a capacity to imagine itself something more.

* * * *

Just another life form miscast in a civilized world
Where Darwinian theory has been temporarily set aside
To allow the inadequate to not only survive, but to even thrive.

* * * *

Another day, another opportunity to be
Pleasantly lost, pleasantly confused.

* * * *

The ground is covered with the sheen of illusion.

* * * *

When given a plethora of meaningless,
Absurd and often pathetic choices,
Take your pick, and carry on.

* * * *

Suspend all sense of history, all imaginings born of time,
And You will discern why childhood seemed so eternal,
And adulthood so burdened by the delusions of mind.

* * * *

Just because they are different does not mean You are right.

* * * *

Right in plain sight; last place You ever think to look.

* * * *

Waking up to dread is no way to live.

* * * *

Piece-of-paper people really believe that piece of paper matters.

* * * *

Is there anyone who does not have a sense of what they believe is normal?
All are individual, intangible, arbitrary frames of reference.
Everything is normal; nothing is normal.

* * * *

Idealistic expectations have a tendency to end up awash in disappointment.

* * * *

To measure the immeasurable is an infinite undertaking.

* * * *

The Soul is without attribute.

* * * *

Whether by hand, rock, knife, arrow, bullet or bomb,
Whether by an individual, tribe, nation state,
Or any other collection of arbitrary will,
Killing is killing,
No matter the justification.

* * * *

The asymmetrical life is an existence rarely discerned.

* * * *

If those in the present time are at all concerned
About the well-being of their descendants,
Humanity needs to take a longer view
In their day-to-day decisions.

* * * *

There are consequences
To everything You do.
Some create bounty for all;
Others, destruction and desolation.
Being truly mindful in every step, every breath,
Requires great attention and insight.

* * * *

Experts, critics and other fools
Should have little to add
To this lengthy work.
All thoughts are clearly stated,
Many caveats are scattered throughout.
To spread anything askew should be all but impossible
But for the most profoundly ignorant, indeed.

* * * *

Sure, many of these thoughts could have been better said,
But what the heck, it was what channeled though.
And the harsh reality is that no one is ever
Going to read them all, anyway.

* * * *

A grand waste of time, eh what?

* * * *

I am You, and You are me, best wishes.

CCXLII

We have gazed across the cosmos,
And into the very heart of the atom,
Yet are still bound by limited vision.

* * * *

Consciousness is a portal,
Through which the oblivion of the mystery,
May be witnessed by those given the eye to see beyond the veil.
Totality is as infinite as one's cultivation of the inner eye.

* * * *

The fog of history's unfolding is an ever-present theater.
Consciousness is imploding upon its creation,
And the only question for the future is:
Will whatever remains be pathetic or profound?

* * * *

What would the so-called heroes of yesteryear do in this precipitous, unwieldy point in time?

* * * *

Who can account for any tomorrow,
When it is this very right-here-right-now through which,
We must somehow first manage to navigate.

* * * *

From a smattering of knowledge,
Blooms an opinion.
From opinion, assertion.
From assertion, hypothesis.
From hypothesis, theory.
From theory, truth.
All just smattering away.

* * * *

If You want to play up, You must behave up.

* * * *

Just remember, my unruly friends, the Grand Pooka,
Is watching your every move, hearing your every thought.
He is keeping a list, and will be checking it thrice,
When it is your time to come before Peter,
The Chief Pearly Gates Inquisitor.

* * * *

What is life but the consumption

Of one experience after another.

* * * *

Lao Tzu was not a Taoist,
Christ was not a Christian,
Buddha was not a Buddhist,
Nor was Krishna anything Hindu.
Why should You adhere to any -ism?
Why should You label yourself any -ist?

* * * *

The whole point of seeking,
Is to discern You are the mystery,
To discern You are the one and only One.
Anything less, is the fog of purgatory.

* * * *

Followers are an insipid lot.

* * * *

It is your attachment to sensation
And the thoughts it invokes
That binds your spirit.

* * * *

What in any God's name is there to prove?

* * * *

There may be nothing new under the sun, but it is all new in your translation.

* * * *

Be sure to give yourself some time each day
To let the attachments of the mind fall away.

* * * *

Another form dead, broken, destroyed,
Its brief purpose done, its hour in time complete.
Everything the same, the play churns on.

* * * *

To live for what any other thinks,
Is, indeed, the road to perdition.

* * * *

The mind is akin to an engine sustaining the movement.
The trick is discerning when to be in gear,
And when to disengage.

* * * *

Forget going out with a bang.
Already the whimper sounds.

* * * *

Every witness, every form,
With any consciousness whatsoever,
Renders a universe scaled by the limits of imagination.
The true mystery, call it whatever You will,
Is prior to all perception.

* * * *

One must be fearless to doubt beyond all conclusions.

* * * *

Discern that place where no direction is known.

* * * *

Are those who want to lead You, really anyone You want to follow?

* * * *

What carnival will be endured this day?

* * * *

Grasping infinity requires a capacity for stillness.

* * * *

Unwrap your head around it.

* * * *

Although the real You is ultimately, infinitely perfect,
Consciousness is obviously, absurdly rife,
With imperfection and limitation.

* * * *

What hooks You in your version of the world?
To care, or not to care, that is the question.

* * * *

A cosmos spun of nothingness,
That You might both enjoy and agonize,
In nearly every way imaginable,
Until death do You part.

* * * *

Infinity truly hath no bounds
But the limitations of conscious design.

* * * *

The entire universe is brewing,
With the pulse of your heart's every beat.
There is naught but You in each and every breath.

* * * *

To discern this ultimate view,
Is to discover the source of all mysteries,
The taproot of all existence, the foundation of all rivers,
Returning to the unborn-undying ocean, mother of birth and death.

* * * *

Ultimately, the narrow vision of self-absorption,
Closed in on humankind, and the remnants of the humbled species,
Were left to struggle, as their ancient ancestors had, before the rise, before the Great Fall.

* * * *

To which now were You referring?

* * * *

History continues to reiterate itself because patterns of limitation are not readily changed.

* * * *

Know thy Self, and discern
There is nothing at the core.

* * * *

A head crammed with imaginary concoctions
Cannot be relied upon to hear anything new.

* * * *

The gap between what You think and what You do
Is the make of your soul.

* * * *

The urge to be known
Is a pattern of consciousness
With which each of us must contend.

* * * *

Why drive when a walk will get You there less quickly.

* * * *

Another birth, another death.
Like drops flowing, inevitably evaporating,
Again and again, forever again.

* * * *

You will find it where there is nothing to measure.

* * * *

Even nothing doesn't matter.

* * * *

Why settle for a paltry empire among men,
When all creation is yours for the knowing.

* * * *

What is there to believe in
When You are that
From which all belief springs.

* * * *

When all creation is viewed as energy flowing,
Then all movements are but variations.
Of earth, wind, water, fire,
Playing to and fro,
Through the ether of eternity.

* * * *

Errors of judgment, mistaken assumptions,
Will bring about grave, possibly fatal consequences,
If impacted by masses and velocities, ill-advisedly vectored.

* * * *

Born in obscurity, his chief aim became to partake,
Many adventures, and an inevitable number of follies,
And still manage to retain a relative level of anonymity,
Lest the endless temptations of vanity further entice him,
To a more inflated level than he was already inclined.

* * * *

Just more crap that you're going to forget anyway.

* * * *

The ignorance of so many others
Is most assuredly not your bliss.

* * * *

Is life any more than a whirlwind
Of nothing's much ado.

* * * *

The countless lies of vanity,
Are uttered in every way imaginable.
Humanity's Tower of Babel has, indeed, bloated,

To too lofty an arrogant height from which to gracefully fall.

* * * *

Both literally and figuratively,
You are herein offered nothing.

* * * *

Even da Buddha, in all his enlightened bowl-cleaning,
Must have eyed a shapely form on occasion.
Else-wise, why would he make,
Such vain commotion about everything?

* * * *

How precarious any conclusion.

* * * *

If You get the drift,
You glean that eternity
Yields to nothing.

* * * *

All life forms must endure a variety of calamities
On the winding journey up the steps of guillotine.

* * * *

Just another self-absorbed ego
Burdening as many as possible
With its megalomaniac obsession.

* * * *

If Jesus did not diddle Mary Magdalene,
Or at least a randy disciple or three,
What sort of Son of God was he?

* * * *

Death just sort of happens, when every last recourse is beyond any control.

* * * *

Be wary how much medicine You take, and when, for not all prescriptions craft the same dreamtime.

* * * *

To wander, anonymous,
Without leaving a burdensome path,
Should be the freeing aim of the everyday philosopher.

* * * *

The fall is much greater from great heights.

* * * *

If words are true, they will ring across all time and circumstance.

* * * *

Even those who know it well, must inevitably repeat the follies, punctuating any given history.

* * * *

What is the body but a quagmire of chemically induced confusion.

* * * *

Turn your cheek too many times, and You will likely get a broken jaw.

* * * *

The sword and the pen both have their days.

* * * *

Hobbies and interests keep You occupied until dust clouds the vision.

* * * *

Pathetically absurd.

* * * *

Sip of reality whenever possible in the course of any given day.

* * * *

All the memories, where do they go?

* * * *

The dogs of war are a mangy lot.

* * * *

Megalomania is a commonality among those the masses so loyally, so blindly, so foolishly, follow.

* * * *

There is no superior culture, no greater culture; only what You are used to.

* * * *

How demented will it get? Perhaps even your deity of choice does not know.

* * * *

The senses provide the data, but it is the mind, it is imagination, that gives them order.

* * * *

Behind any given mask, it is all very much the same.

* * * *

History is the flux of the moment's unfolding.

* * * *

Each of us lives in a cosmos all our own,
And few will ever embrace, unconditionally,
Another's peculiar, imaginary vision of reality.

* * * *

What have You ever really done?

* * * *

The desires of mind and body
Are a ceaseless flowing.

* * * *

To see, cease to be.

* * * *

Are You a body? Are You what You do?
Are You what You believe? Are You a soul?
Are You really-truly-actually anything,
But a dream born of imagination?

* * * *

Born of nature's spontaneity, consciousness fabricates an order, with which it can abide.

* * * *

Ultimate reality is what it is, and no belief, no matter how profound, can touch, much less change it.

* * * *

Much ado about something, that was never really a question.

* * * *

How can You hold onto nothingness?

* * * *

Be wary of being reborn into yet another delusion.

* * * *

How infinite all the possibilies.

* * * *

To disengage from that which is known,
Without compass or sail or rudder, is the choiceless destiny,
Of those embracing of the nondualistic reality.
Of the all in one, the one in all.

* * * *

Discern behind the mask, and it will be obvious that it is true for all.

* * * *

Taking pride in being a follower,
Part of a flock regularly sheered by a middleman,
Is just another deluded excuse for lacking the courage and capacity,
To own the infinite sovereignty inherent in all.

* * * *

Jesus, or any other so-called savior, will never be the answer,
For those with the penchant, the aptitude, the hunger, for truth.

CCXLIII

Freedom is not a political or economic or religious issue.
It is the quality of Self prior to any point of reference.

* * * *

In order to experience fully everything imaginable.
The mystery had to splinter totality into the illusionary all.
We are all sovereign parts of the unfolding genesis.

* * * *

Those who vainly climb worldly peaks,
Have yet to discern the timeless sovereignty;
The birthright that is inherently equal in all.

* * * *

Idolatry is the egocentric worship of any manifest form or concept; Mammon is a squalid, selfish deity.

* * * *

It is as plain as the nose behind your face.

* * * *

Imagination's only limitation, is when it gets caught in a loop of its own fabricated design.

* * * *

You cannot tame the wind, nor contain it in any form.

* * * *

Despite being the same essence at the foundation,
All manifest forms are inevitably bound,
By one limitation or another.

* * * *

Why is it so challenging, so difficult, for so many to discern,
That the artist, the brush, the painting, are all part of the unfolding mystery.
That creation and evolution are interlinked, simultaneous realities.

* * * *

The mystery is the voice babbling in your mind.

* * * *

Where is a good flood when You need it?
If You must pray, pray for a swift-terrible pandemic,
To waylay this mad sprint toward the cliffs.

* * * *

Any creation given to time,

Be it painting or writing or child,
Is but a brief, futile stab, at immortality.
One doomed, as are all conscious endeavors,
To be casually swept back into eternity's dusty hall.

* * * *

Absolutely everything across the universe,
Including the seemingly endless flow of creations,
Inspired by the ever-moving human mind,
Is a function of the rhythm of nature.

* * * *

Life is a quantum repast.

* * * *

It is too simple for all the words,
And other intellectual pursuits in the world,
To ever more than remotely grasp.

* * * *

You want order?
Seek it in the chaotic ground.

* * * *

Be cautious whom You dethrone.
The next tyrant might well
Troll greater depths.

* * * *

Desire is an insatiable furnace.

* * * *

The greatest error made by followers of any storyline
Is believing reality can be bound by any mythology.

* * * *

Vain attempts to hold on to anything
Only encase You in ceaseless suffering.

* * * *

The realization of inner peace
Can only happen when you
Stop trying to hold onto it.

* * * *

Is there any point to anything less
Than a direct, indelible connection
With one's given absolute nature?

* * * *

If You are bothered by the devil,
He already has You in his clutches.

* * * *

Good breathing kills You.

* * * *

The human paradigm is roller coaster
Slowly, inexorably buckling at the seams.

* * * *

The personal nature is but a distraction.
Pride is always false.

* * * *

Gluttony inevitably makes that little roll of flab
Into a belt-buckling, unhealthy monstrosity.

* * * *

Desire is the prison,
And fear the guard.

* * * *

Everyone dies.
Some just get to attend more funerals.

* * * *

Just another form of the seemingly endless vanity
Invoked by the self-assertions of consciousness.

* * * *

The effort to become the sum of one's thoughts
Is likely the painful downfall of any who attempt it.
Pride is the disconnection from the source of Eden.

* * * *

Do not expect that which is mystery, to align with any form of absurdity.

* * * *

You want so badly for the illusion
To have some meaning or purpose,
But the intrinsic ever-changing nature,
Will only be whatever delusion You prescribe,
And that, too, is endlessly ever-changing.

* * * *

The true spirit of communism

Is not even feasible as the paradigm
Of conspicuous self-absorption now stands.

* * * *

The idolatrous mind creates
An endless array of forms to deify.
Few ever clearly discern that all manifestation
Is finite and temporary, and therefore
Never more than illusion.

* * * *

In any given situation, what more can anyone do
But that for which the moment seems to call
To the best of their interest and capacity.

* * * *

Idealism is a common cause of suffering for many.
The gap between expectation and reality
Can be cavernous, indeed.

* * * *

As well-intended as all the prophets,
Sages, saints and philosophers may have been,
None have yet fundamentally altered
The human paradigm.

* * * *

Nature crushes all who do not abide
The way-given rules of the theater.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is an impersonal affair
Having nothing to do with the vain concoctions
Of any geographical circumstance.

* * * *

We are each our own particular brew of babble.

* * * *

The entire human drama all boils down
To the synergy of capacities and limitations
Interacting in every conceivable manner.

* * * *

Within any given attachment,
The wise plant a seed of detachment.

* * * *

What do any of us truly know
Beyond the limits of imagination?

* * * *

God is a synonym, a metaphor, a symbol, for the unknown.

* * * *

Superstition is the brew of fear and lack of critical thinking.

* * * *

Consciousness is not nearly as monumental, nor sacred,
As so many across this spinning orb have contrived to believe.
It is little more than a relatively cursory, peculiar storm.
An entertaining flurry within the infinite stillness.

* * * *

From any given beginning, to any given end,
All history is nothing more than a temporary assumption,
Born of the drive of consciousness to be more than it can ever be.

* * * *

The river only stops cutting
When it ceases flowing.

* * * *

Go away kid, ya bother me.

* * * *

Label and destroy.

* * * *

No one is holier than thou.

* * * *

For all practical purpose, as well as for all impractical purpose,
If there is a separate deity, or if there are separate deities,
You are to it, or to them, in the most relative sense,
What a microbe, or a speck of dust, is to You.

* * * *

Death trumps all.

* * * *

Any given spark of consciousness is fired by the same cosmic engine.

* * * *

What will hook your attention this day?

* * * *

A fascinating thing how bitterly we all get along.

* * * *

It is You who must declare peace with the world.

* * * *

It is close attention that solves any given problem.

* * * *

So infinite as to be true.

* * * *

All quite explicable in an inexplicable way.

* * * *

Any given point of reference
Is an arbitrary, relative concoction
Birthed of the same quantum essence.

* * * *

Do with it whatever You will.

* * * *

Don’t deny it.
We’re all tripping.

* * * *

Whatever You think, kiddo.

* * * *

What a mirage, all consciousness.

* * * *

So predictable as to be interesting.

* * * *

In the quest for reality,
There is no one to follow.

* * * *

Something like that.

* * * *

You can only know
What the infinite database
Allows your perception to glean.

* * * *

Insanity is just a dysfunctional frame of reference, seeking balance in its own peculiar manner.

* * * *

To claim there is a God,
Or to claim there is no God,
Are both delusional assertions.
In truth, You do not know anything.
To be agnostic is the only true bearing.

* * * *

The Soul is one in all, and all in one.

* * * *

The chick hatches when it is good and ready.

* * * *

Floating in awareness.

* * * *

A fair portion of any given history is always lingering between the lines.

* * * *

This cosmos may well be but one facet,
Of a grand crest-jewel of infinity's sizable mystery.
For all we can possibly know, there might be gazillions more,
Well beyond what contemporary technologies are capable of discerning.

* * * *

At the moment of life's conception,
The trap is sprung, and the game afoot.

* * * *

But for your own fictitious, vain disposition,
There is no real need to continue,
Any particular patter.

* * * *

Space and time are the movement of the mind,
From quantum to the forms inspired by light and sound.
At the point of awareness prior to consciousness,
There are no differences whatsoever.

* * * *

For all its assertive capacity,
To manipulate its birthing ground,
Humankind gives relatively little scrutiny,
To the future it each and every moment creates.

* * * *

Is so-called civilization
Really all that much superior
To that labeled barbarian?

* * * *

A still mind is a clear, receptive pool.

* * * *

For those partial to deep inquiry,
These thoughts may be well-suited.
For those not so-inclined . . . party on.

* * * *

Who is the master, who is the slave?
In the end, all fates find the same grave.

* * * *

The sage discerns the randomness of choice, and acts accordingly.

* * * *

Across the universe and beyond, see your Self.

* * * *

The imperative of any given seed is the architect of all destinies.

* * * *

Cleanliness may be next to godliness, but then again, so is dirtiness.

* * * *

The resources to continue the human drama are depleted.
The apex is quickly passing in the rear-view mirror.
Time's remainder is the battle for the remains.
This spinning globe can offer no more.

* * * *

Any given existence is chock full of decisions,
That might well have been different,
At different junctures.
Regrets,
As futile as they are,
Seem, indeed, forlornly inevitable.

* * * *

Thanks for nothing.

* * * *

Through the apex
Humanity has wandered.
Where to hence is the last question.

* * * *

What is bliss but another veil to be transcended.

* * * *

I Am
Is all any can truly say.

* * * *

Anything born of Maya can never be real and lasting.

* * * *

Truth is not for those tethered to living.

* * * *

It is difficult for any to see clearly
When surrounded by blindness.

* * * *

Whether You witness,
The essential nature or not,
It cannot be denied or discarded,
For its reality, like it or not,
Is what You really are.

* * * *

Curious how some behave,
As though they had never even met,
And shared that brief moment of communion.
Verily, what a strange, disconnected species we are.

* * * *

These writings, too, can be used to bitter ends,
By the many whose predictable nature it is,
To manipulate and subjugate their world.
Be very wary lest You again fall prey,
To the twisted whims of some other.

CCXLIV

Most seem content with a lie they call truth.

* * * *

Eternal life is not subject to any history, any timeline;
Any tradition, ritual, symbol, or time-bound facade, whatsoever.
It is the awareness prior to any conscious design,
Prior to any pretense of separation.

* * * *

To take absurdity seriously is a sure road to perdition.

* * * *

What history really teaches is to take nothing for granted.

* * * *

No matter how tangible or subtle, any given manifest form is a creation of the same elemental nature.

* * * *

Who can truly know when any shell will crack open, and a new life begin?

* * * *

Acting is an intimate portrayal of imagination pretending.

* * * *

Everything is quite magical in a most ordinary sort of way.

* * * *

All identification is in reality a temporary lie,
Born of consciousness's unwitting self-deceptions.
To realize the timeless, ephemeral awareness,
Is as true to form as any can ever get.

* * * *

A true human being knows it is not.

* * * *

Funny how something
You thought was so clear already
Often becomes even clearer.

* * * *

Life is a privilege, not a right.

* * * *

Be what You truly are,

Not what You think You are.

* * * *

Any culture that loses respect for,
And common courtesy toward others
Is condemned to disarray and dissolution.

* * * *

For the direction to change,
The human paradigm must drastically shift,
And a new synergy evolve.

* * * *

Hurry, White Rabbit, hurry!
There is little or no time remaining
To ponder destiny, or to even procrastinate.
You're late! You're late!
For a very important date!
No time to say hello, or goodbye!
You're late, you're late, you're very, very late!"

* * * *

None other than the one and only One it Self.

* * * *

Surrender to the grand indifference.

* * * *

The myth of Jesus
Should probably be rated up there
With the Easter Bunny, Tooth Fairy and Santa Claus.

* * * *

Unfettered breeding paves the road to chaos.

* * * *

A cynic is an idealist
With a mind turned around
And the perfect disposition above.

* * * *

History is taking us all on a wild, crazy ride.
A roller coaster on a track that is shaking loose
On a structure that is buckling at the seams.

* * * *

An eternal dust storm
To which the senses and mind

Fabricate arbitrary order.

* * * *

The whole point of this entire charade
Is to wake up.
Everything else is a means to that end.

* * * *

Peace is a state of mind.
Manifest it within,
And it will harvest without.

* * * *

The maelstrom of dust is You forever and a daze.

* * * *

The haze of mystery is within us all.

* * * *

Falsehoods played out long enough
Have a tendency to achieve
Their twisted ways.

* * * *

Another day of quantum dreaming.

* * * *

There is nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

The inner war of Soul continues.

* * * *

Windows of opportunity appear and disappear
In the wisps of time's mysterious unfolding.

* * * *

Power and fame and fortune, what bothers.

* * * *

Arrogance wanders every venue,
Some more wearing than others.

* * * *

It ain't a choice thing.

* * * *

Cultivate contentment as best ye may.

* * * *

The food and drink consumed
By all creatures small to great may vary,
But from the quantum perspective,
All shit and piss is equal.

* * * *

Every life form has a story,
And it is the synergy of all stories
That paints the future presently unfolding.

* * * *

Any given personality, any give character, is ever an imperfect infirmity of mind.
An outcome of the genetic lottery and environmental influences.
Attempting to be perfect is merely another ideal,
Another distraction, another attempt,
To fit into the vanity of one mindset or another,
To survive, in whatever geography You have been spawned.

* * * *

Alas, once again, contentment proves to be
A most challenging state of mind to attain.

* * * *

So many duplicating,
Repeating, mimicking, rehashing
So many things first done
So very long ago.
Por que?

* * * *

Whether these many thoughts
Aid in creating a more unified mindset or not,
That was their Soul intent.

* * * *

Much pondering
About that which few
Seem interested in hearing.

* * * *

Getting an award after You are dead
Seems more than a tad ironic.

* * * *

Despite humanity's ceaseless attempts
To understand how this moment in time came to be,

The full story will never be accurately known.

* * * *

Just because everyone else
Believes one deception or another
Does not mean You must pursue
Any particular rhyme or reason.

* * * *

The whole issue of freedom revolves
Around whether You are content to continue be a prisoner
Of the countless propagandas born of time.

* * * *

To deny miracles is to understand
The fundamental physics
Of natural law.

* * * *

To which modern times are we referring?

* * * *

All stories, no matter how seemingly profound,
Are fundamentally the proof of imagination.

* * * *

Funny how the journey
Seems to bring You back
To where You started.

* * * *

Truth is born of simplicity,
And will ever remain the means
By which it is discerned.

* * * *

Do not confuse simplicity with simple-mindedness.

* * * *

Think of death as just a really good night's sleep.

* * * *

Miracles are the invention and puffery of superstition.
Scientific observation often disproves or expands,
The context of the many fabled stories of old.

* * * *

Overwrought ego can lay a trap for any fool.

* * * *

Glory and infamy.
Same thing, different daze.

* * * *

Who to feel most compassion for,
But the countless creatures small to great,
Who have been undeservedly decimated and tortured,
By the vain wrath of the human storm.

* * * *

Humanity's modus operandi is so immersed in vanity,
That most cannot even fathom its fundamental delusion.

* * * *

Oh, would that You could take back all the cruel things
You have purposefully or inadvertently done to others.

* * * *

Love thy Self.

* * * *

To thine own Self, be true.

* * * *

You are the way, the truth and the life.

* * * *

Who is more sane?
The spirit who discerns s/he,
Is the immortality of the essential nature,
Or the one believing the whim of mortal individuality?

* * * *

If this perspective was commonplace, what sort of paradigm would evolve?

* * * *

History is but the foggy vapor of imagination.

* * * *

To define yourself through the past
Is to fail to discern new opportunities
Provided by the unfolding present.

* * * *

Whatever You may do
To ignore, dispel or change it,

The essential fact remains the same:
You cannot alter reality.

* * * *

Time is nothing more than a neurological imprint.
A biological stratagem for survival.
All continuity is fabricated.
Cause and effect,
Is a collusion of evolution,
A mutation of the mind's urge to persist.

* * * *

Each of us has created a life,
Unique in its own peculiar montage.
Each of us offers a role no one else can play,
All are, in reality, one and the same,
In this song of mystery.

* * * *

Everything is relative; nothing is not relative.

* * * *

Why imitate any other? An original life is its own reward.

* * * *

It is in balance and moderation, that life is most serenely lived.

* * * *

That is, indeed, the unflinching irony of it all.

* * * *

More blah, blah, blah.

* * * *

If the mystery does not care about You, why should You care about it?

* * * *

Another whimsical paradox, to be sure.

* * * *

To arrive is to die to time.

* * * *

Ice hangs, snow drifts, water drips, steam wafts; so much changing, all the same.

* * * *

Consciousness is not the Soul.
It is a brief manifestation of the essential nature,

Which is the Soul of all creation.

* * * *

What a mystery an open heart.

* * * *

Havoc boils, serenity steeps.

* * * *

Ponder how worn the mountains,
And wonder at how many times
The rivers have filled the seas.

* * * *

The Hierophantic News.

* * * *

A safer bet was never made.

* * * *

Knock, knock, who's there? Nobody knows.

* * * *

The pulse beats fast, the pulse beats slow; how wondrous the heart that endures.

* * * *

The sundry things misplaced through slights of mind,
Some are rediscovered in places most likely,
Others dally in nooks and crannies,
Perhaps never to be found.

* * * *

Daft buggers, what point to this intrepid madness?

* * * *

Irony bites again.

* * * *

The order of mind and all its myriad creations,
Although as much an outcome of nature as any manifestation,
Lacks the random spontaneity that rules the garden.
To return to Gaia, one must transcend,
Into the order of chaos.

* * * *

All meditation practices
Are much ado about nothing.

* * * *

Many a heart falls upon its own mind.

* * * *

How utterly inexplicable this mystery of existence.

* * * *

Rules are for those unable to endure
The unremitting spontaneity of it all.

* * * *

Whether for good or ill,
Few undertakings seems impossible
For the passionate mind.

* * * *

If there is perchance a supreme deity,
It surely must be utterly mad at having to endure,
The unending states of war human imagination hath wrought.

* * * *

The apex of an unsettling dream.
Major changes coming.
Bummer, man.

* * * *

Just a new layer of conceit concocted by another self-absorbed ninny.

* * * *

Talk has never been a very expensive commodity.

* * * *

The shogun marches off to conquer the world; the gardener remains, and creates a universe.

* * * *

Each moment the universe is forgotten and remembered again.
The eternal unfolding set before the senses is indeed unyielding.

CCXLV

We are all very present in the ever-unfolding moment.
The same awareness abides in an unimaginable number of forms.
Each feels distinct, yet all are ever the same indivisibility.

* * * *

Martyrdom is just another dead end
In vanity's smoke and mirror maze.

* * * *

What can be imagined can be experienced.

* * * *

Any steaming pile of shit
Can believe itself a mountain,
Or a puddle of piss, a lake.

* * * *

Peering out from your sensory quantum dream,
The universe is created of an infinite data bank
Sparked by the nuclear reaction of imagination.

* * * *

Learning to discern reasonably clearly
Who You can trust, and who You cannot,
Can be, indeed, a repetitive dilemma.

* * * *

Some patterns are challenging to decipher.
There are times You must stare at something in the face
For a long while before You finally see it clearly.

* * * *

How far will science meander
Before consciousness tumbles
Upon the blade of its own creation.

* * * *

What a fine mess we're drifting into, methinks.

* * * *

Endurance.

* * * *

A lone pause, a lone comma, offered up to history's latest pages.

* * * *

Whooh-hooh.

* * * *

When the mind is still, each moment passes timelessly.
The more complicated one's existence, the more tethered one is
By time, desire, fear, anger or any other passing passion.

* * * *

The Way is indefinable simplicity,
And to flow effortlessly in any given moment,
One must inwardly cease all ambition to become anything.
Literally.

* * * *

Why is it so hard for so many
To believe this may be
All there is?

* * * *

Wake up, wake up,
Wherever You are.

* * * *

Preaching to the choir
Is a diddly-squat waste
Of good walking time.

* * * *

Is fear ever inspiring?

* * * *

Recollection is the challenge.
It is so easy to forget again and again,
To fall into the abyss of delusion.
And yet, does it really matter?

* * * *

Naaahhh!

* * * *

I Am . . . the Way . . . the Truth . . . the Life . . .

* * * *

The best walk, the best sit, the best breath . . .
Really, the best anything . . .
Is done without intention.

* * * *

Nothing remarkable.
Nothing . . . remarkable.

* * * *

Observe the infinity about and within you
Without interference from any outside influence,
And You will clearly discern for your Self
What is true and what is not.

* * * *

It is a question of perception.

* * * *

Tick . . . tock . . . tick . . . tock . . .

* * * *

When You have seen whatever it is You have needed to see,
When You have been whatever You have needed to be,
Then You will, perhaps, be prepared to die to it all.

* * * *

Who can say if or when,
Or if not or when not?

* * * *

Many hold on to their early conditioning,
Never expanding into a broader,
Less parochial vision.
The confines of ignorance
Are bliss for some, torture for others.

* * * *

There's nothing to see, nothing to do,
So much nothing until the day is through.

* * * *

The path to end all paths journey . . .
To be continued.

* * * *

The mind naturally seeks to solve problems,
Even the impenetrable, insoluble ones.
The result is an endless pack of lies
Filed under belief, faith and hope.

* * * *

Scientific procedures have enabled

A more complete examination of the mystery.
It is far less likely that natural physical laws were suspended,
Than cultural groupings throughout the world in ancient times were unable,
To discern clearly the seemingly haphazard events about them.
Instead, most conceptualize paranormal explanations,
To deal with the many inexplicable hardships,
With which they were forced to daily contend.
A completely logical means of coping with events.
But more often than not, an incomplete set of assumptions,
That disallow, often with great passion, more supportable conclusions.

* * * *

So much struggle, and for what, really?
Savor what time You have as best You may.
A brief dream, none ever the same in every way.

* * * *

Pink: The color of blood-stained panties.

* * * *

The deity of time hath no fury but the mind.

* * * *

Idolatry is the worship of tacky, secondhand figurines.

* * * *

Another mediocre, dubious mind-made creation.

* * * *

Stuff your head as much as You please; see how much it hurts when goes pop.

* * * *

Conditioning blinds all who lack the spirit to question.

* * * *

You do not require permission from any other to wake up.

* * * *

The Grand Nada.

* * * *

Just going through the motions at this point.

* * * *

The fruit of Eden was self-absorption.

* * * *

A log full of termites doesn't last long.

* * * *

This is the book for my future Self.

* * * *

Why follow an agenda dictated tens,
Hundreds or thousands of years ago?
Odds are they were as demented as we,
Perhaps even more so.

* * * *

Why are so many afraid to declare independence
From those who would chain their soul?

* * * *

Travel as far and wide as You will,
Eventually You realize your own back yard
Was the same infinity.

* * * *

Everyone does what interests them if they can, and most will consider it all-important.
But in the end, it is only their imagination, that fuels their self-absorbed path to glory.

* * * *

A mind in which every assumption is questioned.
Is a mind less and less burdened by the day to day.

* * * *

In the end, it will be as it was from the beginning.

* * * *

Bullshit, bullshit, bullshit, so much bullshit.

* * * *

The last desire is craving nothing, so badly, You can no longer taste it.

* * * *

The pond, unruffled by wind or ripple, is a solitary, placid dream, indeed.

* * * *

When given a variety of interesting choices, the true hedonist does them all, as many times as possible.

* * * *

In inner death, there is eternal life.

* * * *

All that craving, where doe it take You?

* * * *

Romantic notions are challenging to maintain for long.

* * * *

Michael of Hughson.
American Krishna.

* * * *

Isn't everyone their own unique eccentric blend?

* * * *

Almost every problem that faces
This human calamity in the making
Is about: Too . . . many . . . people.

* * * *

Would a kilo by any other name weigh the same?

* * * *

Rush . . . rush . . . rush . . . to the next stop sign.
And the next . . . and the next . . . and so many well beyond that . . .
Tortoise and Hare again and again and again.

* * * *

Well done, minion.
You serve my purpose well.

* * * *

Another unfolding tragedy.

* * * *

One end of the tube is connected to the other,
With a biological meandering septic system between.
You might say even shit wanders aimlessly.

* * * *

It is so simple
That anyone ensnared in semantics and rhetoric
Will miss it entirely.

* * * *

If You are asked to conform,
It is dogma, not truth.

* * * *

Another non-issue given much ado.

* * * *

The Apocalypse is the ongoing battle
Over which illusion will dominate
The arid plain we are creating.

* * * *

Give yourself over to doubt.
It is the fulcrum to immortality.

* * * *

What discussion can there be
With someone who has not
Done the assigned homework.

* * * *

The madness that is divine.

* * * *

A mind in which every assumption is questioned
Is a mind that discerns all limits are imagined.

* * * *

Sugar, flour, caffeine, alcohol, drugs
And other pleasures of the senses and mind
Weave into enticing temptations in ever so many ways.

* * * *

Your mortal container
Cannot be embalmed forever.
Dust is as dust does.

* * * *

What dreams are yet to come in this grand play?

* * * *

Another futile attempt to reign in the madness.

* * * *

No matter how You say it, it is all You.

* * * *

So sorry.

* * * *

Few hear the mystery's call.

* * * *

Without great doubt, You will never be free.

* * * *

Mine the earth to its core,
Inevitably, it only has so much to give.
You are offered only so much before the bell tolls.

* * * *

Nothingness ever abides
In the illusion of somethingness.

* * * *

Crack the shell of your mind.
Fly free.

* * * *

Grasp what is between the lines
Of any religion or philosophy
In any geography throughout history,
And discern for your Self the truth and lie in all.

* * * *

Attachment to idolatry runs deep in the human psyche.

* * * *

Perception is all.

* * * *

Debating over which religion or philosophy is supreme
Is akin to a quibble over which curtain best covers the window.

* * * *

We are not at all important to the cosmos, or our imaginary deities, as we choose to believe.

* * * *

Curious how women love babies and glitter,
And men, sharp blades and dreams of pussy.

* * * *

Cling, baby, cling, until your mind slips away.

* * * *

We are only as important to the theater
As we have wit and savvy to survive
Our seemingly relentless absurdity.

* * * *

It is the deepest jungle,
The emptiest desert,
The swiftest river,

The farthest shore,
The highest mountain.
There is no corner of the infinity
From which it does witness the unfolding.

* * * *

We all seem to be channels to one destiny or another.

* * * *

You play out the restlessness of desire,
Endure the accompanying shadow of pain and fear,
And yet, are they truly any different but through the drift of imagination.

* * * *

Come now, is any of it really worth taking so seriously?

* * * *

Consciousness is viable only for as long as life's dreamy epoch is allowed to carry on.

* * * *

You are an unfolding function
Of that mystery which is prior
To all form and consciousness.

* * * *

Sodoms and Gomorrahs
Are inevitably, irrevocably consumed
In the flames of their own depravity and corruption.

CCXLVI

You are the universe that is uncreated,
Intractable, invisible, inexplicable,
Unknowable and indivisible.
But to the inner eye.

* * * *

You are closer to it than You think.

* * * *

The Soul is not an individual, personified thing.

* * * *

So many causes founded
Upon that which is causeless.

* * * *

Imagination's manifestation.

* * * *

You cannot perceive any movement
But through the relativity of stillness.

* * * *

All the theatrics of light
Are merely the play of refraction
As perceived by the eye of the perceiver.

* * * *

Be here now.
Tomorrow will give You the opportunity
To be here now then.

* * * *

The wealth valued by the idolatrous mind
Only creates more insecurity and suffering.

* * * *

It means whatever You believe it means.
Maybe.

* * * *

Regrets are only another means
For the mind to dally in distraction.

* * * *

Religions are merely parasitic institutions
Which more often than not disable
Those they claim to serve.

* * * *

The known born of the garden
Has blinded humankind
To its eternal reality.

* * * *

A free mind is not bound by any experience.

* * * *

Who will ever read this?
The nowhere folk, of course.

* * * *

The body is the vessel,
The mind the tiller,
The heart the sail,
The world the sea,
And the soul the wind.

* * * *

Just another metaphor to grasp and release.

* * * *

How many children
Are not born merely of lust,
Frivolous whim, or familial obligation?

* * * *

A philosopher is a lawyer
Trying to recover his soul.

* * * *

At what point do You let go of
Prejudice and hate can only dissipate
When intelligence sees through
The myriad differences.

* * * *

Form and function must be in balance,
Else the teetering mix will inevitably create
Unreconcilable confusion and havoc.

* * * *

Your trials are your own,

But they are not so different
From anyone else's as You might
Mistakenly wish to believe.

* * * *

Sounded good at the time, anyway.

* * * *

It's old, new, and the future, too.

* * * *

Biology in time being what it is,
You must become more disciplined, not less.
The secret to good health that has never really been a secret,
Ever remains: Eat right, eat less, walk more.
You got given what You got given.
Take care, or pay a price.

* * * *

Set your sights only on differences,
And that is all You will see.
Set them on unity,
And You will be all that is.

* * * *

In an unbound mind, the flower of the eternal blossoms unrestrained.

* * * *

To claim some supreme being exists, is to utterly misunderstand the nature of eternity.

* * * *

Joy is unity with the quantum hum.

* * * *

Another imaginary soul.

* * * *

To drift without meaning or purpose, is the purest, most fulfilling state of awareness.

* * * *

Imagination's wispy dream materializes yet another dawn.

* * * *

Damnation realized.

* * * *

Very challenging to be honest with your Self, when caught up in the web of self-imagery.

* * * *

Are not there enough stories for us to see, how they are all fundamentally the same?

* * * *

There is no novelty that does not usually very quickly lose its sheen.

* * * *

Nothing means nothing.

* * * *

Forewarned does not necessarily mean forearmed.

* * * *

Lacking vision, we totter through a hell of our own making.

* * * *

It is not the good who die young, it is the lucky.

* * * *

New age, old age, what age is any age, but yet another now.

* * * *

Even if You never once discern the truth of it, You are it, You have ever been it, You will ever be it.

* * * *

Cute does not necessarily equal good.

* * * *

Despite all its assertions, humankind is not the be-all-end-all of this mystery theater.

* * * *

How bored the absentee landlord, must be with our endless babble.

* * * *

Born of a quantum universe, a quantum cosmos,
The mind is an ongoing nuclear genesis.
Conception is the big bang; death the big crunch.
And life is a mysterious dream for as long as biology allows.

* * * *

Watch your delusions.

* * * *

What does history teach us but that we are very forgetful.

* * * *

You cannot fill the emptiness; You can only witness it.

* * * *

From dust to dust, with a splash of mud between.

* * * *

Rushing from one experience, one goal to another,
What time is there to savor the momentary awareness?

* * * *

Nothing really matters.

* * * *

Curious how it is so challenging for humanity, to discern and embrace the quantum layers,
Of physics, chemistry, biology, together creating and evolving the dream,
In which all forms across space-time equally contribute.

* * * *

If all this gibberish seems rather legalistic,
It is only a vain attempt to impart,
A clear vision of reality.
Pay no attention
To that man behind the curtain.

*** * * ***

Breed on.

* * * *

If You really crave the quality of mind,
Implied by words like serenity, happiness, joy, contentment, peace,
You will not rest until You find it.

* * * *

Did You choose to be You, or are You a spontaneous outcome, of the holographic changing?

* * * *

All that pride will not do much for You six feet under.

* * * *

To even label it a universe, is to quantify and limit its eternal reality.

* * * *

The spirit of the truly righteous shines as no other.

* * * *

Where is the fear? Where is the desire?
Where is the thought of this or that?
Examine it very closely, and You will discern,
It does not exist, except in the weavings of imagination.

* * * *

The mind is a maze of its own imagination.
To step back and discern that from which all dreams spring,
Is an eternal journey for which few are cast.

* * * *

Just what is it we are always,
So adamantly projecting and protecting?
To take anything personally is the ruse of imagination,
To which all humankind repeatedly succumbs, again and ever again.

* * * *

To be reborn, You must die.

* * * *

With every particle of your beingness,
Become that which is mystery.
Surrender every form of resistance,
Until You are consumed by the only reality.

* * * *

You have only dreamed this universe real.
The joke is on your Self, You forgetful fool.

* * * *

Eternity is birth, preservation, death; all in the same instantaneous now.

* * * *

Personality is merely the reaction,
To the individual blend of desire and fear,
With which all minds must contend.

* * * *

We are all born ignorant of our ignorance.
For whatever reason, many if not most, seem to live out their lives,
Contentedly or not, lolling around in its muck.

* * * *

All that restlessness of mind and body, casts You into so many adventures.

* * * *

There would be no light without your reflection.

* * * *

Curious how all possibilities seem to be allowed.
Does not seem to imply there is really much judgment going on,
Except in the willy-nilly minds of the human unkind.

* * * *

If we collectively wanted it, to be anything other than it is, it would be.

* * * *

Another enticing breeder tugs at ye old delusion.

* * * *

The mind is a creature of habit.

* * * *

You must enjoy your mix of desire and fear, else it would not hold such sway, over your sojourn in time.

* * * *

Consciousness gives consciousness value, yet from whence it comes, has nothing to say or offer.

* * * *

Whether as clear as a cloudless dawn,
Or as murky as the muddiest water,
Consciousness is consciousness,
Differentiated only by thoughts,
Streaming its eternal timelessness.

* * * *

Who now knows with any certainty,
What contortions future generations will take,
To abide the dreamtime, we have all aided in shaping.

* * * *

Observe the stillness, before and after, “I Am” ripples forth in thought.

* * * *

Passion can be an intoxicating addiction.

* * * *

Only an open, clear mind, can solve any given problem.

* * * *

What time creates, it also destroys.

* * * *

No thought can ever more than point out the subtlety of this mystery of existence.

* * * *

Most merely regurgitate what others regurgitate to them.

* * * *

It’s all about vanity, kiddo, it’s all about vanity.

* * * *

Curious how so many would trade the wonder of Eden for a pile of gold.

* * * *

The harvest of judgment is hell.

* * * *

Though You may have been someplace,
Ten thousand times, or many more before,
This is the only time in this particular here-now.

* * * *

What is blasphemy, but any attempt to organize the spiritual nature,
Into a religion, into a groupthink, into an idolatry of form or concept.

* * * *

Here we all are, in or very near a fine mess,
Clinging to all our individual and collective dreams.
Very curious, indeed, how the world turns.

* * * *

In any given instant, a new universe spontaneously unfolds.

* * * *

Each breath is a new opportunity to divine the mystery.

* * * *

Are You dreaming God? Or is God dreaming You? Or perhaps, one in the same.

* * * *

History is yet another form of idolatry.

* * * *

Why are You so attached to a pile of dust?

* * * *

What this now?

* * * *

Whatever it is You crave or fear or dread or love or hate,
Is really of your own mind's imaginary devising.
It is all just sensation of quantum creation.

* * * *

So many mirages.

* * * *

Set down the many means to violence and war,

And ascertain the inner peace in what You truly are.
To battle outwardly is to miss the greatest opportunity,
To merge inwardly into the absoluteness of totality.

* * * *

Can You change your mind?

* * * *

Die content.

* * * *

Scholarly efforts are vaporous absorptions.

* * * *

Your mind is your creation,
And however it may have come to pass,
Ultimately, You must bear all responsibility for it.

CCXLVII

What is this spinning orb but compacted lint?

* * * *

There may be angels rooting for humankind,
But it is we who must endure the many ripples,
We have so carelessly, needlessly invoked.

* * * *

From oneness comes the many; to the oneness, return all.

* * * *

Arguing this or that insanity, is like crows cawing, to a deaf wind.

* * * *

Creation, genesis, big bang, turtles up and down.
Call the origin of this magical mystery theater whatever You will,
The stage is merely an on-going quantum storm,
Evolving into sentience.

* * * *

Blaming it on a devil,
Is just another delusionary denial,
Of humanity's responsibility for its own muddle.
All deities and demons are imaginary creations of conscious design.

* * * *

How many believe their spiritual pacifiers are agents of truth?
That their beliefs, their symbols, their rituals, their costumes, their traditions,
Safeguard them from the reality that all dreams are imaginary.
Akin to balloons, that a mere pinprick of reality,
Rapidly deflate into nothingness.

* * * *

So many subtle and unsubtle ways,
Concocted to take ourselves seriously.
How long will the earth bear our delusion?

* * * *

Observe each unfolding moment, as if it were both the first and the last.

* * * *

We are human by design; not necessarily disposition.

* * * *

To be considered a madman in this inane world, may well be one of the highest compliments.

* * * *

You can only be as free as You dare to be.

* * * *

Surrender is an effortless element of beingness.
Indivisible, complete, untainted, whole.
Untouched by sensory reality,
In any manifest realm.

* * * *

Through these words, within all dreams, You will know thy Self

* * * *

So much absurd confusion, about something so simple.

* * * *

These are observations of a separate reality,
Snapshots of perception from an individualized mind,
Temporarily trapped in the sensory snare,
Of manifest space and time.

* * * *

Your attachment to pain and pleasure,
To the body in which You temporarily dwell,
Is the source of all manifest suffering.

* * * *

The world has no claims, upon those who see as isness, that they are its creator.

* * * *

The confines of all organized religions, are to be transcended by those, born to see the only truth.

* * * *

As long as You have need of the reflections of any other,
You will reside in the bondage of space and time.
You cannot discern the Self of awareness,
Until You cease being distracted,
By the many minions.

* * * *

Opinions are akin to waves,
Crashing again and again upon the rocks.
A ceaseless, noisy huff and puff,
That means nothing,
To the vast ocean beyond.

* * * *

Good and evil are vain notions, born of self-absorbed consciousness, and its endless plays of duality.

* * * *

So many jabber away, repeating whatever inanity, was put in there last.

* * * *

What is any dream but what You think it is.

* * * *

You always thought it was rather perplexing,
How different You felt from others.
Now it makes more sense.

* * * *

How difficult it is to resist opening the senses, to the theater playing itself out about You.

* * * *

No going back now.

* * * *

The difference between good and evil,
Right and wrong, or any other dualistic notion,
Most often depends on what side of the field is wandered.

* * * *

The end of space and time is boundless.

* * * *

Women and children, men and war.
Creation and destruction,
Ever entwined.

* * * *

The dreamy mystery of it all seems such
That You will attain what You want
Until You crave it no longer.

* * * *

What would life be like, if one's eventually death, was not a predicted reality.

* * * *

If the ancients had possessed telescopes, microscopes,
And all the advanced technologies we now take for granted,
Would they have set in motion the innumerable religions,
Which now weigh us down with idolatry and conflict?

* * * *

Clear observation of this vast mystery, is a function of how thorough, we are in the looking.

* * * *

Idolatry is defined as extreme admiration, love, or reverence, for something or someone.
Synonyms include fetishism, idol worship, adulation, adoration, reverence,
Veneration, glorification, lionization and hero-worshiping.

* * * *

If the shoe fits, wear it.

* * * *

History will regard this piecemeal treatise as it does all revolutionary attempts.
Sometimes embraced, sometimes condemned, sometimes forgotten.
It all depends what minds of the time are capable of seeing,
And the changes they may be inspired to make.

* * * *

Should one accept everything and doubt nothing,
Or accept nothing and doubt everything.
Surely, there must be compromise,
Lurking in there somewhere.

* * * *

Either/or is more often than not, a most dubious proposition.

* * * *

Be very wary of translations, including your own.

* * * *

Quest the meaning of these words unto thine death.

* * * *

At the core of the universe, there is no me, myself, and I; there is only a quantum oblivion.

* * * *

There is, indeed, a mystery at the source, but that which many call God, is nothing to take personally.

* * * *

If the thought fits, own it; if not, there are plenty more out there calling for your attention.

* * * *

As with any conceptual apparatus, money will reflect the intent of the user.

* * * *

Oxford American Dictionary defines vanity as excessive pride in,
Or admiration of, one's own appearance or achievements,
As well as the quality of being worthless or futile.
It is also a dressing table.

* * * *

Is any one of us really all that different?

* * * *

Challenging to play a pawn's role, when You are at the same time, witnessing the entire board.

* * * *

The advent of technology-based thinking,
Has tacked humankind's course into uncharted waters.
Amazing how, for mountains of gold, and hollow echoes of glory,
We adulterate and destroy the only home, upon which we will ever, can ever, reside.
There is little anyone can do, except again and again resignedly point out,
That in some inevitable moment, in a time likely not far away,
Mother Nature will nonchalantly re-assert her way.
And that tipping point will come, will go,
Without any fanfare, whatsoever.

* * * *

Any economy is only as viable, as the resources fueling it.

* * * *

Surely, You do not believe You are the only one.

* * * *

Knowledge is always susceptible to synapse collapse.

* * * *

Grant yourself permission to think and do and go, wherever it is You need to think and do and go.

* * * *

There will be time enough to die.

* * * *

Sometimes the most obvious things are the hardest to see and believe true.

* * * *

The fabrications of consciousness are all You know.

* * * *

In any given moment, inattention has the potential to get You zapped.

* * * *

Contentment is less about, what You may have accomplished, as much as it is being the moment You are.

* * * *

Hard to be at peace within, when You are so attached without.

* * * *

Individual universes being the dreams they are,
There is always something lost in any translation.

* * * *

Why do You need anyone else to tell You who or what You are?

* * * *

What a merry mess we have mad of our opportunity to be the caretakers of Eden.

* * * *

Does any other creature who ever existed, make the effort at living that we do?

* * * *

Curious how, for piles of gold, and hollow echoes of glory,
We adulterate the only home, upon which we will ever reside.

* * * *

True faith does not require prayer.
That is left to those who are engaged,
In the remedies of superstition and hope.

* * * *

Who would have us?

* * * *

Opening your life to the realization of totality,
Really depends if You are at last ready,
For that which is prior to all paths.

* * * *

These many thoughts flowed freely,
From a mind filled with the insights of innumerable experiences.
Best wishes to all upon which this vast mystery,
Bestows a heartfelt breath.

* * * *

Whether they see it or not, all are ultimately responsible for their portion, of the dream of consciousness.

* * * *

Wherever You set your feet,
Place your hands, or recline your head,
Discern the contentment offered,
In each and every moment.

* * * *

Lend a hand, but do not give it away.

* * * *

Whatever your past, your surrender makes You worthy.
All sin is washed away within the true seeker of union.

* * * *

The key to true wealth has nothing to do, with anything this world can ever offer.

* * * *

So few cultivate and nurture the garden, for the unmanifest to take root and flower.

* * * *

Exorcise the universe from your mind, and You will see the source of all things.

* * * *

Within the stillpoint,
Of each and every here now,
Is the freedom for which You eternally long.
It is the intuitive window from which truth is seen and spoken.
Its reckoning can only clarify when worldly priorities,
Are surrendered to the all-discerning gaze,
Of oblivion's awakened witness.

* * * *

Even with lifetimes of practice,
The so-called masters,
Must begin anew,
Each and every moment.

* * * *

For You to grasp words of wisdom,
You must have, through the distillation of life experience,
Through the cultivation of a frame reference that encompasses and embraces the all,
Discerned the awareness, the inner light, that is your eternal birthright.

* * * *

So many ways, that which is mystery can be named,
And still never, even for a single moment, be touched.

* * * *

What attachment we have, to sound given meaning.

* * * *

What twaddle that this plane of existence,
Is claimed more or less spiritual than any other.
Everything is absolutely connected; there is no other.

* * * *

The play of consciousness, spins distinctions from nothing, and ever again vainly asserts them real.

* * * *

The ultimate goal of the only real question,
Is to leave You without any meaning or purpose,
But what the ever-unfolding moment intuitively entails.

* * * *

The awakened mind is akin to that of a watchful hawk.

* * * *

No authority can sway You,
But through your own fearful consent.
Attaining authorship of one's own conscious design,
Is an immortal quality of existence,
Few ever discern.

* * * *

Can You discern joy in the web of time,
Or must You die to it completely,
To gain the eternal salvation,
Of that which is timelessly indivisible.

* * * *

Words must be used to point to that, which no word can ever grasp.

* * * *

What is the point of all this suffering, in which we ever again muck about.

* * * *

Attaining eternal life is merely surrender,
To the ever-unfolding momentary nature;
A union of awareness within and without.

* * * *

The path full of dead ends and wrong turns,
Is for those satisfied with an endless stream of labels.
A maze by any name confuses the same.

* * * *

The questions cease once it is clearly seen, there is no answer any words can ever grasp.

* * * *

What is there, really, to learn?

* * * *

Words are like a fog, only the sun of awareness, can clearly dissipate.

CCXLVIII

We are all so equal in so many different ways.

* * * *

Mind and body are merely vehicles,
For the unmanifest to briefly witness,
The vastness of its eternal mystery.

* * * *

A life devoid of Self-examination, is, truly, a missed opportunity.

* * * *

To possess a quality of mind, free of ceaseless, insatiable appetites,
Is an attitude toward existence, esteemed by few, eschewed by most.

* * * *

The innumerable infernos of passion,
Are temporal, and gradually diminish,
As the eternal becomes Self-evident.

* * * *

To value a mountain of gold,
Over a universe of dust,
Is a narrow, suffocating reality,
To which the only real antidote is death.

* * * *

The strong become feeble,
When passion's roaring, ill-tempered wave,
Crashes upon the still, dispassionate inertia of a sandy shore.

* * * *

Is there anyone in this world who does not inevitably fall,
Into the hellish depths of their own desire-filled creation?

* * * *

Live quietly, and avoid whenever possible,
The innumerable things that aid and abet,
Unnecessary suffering of mind and body.

* * * *

You can discuss and inquire,
With the many others,
But there is no one to follow.
The herd cannot, and likely will not,
Discern that which is eternally obvious to You.

* * * *

When craving is seen for what it is,
What need for the psychological security,
Offered by the minds obsessed with mammon?

* * * *

Even the most stunningly beautiful, one day wake up a dusty skeleton.

* * * *

The temporal inevitably plays havoc in minds, steeped in the endless craving of consciousness.

* * * *

Time cannot do more than tantalize You with serenity.
It must end for that reality to manifest in daily living.

* * * *

If You cannot face off Maya toe-to-toe without desire,
What good are all the words denying your craving?

* * * *

You may countless times recast the players in your dream,
But the play of the passionate mind ever brings about,
The same predictable ends all attachments bring.

* * * *

It is the habitual mind-lock that manifests the binds in time.
To discern the end of the rutted path is to flow freely,
In the unicity prior to all sense of separation.

* * * *

You will attain the joy and serenity, You believe You deserve.

* * * *

What can You truly offer anyone?

* * * *

You will never find, any deity outside your Self, to be anything more than a concept.

* * * *

You keep trying to fill your Self, upon this world's illusions, but it is like gulping air, so quickly expelled.

* * * *

You enunciate your awareness of the Way, in whatever means aptitude allows.

* * * *

Awareness is awareness, no matter the imprint of consciousness, framed upon it.

* * * *

What You believe the world is, it is; but is it really?

* * * *

Believing You are an eternal trail of lifetimes,
Is only another trap of ego's false identification.
Yet more delusion woven into an imaginary reality.

* * * *

Wanting something, to become something it is not, can never make it so.

* * * *

Is any deity anything more than another concept, another invention of consciousness?

* * * *

We are but microbes to a larger eye.

* * * *

Why depend on what others said,
Hundreds or thousands of years ago,
When your perception now is just as real.

* * * *

The great silence of the ancients,
Probably came about because they had,
So much less absurdity to unravel.

* * * *

A key that does not fit a lock, can never open the door.

* * * *

Just a quantum cowboy, galloping the quantum divide.

* * * *

Human consciousness is woven from the will of the herd.
Few wander beyond the illusory security of the pack,
Into the aloneness that sculpts all things surreal.

* * * *

Time erodes like an avalanche.

* * * *

If You could really rely on some deity,
Why would any of this conflict,
And endless confusion,
Be necessary?

* * * *

You are not what anyone thinks You are, nor are You what You think You are.

* * * *

What is the infinite mind, but the You of awareness, prior to space and time.

* * * *

That which cannot be known, cannot be easily remembered, and is exceedingly easy to forget.

* * * *

Another day, same mystery.

* * * *

Creativity is its own reward.
Great if it also gets rewarded,
In one way, or perhaps several,
But enjoying the process,
Is first and foremost.

* * * *

Hate to pop your bubble, but I cannot help my Self.

* * * *

Study anything, anytime, anywhere, but idolize no one, nor any thing.

* * * *

As challenging as it may be to believe,
You are a twinkling of the mystery's creation,
Creating a dream of space and time,
From an eternal tempest.

* * * *

Get over yourself.
Fuse into the big picture,
A mish-mashing, hodgepodging,
Of every potential under any given sun.

* * * *

The predictable patterns of habitual thinking, echo again and again in any given mind.

* * * *

Death becomes You.

* * * *

Yesterday and tomorrow, are left to your imagination.

* * * *

Have You ever met a label, that did not fit one nook or cranny or another?

* * * *

What a chewable masterpiece You are.

* * * *

Does desire ever grow old?

* * * *

All your resistance only makes life more painful.

* * * *

So many believe You chose to be born; another speculation impossible to prove.

* * * *

You are just a mobile plant, wandering the mountainsides, rather that flowering in one spot.

* * * *

Those who need the other, who fear obscurity,
Will carve a niche in which they gain,
The attention they crave.

* * * *

Consciousness seeks activity,
In whatever way the senses trigger,
The interest of its interminable movement.

* * * *

Suddenly, it all makes sense.

* * * *

It is only consciousness that bothers about all this.
That which we idolize has very little to do,
With any given cause or effect.

* * * *

As You would any muscle, flex the mind intensely, then allow it to unwind for the next round.

* * * *

Share the vision of eternal awareness prior to consciousness,
With all who have the ears to hear, the eyes to see,
The tongue to taste, the touch to feel,
And the nose to smell,
The mystery,
That ever remains unknown.

* * * *

Crave until You crave no more.

* * * *

Another dreamy moment, brought to You by your Self.

* * * *

Admit it, we are a cancer,
Slowly consuming the only host,
Upon which we are likely to ever abide.

* * * *

If there is a supreme being,
Rest assured its vanity,
Is in reality no different than your own.
Even the greatest deity is bound by the mystery of its mystery.

* * * *

Decisions made in the younger years become foundations,
Sometimes fortunes, sometimes blights, for the older ones.

* * * *

Another temple in the Church of Reason.

* * * *

Such a bewildering quandary humanity faces.
How to preserve what it has, get more of the same,
And then somehow replace what is already forever spent.

* * * *

What so many call God, is really neither good nor evil;
Merely all the options and potentials of any given moment.

* * * *

How quickly the wall approaches.

* * * *

What irony, what paradox, that if humankind did somehow manage to discover another feasible paradise,
And then cultivate the resolve and technology to journey across the great expanse to reach it,
It would inevitably only be a matter of time before the new Adams and Eves,
Began mucking it up just as perversely as we have this Eden.
You can take the monkeys out of the jungle,
But You cannot take the jungle out of the monkeys,
No matter how far they wander through the mystery they are.

* * * *

You cannot always sit upon a mountain, or by a river.
The bustle and tussle of life draws us all,
To the plebeian strata.

* * * *

No doubt. many others could have penned this more adroitly,

But no one else was interested, so there it is.
Deal with it as best ye may.

* * * *

Despite our beyond-the-pale capacity at manipulating,
The many gradations of this dreamtime mystery,
We cannot forever toy with Mother Nature,
And not expect there to be severe consequences.

* * * *

Pretending to really know something, can never be the same as real knowing.
And it is a very real truth, that so many things in this inscrutable mystery, can really never be known.
So it is really much more real not to pretend, not to feign, not to assume.
To be agnostic is far more humble, far more real.

* * * *

Create, preserve, destroy,
In whatever order, or disorder,
Circumstance and inclination allow.

* * * *

A peaceful, content heart, is not an easy thing to maintain, in a world so full of strife.

* * * *

Everything has been done under the sun,
So unless You feel called upon to do it once again,
Sit back, breathe content, and enjoy the show as best ye may.

* * * *

There is reality, and then there is what we all,
In our own particular way, want reality to be.
A very flexible thing, this vaporous mystery.

* * * *

You are not your body, your thoughts, nor your actions.
You are naught but sovereign witness to eternity's,
Grand, holographic, kaleidoscoping mystery.

* * * *

How pathetic that madmen and children,
Always seem to set the course,
Of the human epic.

* * * *

Allowing the mind to be still, simply its own awareness, is an arduous challenge.

* * * *

From the genesis of all things, everything resides,

In ever-widening layers of holographic context.

* * * *

The intelligence that leads to insight and wisdom is a rare commodity.

* * * *

From a seed, existence takes root.
For an allotted, limited period of time,
Fate plays out in the field of imagination.

* * * *

Here again to help You find your way home.

* * * *

Revenge has a way of taking over.
The irritation that spins into raging hate,
Is an energizing, intoxicating brew.
How good it feels to those,
Who feed upon it.

* * * *

Armageddon is an imaginary field of battle,
Created entirely from the vanity,
Born of separation.

* * * *

All is imagined.
Sip blissfully, merrily, joyfully,
From the trough of unadulterated awareness.

* * * *

No use regurgitating memories,
You can never change, never rewind.
Find contentment, in the likely fact,
That they would not be repeated,
If the opportunity arose again.

* * * *

The river of imagination runs deep and swift in its endless delusion.
A firm detachment is required to discern the Self that is truly You.

* * * *

Live and let live, live and let die, die and let live.

* * * *

The mind wanders to and fro, grokking this and that,
Ever striving to fathom the world it has divined,
In its brief, meager portion of existence.

* * * *

Everything is imagined.
To be clear of ceaseless chatter,
One must be inwardly still, even in movement.
Arduous, exceedingly arduous, indeed,
To be unfettered by any claim.

CCXLIX

The unending inevitability of time,
Of clocks and calendars incessantly ticking and turning,
Can be more than a little maddening.

* * * *

Despite arrogant assertions of caste regarding everything angelic to demonic,
All have equally valid roles in the grand magical mystery theater.
No one can be excluded from the dream's curtain call.

* * * *

There is no other.
Merely innumerable venues,
From which to witness the eternal theater.

* * * *

No needs to concoct and idolize a deity, Mr. Einstein.
Any given moment is enough to verify the truth,
That no limitation can ever reign supreme.

* * * *

It must be true; everything else is just too absurd.

* * * *

It may well be boredom, rather than money, that is the root of all evil.

* * * *

The mundane is just as magical, as any so-called mystical event.

* * * *

Some say it is this way; others that.
I say it is all ways, and no way.
All creations of the mind are relative,
Fabricated, arbitrary, quixotic make-believe.

* * * *

Inevitability cannot be more than toyed with.

* * * *

The human species is tacking a course, set long before consciousness, bubbled into being.

* * * *

More gimmicks, more toys, more blah-blah distractions, from the awareness of now.

* * * *

Regarding truth, there is nothing more, any other can really give You, that is not already yours.

* * * *

To argue with a meme anchored in ignorance, is an argument You are bound to lose.

* * * *

Here we all are buying,
More of the same, over and over.
Seeking happiness in the isles of consumption.

* * * *

Declare peace within.

* * * *

What can You possibly be, but that reality which words, can never truly ascertain.

* * * *

Sometimes You are so self-absorbed, as to see nothing else.
And other times so expansive, as to contain anything and everything.
How mysterious the mind that wanders the serendipitous dream.

* * * *

All science can ever really do
Is observe that which is observable,
And measure that which is measurable.
The rest of the story ever remains unknown.

* * * *

The only sense, that can discern beyond its radius, is the non-sense.

* * * *

The mystery can never be known; only experienced in the living.

* * * *

Infinity is beyond any grasp of imagination.

* * * *

When all is said and done, word and number games have a strong tendency, to mean diddly-squat.

* * * *

We are all just carbon monkeys, dreaming one meme or another.

* * * *

Nothing lasts forever.

* * * *

Like rubber bands and balloons, the world can only stretch so far.

* * * *

In any given Ponzi scheme, those who come later are fated to lose.

* * * *

All human personalities, share imaginary adaptive responses, to time and circumstance.

* * * *

The interweaving nature-nurture of any given seed line,
Is an infinite venue for the amusement of the grand witness.

* * * *

Every thing has its limits.

* * * *

These writings are not intended,
To found a new philosophy or religion.
Consider it instead yet another futile attempt,
To awaken and re-align the vain human paradigm,
With a greater awareness of that ultimately real and true.

* * * *

The young know no different, and so carry on in whatever way, their time and circumstance allows.

* * * *

As challenging as it may be to fathom, no one is entitled to anything but what fate allows.

* * * *

How can any translation ever be at all accurate?
There are far too many differences in any given mind,
To ever completely fathom another's perspective.

* * * *

The foundation of previous eras is ever born out, by the innocence of youth's fresh beginnings.

* * * *

Yes, Wendy, there is a Pan in every man,
As there is a Wendy in every woman.

* * * *

Pain and suffering are the distillers of wisdom.

* * * *

The honest truth is I do not have a clue,
What the heck is really going on here,
Nor, in all frankness, do I really care.

* * * *

We are all traces of the many faces in our lives.

* * * *

What horror this day?

* * * *

The mad rush of civilization is a careening freight train,
Racing toward the cataclysm of a bridgeless crevasse.

* * * *

A man should never ask permission from any woman to be a man.
Nor should a woman allow herself be defined by the shape of her ass.

* * * *

We must all figure out our minds, else we shall lose them.

* * * *

No other can connect the dots for You.

* * * *

Those rare few who slip through the net of conditioning,
And evade the many dangling hooks in pursuit,
Are free to explore the infinite expanse,
Of that beyond all reckoning.

* * * *

Ignorance compounded daily.

* * * *

The grand holograph is absolutely indifferent,
To that which it each and every moment,
Creates and preserves and destroys.

* * * *

Only illusion suffers.

* * * *

The infinite mind; an unknowable space, in which to be, or not.

* * * *

No castle or sword is necessary, to maintain this sovereign realm.

* * * *

Why do so many always try to improve, upon that which is has ever been perfection.

* * * *

From the sap-filled elasticity of youth,
To the rigid, stark, decaying husk of old age,
You will ever be the same eternal fountain of youth.
You are beyond the innumerable cycles of birth and death.

You are the unborn residing within and without,
Bound only by imagination's tethers,
To the myriad masks of form.
You are truly the infinite tranquility,
In which chaos plays out the highest order.

* * * *

The seeking eye of inner vision,
Opens further and further,
Until there is nothing,
That is not one,
With that which seeks.

* * * *

The few so easily lead the many, to the slaughterhouses of ignorance.

* * * *

Payment for today's many excesses, will, with interest, be collected, in one morrow or another.

* * * *

It is never hard to see, for those willing to look.

* * * *

So many believe, that because they do not know someone, or are not in some way related,
That it is permissible to rape and pillage them, in whatever way they, or their group, wills.

* * * *

How pathetically we manifest our potential.

* * * *

To be your Self rather than yourself,
To be completely, drunkenly immersed in unicity;
Even the vaguest perception of any other, dissolves into oblivion.

* * * *

Self-preservation is not the issue.

* * * *

The well-being of all creatures small to great,
Is the point of departure from this dysfunctional paradigm,
To which humankind is merely, through separative imagination, bound.

* * * *

With the deepest sincerity, and from unmitigated humility, the mystery is not anything You believe it is.

* * * *

It is the clarity of pure awareness,
As crystal and clear as the mountain stream,

Before the fall of humankind from the garden of its origin.

* * * *

Hold on.
Broken bridge ahead.
And what comes after will be the legacy,
Of the human paradigm, and the journey brokered by eternity.

* * * *

Are we a species truly more than instinctual beasts?
Or is our consciousness merely a fluke,
Only destined to oblivion?

* * * *

The noisy caldron deafens You, to the ignorance born of illusion, of this world, or any other.

* * * *

Trust God? Isn't that the dude who put us in this fine mess?

* * * *

How much responsibility,
Are You willing, or even able to take,
For the hells others choose in isolation to create?

* * * *

I may not be in your awareness, but You are all in mine.

* * * *

Good fishermen are hard to find,
But then, again, do we really need, really want,
To build more inane foolishness upon a rock of flesh and bones?

* * * *

The self-interest of the biological unit,
Makes it more than a little challenging to detach,
To pull back and grasp the largest view.

* * * *

Immortals hearken to no false idols.

* * * *

Do not equate comfort with truth.

* * * *

All manifestation is temporary,
An ever-changing three-dimensional dream.
Everything You perceive and hold dear, including yourself,
Will melt away, and be reshaped into new forms,

As the winds of space and time allow.

* * * *

The Titanic is already full-ahead,
Smack dab in the middle of the ice flow.
Prepare as best ye may for a most icy reception.

* * * *

Unbridled revenge leaves only a trail of bitter desolation,
From which scarred new opportunities inevitably arise.

* * * *

Children everywhere are very much the same.
Curious how they tend to grow up so different.

* * * *

Is nature cruel, or merely creatively indifferent?

* * * *

It can be challenging to discern harmony,
In concrete, asphalt, glass, and artificial light,
But rest assured, even chaotic mind-made worlds,
Are the same clayness as any forest stream.

* * * *

The joy of nature is in its predictable spontaneity.

* * * *

A day well-given is its own reward.

* * * *

Beware the middlemen.
It is far too easy for selfish ends,
To take root and insidiously decay the spirit.
Neither follower nor leader be.

* * * *

If You are inclined to participate in a group dynamic, then do it with sincere and equal friendship the goal.

* * * *

The earth is a garden, and it will abide,
For as long as there is a star to radiate its waters.
The laws of nature are simple and potent,
And all creatures must abide them,
Or face calamity and death.

* * * *

The rules are written clearly

In natural settings across the planet.
Those who listen closely know the many songs,
And will be the heralds after the fall.

* * * *

When the dust has cleared, a new accounting will begin.

* * * *

A pile of gold, or a livable planet, which will it be?
Either we become guardians of this garden,
Or it will destroy us, plain and simple.

* * * *

Ignore this simple reality, and You will likely end your existence, immersed in delusion.

* * * *

The great mystery warrants a lifetime of surrender, does it not?

* * * *

Words from an earnest blend of mind and heart.

* * * *

Strange irony that only human life, seems to have sanctity, is it not?

* * * *

There are no diplomas nor honors nor remunerations for this calling.
Either You see it clearly, faithfully, truly, or You do not.
Ultimate reality tenders no middle ground.
There is an intelligence that sees,
And the rest is ignorance.
Sorry to be so blunt,
But that is the truth of it.

CCL

Once You look seriously at all the religions and philosophies across this spinning dream,
You realize none is the exclusive purveyor of truth, that none really knows anything,
That all only assert assumptions born of given geographies, of given cultures,
That all are founded on vain and fallacious, often calculated collusions.

* * * *

The commonality of all religions is that they are fueled by the idolatry of personalities.
Call them gods, messiahs, prophets, saints, seers, martyrs, ad infinitum,
It is ever the same avoidance of one's own inner vision,
The same evasion of direct relationship,
With the same indivisibility very much within all.

* * * *

When it comes to computers, best to always save, always back up,
Because out there, a power outage, an electromagnetic pulse,
Or an up-and-coming hacker, may be headed your way,
Paranoia, in moderation, may not be a bad thing.

* * * *

What need for false fabrications of mind once snared by the clarity of awareness.

* * * *

At some unraveling set of moments in the likely not too distant future past,
The generalists, those who can plant a seed, sail a boat, and wield a sword,
Will again rise to the vanguard, and in the given dystopia, perhaps survive.

* * * *

A harsh future in the human paradigm,
Is not all that hard to reasonably discern,
For anyone who has a finger on the pulse.

* * * *

Secret societies and cults are just notorious ways vanity passes time.
Imaginary paths to mind-gorp marvels, more likely than not.
Entirely missing the real point by at least a lifetime.

* * * *

It is never-ending irony and paradox, that all this technology,
Despite its being conceived to connect and construct a better world,
Seems have rapidly cultivated one with even greater division and discord.

* * * *

A world of cow pens and fish farms and pulp forests is not much of a world.

* * * *

The ambitious drag along those who are easily hypnotized by delusions of grandeur.

* * * *

Consistency is for neophytes.

* * * *

How is it we are so pathetically blind to the reality creating our every breath?

* * * *

What burdening and binding tyranny blood ties all too often manifest.

* * * *

If You cannot do what is smart, at least do what is right; or is it the other way around?

* * * *

The propaganda of fear wears innumerable masks in every venue of imagination.

* * * *

If You think there are way too many potholes right now,
Imagine what it will be like in another few decades,
Much less the end of the twenty-first century.

* * * *

The first man-made plastic was patented by Alexander Parkes in England in 1856.
How humankind will persevere as oil availability declines will be a very real challenge,
For those raised on the udder of consumption in a globalized, increasingly uncivil paradise.

* * * *

Curious how truth is able to contort in whatever whimsical fashion imagination concocts.

* * * *

By the end of the 21st Century, the civilized world that entered into it,
Will more than likely be a very different one, assuming it even exists.

* * * *

After the Great Fall, a fair-to-middling portion,
Of what is considered so important in our given window,
Will more than likely become a little superfluous, a little gratuitous,
In light of the striving it will likely take merely to survive.

* * * *

The myriad things we in our time believe so important,
The future may not understand, and may well condemn.

* * * *

The horror! The horror!

* * * *

Every life must be endured in its own unique way.

* * * *

Meet your newly-arrived cousin,
That minute swirl of freshly-minted lint
Reposing anonymously on the bathroom floor.

* * * *

Adapt and overcome.

* * * *

Earth abides, but will we?

* * * *

The innocence of youth cannot help but be squandered lightly.

* * * *

Who knows what goes on in any given mind.
Sometimes the door is opened with a few friendly words,
And the exchange becomes a pleasurable dance.
Other times, the portal is hastily closed,
Never to be unbolted again.

* * * *

Gravity and other natural laws of this world,
Temporarily fool the many creatures small to great,
Into believing up is up, down is down, right is right, left is left,
And other such ultimately unwarranted assumptions.

* * * *

Words, words, words, on and on they go, until silence, they in some, do gradually sow.

* * * *

New age, old age, it really all the same in any age.

* * * *

Give anyone too much power, fame, wealth,
And a demon they may well be tempted to be.

* * * *

The awakening written of herein is not about waking to breakfast and a day of work,
But about the mind aware of the awareness in a fashion relatively few entertain.

* * * *

What absurdity will be endured this day.

* * * *

Just monkeys with highfalutin ways.

* * * *

Minds gone wild.

* * * *

Time is in reality little more than a temporary weaving of neurological thunder.

* * * *

Ultimately, everything is an assumption; attach your Self to as few of them as possible.

* * * *

If You discern the impersonal; there is nothing to take personally.

* * * *

Immersed again in your own private well of misery,
As if it is really all that different than any other's.

* * * *

Two legs, opposable thumbs, and a frontal lobe do not for a human being make.

* * * *

All thought is imagination.
Be wary lest You ever believe it real,
For none of it truly is, ever was, or will ever be.

* * * *

Prepare your children well in every feasible way You possibly can,
For their future will more than likely be much harsher than your own.

* * * *

Delusion creates collusion; collusion molds delusion.

* * * *

Howsoever anything is named,
The word has never, can never, will never,
Be the thing itself.

* * * *

You are a function of life's desire for continuity.

* * * *

The many pretenses of civilization set aside, is there any denying that human beings
Are likely the most dangerous, the most violent species ever born of this garden world?

* * * *

Imagine never again imagining,
Never again existing in any manifest form.
Imagine dissolving, returning to the primordial oblivion,

Unencumbered by any self-absorbed thoughts,
Immersed in the indivisible totality.

* * * *

It is often with great struggle that most seekers give over to the aloneness within.
Such suffering, such anguish, such trepidation, the resistance to reality does imagine.

* * * *

The tasty morsel has little or no choice in which mouth it will become tasty.

* * * *

No grades are awarded in the quest to become
As true to Self as is humanly possible.
It is sum-zero immeasurable.

* * * *

Why does Self go through all this?
Perhaps to explore, perhaps to be entertained.
Perhaps for no reason at all.

* * * *

What is knowledge but imagination slathered with reason.

* * * *

Curious how what so many call love extends only to me and mine.
And then only for as long as it is pleasurable or convenient or expedient.

* * * *

No silence in that mind.

* * * *

The world is your child; your time its inheritance.

* * * *

Easter Island redux on a planetary scale.

* * * *

Arguing which religious delusion is true is nth degree absurdity.

* * * *

The cacophony of the human swarm is just short of deafening.

* * * *

The first portion of life is spent gorging.
What remains is emptying out,
Especially the bullshit.

* * * *

As if your opinion on anything really matters to anyone.

* * * *

Anyone who plays middleman in the so-called spiritual quest,
Anyone who sets up a tollbooth between anyone and the absolute,
Is a charlatan whose fate should at some point include tar and feathers.

* * * *

You may not ultimately be the body and mind,
But this old meat machine does allow you
To witness the mystery for a brief while.

* * * *

Sweep away the cobwebs of time.
Expand into the vastness of the quanta within,
The source of all awareness of this illusory manifest creation.

* * * *

All those little neurons just plugging away
In their little nuclear fusion storm.
Ain't it a wondrous thing.

* * * *

A mind devoid of boundaries is liberated from birth and death.

* * * *

It gradually reaches a point where You do not want to bother,
Holding onto, clinging to, any one, any thing, any time, any place.
Yet still You act out, play out, the behaviors, the habits, the addictions,
Of the existence, of the genetic lottery, into which You were cast.

* * * *

A little moderation goes a long way.

* * * *

Thank God for clothing and all the other coverings.
It would be really frightening having to watch,
A bunch of ugly, fat, unhealthy people,
Wander through a supermarket.
At least animals have fur.

* * * *

True nature has nothing to do,
With the limitations of the mind-body vehicle.
Ultimate reality is in no way bound by arbitrary personality,
Nor any other creation of manifest space and time.

* * * *

What an absorbing distraction sexuality's weaving does play.

* * * *

A Christmas tree is dying to come home with You.

* * * *

To believe your dust superior to any other's dust
Is a definitive indication of your divisive delusion.

* * * *

Anyone can become a demon
Whose delusion fathoms themselves superior
In any way to any other.

* * * *

Your determination to be absolutely free is more than a little challenging
As long as You are attached to this meat-mind machine
Surrounded by a universe of delusion.

* * * *

Though tactics, strategy is achieved.
Through strategy, tactics are discerned.
From seeds, vast forests blanket mountains.
From ordinary beginnings, great ends materialize.

* * * *

All are You, bound by every imaginable limitation.

* * * *

All are given the opportunity to discern a greater vision; curious how few are inclined.

* * * *

Some days a demon, others an angel; such a mystery this mind-bound theater.

* * * *

We have multiplied without the wisdom to live sanely.
We are like hungry rats packed into cages,
Fruit flies swarming in a bell jar,
Bacteria in a petri dish.
The result is all but inevitable.
All that remains is for the horror to unfold.

* * * *

Do nothing and nothing will do nothing to You.

* * * *

How many ways there are to cut the eternal pie.

* * * *

Pain is the teacher, but what have You learned?

* * * *

Patterns all, puppets all.

* * * *

Something for everyone.

* * * *

It is what it is.

* * * *

A quantum dream no matter how many dimensions.

* * * *

Distractions only distract; they do not make You any less alone.

* * * *

Is there anything more enjoyable than gratuitous anything?

* * * *

Existence is the imagined time between indifferent sleep.

* * * *

Watch the judgment.

* * * *

Like nobody has done or said it before.

* * * *

The Reaper is always hovering just a breath away.

* * * *

To wrap your mind around the mystery, You must unwrap your mind.

* * * *

Speculation is the root of all inanity.

* * * *

There is no becoming, there is only being.

* * * *

History is testament to hell on earth.

* * * *

No need to fear what You really truly are and are not: just be it.

* * * *

Redemption for what, pray tell?

* * * *

Shallow breathing; don't do it.

* * * *

Only the living dead have risen.

* * * *

Imbibe the chaos and all its order.

* * * *

Here You are right here right now: Redeem your Self.

* * * *

History will consume You if You let it.

* * * *

Who is ever really ready for their last day?

* * * *

Truer than true … Say what?

* * * *

Strike hard, strike fast, strike true.

* * * *

It is not win or lose, it is win or learn.

* * * *

No matter what You believe, it is all speculation.

* * * *

Process is life; arrival, death.

* * * *

It is only flesh and bones; rise above it.

* * * *

No individual or group changes the course of history.
All merely play out their relatively insignificant part
In its already-written-in the-sands-of-time chronicle.

* * * *

It is sickness and injury and aging and dying and death
That bring about awareness of one's own mortality.
The very young ever take so much for granted

Until the finite nature inevitably introduces their innocence
To the price every life must pay or the opportunity to dream the dream.

* * * *

Dear Progeny: Sorry there is not much of an inheritance, but we had a really great time.
You can probably read about it, and maybe even watch some of the videos,
If that sort of technology is still available in your window of time.
If not, well, just know we love You and wish You the best. Take care.

CCLI

Your body, your persona, are doomed; You are but a slab of meat in another's belly.
It is only the awareness that indivisibly dwells in all things that perseveres.
The other is merely theater; an array of distracting bells and whistles.
You are the awareness, in which all manifestation is created.
The awareness, in which all stages are assembled.
The awareness, in which all plays are played.
The awareness, in which all dreams are dreamed.

* * * *

Any given point of this dreaming of awareness You call your life,
Is only connected by the reincarnation of imagination.
The neuron trail of the brain deceives us all.
Every moment is a new and ever-changing beginning,
If You are able and willing to detach from those so many memories.

* * * *

To be content, to be serene, to free one's Self,
From the endless wavering of the mind,
Is a moment-to-moment challenge.

* * * *

History often seems to confuse or bother or bore the restless multitudes.

* * * *

Imagine the unfathomable universe,
With all those countless galaxies, dwarf stars, nebulas, quasars, black holes,
Orbiting in your mind.

* * * *

Are they still huddled about their little piles of books and tapes,
Waiting for the masses to come worship their appointed savior?

* * * *

Truth reflects though the paradox of space and time.

* * * *

The agricultural and industrial and technological revolutions
Have built the winding stairway to the great fall humankind must inevitably make
If it is ever to fully discern its humble role in this eternal mystery.

* * * *

Meditation is the means through which timeless sovereignty is recovered.
Immersed in innumerable complexities and gimmicks and absurdities,
The essential point remains the same: In abeyance, tread softly.

* * * *

Despite all pretensions of being something greater ordained by some on-high deity,
Nothing in the entire human paradigm since its migration from the jungles of long ago.
Has been anything more than imagination playing out one vain brouhaha after another.

* * * *

What a foolish, absurd game we play.

* * * *

No matter how much we may disparage and revile each other,
The reality is that we are all quantum cousins cloaked in diversity.

* * * *

The less You believe, the less You attach, the less the world impacts your day.

* * * *

Anything can be usurped.

* * * *

So many unspeakable horrors we inflict upon ourselves,
And all the blameless creatures of this amazing world.

* * * *

Claim nothing.

* * * *

No matter how You cloak it, no matter how You perfume it, shit stinks.

* * * *

Death is really the least bothersome aspect of this hubbub.

* * * *

For a raging fire, firefighters create a back burn.
With the raging insanity of ignorance, the strategic principle remains the same.
Such is the intangible role of mystics and philosophers.

* * * *

Hell is a harsh marketplace.

* * * *

A philosopher!
What a useless calling.
What would your mother say?
Oops, she did, oh, sorry.

* * * *

Not too many people want to hear that this may be all there is.

* * * *

Playing all our peculiar little parts as if they are so significant,
As dulling as it eventually gets, makes for ceaseless absurdity.

* * * *

More grist for the money-changers.

* * * *

Only those caught in the web of imagination's delusion
Would ever assert that they are the same persona their entire life.
None of those memories have ever been the real You.
The eternal awareness may seem the same,
But that is about it for continuity.

* * * *

To see this clearly is to become as a child, immaculately innocent.
All regret, all guilt, all dread, all concern for karmic notion drop away,
And only the presence, the lucidity of timeless awareness remains.

* * * *

Your actual life resume is much more than a page or so,
And among other things includes the title "Galactic Engineer."

* * * *

Anonymity within is the clearest order consciousness can attain.

* * * *

The Bible, originally spoken and transcribed in Aramaic,
Then to Greek to Latin to English to who knows how many others.
An extremely challenging, complicated thing, translation.
Never quite the same as originally said or written,
No matter how scholarly the intention.

* * * *

So, was it love one another, or love one in another?

* * * *

Travel across the world, across the cosmos, or to a nearby field,
From beginning to end, it is really all the same quantum mystery.

* * * *

A prescription for what ails You.

* * * *

The human drama is in reality nothing more than a collusion of imagination.

* * * *

A garden without a guardian quickly falls into disrepair and dysfunction.

* * * *

Even a so-called Supreme Being,
If there is such a magnificent piece of work,
Is but a part of the same quantum indivisibility as You.

* * * *

The butterfly wing casts a small ripple into the wind.
The stonemason's pick vibrates through the mountain.
History is given subtle nudges by the whispers of sages.

* * * *

Drink and be merry while ye may, my friends,
For the darkness will, indeed, grow much darker.

* * * *

What is this drive so many human beings have to be noticed and accepted by others?

* * * *

We are all the only indivisibility there is.
Nothing to be bigheaded about.
Quite humbling, actually.

* * * *

Think for yourself, else someone else will be quite happy to do it for You.

* * * *

Good and evil are imaginary concepts born of consciousness.
Deities and demons are expedient means for ignorance,
To evade the ultimate reality that it is really all You.
Truth requires a relativity, relatively few harbor.

* * * *

It is unending irony and paradox how rationality can be so easily suspended
In the glaringly unambiguous illumination of scientifically corroborated actualities.
The twists and turns of which delusion is capable of manifesting are well beyond number.

* * * *

We are all mutts of the same origin.

* * * *

Whether or not You see the essence of what is written in these pages,
Will, in large part, depend how attached You are to any given mindset.

* * * *

Resolve easily garnered is as easily misplaced.

* * * *

Another crest-jewel of human idolatry.

* * * *

The great equalizer is bound to no form or concept.

* * * *

All religions are cults until enough are sufficiently deluded to grant them legitimacy.

* * * *

These are reflections, not commandments.

* * * *

Perhaps what we as a species are so blind to today
Will be as blatantly obvious in some distant morrow.

* * * *

The Way, by any other name, ever remains the same.

* * * *

Hypocrisy is a trait seeming innate in all human beings.

* * * *

All minds are bent and twisted in the prelude to time.
The original nature, which is empty and pure,
Is shaped by nature and nurture
Into an imaginary role.
All You, by so many names.

* * * *

Forget who You think You are; be what You really are.

* * * *

Idolatry is such an enticing, comfortable, mesmerizing delusion.
How much easier it is for ignorance in all its murky ways
To wrap itself around superstition and platitude
Than the effort of perpetual inquiry.

* * * *

So obvious as to be cleverly hidden to all but the most discerning.

* * * *

Without all your imaginary, vain assumptions,
Who-what-where-when-why-how would You be?

* * * *

Forever moot, the mystery dreamily unfolds.

* * * *

All is relative, the source of all, whatever it is named, is absolute.

* * * *

Memory is such an unlikely thing.
A collection of perceptions, vaguer by the year,
All inevitably forgotten as the synapses one by one collapse,
And dreamtime evaporates into eternity's vastness.

* * * *

The Soul is just one big nada.

* * * *

Humanity's fall will most likely be a long, drawn out, agonizingly painful whimper.

* * * *

Dang, You lost track of your Self again.

* * * *

Give up all that swirling, vexing passion,
For deep, overriding, unassailable inner serenity.
The simple quietude of contentment is well worth the trade.

* * * *

It would be easy to laugh at the absurdity if the tears didn't get in the way.

* * * *

Just another middleman begging for quarters.

* * * *

Martyrdom is the ultimate vanity, self-absorption to the nth degree.

* * * *

… wake up … go to sleep … wake up … go to sleep … wake up …

* * * *

Ever-present, we doggedly burden ourselves
Through our imaginary attachments to space and time.
How little effort it takes to be a rock, a tree, a cloud, or a drop of water.

* * * *

All that pain, nothing gained.

* * * *

Awareness need not be canonized in any way.
Anyone attempting to do so should be ignored.

* * * *

Losing sight of nature's guiding hand is a sure road to perdition.

* * * *

War is glorious until You see the face of the guy next to You turn into goo.

* * * *

Every moment an opportunity for ephemeral reflection.

* * * *

When the vein dries up, where do all the ticks go?

* * * *

Serenity is the avenue to joy.

* * * *

Cloud Nine is in the no-man's land between heart and mind.

* * * *

Different perceptions of the same thing does not mean it is not the same thing.

* * * *

God is quanta, God is cosmos.
God is nothing, God is everything.
Amazing grace.

* * * *

Maybe the next guy.

* * * *

Wanting nothing from any other is the path to serenity.
A perception of the indivisibility prior to all dualistic notions.

* * * *

Funny how existence alters when You discern that more You did not really want.

* * * *

What are all those memories but a long, dreamy sameness.
What is the play of consciousness but an inexplicable illusion.

* * * *

None of us can have it our way all the time.
If only … is a prelude as vast as any universe.

* * * *

The difference between here and there is but a limited perception.

* * * *

Sublime and absurd wander hand-in-hand.

* * * *

The mind is as vast and immutable as the cosmos it contains.

* * * *

Must be someone else's fantasy.

* * * *

From in to out, and out to in, the immutability of Soul is eternally indivisible.

* * * *

What is so obvious now would not have been back then,
As will like likely be true some future past in the yet again.

* * * *

Wisdom is connecting the dots.

* * * *

… blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah … ad infinitum …

* * * *

Gaia is a dream world of eternity.

* * * *

Your true nature is emptiness.

* * * *

You are but a brief mortal dream of the immortality of eternity.

* * * *

You cannot know truth; You can only be it.

* * * *

Hell is in the details, and history is creator of its future past.

* * * *

A worthy windmill if You enjoy futility.

* * * *

Harder to let go than it is to hold on, until its not.

* * * *

Less is the new more.

* * * *

Nothing is, nothing is not.

* * * *

In the whole mind, awareness is all, thunder perfect.

* * * *

Nobody knows nothing but what they imagine so.

* * * *

More parts, more bother.

* * * *

Different ways of looking only create more differences.

* * * *

The judge is his own executioner.

* * * *

You do not exist in the way You think.

* * * *

To thine own Self be true.

* * * *

The mind stilled by full attention merges into eternity.

* * * *

Vanity tolerates no rival.

* * * *

Yes, there is eternal life, but it is nothing You think.

* * * *

Who was that masked man?

* * * *

Is it “I Am” or “Am I?”

* * * *

You ain't seen nothing yet.

* * * *

The inherent violence of greed never bodes well for the meek.

* * * *

Of the unknown, nothing can be known.

* * * *

The man behind the curtain cannot save You.

* * * *

It be good policy, if You are of independent mind,

To back away from anyone who wants to lead You.

* * * *

Yet another magical moment drifting into memory.
Time to clean your bowl, do your laundry,
Blow your nose, wipe your ass, et cetera, ad infinitum.
The dream keeps flowing and flowing and flowing, on and on and on.

CCLII

Does time exist, or is it all simply an indivisible, kaleidoscoping, holographic dream,
In which all are witnesses to the same ever-present, unknowable mystery?
Infinitely immense, infinitesimally small, and whatever between,
As played out in the theater of the quantum mind.

* * * *

Thought is the thunder of neurons given meaning.

* * * *

No matter how many eyes witness this ineffaceable mystery,
Even all combined can never contain its unfathomable nature.

* * * *

Light is just light.
Sound is just sound.
Forms are just forms.
The source is prior
To all attributes.

* * * *

A rubber band,
Stretched as far as it will,
Manages to return to its natural state.
Why not You?

* * * *

Hollowed be thy name.

* * * *

The sexual drive, coupled with an insatiable imagination,
Drives many to ever again pursue the highest natural high,
Bewailing vainly that its rapture cannot be a permanent state.

* * * *

Phases are You.

* * * *

If You truly love your progeny,
How can You abide the direction
This world now so blindly careens?

* * * *

The human species has evolved into the most talented manipulators
This magical greenhouse orb in its 4.5 billion years has ever manifested.
So efficient that we are quickly manipulating ourselves right out of existence.

* * * *

How fascinating we must be to all those aliens hovering out there watching us.

* * * *

As tempting as they so often are,
You need not always submit to those many impulsive urges.
Self-discipline is a most useful attribute.

* * * *

Would that You were so deluded.

* * * *

Few vested interests ever voluntarily
Relinquish power, status and treasury.
It almost always requires great intention
From outside the given sphere of influence
To compel their transformation or demise.

* * * *

The demon born of dualistic notion is You and me
As we have ignorantly chosen to abide in ill-fated, mortal craving,
For the something more that has never been.

* * * *

Idealistic notions about humankind are completely meaningless.

* * * *

Be as attuned as the circling hawk questing the mouse,
And the mouse, completely still, avoiding the hawk's gaze.

* * * *

In whatever form You may currently reside,
Eternity has always been the same vastness,
The same causeless, indivisibly absolute oneness.

* * * *

Contemporary times are an anthropological grab bag.

* * * *

If You only take, at some point the larder will be empty,
And violent melees for scraps are never a pretty sight.

* * * *

What is personality but adaptation to genetic coding,
Irrigated and fertilized and pruned and thinned and graded,
By the ever-changing winds of time and circumstance.

* * * *

Christian babble, Muslim babble, Jewish babble, Hindu babble, Shinto babble,
Buddhist babble, Taoist babble … and every other variety of ist-ism babble.
Babble, babble, babble … nothing but ceaseless, cacophonous babble.
Few able to see or hear anything but differences in shade and tone.

* * * *

This could be your last breath, will it be a free one?

* * * *

No way out but through the blood alley of consequences; many, many consequences.

* * * *

Too dark, too dark, to see clearly now.

* * * *

As long as You have good health, You have the greatest wealth this dream has to offer.

* * * *

You cannot find what is not there to find.

* * * *

Though the young only rarely discern it, sexual union is intended, first and foremost,
As an act of procreation, as the means to the continuance and proliferation of existence,
Toward which too much imprudence is often meted out life-changing consequences.

* * * *

You are that mystery that is called by many names across the board,
Yet the mere knowledge of symbolic words and their concepts
Has little meaning outside the context of their hubris.

* * * *

The immeasurable mind is a solitary show.

* * * *

All is one; how much more of a unified theory do You need?

* * * *

If You cannot see the obvious, are You really looking?

* * * *

Take the high road, take the low road, take the no-road; what difference, really?

* * * *

In childhood, before time began, your dream passed timelessly.
After the existence comes its grand finale, it will again pass timelessly.
And between, the theater of imagination, filled with every possible concoction.

* * * *

Someone has to relish entertaining the seething, restless rabble,
Else it may haphazardly occur to them to entertain their own thoughts.

* * * *

Regarding truth, be wary of fixed views, even these.

* * * *

Always remember that anything can and will be used against You.

* * * *

The blessing and curse of existence is the reality we the living must all endure.

* * * *

A still mind is a still mind, no matter the movement about it.

* * * *

Your aloneness, despite every conceivable distraction, is ultimately inescapable.

* * * *

The bitter is an acquired taste.

* * * *

Irony and paradox are prerequisites for carefree mirth
Toward this quaint little theater's abounding absurdities.

* * * *

Curious how the nature of the persona seems etched upon any given face and body.

* * * *

Even very intelligent people inevitably conjure a variety of very foolish things.

* * * *

It is never too late to tack your existence a new direction.

* * * *

There are worse forms of madness inner vision can take.

* * * *

No matter how gilded the cage, there is no freedom within its bars.

* * * *

Language is the means through which life forms
Attempt to communicate their imaginary universes.

* * * *

You might think people would care
About the inheritance they leave their progeny,

But, if the state of the world is any indication, it seems not.

* * * *

The mind is ever challenged by the constant juggling required to recollect its millstone.

* * * *

We are all now-ing alone, together.

* * * *

Maybe most cannot discern what is so clearly obvious to You.
Or maybe You are mistaken, as mad as any hatter.
Oh well, oh well, does it really matter?

* * * *

Death is an indelible, equal-opportunity, equally-inevitable change-agent.
All thoughts and deeds are washed into oblivion with undying detachment.

* * * *

Those who see cannot be stopped from seeing.
Though all destinies are ultimately written in the ever-shifting sands of time,
The indelible mystery of awareness will witness them
Through one eye or another.

* * * *

Why is it necessary to confess your sins, your omissions, to another?
Just forgive yourself, and let them go into the abyss where they belong.

* * * *

Like surfers waiting for the wave, revolutionaries must bide their time.

* * * *

From dust to dust, from oblivion to oblivion,
All existence, all creation, but a dream between.

* * * *

After all, it is only time.

* * * *

Middlemen are just beggars seeking more than quarters.

* * * *

Existence has always been an insecure thing.
Mortality can never be anything less.
Even those who discern the immortal upwelling
Must inevitably succumb to demise one moment or another.

* * * *

The ever-kaleidoscoping state of nowness Is an indivisible, sovereign awareness,

That requires no self-serving middlemen to ornately whittle it into one lie or another.

* * * *

Another mirage fades into oblivion.

* * * *

Alas, truth ignored and usurped yet again.

* * * *

Time and circumstance easily forgets that which it is not prepared to see.

* * * *

We are all the center stage dreamer in our individual reveries.
No matter the form taken, from beginning to end, there is truly no other.
Your entire existence is truly spent interacting with your Self.

* * * *

The only difference between You and any other is an imaginary perspective.

* * * *

Across the world the human species has always imagined itself
Far more consequential than it is, has ever been, will ever be.
Never too late for a dash, a modicum, a smidgen, of humility.

* * * *

We had best insert some meaningful wisdom
Into our self-absorbed, myopic thinking pretty gosh-darned quickly,
Else the quickly-unfolding future will pay even more dearly than it already has in store.

* * * *

Those to whom we are now ancestors
Will surely condemn our time for the garden
We have so assuredly deprived them.

* * * *

So much effort, so much busy-ness; to what end, this imaginary theater?

* * * *

Drifting, still.

* * * *

How ironic, how paradoxical, that so many
Deprive others of well-being, and even existence itself,
That they might exist whimsically free.

* * * *

Cancer is defined by one source as the disease caused by
An uncontrolled division of abnormal cells in a part of the body,

A malignant growth or tumor resulting from such a division of cells,
A figurative a practice or phenomenon perceived to be evil
Or destructive and hard to contain or eradicate.
Hmmm . . .

* * * *

It is just a body, a container, a vehicle, a meat machine, a magic carpet,
Respect its needs, and it may permit many varieties of adventure.
Disregard it, mishandle it, and it will hand it back in spades.
And in the endgame, no matter how well sustained,
Things will likely get a little bumpy anyway.
Such is the nature of mortal theater.

* * * *

Make time for grace.

* * * *

Is Armageddon really any more than vanity's big-dog pissing contest?

* * * *

Who does not really believe they are worth more than the paycheck they are getting?

* * * *

The food and drink go down, and within a few hours, a few days,
A variety of things start coming out that are not quite as appealing.

* * * *

The truth of it is more than obvious; one merely needs to connect the dots.

* * * *

The human drama is long overdue a big-picture infusion.

* * * *

What an infinitely cooperative venture this universe truly is.
How ironic how pathetically ill-suited we are to abide in it.

* * * *

Remarkable how quickly flesh can melt away into fodder for the next flowerbed.

* * * *

In a god-eat-god garden world, a day well-existed,
Is a day in which as many creatures as possible survive,
Perhaps even thrive, to endure yet another round of adventure.

* * * *

The lines have been drawn and redrawn throughout history.
About time we saw the unfathomably arbitrary nature of it all.

* * * *

We have had our fun; time to grow up and face the music.

* * * *

All the knowledge in the world does not for wisdom make.

* * * *

What has not been usurped?

* * * *

The partial mind can never grasp the whole mind in which it partitions itself.

* * * *

Nothing is not matter, and does not matter, either.

* * * *

Awareness is as close to seeing and being as it gets.

* * * *

The future is getting uglier and uglier in every way every day.

* * * *

Time is the living death of consciousness.

* * * *

To discern clearly is to aimlessly wander the untrammeled pathless.

* * * *

Anything can be written and rewritten again and again.

* * * *

It's how we roll.

* * * *

Your political clout is only as strong as your base.

* * * *

What is any conquest but home invasion on a grand scale.

* * * *

The way of war, the way of peace, each chooses in his their own mind.

* * * *

Breathe in contentment, breath out contentment.

* * * *

Rage on.

* * * *

Did it ever begin? Does it ever end?

* * * *

The way of life is the way of death.

* * * *

The mind will consume whatever notion draws its eye.

* * * *

Necessity is the best teacher, followed closely by pain.

* * * *

The dysfunctional loop is not easily overridden.

* * * *

What is a mind free of all prescriptions?

* * * *

Nothing that can be imagined is what it is and is not.

* * * *

How can just being, be any sort of goal?

* * * *

Now is the timeless dreamtime of all yesterdays and tomorrows.

* * * *

Judge, jury, executioner, all in one, one in all.

* * * *

Even wisdom is only as deep as illusion allows.

* * * *

Security, is there ever enough?

* * * *

Yet another one of those many curious things with which vanity is so absorbed.

* * * *

True science is not a political subject.

* * * *

Ain't nobody askin', ain't nobody tellin'.

* * * *

Mindless belief – tedious, senseless, stupid – is the lazy way.

* * * *

What You say, what You do, has absolutely nothing to do
With what You really are, or with what You really are not.

* * * *

What a relatively small sampling any of us has
With which to measure our ephemeral mortal existence.
For it to bring about an immeasurable inner vision is rare, indeed.

CCLIII

Some historian, when there are few left to contemplate the question,
Might declare in some who-knows-how-far-or-not far future,
"With the ascent of any species, a fall is inevitable.
What elements play a part, however, are uniquely based,
On the inestimable permutations of space-time that are involved.
Humankind's situation is all the more intriguing because so many decisions,
Are consciously, intentionally, rather than instinctually, fashioned."
After all, at some point in the cursory play of space-time,
When there are none remaining to ponder,
And record their conclusions,
Where history ends can only be speculated.

* * * *

A mad vision must play out to its mad conclusion.

* * * *

If You really want to get a sense of what is coming,
Find a really strong fan, and throw some shit into it.

* * * *

Future generations will wander,
A mutilated, depleted, polluted, abyss of world.
So sad that we have so indifferently ravaged their inheritance.

* * * *

Ironic madness toughens the skin.

* * * *

Yet another research project to tell us what we already know.

* * * *

It is an unfortunate fact that most of us all too often learn at the expense of others.

* * * *

All diversity ever totals into one indivisibility; there is no maybe about it.

* * * *

You may be a human being by design, but if it is your time to awaken,
The indivisible nature will sculpt a much more expansive inner vision.

* * * *

Most of us probably deceive ourselves far more than we do the many others.

* * * *

It will not be the cheerleaders

Whose positive thinking will get humankind
Out of its ceaseless preoccupation with limited thinking.

* * * *

Humankind daily allows tribal histories to color its worldview.
Maybe it is time to take a very long, solitary walkabout,
To observe for your Self what is really going on.

* * * *

Relatively few seem to realize or care about the unfolding future
That unrestrained breeding practices have already set in motion.

* * * *

Why beat yourself over the head when the endgame is obvious.
It is all really quite hopeless in an amazingly wondrous sort of way.

* * * *

Curious how the carefree liberty of one man becomes torturous captivity for another.

* * * *

There is almost always some sort of price to pay for the excesses of hedonism.

* * * *

The vulnerability of childhood is challenging to resuscitate.

* * * *

Time for a long walkabout.

* * * *

We really should be humble in light of the fact that our earliest ancestors were slime.

* * * *

Morality, if there is such a thing, is not discerned in books or buildings.
It is insight and empathy and compassion written in the heart of the mind.

* * * *

What matters is what You discern with your own awareness, your own insight.
Set aside all the mechanical conditioning, all the habitual triviality.
Observe for your Self what is real, and what is not.

* * * *

We are all liars, cheats, thieves, and murderers; to what degree is the only question.

* * * *

A quiet revolution is long overdue.

* * * *

Repeating what everyone else tells You is not independent, critical thinking.

* * * *

Once a revolutionary, always a revolutionary.

* * * *

Doubt until there is no more to doubt.

* * * *

Any given moment is as fresh, pure, uncorrupted, as You allow it to be.

* * * *

More than enough stories have been written; time to live now.

* * * *

Is space-time moving forward, backward, up, down, or is it even moving at all?

* * * *

Plead ignorance; it is far closer to the truth than any fritter of imagination ever can be.

* * * *

Just be You; that is enough.

* * * *

Divinity is not out there in some far distant, future place,
But right here, right now, in the depths of pure awareness.

* * * *

The dissolution of consciousness is but a breath away.

* * * *

Piles and piles of gold, counted again and again, ever again.

* * * *

Ain't no one here by that name, Occifer.

* * * *

Time to declare.

* * * *

Be friends, whenever allowed.

* * * *

Who is it does anything, really?

* * * *

Connect to this or that group if so-inclined,
But be watchful that You not add your ego
Too completely into the collective synergy.

* * * *

You are as alien to other creatures as they are to You.

* * * *

If You can see across the expanses of space and time,
You will perhaps also discern that You are ever one with it.

* * * *

Six-plus billion delusionary human beings do not for truth make.

* * * *

You may be repulsive and deplorable, yet You ever remain that which is absolute.
Do not be encased by the many assumptions that endlessly attempt to shape You.

* * * *

So many look to the lights of others rather than discern their own.

* * * *

The ostrich crams its head into the sand
And pretends the world passing by
Is whatever it wants it to be.

* * * *

Old soul, young soul, it is really all the same Soul.

* * * *

Until You look beyond your own genetic lineage
And the many geographical assumptions
By which You have been molded,
You will be blind to reality.

* * * *

Whether You did something once,
Twice, thrice, or times beyond counting,
Your imaginary quantification of its transience
Is ever bound by the delusion of illusion.

* * * *

We all buy into so much conditioned nonsense.

* * * *

Another day of chameleon make-believe; try not to take it personally.

* * * *

More progress, whatever that is.

* * * *

Idolatry is idolatry.
No matter the form,
No matter the concept,
No matter the vain intent,
All idolatry is blaspheme.

* * * *

Time to raise the bar.

* * * *

Another vain exploit attempting to somehow dwarf space and time.

* * * *

To stand out in another's imagination is more than a little meaningless, is it not?

* * * *

Nepotism, cronyism, favoritism, the unholy alliance.

* * * *

Reality is seamless.
There is no separation whatsoever.
Only consciousness creates the pretense of duality.
Eden is as much present as it has ever been,
But You must awaken to comprehend
Curious that You would care about
What even a stranger You will never meet
Would think of You and your legacy.

* * * *

That it is everything, everywhere.

* * * *

Silly, is it not?

* * * *

Amazing what a handful of senses, and a spark of imagination can come up with.

* * * *

So many sleepwalkers.

* * * *

Transcend your itty-bitty, infinitesimal self.

* * * *

What's a shrew to do when her golden pussy starts smelling like rotting fish?
What's a nincompoop to do when his rocky cock can no longer rise to the occasion?
Alas, life is only fair a short while.

* * * *

Truth cannot, need not be proselytized.
Reality is not dependent on whether or not
The crowd loves or hates the messenger.

* * * *

Time to take out the trash.

* * * *

Infinity, whatever that is.

* * * *

This now or that, all the same, all the same.

* * * *

Yours for the taking, if You must.

* * * *

Are You a human … being?

* * * *

Human beings are merely animals with consciousness
Imagining they are for some reason chosen by a deity for greater glory.
Certainly a peerless species, but in reality nothing more or less, than any other life form.

* * * *

Just another mysterious grain of sand on a beach with neither beginning nor end.

* * * *

Democracy, a nice fairy tale, a good excuse to shop.

* * * *

Words can only conceptualize reality.
They can never attain anything more.
'Tis, indeed, the pitiful state of duality.

* * * *

A thug is a thug, no matter the kingly title.

* * * *

If there is perchance some sort of superior being, some deity on high,
Surely it is bound by its own set of limitations and capacities,
Playing out in the same holographic mystery as You.

* * * *

It might not be king of the road, but a Volkswagon will get You there.

* * * *

I, me, You, he, she, they, them, we, us … all the same indivisibility, no matter the dream.

* * * *

Never wise to put money on a horse heading from green pastures to eternity's glue factory.

* * * *

At a certain point, You may perchance realize
That what You did or did not do with your existence
Is less important than the awareness with which You did it.

* * * *

From afar, anonymous; up close, ironic.

* * * *

Life is a saunter through dreamtime.

* * * *

It will not put the fire out, but it might help quench a few parched throats.

* * * *

Space-time streams on and on and on,
A never-ending panorama in which all existence,
With all its births, its passing seasons, its inevitable departures,
Play over and over and over, unto the end of all ends.

* * * *

Same body parts, but is it not rather curious
How aspects as simple as proportion and skin tone and hair color,
Ignite or quench, feed or famish the given appetite.

* * * *

It does not take much of a natural "disaster"
To make any of humanity's creations,
Look pretty darned insignificant.
Ants tempt the gods with their anthills.

* * * *

Dear Diary: What a life it's been.

* * * *

In an ever-churning cosmos, no mountain stands forever.
Even the deepest ocean beds can rise to the greatest heights.

* * * *

Either everything is, nothing is, or they both are, sort of.

* * * *

For heaven to manifest upon earth, it must be discerned, and cultivated, within.

* * * *

The sane are fools, and the fools, sane, but who's who, and what's what?

* * * *

Can truth be conveyed to any whose restricted imagination
Rules out any insight into the simplicity prior to consciousness?

* * * *

There is no changing destiny into something it already is.

* * * *

Doubt is the rarest of commodities.

* * * *

How poor the rich who still crave more, more, more, ever more.

* * * *

The end of the story is the end of history.

* * * *

The consuming mind is an insatiable thing without the tether of awareness.

* * * *

History: Read it and weep.

* * * *

Prescriptions tend to get forgotten in one haze or another.

* * * *

There is nothing to discover.

* * * *

The eggshell of conditioning is but an imaginary shell.

* * * *

Are You insane, or jsut not playing the game?

* * * *

Why resist the immutable?

* * * *

Far easier to idolize someone else’s Self than it is to discern your own.

* * * *

You, scientist.

* * * *

Every student gleans something different from any given teacher.

* * * *

The web of futility is a many-spidered thing.

* * * *

You woke up again this morning; your story continues.

* * * *

It is all in your head.

* * * *

You do because You can, and You can because You do.

* * * *

What are You trying to prove? And to who?

* * * *

Planned obsolescence is the cancer of modern man.

* * * *

The everything, the nothing.

* * * *

Imagination is all, all is imagination.

* * * *

The empty of full; the full of empty.

* * * *

You cannot win an argument against ignorance.

* * * *

Imagination is a quantum magic carpet ride through awareness.

* * * *

Who are the wealthiest but those indifferent to wealth.

* * * *

How can the cosmos the eyes perceive and mind conceives ever be real?

* * * *

Relatively easy to win an argument if there is no one to argue with.

* * * *

Only the delusion inspired by DNA would find a newborn adorable.

* * * *

The joy of existence them details are not.

* * * *

For those who truly seek that which is roots out that which is not.

* * * *

What goes up must come down is a statistical certainty.
No edifice – tower or mountain or universe – stands forever.

CCLIV

Seven blind men touch different parts of an elephant.
One designates the head Christianity.
Another calls the ear Judaism.
The tusk is named Islam.
The trunk, Buddhism.
The body, Taoism.
The foot, Hinduism.
And the back, the tail, the tail's tip,
Are each cloaked in one assumption or another, as well.
Soon the blind men are arguing over which speculation is truly the elephant.
How can anyone ever discern the whole if they cannot,
Extrapolate beyond the parts?

* * * *

Wisdom transcends any time, any place.
It is without boundaries, and no mythology
Can assume ownership of its absoluteness.
The inner eye is the unicity prior to all illusion.

* * * *

You cannot deter anyone determined to hate, determined to be implacably divisive.
They are imprisoned in an unrelenting, unquenchable, self-absorbed, hell-bound dream.

* * * *

Oh well.

* * * *

Humankind is working hard at writing itself out of this illusionary script.
Any maelstrom of blindness inevitably trips and falls on its own sword.

* * * *

What madness time in mind invokes.

* * * *

Where do the losers in the round-and-round of any monopoly game go?
Competition, winning no matter the cost, ever plays out to a predictable end.

* * * *

Those who seek Armageddon will inevitably manifest it; it is a Pygmalion thing.

* * * *

Is the human mind even capable of peace?
Or is its fundamental corporeal nature, its genetic structure,
So founded upon divisiveness that genuine harmony is all but impossible?

* * * *

Nascent reasoning does not for truth make.

* * * *

Superstition is a drowning weight cast by the mind bound in ignorance.

* * * *

We all play out our vain little parts in this mystery theater of absurdity and delusion.
Whatever size any given role may appear, every brick is equally vital for the wall to be.

* * * *

Declare peace within and without, and a momentous quietude unfolds.

* * * *

Without You, this universe, as only You imagine it, will cease to exist.

* * * *

How long will they wait for Jesus to come back?
Another one, two, three, four … ten thousand years or more,
Before they finally realize, finally accept, that it just ain't going to happen.

* * * *

What is the body but a puddle of protoplasm hemmed in by an facade of dead skin cells.

* * * *

No one can lead You, no one can force You,
To the source of awareness at the core of your being.
Those who discern it can only point it out.
The rest is entirely up to You.

* * * *

In any given moment,
All the suffering wrought by imagination
Can be transcended forever.
Such is heaven.

* * * *

So many trying so vainly to make their mark in the chronicles of one history or another,
In a universe where even the greatest star must one day evaporate forever forgotten.

* * * *

Life is but a brief journey of mind.

* * * *

The only thing barring anyone
From indivisibility in any given moment
Is the vain attachment to an imaginary existence.

* * * *

Check your assumptions.

* * * *

Has it not always been this way?

* * * *

We are all driven by a life force
Too strong for most to even comprehend,
Much less even begin to overcome.

* * * *

We are all an infinitesimal tad of immortality
Playing out a brief delusion in a mortal theater.

* * * *

Whoever Jesus was, whatever he really did, really does not matter.
He died many, many moons ago, and he is not coming back.
So sorry, too bad, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

The prophet of doom may finally be worth heeding.

* * * *

Seriously, folks.

* * * *

Mortal players, and the immortal Soul, are different only in appearance.

* * * *

The infinite potential of the indivisible clayness
Allows imagination, within the bounds of its given theater,
To play out every conceivable possibility quantum mechanics allows.

* * * *

To discern the truth, You merely need to be the truth, which is easier than it sounds.

* * * *

The further You get from the stillpoint, the more insane it gets.

* * * *

A collection of perceptions.

* * * *

It really doesn't matter.
It really doesn't matter.
It really doesn't matter.
It really …

* * * *

Babble on.

* * * *

The human species is on a shredded raft
A few feet from the roaring falls and jagged rocks below,
Still struggling over wealth and power and glory,
Seemingly unaware anything is amiss.

* * * *

"As long as I get mine," the common theme.

* * * *

Dominant civilizations generally behave
Like self-absorbed "terrible-two" children,
Rampaging through their brief sliver of time.

* * * *

Is it even possible for human beings
To get together and not quibble
Over this bullshit, or that.
Endlessly boggling.

* * * *

You can run from it,
You can deny it,
You can detach from it,
But You can never escape the fact,
You are very much alone,
Eternally so.

* * * *

Wishful thinking does not for truth make.

* * * *

The horror! The horror!
The insanity! The insanity!
The absurdity! The absurdity!

* * * *

Most cannot even begin to discern it.
Some cannot help but discern it
Ever it remains a mystery.

* * * *

Every creation inevitably surrenders to destruction, and destruction, to creation.

* * * *

In full view, yet ever You remain hidden.

* * * *

A lot of effort for nothing.

* * * *

Prior to absurdity.

* * * *

There is no hope but what toss of the dice the mystery allows.

* * * *

Those who somehow survive the trainwreck underway,
Will abide in a world so very, very different from our own.

* * * *

Now that is exciting.

* * * *

You cannot easily con a con or schmooze a schmoozer.

* * * *

Once You have been hooked into believing in Santa Claus,
The Tooth Fairy, the Easter Bunny, Peter Pan, or any other fanciful being,
You are all but condemned into accepting one absurdity or another.
So many nonsensical, meaningless, smothering burdens,
Absurdity endlessly presses upon innocence.

* * * *

All sense of karma just sort of drops away
As You realize it never existed in the first place.

* * * *

Humankind is so deluded that most cannot even begin
To fathom the self-absorption, the contempt, the arrogance,
With which we have mindlessly seceded from the garden.

* * * *

Absolutely seamless.

* * * *

There is no order; there is naught but order.

* * * *

You seek aliens?
Look in a microscope.
Go to the bottom of the ocean.

Wander the streets of San Francisco.
Take a long gaze into a mirror.

* * * *

The awareness is eternal.
Consciousness is the creator time.
Awareness is the portal into totality's infinity.
Consciousness is the sandbox of the manifest duality.
It is that simple.

* * * *

Curious how You continue to look for something to want, and everything so timeless.

* * * *

Some live only to take, some only live with the aid of others, and those left live to serve.

* * * *

The only way to follow anyone into this fire of awakening is by doing it your Self.

* * * *

Attention to breath is a timeless art.

* * * *

One infernal now or another, one heavenly now or another, You choose.

* * * *

Play with sharp things, and sooner or later You will likely get sliced, perhaps even diced.

* * * *

Just be glad You are not your progeny.

* * * *

The nonsense that organized religions spew across the world is unending.
So much gibberish to set aside, so much absurdity to ignore, as best You can.

* * * *

The lines to Armageddon have been fearfully drawn.

* * * *

Never accept blame or credit for another's choices.

* * * *

At core, it is not necessary to hold on to any sense of history, personal or otherwise.
No one can force You to participate in this dream without your voluntary subscription.

* * * *

Just more idolatrous blasphemy.

* * * *

In this universe, but not of it.

* * * *

The world is your birthing ground.
The world is your home.
The world is your garden.
The world is your playground.
The world will be your graveyard.
Why care where the bones are scattered?

* * * *

Yet another non-issue so passionately raised.

* * * *

Vice versa and versa vice.

* * * *

What an insecure, neurotic, paranoid species we are.

* * * *

Do You really believe it is your self-absorbed,
Neurotic, bumbling, fumbling, conditioned,
Time-ridden personality that is immortal?
Now, that is laughable from the get-go.

* * * *

Breathe! Inject some oxygen into that troubled mind.

* * * *

In the ethereal awareness of the mind,
All the bubbles and troubles of consciousness,
Evaporate into the quietude of true nature.
Imagination is naught but a brief blip,
In the vast singularity of eternity.

* * * *

Truth, a word given more weight than its timeless reality can be bothered to sustain.

* * * *

Idealism all too often has a peculiar way
Of turning into hamburger in a hail of bullets,
Or slushy pulp beneath the grinding tracks of tanks.

* * * *

Pray tell, what is so terrible about being the upshot of random selection?

* * * *

Not easy for vanity to resign, much less align, with oblivion.

* * * *

Give it no mind.

* * * *

All is but imaginary notion.

* * * *

Why resist the inevitable?

* * * *

We are time machines of the meaty kind.

* * * *

A sensory play fostered by imagination.

* * * *

In every mind, a different universe.

* * * *

Full enough, yet?

* * * *

Every passion whittles a destiny, death rules us all, the world wags on.

* * * *

We are but dreams in each other's minds.

* * * *

The biological imperative will out.

* * * *

Some people You laugh with, and others You cannot help but laugh at.

* * * *

Alas, poor Yorick! Alas, poor Monkey!

* * * *

Joy, more to forget.

* * * *

There is nothing normal.

* * * *

There is nothing not normal.

* * * *

Nothing is but what You think it.

* * * *

What matters, what does not matter, very much the same

* * * *

All different, all the same.

* * * *

Only after that last wheezing breath will it be too late to change your mind.

* * * *

The temporal body You call yours is a biological collective,
A host to every variety of bacteria, archaea, fungus, protist and virus,
And who knows how many other critters of the teeny sort.
Where, in fact, do they end, and You begin?

* * * *

Full breath or shallow, You pass through it the same.

* * * *

The dead are used as the living choose.

* * * *

Nothing exists but the dreamtime of imaginary notion.

* * * *

The world, the universe, that imagination built.

* * * *

Truth is not some sliver of a dimension exclusive to humankind.

* * * *

To be free of time is to be free of mind.

* * * *

What is will but consciousness balled up with intention.

* * * *

The all-seeing eye discerns with an all-seeing mind.

* * * *

Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

* * * *

Nothing will never make a difference.

* * * *

Wander your universe free and clear.
There is nothing to do, nothing to resolve.
Redemption is for each alone to discern within.

* * * *

Attend, perceive, discern, embrace, synergize, gestalt,
The birth and death, the creation and destruction, of every moment,
As often as the body-mind in the given circumstance allows.

CCLV

Human beings across the world,
Have unceasingly contrived deities and idols,
That they might endlessly praise their self-serving narcissism.

* * * *

Regarding power, the question is:
Can You be inwardly empowered without disempowering another?

* * * *

Real respect is not a product of fear.

* * * *

Children play with toys and make up games.
Adults put away childish things.
Will we ever grow up?

* * * *

Hearsay and superstition and idealism should never be confused with truth.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is just shutting up, and paying attention to the moment.

* * * *

Real faith is so much more than dogma.

* * * *

No matter the label, it is ever, has ever, will ever remain,
The same eternal, sovereign, inexplicable, indelible mystery.

* * * *

Yet another bogus charade.

* * * *

Asserting dogma does not make it so.

* * * *

How can You save something that can neither be lost nor destroyed?

* * * *

So many lies to which so many cling; Self-deception is the root of all evil.

* * * *

There is no order but the mind's innate ability to ceaselessly organize,
To ceaselessly orchestrate, its far more than a few vague perceptions.

* * * *

The inherent flaw of science, despite its perpetual pursuit of objectivity,
Is that it is, as are all things mind-made in this manifest theater,
Founded on the subjective limits of sensory perception.

* * * *

You see what You project.

* * * *

History has a way of forgetting itself.

* * * *

The only now there is, was, will ever be.

* * * *

As interesting as it can be, history inevitably weighs down the present.

* * * *

Who can You save from what?

* * * *

Do jellyfish cling to their drifting memories the way humans do?
What heavens and hells must they endure to win their deity's favor?

* * * *

The Reaper makes meager picking of all things.

* * * *

The worry! The worry!

* * * *

Absurdity is surely only a human manifestation.

* * * *

Any given is history is but a temporary game;
Meaningful only as long as the collusion endures.

* * * *

Truth is a drift of fine sand taking whatever shape the wind contrives.

* * * *

Dullingly predictable.

* * * *

All things happen in time's shadow.

* * * *

Blessings and curses are merely imagination's inflated parley with its own fabrications.

* * * *

As if the eternal is really concerned with all your silliness.

* * * *

You are in reality that which You are not.

* * * *

All suffer in innumerable ways,
But few discern the common thread
Weaving its painful tapestry in every mind.

* * * *

Hands wander round and round on analog clocks and watches,
And numbers flash on and off on digital versions,
But has any time truly passed?

* * * *

Colors and shapes are creations of the sensory mind,
The deception of light and sound that You even exist at all.

* * * *

You are but a temporal synapse of totality,
An intuitive, mystical comprehension
Discerned by few far between.

* * * *

Your real tribe has no distinguishing traits except an enduring inquiry into true nature.

* * * *

What sound is any sound?
Sight, any sight?
Taste, any taste?
Smell, any smell?
Touch, any touch?
But what any given mind has chosen it to be?

* * * *

What difference is there really between being awake and asleep,
But consciousness pretending its illusory quantum creation real.

* * * *

The difference between birth and death is but a relatively few moments of perception.

* * * *

How can You be free, and not allow others the same privilege?

* * * *

So be it.

* * * *

Who kills any other but themselves in yet another form?

* * * *

All wander aimlessly though relatively few ever begin to realize it.

* * * *

So many believe it is really they who do any of it.

* * * *

Do what You need to do; leave it behind when You are done.

* * * *

What a shock it must have been be to be born,
To depart from the relative tranquility of the womb
Into this sensory garden born of consciousness.

* * * *

The wheel of illusion has innumerable spokes girding its suffering nature.

* * * *

In even the greatest beauty there are flaws, and in the most decrepit, gold.

* * * *

Where do You begin? Where does your universe end?
Where do You end? Where does your universe begin?

* * * *

What trip has not been played out in this earthbound play of time?

* * * *

Gold is dust, and dust is gold.

* * * *

Time as our species has concocted it
Is little more than an arbitrary confabulation
Based on the predictability of a spinning dust ball
A relatively judicious distance from a daunting fireball,
About which it goes round and round in a quantifiable way.

* * * *

Awakening to your birthright is an inward process
That no other can ever navigate for anyone else.

* * * *

Being true to your Self is perhaps the highest law in this lawless theater.

* * * *

The passions that others evoke in You are merely innumerable variations of desire
Playing out a seemingly endless array of attachments to a sensory-born illusion.

* * * *

The truth is that truth can never be spoken, only intuited in the beingness of awareness.

* * * *

Take pause as often as it is necessary to calibrate the clarity.

* * * *

Zen do we go?

* * * *

Those who follow, who imitate others, are like parrots
Constantly repeating remnants of vague memories.

* * * *

Life can certainly be entertaining, and perhaps only rarely boring,
If You are narcissistic enough to surround yourself
With enough hedonistic distractions.

* * * *

What is there to justify, what is there to explain?
It is the illusion, it is the delusion of the other,
To whom You surrender your sovereignty.

* * * *

Seers are like springs freely flowing.

* * * *

You are the dancing cosmic dust of totality temporarily cast in the refraction of light.

* * * *

Keeping desire at a simple level helps make life far less vexing.

* * * *

What purgatories the expectations of others can create.

* * * *

Why live in fear of what some imaginary deity expects of You?
Far more rational to clearly discern what You want for your Self.

* * * *

Humankind seems to be a far cry from discerning what a civilized world truly entails.

* * * *

After the coming fall, human vanity will likely continue, albeit on a revised scale

* * * *

Ride every moment as a surfer does a wave.

* * * *

In every indivisibly seamless holographic moment,
You are the infinitesimally infinite eternal mystery.

* * * *

Within the insecurity of aloneness, there is an indefinable security.

* * * *

Any given seed can never know into what illusion it will be cast.
All life adapts to time and circumstance as time and circumstance allow.

* * * *

The beast is potential within all,
Yet so is the authentic human being
Who journeys beyond its animal nature.

* * * *

When You are completely alone, what else could possibly matter?

* * * *

That which You truly are is no lover of personalities.

* * * *

Investigation any black box long enough,
And its unknowns will likely fall into
One coherent order or another.

* * * *

The highest does not exclude the lowest.

* * * *

The speculations mankind fabricates to illuminate this inexplicable mystery
Are practically meaningless, like dry, brittle leaves blowing this way and that.

* * * *

Adorn the table however You will,
The finest china can do little more than camouflage
What ever remains the savage, murderous enterprise of any predator.

* * * *

Humanity's ability to manipulate nearly everything it touches
Has bent back the limitations of natural law,
But only temporarily.

Like a rubber band, Mother Nature
Will eventually snap her world back into alignment.
And it will likely not be a pretty sight.

* * * *

No part is ever not the whole in reality.

* * * *

All personality is merely subjective adaptation to a given context.

* * * *

A complete life is too full to remember.

* * * *

The mind-body will be where it needs to be if You surrender it to your Self.

* * * *

With the aid of those who have discerned it before You,
You have the rare opportunity to become your own guide.

* * * *

Funny how some people will not let You past all those chips on their shoulder.

* * * *

The body is a container, a vehicle;
Useful to experience the manifest theater,
But only for a relatively brief time.
No use getting too attached.

* * * *

The pleasures and pains inspired by the nervous system
Fool You again and again into believing all this is truly real.

* * * *

Those who truly see may well be inspired
To snigger at the body's innumerable frailties
When they are not writhing and screaming in pain.

* * * *

Wars seem glorious from the parade ground.
Perspective changes when it is your boots
Tromping through the muddy trenches.

* * * *

The common sense that has never really been common
Will very likely not be center stage for any time ever to come.

* * * *

Discern all the differences You can imagine for what they are.
How straightforward, how effortless, it is to heal the fragmented mind
Once You perceive that the wholeness of awareness is its essential nature.

* * * *

What a timeless enterprise life ever is.

* * * *

The unrepentant film of dust
That daily returns to the tabletop
Is a constant reminder of your origin.

* * * *

Well, well, well.

* * * *

Déjà vu all over again.

* * * *

What the fuck were You thinking?

* * * *

We all have our timeline.

* * * *

What cannot be known cannot be usurped.

* * * *

Deign it merit?

* * * *

The madness that is sane is the mind that sets an aimless course.

* * * *

The inner eye, both empty and full, sees all, knows all, is all.

* * * *

Life, it'll kill ya.

* * * *

An imaginary creation, a tale of universal proportion.

* * * *

Vanity-vanity-all-is-vanity, except for pure awareness of the eternal kind.

* * * *

What is any history but the fog of perception.

* * * *

Scream or moan or laugh, the roller coaster rolls on and on.

* * * *

Feng that shui.

* * * *

Every moment a new discovery in the mind undivided by time.

* * * *

If your practice is idolatry, then You have missed the point.

* * * *

The point being?

* * * *

Detachment is key.

* * * *

Are You this? Are You that? No and no.

* * * *

How quickly the sparkle of obsession can morph into dark shadows.

* * * *

Contentment is when just being is enough.

* * * *

This world is not for You, shake it off.

* * * *

What You do not give your mind to does not matter.

* * * *

Travel light, travel sure, travel free.

* * * *

It's your world now, kids, rotsa ruck.

* * * *

What the tongue craves is not necessarily what the tummy needs.

* * * *

Give it no name.

* * * *

There is no before, there is no after, there is only now.

* * * *

The corporeal body is but a means to a dream,
A temporal reverie of the three-dimensional kind.

* * * *

It is really only what You imagine of your Self that counts.
All the assertions, all the opinions, all the babble of the many others,
Is naught but temporal distraction from the indivisible, ever-present awareness.

CCLVI

Participating in this convoluted world can become a hellish journey,
When it forces the contortion of imagination to unimaginable ends.

* * * *

How ironic that we believe hell,
Is worse than what we already create.
We are the demons for as long as we choose,
Dominance instead of guardianship,
Greed instead of generosity,
War instead of peace.

* * * *

We are all children of the same sun.

* * * *

What can really be done to alter humankind's insane forays in consciousness?

* * * *

Potential is meaningless unless it precipitates into kinetic.

* * * *

Countless tortured and extinct life forms, including innumerable human beings,
Would view being treated humanely as a dubious, exceedingly ironic experience.

* * * *

It is possible for intelligence and compassion to override genetic predisposition,
But such aptitude is generally not abundant in spirits in whom me-myself-and-I reigns.

* * * *

In the midst of hell, wander heaven.

* * * *

When it comes to the exploration of reality,
Seek out teachers who do not weave into their teaching
The remnants of delusion and self-interest.

* * * *

Parasites, vampires, and other demonic spirits
Find every way to sway many an incautious soul.

* * * *

Any given action has potential to create an equal and opposite reaction.

* * * *

The quest is to discern one's own voice amidst the many.

* * * *

The gold is in your spirit, not your pocketbook.

* * * *

It can be somewhat frightening, intimidating, to surrender to the vast unknown,
But releasing in moderate increments gradually builds a tolerance to the freedom.

* * * *

Who better knows hell than a repentant demon?

* * * *

If all You seek in life is hedonistic and narcissistic self-indulgence
This body of work, and others like it, will likely not be your cup of tea.

* * * *

All that humankind believes it is, is herein altered; the bar has been raised.

* * * *

Does the egg believe it is the shell?
The ocean, the crashing wave?
The kernel, the chaff?

* * * *

The word creates hell; the word unlocks heaven.

* * * *

Does your fear control You so much that You eternally condemn yourself?

* * * *

When the seed dies, when the patterning dissipates,
What will become of your self-absorbed, willful personality?

* * * *

The trick is learning what it is to look.

* * * *

Death is a melting pot.

* * * *

A pattern is a pattern, none greater, none lesser, in the grand design of all creation.
All manifest life is cast into one time-bound constraint or another,
Into the suffering all sentience must endure.

* * * *

For all practical purposes, this world is the only hell there is,
And it is born of the choices of self-absorbed consciousness.

* * * *

Whether or not one sees any given day as filled with countless choices,
For all practical purposes in this illusionary dreamtime, it is.
Looking forward, free will; looking back, fate.

* * * *

Humankind is quickly running out of space to grow up.

* * * *

When laws and regulations of a state are too inequitable,
When the weight of bureaucracies are too draining,
When the club of the military is too repressing,
When haves share too few crumbs with have-nots,
When the resources of the land are unfairly distributed,
It is all but inevitable that revolution will rock the foundation.

* * * *

There is no other; now is the only time there is.
It is the beginning, and the end, of all things.

* * * *

Those who would lead must always beware the mob's wrath.
History has many a way of making sudden twists and turns.

* * * *

How endlessly absurd that so many believe
One vaudevillian magic trick or another is the sign something is true or not.
The permutations of idolatry are deeply rooted.

* * * *

Is there any previous time, any previous epoch, anywhere across this earth,
That is not considered quaint, old-fashioned, passé, even foolish,
By the arrogant youth of succeeding generations?

* * * *

No answer is the answer.

* * * *

Surely this personal God, to which so many hypnotically allude,
At least occasionally prefers intelligent, rational, witty conversation.

* * * *

Another little in-the-box drama.

* * * *

Those who are dissatisfied will ever find a reason to be.

* * * *

Do not forget how to play, how to enjoy the simple things.
And if You do forget, or for some reason were deprived of a childhood,
Then journey within to the beginning, and re-learn,
Re-acquaint your Self
With the innocence of your birthright.

* * * *

One of the many bothers about growing older
Is how much more predictably tiresome
The human drama daily becomes.

* * * *

All any can do with a vested, entitled interest that no longer suits them, is to walk away.
If enough abandon any given domain, surely it is sure to wither on its unwarranted vine.

* * * *

We all come, we all go, brief players on an ever-changing stage.

* * * *

A mysterious game of hide and seek
In which You are both seeker and sought,
Until You are but that which was sought.

* * * *

Anything and everything can be usurped for alternative purpose.
So, question anything and everything as often as necessary,
And always be cautious about what is accepted as true.

* * * *

Infinitely small, infinitely large.

* * * *

What a predicament it is to be born, much less being born as a human being.

* * * *

So many ways to die; how wretched to have to choose just one.

* * * *

Delusion is much like dust.
It covers everything and requires constant housekeeping
To keep things clean and untarnished.

* * * *

Every moment is revolution to the true revolutionary.

* * * *

Accept nothing.

* * * *

Shade of subtlety are the hallmarks of irony and paradox.

* * * *

One must be very cautious, very astute,
When dealing with the potential toxicity of any given pleasure.
More discipline, not less, is required as You age,

* * * *

Mother Nature is not a drama queen.

* * * *

Prior to everything imagined, everything perceived,
There is a stillness, a fountain, from which all is created.

* * * *

Different masks of the same game.

* * * *

It is all quite meaningless, but play on.

* * * *

Every tradition, every ritual, every symbol,
Was probably originally just a quaint innovation
That gradually snowballed into its current absurdity.

* * * *

There is a tendency for truth to be usurped and distorted in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Contrary to common assumption, You do not need to be weighted down by history.
What is more necessary is the courage to live intuitively in the moment.
You do not need to always carry the fabricated baggage
Of personal identity and the arbitrary culture in which it is swathed.

* * * *

What is the state of mind when all clinging ceases?

* * * *

Knowledge is its own pleasure, its own intoxicating elixir.
When desire for it wanes, how little is left, how little is truly necessary.
The quest to accumulate transforms back into the natural state of eternal tranquility.

* * * *

Organized religions are cultural fabrications
Designed to continue humankind's boundless capacity
To corrupt and enslave the birthright of innocence
Of the those born into its fabricated arena.

* * * *

In pondering philosophical/mystical thoughts such as these,
You are exploring a change in consciousness as You now know it.
Success in this inquiry will bring about a transformation,
A quality of mind that is far more expansive.
It is akin to a drop of water
Returning to the ocean of origin.

* * * *

Space, the final frontier.

* * * *

Humanity should question what redeeming value
Its continued presence offers this garden world.
Odds are we need it far more than it needs us.

* * * *

How much of the key lies in discerning what surrender implies.

* * * *

You are the unicity, the indivisibility, before all heart and mind.

* * * *

When You face your death, when You die to fabricated identity, You will never die again.

* * * *

You are the stillness before all storms.

* * * *

When You discover what You really are,
You will see what "That I Am" truly implies.
Once You discern clearly what You really are,
Though You may at times lose sight,
You can never really forget.

* * * *

Any given mind is likely resistant to change.
The natural detachment of earth and wind and water and fire and ether,
Are not without arduous simplicity mastered.

* * * *

So many mouth empty words like love and freedom and true and eternity,
Without ever coming close to discerning the depth the concepts truly imply.

* * * *.

If You had never been born,
If You do not wake up tomorrow,

Would You, could You, ever really care?

* * * *

Is consciousness even possible without one biological sensory transmitter or another?

* * * *

Is humanity intelligent enough to survive itself?
Is a bet on which only one taker can collect.

* * * *

God has never been a concept.

* * * *

Back in the good old days of empires built upon unadulterated ferocity,
Conquest was forthright in its self-absorbed quest for power and wealth and glory.
Now it is cloaked in euphemisms of politics and religion and commerce,
Yet ever with the same vainglorious ends and means in mind.

* * * *

Arbitrary might makes arbitrary right.

* * * *

Any given genetic line is a survivor of a long trail of savagery and destruction.

* * * *

If You concern your Self too much
With the nightmare humanity is manifesting,
It may well propel You into one padded room or another.
Who with any insight into a larger vision would create this purgatory?

* * * *

Many might well argue that a bad dream is better than no dream at all.

* * * *

Humanity's notion of manifesting its destiny out into the cosmos
Would be a tragedy other worlds will hopefully not have to suffer.

* * * *

Freedom is not merely an idealistic concept.
It is a quality of sovereign beingness
That no other can touch or sway.

* * * *

Discern death not as the body's termination, but as the dissolution of a fabricated identity.

* * * *

There are an exceedingly predictable set of rules in this quantum theater.
Not playing by them brings about exceedingly predictable consequences.

* * * *

Keep remembering until You never forget.

* * * *

Gazing at a wall or a busy street, is there really any difference?

* * * *

You are a patterning of your mother's and father's genetic lineages.
Intuit the pattern's trail through the evolution of your ancestry
Until You reach the origin of all life, and prior to that still.
Discern that the nowness of any given moment
Has never ever been in any way different
Than the one You right here, right now, abide.

* * * *

The play of consciousness is written on every face, every body, every mind.

* * * *

Those who create endless division and rancor play a hellish game.

* * * *

Instead of viewing Self via your personal body-mind,
Discern the body-mind via the impersonal Self.

* * * *

Cut through all the crap, and find the pearl.

* * * *

Let the deities double-double-toil-and-trouble with all their judgments.

* * * *

Boggling how simple it all is, if You manage to lose your mind.

* * * *

Dust You ever are.

* * * *

People come, people go, vanity rules.

* * * *

All boundaries are born of imagination.

* * * *

It does not need to mean anything.

* * * *

For far too many, enough is not an option.

* * * *

To be born is to die each and every moment.

* * * *

There is no copyright to wisdom.

* * * *

Every birth a new universe; every death an end.

* * * *

Nothing doing.

* * * *

What circus calls You?

* * * *

The joy of imagination is that You don't have to go there.

* * * *

The ever-present is, well, ever-present.

* * * *

Truth is the filament in every moment's birth and death.

* * * *

Wisdom has no bounds.

* * * *

The race of nothing to nowhere.

* * * *

It all is nothing more than a dream of mind.

* * * *

Define good, define bad, if You can.

* * * *

There is nothing to do, so do it well.

* * * *

Artificial intelligence for an artificial world.

* * * *

Die to everything but the awareness You truly are.

* * * *

Once again the deadline is postponed.

* * * *

The flesh is weak, and daily weaker.

* * * *

It is a journey into that which is prior to mind, prior to heart,
Prior to all concepts, all forms, prior to even awareness itself.
A journey into that where all paths that never began never end.

CCLVII

Given the reckless abandon humankind has voraciously taken,
It looks very likely the shrinking world will soon be large again.

* * * *

Inseparable, indivisibly, holographically seamless,
But for imagination's chronically dualistic notions.

* * * *

Another unique day of more of the same.

* * * *

When given a series of absurd choices,
Always remember that "None of the Above,"
Whether listed or not, is always an option.

* * * *

Genetic lottery being what it is, the seed You call you
Had to take root somewhere in this mysterious field of dreams.
Look around, and for good or ill, this is your brief window of opportunity
To do whatever time and circumstance and inclination allow.
If it is your destiny to wake up, then You will wake up.
If not, enjoy the snooze as your nature calls.

* * * *

With all the horrors we synergistically havoc upon our own kind,
As well all the relatively defenseless fellow earthlings across the world,
Pray tell, what exactly does it mean to be considered inhumane?

* * * *

What is it about power, fortune, fame, or any other vain notion,
That makes so many human beings feel so absurdly superior?

* * * *

Great cleverness, great wit, is so often blind to the larger landscape.
The minimalism of wisdom is born of insight, not mere knowledge.

* * * *

You have dug your rut, now wallow in it.

* * * *

Humanity must inevitably pay a heavy price for its disregard of this planet's diversity.

* * * *

Insight is simply the expansive vision of the awareness that is neither within nor without.
The eye of the mind, the sovereign, eternal nature, that witnesses prior to sensory input.

* * * *

Once You really have it, You will never lose it.
You may be distracted, but You can never forget.

* * * *

How insane must it get before all the actors on this temporal stage finally wake up?
Are all these narcissistic little parts, all these squalid little roles, so endlessly absorbing?
Are all these countless contortions of free will so mesmerizing in their pretensions,
That the human genome must eventually drown in its own sea of imagination?

* * * *

Dancing in the vast mystery of awareness, oblivion's rainbow is a choiceless choice.

* * * *

There is no need to travel elsewhere to find what You already have and can never lose.

* * * *

Content is the gardener who knows the true kingdom.

* * * *

The synergy of all ever keep the dice rolling in endlessly unpredictable ways.

* * * *

Discern the will to be content.

* * * *

Nothing happens.

* * * *

The rich and powerful may believe it is they who steer history,
But it is the masses upon which their vain notions ebb and flow.

* * * *

The immortality of any configuration
Is but an invention of human imagination,
And its ceaseless craving for continuity.

* * * *

More cannon fodder for the exit door.

* * * *

Of what real significance is it to have your name set down in the annals of history?

* * * *

The difference between history and news and gossip is but a few slivers of degree.

* * * *

Yet another good day to die.

* * * *

Babble, babble.
Babble, babble.
Babble, babble.
Babble, babble.
Babble, babble.
Babble, babble.
Et cetera ad infinitum.

* * * *

History will ever be lost and forgotten in the fog of space and time.

* * * *

The happenstance of creation springs anew each and every moment in every mind.

* * * *

Memory is but the neurological traces of perception.

* * * *

All wars are the same; the only thing that changes is the way people die.

* * * *

History is an ever-flowing treat for those who have the inclination
To poke about in the imaginary sandbox of geography and time.

* * * *

The synergy of human vanity carries on in the time-being.

* * * *

The body only craves what it needs; it is the mind's abyss that wants so much more.

* * * *

You are naught but an ever-changing figment of your own temporal imagination.

* * * *

The mystery continues, ever You, ever insoluble.

* * * *

Far away is really the same near as here.

* * * *

History buries all.

* * * *

The masks and minds may change, but the Soul is ever the same.

* * * *

Start digging and eventually You come to realize
The whole thing is just one el grande assumption.

* * * *

How can the awareness, the nothingness, that was never born, ever die?

* * * *

So many windmills, Don Quixote, and so little time.

* * * *

Time does really not exist,
But that You, through sensory perception,
Imagine it momentarily so.

* * * *

What is not the face, what is not the play of mystery?

* * * *

What a world, what world, and we so foolishly carefree in the mayhem we cast upon it.

* * * *

A rose by any other name is still imagination's game.

* * * *

Another historical nugget to be buried and forgotten.

* * * *

Better to die alone than be smothered by a herd.

* * * *

To be chosen, You must first volunteer.

* * * *

Always something more to acquire.

* * * *

The wonders of serendipity are seemingly ceaseless.
Enough to motivate even the hardest cynic
To re-immerse in the child-mind.

* * * *

Humankind was not cast out of Eden.
We just became so smitten with imagination
That we ceased paying attention to its eternal nature.

* * * *

No individual, no group, can lay claim to ownership of the indelible unknown.

All are witness to the same mystery in which all forms play out equal parts.

* * * *

The missing component in many who ponder is amusement.
Amusement at all the irony, at all the paradox, at all the absurdity.
Amusement at all the inane attachment to everything imagined.

* * * *

To be born again is to begin each moment anew.

* * * *

You are Adam, You are Eve,
Still choosing the forbidden fruit,
Still turning your back on Eden's reality.
You were not cast out of the garden;
You simply stopped wondering,
And starting knowing.

* * * *

Trade shoes with anyone, anywhere, anytime,
And wander a mile or so to see that any perspective
Just as authentic, just as imaginary, as your own.

* * * *

You are final arbiter of your brief play of time.

* * * *

What an impediment to be weighed down by deities, by ancestors,
And all the illusions and delusions fostered by space and time, in general.

* * * *

The challenge is to wrap one's mind around the fact, that the quantum matrix can do it all simultaneously.

* * * *

The same me that is You; the same You that is me.

* * * *

You tell the truth, if You do not need to lie.
You play fair, if there is no reason to cheat.
You wake up, if You are no longer sleepy.
You are full, if You have eaten enough.

* * * *

Eat your rice.
Clean your bowl.
Take a piss, take a shit.
Take a nap.
Rise.

Shine.
Wander on.

* * * *

If there is really nothing else,
You really want to do,
Do nothing well.
Reality never sleeps.

* * * *

Four-letter words better left unspoken include:
Love, hate, hope, good, just, luck, fair, cute, nice,
Pink, work, time, herd, fate, true, gawd …
And, no doubt, so many more.

* * * *

Why get angry about something that is really too absurd to bother about.

* * * *

Idolatry is idolatry is idolatry, no matter the form, no matter the concept.

* * * *

Forget everything.

* * * *

You have seen the future, and it is now.

* * * *

The grand "if."

* * * *

Oh boy, another memoir.

* * * *

It has ever been there, abiding patiently for You to look, to discern clearly,
The immeasurable underpinning of your time-bound existence,
That to which the imagined You is eternally bound.

* * * *

No arguing with physics: mass and velocity and vectors together rule all.

* * * *

How can a drop in the ocean
Ever contemplate its true nature
Until it is cast into separation?

* * * *

Where there is a will, there is a Way.

* * * *

Another stone-cold wacko.

* * * *

Agape knows no hell.

* * * *

History is but the relative perspective
Of every variety of geographical creation,
And the myriad cultures they inspire.

* * * *

Cynics are the fruit of idealistic notion gone reality.

* * * *

From fist to rock to club to knife to sword.
From spear to sling to bow to crossbow to catapult.
From musket to cannon to tank to plane to jet to rocket to drone.
From chemical to biological to nuclear to whatever's on the drawing board.
Ever the constant self-absorbed, avaricious, tool-making, duality-ridden, monkey-mind.
What would it take for this divisive species to get past its "civilized" ways?

* * * *

To merely seek a comfortable state is meaningless.
Do not equate a lethargic, passive mind,
With one reborn in awareness.

* * * *

Once You awaken to the awareness, there can be no divorce,
No matter what You do with your brief manifest dreamtime.

* * * *

Each of us takes on one role or another, perhaps many, in any given lifetime,
In our effort to participate, willingly or unwillingly, in the cultural dynamic.
The challenge is not believing You are the attributes of any function,
That You need not identify at the core with anything You do,
That it is only a pretense, a chameleon performance,
For those caught up in this theater of delusion.

* * * *

It is your craving for freedom that will set You free.

* * * *

How can You ever hope to merge with heaven if You cannot even abide your neighbor.

* * * *

Only in the essential "I Am" state can You fathom the awareness,

The unconditional indivisibility, from which all appearance springs.

* * * *

It is an amazing mystery, impossible, no doubt, but there it is, nonetheless

* * * *

Why should anyone small to great ever feel the need to apologize or justify,
Playing the temporal character they have been conditioned to manifest?
We are all nothing more than windswept fabrications of imagination.

* * * *

The witness is equally within all creatures, all forms small to great.
It is one vast ever-changing mystery theater, kaleidoscoping indivisibly,
With every sentient being starring center stage in their own unique production.

* * * *

What did your face look like before its conception?
What will it look like after the food-body dissolves?

* * * *

You are not the body; You merely inhabit it temporarily until death washes it away.

* * * *

The unknowable unknown is, well, unknowable.

* * * *

Holding onto nothing.

* * * *

"See You tomorrow" can be a dubious assumption.

* * * *

Not holding onto nothing.

* * * *

Eternity is all, attached to none.

* * * *

What is any gourmet meal but just another pile of shit waiting to happen.

* * * *

Detachment is a blade unto Self.

* * * *

It is only vanity that believes anything important.

* * * *

How long can forever be if time is an illusion?

* * * *

Feed them a lie and they will follow; feed them the truth and stand alone.

* * * *

What is it to awaken? And is it worth arguing about?

* * * *

Truth serves no purpose.

* * * *

If it defied physics, it probably didn't happen.

* * * *

How can that which was never born ever die?

* * * *

History has proven over and over again that anything can be usurped.

* * * *

The sands of time are written in the stars.

* * * *

Let go the conditioned mind.

* * * *

Have You ever really moved in any way, any shape, any form?

* * * *

The winds of mind are the winds of time.

* * * *

Every mind, a lie unto its Self.

* * * *

Lose your mind.

* * * *

Time to start brushing up for the contentment trophy.

* * * *

Only imagination imagines itself alive.

* * * *

Talk is cheap.

* * * *

What direction does vanity call You today?

* * * *

What's to do?

* * * *

Freedom is an eternal birthright; it is as simple as simple can get, as plain as plain is.
To attain that quality, everything within and without must be disposable.
Though You may have many things, think many thoughts,
And even participate actively in the world,
With a sense of inner austerity, You can still be free.

CCLVIII

Who is it who experiences the experiencing but an invention of consciousness.
A temporal, imagined entity, born of the immaculate nature,
A quantum fiction that can never exist,
As more than a fleeting neurological reverie.

* * * *

So much time, so much energy, spent seeking an answer,
A point, a raison d'être, to this manifest quantum reverie.
But who will be left when the answer becomes apparent?

* * * *

Another thing about which You will have to plead agnostic.

* * * *

To make your peace with the mystery, seek within.

* * * *

Your manifest existence is really no different than that of any other seed.

* * * *

You can attach to nothing but through your thoughts about it.

* * * *

You need only prove anything to your own satisfaction.

* * * *

Who do You offend, who do You deceive, who do You wound, who do You kill,
But your Self in another being? And does it really matter?
Whether You believe it does, or does not,
Is your dream's path.

* * * *

Extrapolate into infinity.

* * * *

It is really an inquiry without conclusion, except for those who collude in delusion.

* * * *

These words are for those
Who will not be deterred by any falsehood,
No matter how extraordinary.

* * * *

All seeds of the manifest
Bud, blossom, decline, dissolve.

The timeless theater playing out in time.

* * * *

If and when You discover this, You will know everything there is to know.

* * * *

To sow a seed assures its death.

* * * *

Is karma real and true in the vast play of time,
Or merely another fabrication of consciousness?
Only if You give it the weight of your acquiescence.

* * * *

Can the dualistic nature of consciousness ever reconcile with its indivisible nature?

* * * *

Discerning this, does your patterning change?
The language, the habits, the knowledge do not change;
Simply the understanding of their function in a much larger context.
Very different, yet very much the same.

* * * *

Did God create man, or man, God?
The mind, evolved of sensory separation,
Is not hardwired to effortlessly grasp the actuality,
That in reality, absolutely nothing is separate from anything.

* * * *

Neither chaos nor order, it is both more and less, than imagination can ever imagine.

* * * *

So many obligations You burden your Self with.
How well your mythos has convinced you
To carry out its dogmatic bidding.

* * * *

Still the myriad thoughts, and dissolve into the quantum indivisibility.
The immaculate awareness You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

When concepts no longer confine You, karma is among them.

* * * *

From reality's perspective, it does not matter what You think, or if You even think at all.

* * * *

How the waves do relish their crashing play,

Forgetting all the while they are only
The fringes of the depths.

* * * *

Every moment, from the depths of awareness,
You gaze out upon your creation.
Does it please You?

* * * *

Over and over we have seen
That wisdom cannot be transmitted.
It is earned, not learned.

* * * *

If humanity wishes to have its seed line
Continue the innumerable adventures
Offered by the theater of space and time,
It must realign with the staid rhythms of nature.

* * * *

What inane concoctions we invent to rationalize our mercurial behavior.

* * * *

With the universe unfolding within You,
How can You as witness not discern ironic humor
In every aspect of the theater so congested by human pathos.
So feel free to pass in levity whatever moments are left in this life's journey,
For there is truly no other jester better suited to contain it.

* * * *

Curious how so many human beings,
Are so irrationally obsessed with their inanities,
That they truly believe they are the center of the universe.
That they are the core raison d'être for its creation.
How is it that they do not discern awareness,
Equally witnesses all under every sun?

* * * *

The indisputable certainty that all creation is of the same indivisibility
Is a view relatively few seem ready to fathom at this point in time.
Whether that will change in epochs to come, only time will tell.

* * * *

Put whatever masks You will upon your idolatry,
It is to the faceless nature prior to all forms
To which all devotion is ultimately made.

* * * *

A sense of true humility arises when You clearly discern,
That in the absolute reality, You are equal to everything.

* * * *

The cancer of human consciousness is about to undergo a most profound surgery.

* * * *

The only true revolution is born of one mind.

* * * *

The conjectures of Malthus and Darwin, have been only temporarily postponed
Through humankind's energetic ingenuity, and the insatiable narcissism for more.

* * * *

You will never be all of it; You will never not be all of it.

* * * *

Every life form has a fate, a destiny, a karma, a kismet,
The rhyme and reason of which can only be determined
In the timeless hollow, the unfathomable recess within.

* * * *

The joy of word-association is akin to water streaming from a spring that cannot run dry.

* * * *

Fun, fun, fun, is that all You concern your Self with?

* * * *

Who can really help anyone, or change anything?
The patterning weaves all in a reckoning
Of its own spontaneous design.

* * * *

Any concept of God is by its very nature linear and dualistic.
And that which is immeasurable is most assuredly,
Not confined by any in-the-box thinking.

* * * *

No pattern is sacred to the unmitigated mystery.

* * * *

No moral code is eternally sacred.
All laws and principals are cultural creations
Molded of a limited persuasion.

* * * *

To examine the human condition accurately and impartially,
To understand its potential, yet see clearly its self-absorbed limitations,

Requires that the witness set aside the personal nature
And investigate anything and everything
With as little attachment
As the given mind can ascertain.

* * * *

What an absurd obsession human beings across the world
Have with labeling everything that comes within their purview.

* * * *

A ripple in any time's passing would crash upon any distant shore just the same.

* * * *

Is a crime only contemplated still a crime?
If it is, a seriously extended karma
No doubt awaits us all.

* * * *

Let us not confuse consumerocracy with democracy.

* * * *

Consume, consume, consume.
The senses titillate the mind born of time.
Surely, there must be more to existence than acquisition
Of this and that over and over again.

* * * *

Are You able to ignore, or at least mindfully resist, any temptation under any sun?

* * * *

Though You may walk through the valley of delusion,
You shall fear no evil, no insanity, no karma, no illusion.

* * * *

You are the indivisibility of immaculate awareness, not the attributes of the body
In which consciousness manifests, or the many thoughts it endlessly devises.

* * * *

Just another hellish maze fabricated by consciousness.

* * * *

If something is true, does it matter whether or not
It is articulated according to some Hoyle-ish measure?

* * * *

So many human beings are so frightened by the emptiness
That they spend their lives accumulating everything imaginable.
Yet, no matter how much they amass, the void within is ever empty.

* * * *

All forms are deceiving teachers of the timeless indivisible.

* * * *

The sensory, time-bound dream daily persuades You that You are alive,
But in reality You are the eternal unborn-undying imagining its Self real.

* * * *

Those who say, "Follow me," if true seers, do not mean it in the personal sense.
Be vigilant of the predators who use You to their reprehensible ends.
The only way to follow is by exploring your own abyss.

* * * *

The obvious is seldom obvious to all.

* * * *

You are in this manifest body to play You,
Not Jesus or Adolph, not Siddhartha or Genghis,
Not Jack or Jane or any imagined other.
Use what You have been given
To unlock your unmanifest potential.

* * * *

Discern the timeless flowing of "ness"
In words like awareness, nowness, isness, godness,
Stillness, beingness, happiness, sadness, formlessness, absoluteness,
And the myriad other concepts in which language stages its conceptual gamesmanship.

* * * *

You will discern heaven in the eternal essence of the quantum reality.

* * * *

There are no middlemen, no tollbooths, in the sovereign quest into the eternal nature.

* * * *

The way to heaven is smaller than the proverbial eye of a needle,
And more boundless than the most inscrutable mind
Can more than momentarily fathom.

* * * *

So what if You can
Walk on water,
Raise the dead,
Heal the masses,
Draw fish to your nets,
Call upon hordes of angels,
Change water to wine,

Resurrect yourself,
Or ad infinitum whatever.
What a vain show we make of ourselves.
Our absurdity must surely be the laughingstock of the universe.

* * * *

What a burden it is to be born.
The inanities of the body, material possessions,
The human spectacle, all the physical and psychological suffering.
And all You remember reading in the contract some faceless salesman had You sign
Was about all the pleasure, all the power and fame and fortune.
What was in that small print, anyway?

* * * *

Witnessing all the horrors that human beings inflict upon one another
Can be more than a little challenging, more than a little horrendous.

* * * *

Who can judge another's soul once he has discerned it is truly his own.

* * * *

Seems like so many, maybe everyone, believe they are the good guy.
The one that has the right stuff, the one with God and truth on their side.
The one whose path to glory, the one whose raison d'être, is all-important.
The drawback, is that it is often at the expense of one, if not many others.

* * * *

The mortal mind as we imagine it is evolution's time-bound desire for continuity.
It is never easy to employ it to annihilate itself into the eternal, immortal awareness.

* * * *

How enraptured we are with this hellish world we have all aided and abetted in creating.

* * * *

A view of the quantum paradigm few seem destined to attain in any given epoch.

* * * *

Another story, ho-hum.

* * * *

Desire is a seething broth of individual design.

* * * *

What purpose, what trials, are necessary if You have managed to be truly content?

* * * *

No seed is immortal but at its source.

* * * *

From beginning's end, You have ever been sovereign issue.

* * * *

True science is an unblinking, unwavering, unallied eye.

* * * *

Even the most exotic venue can become dull after the first day.

* * * *

A life well-lived is nothing well done.

* * * *

Rejecting the human paradigm is an option.

* * * *

God of man, man of God, one in the same.

* * * *

What true scientist is not also a philosopher?

* * * *

Too late for all but the most disconcerted, willing and able to let go.

* * * *

Every seed has its fate.

* * * *

The Truth and Nothing But the Truth

* * * *

Nothing muffled about the accusatory question.

* * * *

You are the grist; You are the mill.

* * * *

If it is a concept, it is not truth.

* * * *

You are responsible; You are not responsible.

* * * *

You are as large as You are small, as small as You are large.

* * * *

You must figure it all out for your Self.

* * * *

Same grist, another day at the mill.

* * * *

Always look any gift horse in the mouth.

* * * *

Nothing matters, and even nothing doesn't matter.

* * * *

There is no I am, only I am-ing.

* * * *

Buddhists and Christians aplenty; Buddhas and Christs, rare indeed.

* * * *

No matter the point and purpose, all ambition clouds the mind.

* * * *

Mind your own awareness.

* * * *

Doubt is a rare commodity.

* * * *

There is no path through emptiness.

* * * *

Might makes right; always has, always will.

* * * *

There is only one teacher in the universe; one teacher, with many faces.

* * * *

The worms are licking their lips.

* * * *

What need for a solution when there was never really a problem.

* * * *

Oh, happy choiceless.

* * * *

The only thing smart about most smart phones is the phone.

* * * *

Yet another Ground Hog Day underway.

* * * *

A cosmic joke about which it is not always easy to laugh.

* * * *

Of critics, to reference their expertise,
One should always feel free, even obligated to query,
"What book, poem, movie, play, song, painting, sculpture, ad infinitum,
Has s/he ever created for popular consumption?

CCLIX

All life forms are born to die, all seeds are patterns fated to rise and eventually fall.
It is the life dynamic, the awareness, the eternal witness, the Self, the Soul,
That is born again and again, recast into new sensory permutations,
Synergistically creating and preserving and destroying
Within the mirage of manifest consciousness.

* * * *

The exactness of science has proven that we are all of the same essence,
Yet the arrogant resistance of the many who cannot, will not discern it,
Takes us, and the countless other life forms of this garden world,
Full-throttle, unbuckled, on a calamitous ride toward who knows what,
Like lemmings madly, blindly rushing toward the cliffs and the rocks below.

* * * *

There are no simple solutions to the unfolding dilemma.
The human species is in a boiling cauldron of its own free will.
Even worldwide enlightenment would not bring to an end the destiny
That we, and all preceding us, have imprudently set into motion.
The roller coaster ride is really only just getting underway.
And who can more than speculate how it will end.

* * * *

Quantum mystery, that it is, has ever been, will ever be,
It can be voiced, scribed, painted, sculpted, harmonized, quantified,
Expressed in who can even begin to imagine much less know how many ways,
In any given geography, in any given time, by any given culture,
Over and over and over, ever over again.

* * * *

You are as much the infinite spaciousness
As the starry universe up to which You gaze.
Intuit it, feel it, know it, be it, act it, within.

* * * *

The senses are the hypnotists, the mesmerizers, of the mind born of time.

* * * *

You can join all the groupings that will indulge You,
From beginning to end, You are really ever on your own.
The herd serves many functions, but truth is rarely the harvest.

* * * *

Like wet leather drying, moral binds only get tighter.

* * * *

So well

* * * *

Dittoheads rule.

* * * *

The only thing You are is full of imagination.

* * * *

You will be a human being until You realize You never were.

* * * *

What does it mean to really live?
Is it even possible as anything more
Than a brief flurry of imagination.

* * * *

The Way is within.

* * * *

Worship of the body is vain and absolutely meaningless.

* * * *

As kneading is to bread, evolution is to creation; they are not mutually exclusive.

* * * *

Mother Nature plays no favorites.

* * * *

All that imaginary knowledge deprives You of a pristine vision of the garden's wonder.

* * * *

You are an angel with untried wings.

* * * *

The difference between you
And any other form small to great
Is but fleeting illusion born of imagination.

* * * *

If You only blame others for your suffering,
You will never apprehend the role You have played
By clinging to memories no longer relevant
To the present moment now unfolding.

* * * *

Your many sensory cravings give your virtual reality its indefinable flavor.

* * * *

All the many similarities, all the many differences
That stimulate your persona's ephemeral dream of time
Are based on an arbitrary assortment of imaginary perceptions.

* * * *

Physician, heal thy mind.

* * * *

A healthy, balanced existence requires an equitable discipline.

* * * *

The universe is but a swirl of quantum dust in a nip and tuck of infinity.

* * * *

So many pleasures to explore, so many pains to avoid, hedonists, all.

* * * *

Another sunrise from yet another view.

* * * *

The Way, it is.

* * * *

Happy-sad face, you're a tear from a smile.
Happy-sad face, You know it's all worthwhile.

* * * *

Who really knows what was truly said by anyone in time's mirage.
That it was said, and You have heard or read it, is all that really matters.

* * * *

There are far, far too many plays of consciousness
For any one drop to ever entertain, to ever endure.

* * * *

A brief window of time when mind ruled, and imitation blossomed.

* * * *

Whistle while You work, but be sure You are not just whistling.

* * * *

Another day, a few more surgical strikes,
The stonecutter's patient endurance
Sends piercing shockwaves
To the mountain's core,

* * * *

What hope can the noble notion of harmony ever foster,
If all those who consider themselves so aware, so enlightened,
Cannot even establish congeniality between themselves?

* * * *

Human beings can be so cruel to each other and the many creatures small to great.
How challenging to not allow the way You may have been mistreated
To impact your conduct toward the many others.

* * * *

Think for your Self.

* * * *

What a shame that humankind has degenerated
To such a mundane, discordant level in this magical mystery.
Curious that so many ridicule and condemn the remaining aboriginal peoples
For maintaining a relationship with the natural world of our origin,
That so-called civilization has so thoroughly forfeited.

* * * *

The fact that You long for a harmonious world
Says a great dear more about you
Than it does the world.

* * * *

So many unique faces; what an astonishing dream.

* * * *

Follow the water.

* * * *

The figurative mind dwells many places, many times.

* * * *

All the knowledge and wisdom that the human species has perceived and sustained,
Pushes and pulls, scrapes and scratches, at the vastness of ignorance,
Yet the vastness ever holds fast the far-distant shores.

* * * *

Technology has a way of dragging any given mind into its leviathan morass.

* * * *

Mother Nature is like a rubber band that will only be stretched so far.

* * * *

Rich man's mausoleum, poor man's grave, same oblivion.

* * * *

What right, really, does anyone have to tell another how to exist
If it does not encroach, does not trespass, upon their own sovereignty?

* * * *

If You deal with the day-to-day
In the limitation of a confined personal view,
You only add to the chaos and suffering of the many others.

* * * *

No seed or pattern is immortal but for its unborn-undying awareness.

* * * *

Attachment to the attributes of your given seed line
Is a temporal delusion laced with irony and paradox.

* * * *

A true gift is given freely, and accepted respectfully.

* * * *

Through consciousness, each and every mind
Is given a fleeting window of opportunity to explore the mystery
In whatever way the given nature, capacity and limitation, and inclination allows.
To gain admission into the mystical fraternity, the brotherhood of seers,
That stretches across the expanses of space and time,
All one must do is learn to pay attention,
Clearly, simply, fearlessly.

* * * *

You need not depend on nor sustain
Any particular mythological or cultural vantage point
To realize and fathom your eternal freedom.
All paths, all journeys, are relative.

* * * *

Why should anyone care what You believe?
Why should You care what anyone else believes?
Be and allow is the highest law.

* * * *

Genesis unfolding, ever dynamic, ever still.

* * * *

The King is dead.
Long live the King.

* * * *

The pitter-patter of space and time
Kaleidoscopes in mind each and every moment

The given breath sustains.

* * * *

Despite all delusion to the contrary, Jesus is dead, and he ain't coming back.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, face it, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Time has a way of eroding all vanity's efforts to be secure.

* * * *

The relativistic mind is the freest state that consciousness,
In absolute, sovereign, immaculate awareness, can attain.

* * * *

So be it.

* * * *

It is not drugs that need be of concern, as much as the addiction to them.

* * * *

Before all beginnings, it is the same.
After all endings, it is the same.
Between all beginnings and all endings,
Despite being veiled by myriad distractions, it is the same.

* * * *

Cause and effect are of the dream of time.
Eternal nature dissolves all notions of this or that.

* * * *

No dike can long hold against the unruly forces of nature.
Humankind is little more than a helpless rider on a raging bull.

* * * *

Time writes all histories, time erases all histories.

* * * *

Believe what You please, it more than likely ain't true.

* * * *

Secular spiritualism.

* * * *

Now it is your turn to forget everything.

* * * *

Is there light if there is no eye to discern it?

* * * *

We are all delusional in our own imaginary way.

* * * *

Take it for what it is.

* * * *

How can it not be the same voice behind every mask?

* * * *

Each of us is here because our ancestors were willing to do whatever it took to survive.

* * * *

Seeds move on.

* * * *

You are the universe You have imagined; You are not the universe You have imagined.

* * * *

Oh, yawn, another foul deed.

* * * *

It is all just imagination inspired by sensory input.

* * * *

What will the state of the world be
When there are no more archeologists
To excavate our bones, our cities, our trash?

* * * *

Oh, faceless one.

* * * *

It is going to get a lot worse before it gets even worse.

* * * *

Curious how so many in the medical profession claim to follow the scientific model,
But seamlessly manage all the while to avoid practicing the programmed assertion.

* * * *

Curious how so many are able to suspend all reason and accountability,
Even when confronted accurately and impartially with the most obvious truths.

* * * *

Be wary of those who espouse ideals, those who tempt, who wile others to follow.
Those who assert that truth is theirs to give or take, to fashion however they will.

* * * *

Thoughts are currents swirling in an imaginary sea.

* * * *

You are the imaginary zero-sum of whatever You have done and not done.

* * * *

Born to live, born to die, one is not without the other.

* * * *

Perceptions skew all.

* * * *

Curious how so many would rather believe any lie than the simple truth.

* * * *

Ignorance is bliss if You are naturally adept at blindness to the world around You.

* * * *

The meek will inherit the earth as long as illusion infatuates them.

* * * *

How can anyone see, much less care about, everything they do not know?

* * * *

The ever-changing is, well, ever changing.

* * * *

Fill your Self with the absoluteness that transcends the imaginary persona.

* * * *

In these our times, Old School is every moment dying.

* * * *

To see nothing, be nothing.

* * * *

Adventures happen, if You have the courage to allow them.

* * * *

A lot of words, all for nothing.

* * * *

Wake up in whatever way You will, it does not matter, it is but a dream.

* * * *

Never trust history to tell You the truth.

* * * *

What a burden it is to be responsible for someone else's happiness.

* * * *

The quietude of which so many speak is prior to all pales.

* * * *

Alone … alone … alone … so utterly alone You ever are.

* * * *

Why keep coming back? Surely, one life well-lived is more than enough.

* * * *

The roving sun births a new year on this spinning mirage of quantum design.

* * * *

Yet another edifice of mind for eternity to unravel.

* * * *

Hell is in the details.

* * * *

How can forever be any longer than You?

* * * *

Emotional lunacy strikes again.

* * * *

All better now, until the next trip and fall in some other now.

* * * *

Well, that answers it, then.

* * * *

Cut to the gist.

* * * *

More is less; less is more.

* * * *

Another round of that ancient game show: Name That Vanity.

* * * *

Go back from whence You came.

* * * *

No history can never be more than a story.

* * * *

Intuition is imagination's rabbit hole.

* * * *

There are some secrets best taken to the grave.

* * * *

You create your own yoke – heavy or light or nonexistent –
It is up to You and the level of attachment to your dreamtime.

CCLX

The sense of separation created by the senses – sight, sound, smell, taste, touch –
Has been the underpinning of languages across the world, across time.
The subject-object attributes of me, of You, of we, of they, of it,
Have fashioned a dualistic dynamic of every imaginable reckoning.
The indelible indivisibility from which this three-dimensional dream has risen,
Is a fact few minds are capable of discerning, and even they must abide the day-to-day.

* * * *

Take all those science classes current education offers
– Biology, chemistry, physics, and all their coherently rational brethren –
View them collectively, and see how clearly they point to the same quantum indivisibility.

* * * *

One of the more challenging things to overcome is a deep prejudice toward ignorance.

* * * *

The innocence of childhood
Is a mind not yet tossed to and fro
By the innumerable travails of the world.

* * * *

What is consciousness
But a thunderstorm given order.
By a quantum-gone-neural confabulation.

* * * *

Can You live with not knowing?

* * * *

Just more human bullshit.

* * * *

Humanity's endless positioning for God's compassion is absurd.
What deity is anyone beseeching for eternal mercy,
But one contrived by limited vision.

* * * *

When You hear someone declare God is omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient,
Is not there the realization that the infinite ocean also includes You?
All sense of separation is the deception of imagination.

* * * *

As soon as any human being is born into this world,
The given web of life begins imprinting its ceaseless demands.
It is the original separation, the sensory division, the imaginary quagmire,

That few ever even begin to discern, much less fathom.

* * * *

Through the senses, the world daily meanders the labyrinth of your imagination.

* * * *

Any given personal nature will inevitably be rubbed out.
That which is the impersonal source of all forms
Ever remains eternally untouched.

* * * *

A seamless reverie of imaginary junctures.

* * * *

Until You identify souly with the whole, You will suffer in imagination's separation.

* * * *

How easily the mind can become its own worst enemy.

* * * *

If You think yourself imperfect,
It is because You maintain an ideal of perfection
An imaginary notion that can never be attained in dualistic perception.

* * * *

Far easier to be caught up in wave after wave
Of suffocating self pity, oppressive guilt or violent rage
Than it is to examine the source of all passion
As a scientist would a grain of sand.

* * * *

When You are ready to discern the greatest vision, somehow it will happen.
The play unfolds in its own, spontaneous, mysterious way.
To what end, only time can tell.

* * * *

Humanity's time-bound expedition
Is laden with far more conceit than insight,
A reality weighing heavily in its unfolding destiny.

* * * *

Breathe in the universe, breathe out the universe.

* * * *

What exactly is it about your imaginary personality
That You would, if You could, have continue forever?

* * * *

If You believe in some deity or devil,
It is challenging to accept the reality,
That it is You who have imagined both.

* * * *

That You would for even a moment,
Believe yourself separate from anything,
Is the measure of the lie You have conceived.

* * * *

The worship of any person, any place, any thing, any idea, is idolatry.
The reality is that obsequious adulation is completely gratuitous, utterly absurd,
Once You discern that which You imagine, that which You exalt, has ever been your Self.

* * * *

Contrary to the countless machinations born of self-absorbed imagination,
Humanity's presence in this manifest dreamtime is not guaranteed.
Our kind's continued existence is based solely on its ability,
To abide by natural law, the dynamic of all creation.
Unspoken, unwritten, yet more than evident,
To those who lend the world about them their attention.

* * * *

That entirety, that totality, which is neither a he, nor a she, nor an it;
That, which so many idolize as God, labeled with an endless array of sounds;
Is a faceless, nameless, quantum matrix; an indivisible, impersonal, ineffable mystery.
Prior to all manifestation, prior to all the idolatries, all the absurdities, of human-made imagination.
It cannot be subjugated, it cannot be manipulated, it cannot be encapsulated,
By a species unable to comprehend its unfathomable infinity.
To limit its majesty is unutterable blasphemy.

* * * *

What is the point, what good does it really do,
To credit or debit your lot in this life, on the world about You?
Fate is as fate does; every mortal creation has one.
Ultimately, all begin, all end, the same.
Only the narratives differ.

* * * *

Amazing how many have sculpted their deity of gold.

* * * *

God is a conceptual phantasm born of imagination.

* * * *

Look back at any recollection of your perceived existence,
And You will discern the same witness You have ever been.

* * * *

The sheath of knowledge is but a temporal covering.

* * * *

How can You be finished with this world or any other
Until You can witness any aspect of any dream
With complete and absolute detachment?
What draws You in holds You for as long as You cling.

* * * *

The culture into which You were born
Molded the mind and body long before
You even had a smidgen of will to resist.

* * * *

The world, the universe, would not exist but for the eyes to see it,
The tongue to taste it, the nose to smell it, the ears to hear it,
The skin to touch it, and the mind to imagine it all so.
The five senses can perceive only exteriors,
And the mind must be transformed
To intuit the depths of manifest beingness.

* * * *

But for the vaguest memories, it is as if it never happened at all.

* * * *

Someone has an indescribable mystical vision,
Which s/he proceeds to in detail describe.
Others, caught in the web of words,
Scramble for a piece of the pie,
Never remotely grasping the vision
Which they enviously promote and defend.

* * * *

Anything will mean to someone whatever the given awareness allows.

* * * *

All that is, is born of the same ground,
Merely different geographical assumptions,
All equally molded of the same mystery.

* * * *

A dramatic revolution in consciousness
Is required to turn the sharp corner racing humanity's way.
Literally, a quantum paradigm shift.

* * * *

You are that to which You pray.

* * * *

Stillness is the benchmark of awareness.

* * * *

You are the nexus of your universe.

* * * *

It is every form's disposable nature
That exhibits the same eternal source
In each and every part and particle.

* * * *

Beware those who resolutely question,
Else You might be compelled to examine
The bubble of an imaginary universe
Your mind every moment sustains.

* * * *

Truth cannot be dictated by time.

* * * *

Too predictable to be worthy of much notice.

* * * *

Interesting how we all wander about tagging ourselves with this label or that.

* * * *

The hold ignorance has on humankind requires a reckoning few dare fathom.

* * * *

Belief, being merely speculation, can never touch true knowing.

* * * *

Every culture fashions norms with which free spirits are only outwardly compatible.

* * * *

The mind that seeks order has again and again mistakenly attempted
To capture and fashion truth into concepts and symbols and equations.

* * * *

You are not required to hold onto the universe whirling about your monkey-mind.

* * * *

No one but You can ever really validate You.
Depending on anyone else for sanction
Is a well-worn road to perdition.

* * * *

Symbols and rituals are the indolent seeker's rendition of the quest for truth.

* * * *

Expectation is a root of disharmony.

* * * *

Maya renders so many sensory enticements, so many pleasures.
How challenging it is for anyone to be completely free of any desire.

* * * *

What long-winded parable or explanation does a truth-seeker require
That an aphorism cannot, with much less effort,
Make perfectly clear?

* * * *

Try holding on to anyone, try holding on to anything, without some degree of suffering.
Attempts to create a kinder world are so often idealistic notions without real intent.
We are far too bound to our covetous greed, and its inevitable diminishment.

* * * *

Fruit flies sealed in the laboratory bell jar
Assure the honey's inevitable depletion
As the mindless population desperately vies
For that which once seemed so infinitely plentiful.

* * * *

There are tourists, and there are travelers.
Practically two different species, two different genres.
Often mutually exclusive in their motivations.

* * * *

How about mooning each other daily,
So that we are reminded what assholes
So many of us so often unmistakably are.

* * * *

Divinity resounds in hearts where the no-mind resides.

* * * *

A great sense of humor may well be the only remedy for the absurdity that ails us all.

* * * *

The human paradigm will never change unless a great many realize we are all faking it,
And make an across-the-board determination to manifest much more equitable behavior
Towards all creatures in the web of life, and this mindboggling garden world in general.

* * * *

The challenge is to assume responsibility
For your innumerable thoughts and actions,
No matter how beneficial or reprehensible.

* * * *

Best not be holding your breath for that idyllic notion.

* * * *.

Technology cannot forever sustain
This calamity in the making.
No concept will ever dominate nature.
Only delusion deceives us into such inane pretenses.

* * * *

Until a sense of divine nature is invoked in the everyday momentary mundane,
The ultimate unmanifest reality of existence cannot achieve its manifest potential.

* * * *

You have to do something, even if it is nothing.

* * * *

The agape You solicit from another can only equal that which You impart.

* * * *

You are the impersonal personified.

* * * *

To have friends, You must be a friend.
To have lovers, You must be a lover.
To have enemies, You must be an enemy.
The world You project is the world in which You exist.

* * * *

Those claiming they are Jesus or Buddha or Elvis are obviously delusional.
However, whoever any historical or anonymous personas were or will be,
All are all seeds playing out different nows of the same quantum origin.

* * * *

Humankind has proven itself more than capable
Of conjuring every imaginable stratum of hell and heaven.
From the eternal perspective, it really matters not even one scintilla,
But what an epilogue it would be in this absurd little manifest play,
If the species were to somehow evolve into its greatest potential.

* * * *

Now springs eternal.

* * * *

Mountains rise and fall countless times in the infinite geography of eternity.

* * * *

Nature has so many ways of bringing attention back into focus.

* * * *

For there to be heaven, all must agree to abide there.

* * * *

Very complicated, and very simple, all in the same each and every moment.

* * * *

Even supreme beings probably get constipated every once in a while.

* * * *

Through natural law, the chaos of the eternal origin is given manifest order.

* * * *

Tyranny sculpts both cowards and martyrs.

* * * *

Curious how the masses prefer
Tradition and superstition and ignorance
To their own direct and lucid and rational observation.

* * * *

Let us not confuse humanity with humanity.

* * * *

Too hot, too cold, whiners all.

* * * *

How can creator and creation not be the same?

* * * *

Pretty amazing the different universes our bodies play out.

* * * *

The quest for peace is a solitary trek.

* * * *

Morality is a convenient distraction.

* * * *

There is no other, never was, will never be.

* * * *

The ultimate irony and paradox is always speaking of time as if it were real.

* * * *

The joy of the long stroll is without compare.

* * * *

What a burden it is to be made responsible for someone else's happiness.

* * * *

The body is going to die someday, so why not my its own hand?

* * * *

Close encounters of the third kind playing out daily.

* * * *

Give me anonymity, or give me death.

* * * *

Science is only as potent as eye and technology allow.

* * * *

Only in the absoluteness of pure awareness is there an end to relativity.

* * * *

The seed of tomorrow is in today, and yesterday but an imaginary tale.

* * * *

What a burden it is to be responsible for someone else's happiness.

* * * *

History is everywhere and nowhere.

* * * *

The body lives, the body dies, and imagination imagines between.

* * * *

The real You in a nut shell.

* * * *

History is relative to every eye that discerns it.

* * * *

You are a conditioned recording, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Truth does not exist because the eternal moment it is, is not.

* * * *

What are sight and sound and taste and smell and feeling,

But vibration interpreted by the mind steeped in illusion.

* * * *

The deadly cancer began in Africa,
And spread relatively quickly across the world.
Although the garden's potential was relatively unaffected,
Its surface was scarred for many eons to come,
And its many inhabitants small to great
Suffered in every way imaginable,
Many to the point of extinction
Long before their time.

CCLXI

It is a vision, and like all visions, susceptible to the vagaries of space and time.

* * * *

You are the ever-changing changlessness.

* * * *

Anyone is ever free to abide in hell or heaven.
Only a momentary change of attitude is required
To journey from one state of mind to the other.

* * * *

Live ever craves life, yet at its source is ever that which is never born, never dies.

* * * *

Irony has it, again.

* * * *

The heaven or hell You reflect upon others is the one in which You reside.

* * * *

Martyrdom seems to be an expedient way of getting across a message.

* * * *

Death may seem very final,
But, in reality, is really no different
Than any other point in time's eternal play.

* * * *

Humanity is going to absurd itself right out of existence
If its not much more careful, and exceedingly karma-proof.

* * * *

All deity play is the vanity of one form or another.

* * * *

What a calamitous fiasco we are creating; a cosmic joke of inconsequential proportion.

* * * *

However many bodies You may karmically experience,
In truth, all are the same quantum indivisibility,
Just different faces of the same game.

* * * *

That You ever thought it shoulda-coulda-woulda, be any different, was but vain notion.

* * * *

The endless, often irresponsible chatter of the media
Has only exacerbated the confusing fog
In which we blindly wander.

* * * *

Even the most universal supreme being is of the same indivisible origin as You.

* * * *

It is because You say it is so; it is not because You say it is not so.

* * * *

Everything is erasable.

* * * *

Like any given religion or superstition, science is a belief system,
Though it is a tad more precise in its observations and conclusions.

* * * *

It may not be what You want to hear, but the only question is: Is it true?

* * * *

There is no taking back the ripple once the rock is thrown.

* * * *

As a gnat is to You, You are to any deity; superior only in capacity, not the source.

* * * *

When beneath the water's surface,
Suspended in the stillness of diminished gravity,
Eyes closed, the last breath fully inhaled, completely alone,
What are You? Where are You? Where are You not?
Despite the many distractions of the day-to-day,
Is it really that different in the sea of air
Wafting only a few feet above?

* * * *

The world has many supervisors,
But few leaders capable of coping wisely
With the myriad dikes that are quickly disintegrating.

* * * *

Though the world may tempt in every way imaginable,
To abandon one's surrender to the mystery
Would surely magnify many times
The pain endured prior to the awakening.
Much like trading an ocean of water for a desert of sand.

* * * *

Another narcissistic muddle.

* * * *

From whence doe the intelligence of all creatures small to great come?
From the prior-to-quantum awareness that all timelessly, indivisibly are.

* * * *

Freedom is priceless.

* * * *

The will to survive can adapt to innumerable extremes,
So though the human species will inevitably be thinned out
By the innumerable dualistic choices we have collectively made,
Those relative few who survive will likely not be entirely extinguished
But through some as yet undetermined cosmic cataclysm.

* * * *

The mind is not separate from the body, is not separate from the spirit,
Is not separate from any part or particle of this indivisibly indelible mystery.

* * * *

Superstitious trepidation blames the inexplicable
On devils, ghosts, and other supernatural explanations,
But objective scientific observation and impersonal reasoning
Will inevitably discern more plausible, more rational interpretations.

* * * *

Across the board, truth is wags eternal.

* * * *

Another case of mystical post-traumatic stress disorder.

* * * *

For whom is all this written if not You?

* * * *

Either You see it, or You do not.
Mystical insight and wisdom
Cannot be forced by one upon another.
Belief in this or that is for those whose destiny it is
To blindly wander the mystery of totality lost in dualistic notion.

* * * *

Because it amuses You, that's why.

* * * *

It is all the same indivisible, timeless, indelible quantum mystery.

The air You breathe, the water You drink, the food You eat,
The ground You wander, the sun in which You bask,
And the ever-present from which You gaze.

* * * *

An everyday affair of heart and mind played out by a body dallying in time.

* * * *

You are herein reunited with your Self, a definitive work, if You will.

* * * *

The sword of discernment is figurative, not literal.

* * * *

That is why it is called ignorance.

* * * *

A creation never witnessed is akin to a tree that bears fruit that will never be eaten.

* * * *

Every moment a new opportunity for Self-discovery.

* * * *

The chaos that is not chaos,
The order that is not order.
The chaos that is order,
The order that is chaos.

* * * *

Irony and paradox, prior to, within and beyond, every part and particle.

* * * *

It is going to get worse before it gets much worse before it gets as bad as it can get.

* * * *

It is all the same one,
But some parts of the oneness
Will use, abuse, maim, and even kill You,
So pay attention to whom and what You embrace.

* * * *

All fallen angels are lost in the fog of dualistic notion.

* * * *

Curious how the hungry and impoverished tend to breed even more hunger and poverty.

* * * *

The delusion of collusion is a strong wind on a dusty plain.

* * * *

Pay attention to where those feet are wandering,
Else You will endure blisters, sprains
And other painful devices.

* * * *

Ripples hit shores, and bounce back.

* * * *

Another layer of isolation.

* * * *

Whose existence does not appear somewhat egocentric or bizarre or insane,
When observed relatively by another, who does not judge all things,
From their frame of reference, from their version of normal.

* * * *

Another transcendent moment articulated.

* * * *

Pleading for favors and forgiveness from some contemporary version of God,
Is just as hollow and useless as worshipping a rock was way back then when.

* * * *

Look who's calling who a barbarian.

* * * *

Contentment is priceless.

* * * *

The things we do to stand out in any given herd.

* * * *

Until You discern the ultimate clarity, the distractions are innumerable and complex.
When the mind is cloudless, the many imaginary concoctions evaporate into awareness.

* * * *

Imagination is the distraction.

* * * *

All your tussles with deities are imagined and one-sided.

* * * *

In youth we are distracted by our bodies
And the countless light shows so fresh and exciting.
As those about succumb to illness and injury and aging and death,
The most perceptive discern how awry the game of existence has always been.

* * * *

A vehicle on a journey through hell and heaven and every purgatory between.

* * * *

Who teaches anything to anyone not ready to learn?

* * * *

If You merely believe this or that, your way is divisible.

* * * *

So many forms, so many masks, so many dreams, hiding You from You.
Only eyes that see and ears that hear can discern that which is prior to form.

* * * *

Taking religion to new heights; raising the bar, so to speak

* * * *

Savor the realization that You are one with all and none.
And the eternal fountain within will flow without end.
It is a timeless drunk that time can only know.

* * * *

Would your lust be so vigorous without that thin covering of lifeless skin and hair?

* * * *

Only You can know your true intent.

* * * *

Why should You fear death when it is your ticket home.

* * * *

Probably good policy to avoid placing burdens on those who cannot bear them.

* * * *

You cannot reason with a rabid dog.

* * * *

To fully discern that You are an expression of the allness
Cannot be touched by mere belief, mere faith, In this or that.

* * * *

Even the blackest sheep can discern heaven's way.

* * * *

Ignorance is not bound by color or size or shape.

* * * *

You are the nexus through which every sort of story line is played and reviewed.

* * * *

Till the ground for the welfare of all existence.

* * * *

You may resist the mystery with every ounce of your being,
But You will be much happier if You surrender to its reality.

* * * *

Each moment You are born, each moment You die.
Continuity is but the delusional illusion of imagination.

* * * *

Those who see the truth require no reward; discerning the unicity is the prize.

* * * *

The only real remedy to any given problem, any given difficulty, any given puzzle,
Is to determine the source of all glitches, the source of all inventions, the mind itself.

* * * *

Study what ails You, and get your Self home.

* * * *

This revolution is a solitary course; no group sanction is required.

* * * *

What deity worth its salt would harshly judge one so intent on discerning the truth?

* * * *

The mind is the dreaming and the dreamer,
The breath the waves, the heart the soul, and eternity the expansiveness,
In which they together play out the reverie of time.

* * * *

Ultimate reality does not require labels or analogies or metaphors or equations,
Or any other mind-made devices ever devised by humankind, to be the real thing.

* * * *

Unrestrained breeding makes for a harsh future.
Six, seven, eight, nine, whatever, billion human beings
Cannot be long sustained by a world already stretched so thin.

* * * *

The barren tree bears fruit You cannot see.

* * * *

You are the truth, the life, the way.

And so is everyone and everything else
To the farthest reaches and beyond.

* * * *

You are indelibly linked to the mystery of origin; there are no intermediaries.

* * * *

You are not what You do; You are not what You say.

* * * *

Why be bound by any human concoction?

* * * *

Dates and times may vary.

* * * *

So many things to care about, what's the point of bothering anymore?

* * * *

You are the ever-emanating now, radiating an imaginary universe.

* * * *

The world and all its attributes are but stardust in your mind.

* * * *

Time, what was that, anyway?

* * * *

Yet another suit dreaming of conquest.

* * * *

A world less and less ready for its future.

* * * *

Saṃsāra: The cycle of aimless drifting, wandering or mundane existence.

* * * *

Mitote: A cacophony of voices in your head, all talking, few if any listening.

* * * *

To know, or not to know, that is the question.

* * * *

There are no masters, just beginners with a more astute eye.

* * * *

Ignorance is not always bliss.

* * * *

After childhood's end: torture and taxes; death is the least of it.

* * * *

Launch your Self into the space within and without.

* * * *

Full cup, empty cup, no cup.

* * * *

The food industry is only too willing to poison You if You allow it.

* * * *

Labels are for those caught in the web of identity.

* * * *

Yet another law unwritten in invisible ink.

* * * *

It is what it is; no shoulda-coulda-woulda about it.

* * * *

Light on, light off.

* * * *

Make awareness the go-to state.

* * * *

The almighty dollar, greenback, wampum, gold coin, bread, whatever.

* * * *

A wise man once said nothing.

* * * *

Your conclusion about others, are as meaningless as theirs about You.

* * * *

So much effort imagining, believing, pretending, You care.

* * * *

Real faith requires no word or act, no belief or creed.

* * * *

The mind is a mystical land of possibilities.

* * * *

The infringement of imagination is an infraction upon your eternal nature.

* * * *

The first breath, the last breath, and naught but a dream between.

* * * *

What was life like before there were millennials?

* * * *

Now: Open for business.

CCLXII

If You only worship forms, what will You have someday but the dust of skeletons.

* * * *

Discern the awareness that is real.
Summon the courage to journey into absolute madness.
It is the surest way to the truth of You.

* * * *

Just because it is not seen does not mean it is not there.
Just because it is seen does not mean it is there.

* * * *

The inquiry is a solitary journey; no one else can do it for You.

* * * *

The universe in your mind,
As infinite a portal as it may seem,
Is really a very finite dream.

* * * *

All obituaries at the core read the same.
S/he was born, experienced many things,
And died, alone, perhaps very painfully.

* * * *

In the relativity of the garden,
Who can with any real authority say,
Where the lines of good and evil are drawn?
Even if there were a God, it would be just as arbitrary.

* * * *

The only resident evil in this dreamtime is humankind.
No animal, plant, insect, or any other life form
Has ever suffered the delusion of hell.

* * * *

The obviousness of these many words will be lost upon all but the rarest of ears.

* * * *

While kings gain temporal glory
On battlefields in far distant lands,
Gardeners till eternity in their minds.

* * * *

Be cautious about what doors, windows,

And mysterious boxes You impulsively open,
For some are not easily, if ever, closed.

* * * *

It is relatively simple to feel free on a mountaintop,
With no one around, and of things mind-made, nary of sound.
See how long You can hold that serenity when You get back to civilization.

* * * *

No one can save You from yourself but your Self.

* * * *

Eternal life is from all beginnings to all endings.
The timeless indivisibility has ever been Self-evident
To any who give it their unborn-undying attention.

* * * *

The art of wishful thinking is widely practiced to little avail.

* * * *

The grand unlearning is one of the greater challenges this brief existence offers.

* * * *

The blandness of eternity, given the temporary flavoring of illusionary consciousness.

* * * *

The dream of time hath many players, and many stages with many entrances.

* * * *

A little bit of You in everyone and everything.

* * * *

Some do, some watch, some run.

* * * *

It is all really just smoke and mirrors.
The trick is getting through the funhouse
Without getting all cut up by the broken glass.

* * * *

Why justify that which needs no justification?

* * * *

Ignorance, compounded daily, makes for serious consequences.

* * * *

Within the mind of each and every skull
Is a mystery theater of quantum proportion,

A long and winding excursion born of imagination's
Implacable capacity to play out every conceivable illusion.

* * * *

The currents of water,
The winds of air,
The flames of fire,
And the quakes of earth,
Are they truly all that different?

* * * *

Any so-called supreme being, or lesser deities of the greater dimensions,
Who must still subscribe to one finite set of capacities and limitations or another,
Is, in reality, not all that much greater than any given creature on this spinning dust ball.

* * * *

More to be forgotten.

* * * *

There is really can be only one ultimate truth.
It is not my version, or your version, or anyone else's version.
It is just truth, just reality – plain and pure and simple –
Without any of the narcissistic pretenses
To which the human mind
Inanely, incessantly subscribes.

* * * *

You are what You are; all any of us can do is follow our nature wherever it leads.

* * * *

It is not a universe where anything lasts forever, so sorry.

* * * *

Strategy and tactics must be balanced and coordinated
For any venture to be brought to its intended conclusion.

* * * *

So many things You will never even once experience.

* * * *

Give it up for the mystery, folks.

* * * *

The issue is not whether or not there is a God.
In their endless quarreling, both believers and atheists,
Overlook the point that the real opportunity existence offers all,
Is the agnostic exploration of awareness, the portal to the eternal source.
It is the eternal role of indivisible witness offered by consciousness,

To that which all are equally given a front row center seat.

* * * *

Prove this wrong if You can.

* * * *

To discern the gold, the vein must be followed wherever it may lead.

* * * *

All destinies have their share of abrasive moments,
But count yourself fortunate if your portion
Is in the few and far between.

* * * *

You reincarnate every moment You imagine your identity real.

* * * *

Awareness is eternal; consciousness, time.

* * * *

Ignorance rules.

* * * *

So much waiting for this or that.

* * * *

The currents of space-time time mold every seed into its destiny.

* * * *

All things gathered are eventually lost.
Wisdom, too, goes the way of the wind.

* * * *

Of mind and body and soul, little is known, but much is said.

* * * *

You are really the awareness of a moment prior to time.

* * * *

The blind cannot see the gold
That surrounds them every seamless moment
Of their brief self-absorbed existences.

* * * *

Any who see this mystery clear and true,
Whether through pen or paintbrush or sword,
Become sovereign witness to the indivisible way.

* * * *

What can this world offer the rare few who are prior to all worldly riches?
Gold is sand, and sand, gold, for those whose fate it is to see the unseen.

* * * *

Pride is the only real sin.
Separation from the absoluteness of totality
Is the calamity of all fallen angels.

* * * *

You are that which is prior to all possibilities.

* * * *

Eternal salvation begins right now with union within.

* * * *

What good is a huge pile of gold if there is no world in which to spend it?

* * * *

Quality is all.

* * * *

The burden of history grows daily greater.

* * * *

The human paradigm is of no consequence
To totality's infinite, indifferent, inexorable wheel
Of creation and preservation and destruction.

* * * *

To whom is this written?

* * * *

What are belief and hope, but fear cloaked by different sounds.

* * * *

The indivisible absolute, layered in relativistic notion.

* * * *

Like water or wind, relationships ebb and flow.
It is more than a little challenging to avoid swirling
Through any number of passions towards one another.

* * * *

What is good, what is bad?
What is up, what is down?
What is right, what is left?
What is north, what is south?

What is similar, what is different?
All concoctions of sensory-mind creation.

* * * *

Yet another set of true believers proselytizing their ignorance.

* * * *

Malarkey swathed in doublespeak.

* * * *

It is You who carries so-called karma from one burdened moment to the next.

* * * *

Death is just your turn.

* * * *

Each moment another slice of the unfolding fate.

* * * *

Freedom is a state of mind clear of the potpourri of time.

* * * *

A paradigm to which all humankind in delusion colludes.

* * * *

Identity is the weighty baggage
Of the mind's time-bound fabrication,
To which You pay a voluntary subscription.

* * * *

Only a child can see that the emperor, surrounded by sycophants, is really buck-naked.

* * * *

Looking for more of what You do not really need.

* * * *

Yet another version of the same-old-same-old.

* * * *

All attributes to the contrary, there is no other.
Just the same me that is You in yet another flavor.
Ever the same mystery cloaked in so many disguises.

* * * *

I am You, and You are me, and we are all one together.

* * * *

There is no normal; just statistical relativity.

* * * *

Whether it is reckoned by seconds, hours, days, years, breaths, heartbeats, steps,
Or some other mind-made mark, each is allotted only so many in their dreamy journey.

* * * *

Words are sounds given meaning through the collusion of consciousness.

* * * *

One is the same as the other.

* * * *

Some lead, some follow.
The rare few just do their own gig,
Indifferent to the will of the whimsical herd.

* * * *

All manifestation emerges, unfolds, evolves,
Through the eternal, relative serendipity
Of space-time's quantum potential.

* * * *

Betrayal, to whatever degree,
Whether intentional or accidental,
Seems a constant in the human dynamic.

* * * *

The arbitrary nature of human truth is unceasingly, irrevocably debilitating.

* * * *

Perfection, as idealized by consciousness, is inevitably flawed.

* * * *

Just a little game we play by our Selves with our Selves.

* * * *

Humankind's capacity to manipulate has pushed back natural limits in countless ways,
But the inevitable outcome is like a yawning pit awaiting our arrival in time.
Mother Nature will not much longer abide an insolent species
Who carelessly defies the rules of the game.

* * * *

A brief, narcissistic existence, replete with fabricated, delusionary meaning,
Surrounded in all directions by an eternally infinite ocean of purposelessness.

* * * *

Without imagination, where should You, could You, would You, be?

* * * *

Surrendering completely to the friend, the beloved,
Is the most arduously effortless thing imaginable.

* * * *

Thank the gods animals have hair, and human beings wear clothes,
Else suicide would be much more rampant than it already seems to be.

* * * *

You continue to try to exist,
But because time is not ultimately real,
It is only as firm as the make-believe of imagination.
It is the indivisible irony, the eternal paradox.

* * * *

It is all that trying so hard to believe this or that which creates so much suffering.

* * * *

Whatever You imagine, makes it so, in your own mind, in your own brief time.

* * * *

How is it we allow so many maniacal, greedy, corrupt personas to control our destiny?

* * * *

Freedom is not a matter of mere assumption.
It is a quality of mind absolutely clear
Of all pretense and assertion.

* * * *

Yet another zombie wandering its delusional mindscape.

* * * *

Nuance is all.

* * * *

The first moment no different than the last.

* * * *

Name that delusion.

* * * *

That demon in You always calling for more, more, more.

* * * *

Solution? How could there be?

* * * *

Put up or shut up.

* * * *

And what would be the point of opening that Pandora box?

* * * *

There is nothing to be.

* * * *

Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead!

* * * *

Physics ... Chemistry ... Biology ... Patterns within patterns within patterns.

* * * *

There is no other, only You, ethereally eternal, forever present.

* * * *

The web of life is in tatters; a cloud of chaos is descending.

* * * *

So obvious from the long ago.

* * * *

Awareness is all You are; no was, no will ever be, about it.

* * * *

How can there be an end to what never began?

* * * *

What point to a promise that cannot be kept, a promise that is not real.

* * * *

What a sad pestilence the humanunkind.

* * * *

Using words again and again to fitfully describe that which words can never attain.

* * * *

So many causes, so little time.

* * * *

The future is now, such as it is.

* * * *

Did the math.

* * * *

In cold, dress for cold; in hot, dress for hot; in wet, dress for wet.

Mother Nature will school those who give her their attention,
To discern the common sense that is only rarely common.

* * * *

Once You discern
That it is You who has created
A dualistic perception of a supreme being,
It is You who must transform the delusional assumption
Into an indivisible vision, one that includes the center-stage witness.

CCLXIII

Poisoned ground and air and water make for tough going across the world.
Pity the future, inundated by the devastation born of human consciousness.

* * * *

If You comprehend You are the awareness
Prior to all appearances, prior to all constructions,
You wander about with the same discernment as the fellow
Rumored to have said, "Before Abraham, I Am."

* * * *

How convenient it is for the multitude
Only capable of misinterpreting and usurping
The true meaning of those given vision.

* * * *

Reincarnation is imagination gone native.

* * * *

Until they stabilize in consciousness,
Mystics often wander a challenging trail
Because they wander down so many.

* * * *

If You take the concept out of God, the mystery it has ever been, will also include You.

* * * *

History shows us the confusing results of even the best intentions.

* * * *

What would life be like if You were not giving so much energy
To the ever-present reincarnation of an imagined identity?

* * * *

To be eternally saved, You must take responsibility for your own awakening.

* * * *

The natural state is an abiding aloneness.
It is consciousness that fabricates loneliness,
And its interminable capacity for suffering.

* * * *

Some might label it harsh and sharp,
Others benevolent and malleable,
It is in reality both, and neither.

* * * *

How does one explain irony and paradox to those who have not fathomed
The subtlety of mind to discern the endless permutations
In which they are brought to bear.

* * * *

Mother Nature, in all her glory,
Has innumerable ways to rub You out
If You present her the opening.

* * * *

How is it that You reached this point in time?
Curious, this mystery we so casually call fate.

* * * *

You are life, You are death, every moment.

* * * *

Irony and paradox, yet again.

* * * *

All desire for this or that is ultimately the eternal hunger for the contentment of Self.

* * * *

Doubt what You must doubt to be free.

* * * *

To which now will You choose to surrender?

* * * *

Even the wind must still itself to catch its breath.

* * * *

It takes a great deal of courage
To dissolve the many barriers set before you
By the mythos into which your mortal seed has been cast.

* * * *

If You believe "Love thy Self" means the name, the identity, the personality, guess again.

* * * *

Whether through implausible accident or divine plan,
Here we are, and this is what we have made of it.

* * * *

You are not required to participate
In this worldly theater in any particular fashion
But through your own collusive volition.

* * * *

Those who survive the calamity ahead
Will deal with it as geography and circumstance allow.
Consciousness will ever contend with the demons of its own making.
But for as long as humanity plays out its vain existence,
The foundation of all things will ever remain
The same indelible mystery.

* * * *

An immeasurable dream.
Absolute fantasy that it can be,
Or needs to be, quantified in any way.
What was Eden like before our fall from grace?

* * * *

The innumerable injustices of this world,
As indivisibly and timelessly illusory as they ever are,
Have gone well beyond any rational reckoning.

* * * *

The outcome of any successful cancer
Is the decline and annihilation of its host,
And thus, intentionally or not, itself.
A curious paradigm, indeed.

* * * *

Look beyond your ephemeral portion of time,
And discern the origin of the cosmic play within.

* * * *

Not easy being sane in an insane world.

* * * *

Jesters are ironic witnesses to the paradoxes of the court.

* * * *

Though it is an ineffably remarkable dream,
It need not be the profane nightmare we have made it.
So much to unlearn, and little or no time to recover the original offer.

* * * *

Insightful thoughts, whether spoken or written,
Do not readily translate into the articulation intended,
In minds not cultivated, not nourished, for serious inquiry.

* * * *

The many voices of time echo in your mind.

It is very arduous to still them enough
To discern reality for your Self.

* * * *

Always be extremely hesitant about adopting another's vanity.

* * * *

Wander beyond all desire for power or fame or fortune.

* * * *

The eternal presence of awareness You ever are
Is your comrade, your companion, your lover.
Inattention to the timelessness is a form of death;
Tasteless, barren, desolate, like trees without leaves.

* * * *

If your existence is merely about accumulating this or that, or experiencing that or this,
You have, indeed, entirely missed the real opportunity this inexplicable mystery offers.

* * * *

Grace is the timeless origin.

* * * *

You are the temple, the church, the synagogue, the mosque,
The ashram, the basilica, the tabernacle, the chapel, the house of God,
Or whatever You choose to call that which need not be named.

* * * *

What anyone else thinks of You is of no tangible importance, whatsoever.
Better to wander alone, free and absolute, than to die linked to a herd of fools.

* * * *

Better to awaken for even one moment than to live an existence anchored in delusion.

* * * *

Truth is not about Jesus,
Buddha, Lao Tzu, Mohammed,
Or any other prophet or mystic or seer.
There are no middlemen in the eternal quest
For the only reality that has ever been, or will ever be.

* * * *

What more freeing a message could there ever be,
But that You, sovereign and unassailable,
Are one with all that is and is not.

* * * *

It is your fear born of desire that imprisons You.

* * * *

How attached we human beings are to all our words,
Quibbling endlessly over concepts that simply use different sounds
To articulate what is ultimately the same timeless mystery.
There is only oneness, and in that otherlessness,
There is really nothing to fight about.

* * * *

Those content within do not wage war without.

* * * *

The atoms scientists keep splitting,
Into smaller and smaller bits of nothingness;
Is it not clearly obvious, that they, too, are really You?
Has not science proven many times beyond all judicious doubt,
That, which it in its foundational explorations, was so rationally rebuffed?
Yes, there is, indeed, that which some call God,
And it includes You.

* * * *

The warrior dies on the field of battle; the gardener, in the field of harvest.

* * * *

It is not about me, it is not about You. it is about what we truly are, and are not.

* * * *

We are all different universes sculpted of the same Way.

* * * *

Every fate a preoccupation.

* * * *

Odds are, God's will, will very coincidentally, resemble your own.

* * * *

Imagine that.

* * * *

The inner demon raises its malevolent, dysfunctional little head
Again and again and again in the darker corridors of consciousness.

* * * *

There are things that You understand that others do not,
And things others understand that You do not.
Knowledge and insight are like that.

* * * *

Any teacher that burdens You with dogma,
Or seeks your approbation or servitude in any way,
Should be left in the dust of your wanderfest.

* * * *

Any given earnest seeker
Will eventually discern the same Way
Every other earnest seeker ever has or ever will.
All else is naught but sensory distraction of quantum vibration.

* * * *

Be true to thy Self, and it will be true to You.

* * * *

It is the resistance that creates the havoc.
Surrender to that which is prior to all choice.

* * * *

The many faces and costumes and names
Given to the innumerable idols of human invention
Are ever masks of the same faceless, indivisible mystery.
There is really no other but through the potpourri of imagination.

* * * *

To fearlessly discern death is to be free to fully live.

* * * *

All that reverence for what ancestors are rumored to have said and done,
All that absorption in this desire-laden-fear-ridden tradition or that,
Only magnifies and perpetuates the same limited paradigm.

* * * *

The many who follow will only change the course humankind has vaingloriously set
When they carefully choose their leaders instead of them picking themselves.
Genuine, judicious, wise leadership is a selfless service to the one in all.
Nepotism and cronyism and favoritism shall have no station there.

* * * *

This is idealistic only to those many who do not see.

* * * *

Seeking wisdom is a fool's end.

* * * *

Aloneness is the sovereign sanctuary.

* * * *

Seek out mirrors who are authentic agents of the absolute.

They will freely reflect that quantum reality which all truly are.

* * * *

All forms are little more than temporary twists and turns of limited perception.

* * * *

Imagine a world in which there is mutual respect for all by all, and then make it happen.

* * * *

Despite the apparent forcefulness perceived by the mammalian mind,
Volcanoes, hurricanes, earthquakes, nuclear explosions, big bangs, and the like,
Are but peaceful currents in the timeless, indivisible, cosmic unfolding.

* * * *

Even many thousands of years ago,
Anyone with a keen sense of how things work
Could postulate the fall humankind must inevitably endure.
The observation: What goes up must come down,
Has been around a long, long time.

* * * *

Random breeding begets random outcomes.

* * * *

Buy, possess, sell, toss, recycle, over and over again, until death do You part.

* * * *

Despite what the many mirrors about You might reflect,
Despite what all those caught up in the sensory world might believe,
Despite the fact that the masses are all but clueless
About what there is to truly comprehend,
It is not You who is insane.

* * * *

No other beast
Can match the venomous barbarity
Humanity daily wrecks upon all creatures small to great.
To be treated humanely can, indeed,
Be a dubious fate.

* * * *

Unless You enjoy an endless game of hide and seek,
All the forgetting and remembering stimulated by the sensory theater,
Why would the real You ever again choose to separate
From that which is prior to all wombs.

* * * *

All creation, it is but the blink of the eternal eye.

* * * *

There is a direct correlation between surrender and joy.

* * * *

If there truly is some sort of supreme being
Witnessing and judging this dream
Play out its little drama,
That appears to be all it is doing.
An absentee landlord if ever there was one.

* * * *

For every moment of creation,
There is an equal moment of destruction.
Destruction is merely the other side of the whirling coin.

* * * *

The world needs leaders who can move beyond the polarization of partisan politics.

* * * *

It is really too simple for words.

* * * *

Tomorrow's children will flower upon the eternal mountain, as have we.
They will endure as the choices available allow, as have we.
They will witness the sensory play, as have we.
Nothing new under any given sun
But that every moment is indivisibly anew.

* * * *

Existence is about phases of an arbitrary nature, and though every moment is unique,
Minds weave all into imaginary continuities that have no basis in reality, whatsoever.

* * * *

Yet another middleman.

* * * *

The Four E's: Experience, Explore, Examine, Enlighten.

* * * *

Surrender to the isness; become totally untamed.

* * * *

Some women want forever and a day, and will slice off your balls to get it.

* * * *

How can You ever be more than You are right here, right now?

* * * *

A stain across the world.

* * * *

As You look through those eyes, are You witness of time, or witness before time?

* * * *

Another measurement few if any will give a flying hooey about.

* * * *

For all eternity, for all time, two very different states of consciousness.

* * * *

Sand is gold, and gold is sand, in the indivisible dust storm of eternity.

* * * *

Epiphany serendipity.

* * * *

Born anonymous, live anonymous between, die anonymous.

* * * *

The hunger! The hunger!

* * * *

And it's too late, baby now, it's too late, though we really did try to make it

* * * *

Hope is dead. Long live hope.

* * * *

Born alone, live alone, die alone.

* * * *

Bunk.

* * * *

Dust and shadows.

* * * *

What's your tribe?

* * * *

Get over yourselves, people.

* * * *

Back to the future.

* * * *

Field notes from my Self to my Self.

* * * *

Drift alone, sovereign, indivisible, free of all constraints.

* * * *

You were born attached to nothing more than an umbilical cord.
The challenge when You depart is be attached to nothing at all.

CCLXIV

For all You have taken, give back to the garden whatever You have to offer.

* * * *

Beneath the innumerable masks and costumes of all creation,
Discern the same indivisibility You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

A perspective too vast for imagination to more than momentarily fathom.

* * * *

We all reside somewhere in the statistical array.

* * * *

Be aware of history in such a manner as not to be weighed down by it.

* * * *

Discern that which has no space for any division.

* * * *

Resistance is futile.

* * * *

Everyone wants to believe they are beautiful; what makes You think You are not?

* * * *

Serve the one in all.

* * * *

The power of your light is limited only by the vision with which it is shined.

* * * *

Why do You allow leaders to unjustly dominate You?
Why do You accept false visions clouded by vanity?

* * * *

Human must learn to tend the garden, else a barren weed patch it will become.

* * * *

Any history is often devised from of a very dubious collection of random perceptions.

* * * *

Death is the easy part.

* * * *

Your true wealth is eternal awareness.

* * * *

If You spend your relatively brief existence
Trapping your consciousness in conceptual boxes,
You will never recover the innocence eternity freely offers.

* * * *

Martyrdom can be a very harsh way to get remembered in the history books.

* * * *

Amazing so many are satisfied with a lifetime of numbing sermons
When the real church is outside waiting for a long and tranquil stroll.

* * * *

Compromising your integrity is rarely done without consequence.

* * * *

To abide among the many,
All the while recalling You are the indivisible,
Is a moment-to-moment challenge.

* * * *

What will You do about your insatiable lust when your genitalia turns to slime?

* * * *

Those spots You see floating around in your eyes are really holes in your universe.

* * * *

Practice surrender until there is nothing left to practice.

* * * *

Forget yourself; remember your Self.

* * * *

Same clay, a different day.

* * * *

Once You have discerned this, what else is there to do?
Who is left to enjoy the drunk, but the drunkenness itself?

* * * *

Laugh at the madness and absurdity You once believed so real and important.

* * * *

Narcissus only had a pool of water to admire his striking face.
How many humans do not more than a few times daily
Catch themselves in one reflection or another?
No creature ever born of any garden

Has ever with its own eyes
Directly viewed its ever-changing face.
Will You ever stop recycling your imagined reflection
And discern the faceless nature that truly resides behind all veils?

* * * *

Madness abounds.

* * * *

Throughout the play of time, those who see
Have attempted to help others awaken to the greater reality.
Why so few do is a question without answer.

* * * *

Another unsolvable mystery in a universe already chock-full.

* * * *

Only quantum knows.

* * * *

The same clayness, the same building blocks make up all forms.
Indivisibility is the truth of You and every other.
Any lesser view is a lie.

* * * *

What need for the triviality of vanity on the infinite scale of your true reality?

* * * *

Is the quest for joy just another neurological, narcissistic pleasure?

* * * *

How shallow all philosophies, all religions.
Discern the difference between belief,
Which is a confused blend of fear and hope,
And knowing, which is simply being fearlessly aware.

* * * *

The real You is indestructible; so what's to save?

* * * *

Those who assert a spiritual hierarchy is the way to eternal salvation
Are plying the gullibility of fear and the desire for continuity.
They are the illusion that You must see through
To comprehend the ultimate reality
That You truly are.

* * * *

Work it, baby.

* * * *

A new context in which to reflect upon all things eternal.

* * * *

Those who preach hell and damnation reside in their own delusionary underworld.

* * * *

Whether on mountain or in valley or desert or sea,
Whether in countryside or city, whether inside or outside,
Whether surrounded by silence or explosive noise,
You are whatever You are, wherever You are,
As You have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Words are the conceptual tools consciousness employs
To survive, perhaps even thrive, in its imagined sensory sea.

* * * *

But for our nimble minds,
We are really not all that different
From any other creature small to great.
We all eat, we all shit, we all struggle to survive.
But for thumbs and such, where would we, could we be?

* * * *

Do those hands and feet really belong to You?

* * * *

You will seek out teachers and guides until You no longer need a helping hand.

* * * *

Awaken to your Self, the friend and lover within.

* * * *

Without the impressions perceived by consciousness,
There would be no awareness, no time, no pleasure, no pain.
That which is reality must witness and endure whatever life is given,
Until through death's portal it returns to the void from which it was crafted.

* * * *

The human drama is as meaningful to the totality as fog is to the sun.

* * * *

There is not one portion of your existence to which You can really hold fast.
Every single perception, every single memory, is the delusion of imagination.

* * * *

Whatever You believe You are in this mortal game,
Of its decline and demise You can be quite certain
In a perhaps-maybe-sort-of-depends kind of way.

* * * *

How would You ever know how alone You truly are
Without the advent of this conscious dream inspired by the senses?
The separation of birth is the origin of all suffering.
Death will mark its conclusion.

* * * *

Some have called birth the original sin.
Surely, no infant can truly be blamed
For being brought into this garden
Without any voice in the matter.

* * * *

What an insufferable load of silliness history has dealt You.
What would it have been like to be out alone in the wild,
Earth and wind and fire and water your only teachers.

* * * *

You are far more lonely out there than You will ever be within.

* * * *

It is attachment to the sensory shell,
And the innumerable thoughts about it,
That creates the suffering of identification.

* * * *

Can You want nothing from anybody or anything?

* * * *

The personality any other believes is You does not really exist
As anything more than an illusory figment of their imagination.

* * * *

You have temporarily aligned with the given body as an identity.
It shackles You into a time-bound set of perceptions.
Clear, fearless discernment is required
If You are ever to recalibrate your true nature.

* * * *

The infinity of the womb is prior to all imaginings.

* * * *

It is a deep loneliness that inspires desire and fear and anger and sorrow.

* * * *

Superstition is a drowning weight cast by the mind bound in ignorance.

* * * *

Immature reasoning does not for truth make.

* * * *

We all play out our vain little functions
In this vast theater of absurdity and delusion.
As big or small as any given role may appear to be,
Every part is equally critical for the dreamtime to carry on.

* * * *

What madness time in mind invokes.

* * * *

Declare peace within and without, and a momentous quietude unfolds.

* * * *

How long will all the true believers wait for Jesus to return?
One thousand, two thousand, five thousand, ten thousand years?
Before they finally face the reality that it just ain't never going to happen.

* * * *

Without your awareness, this universe, as only You imagine it, will cease to exist.

* * * *

What is the body but a puddle of protoplasm
Hemmed in by an exterior of dead skin cells.

* * * *

No one can lead You, no one can help You,
Discern the source of awareness at the core of your being.
Those who have regained it can only point it out.
The journey is entirely up to You.

* * * *

In any given moment,
All the suffering wrought by imagination can be forever transcended.
Such is the nature of heaven.

* * * *

Everyone trying so hard to make their mark,
Which often ends up being an anonymous stain.

* * * *

The only thing barring anyone
From union within in any given moment

Is the vain attachment to an imaginary existence.

* * * *

Check your assumptions at the door.

* * * *

Has it not always been this way?

* * * *

We are all driven by a life force
Too strong for most to even comprehend,
Much less begin to overcome.

* * * *

Assuming he ever existed, whoever Jesus was,
Whatever he really did or did not do, really does not at all matter.
He died many moons ago, and he is not coming back.
So sorry, deal with it, move on, get real.

* * * *

We are all an infinitesimal slice of immortality
Playing out a brief delusion in a mortal theater.

* * * *

Existence is but a brief journey of mind.

* * * *

The prophet of doom may be worth heeding.

* * * *

Seriously, folks.

* * * *

Mortal players and the immortal indivisible are different only in appearance.

* * * *

One can attempt to discount one's future,
But it is not the nature of destiny
To be easily dismissed.

* * * *

The five senses weave an enticing dream.
Complete liberation while conscious in the world
Is perhaps the greatest challenge any existence offers.

* * * *

Those who oppose You at any level are among your greatest teachers.

* * * *

For whatever reason,
The call of vanity and ignorance
Is inherent in human beings around the world.

* * * *

Be kind to your dream.

* * * *

The only moon, the only sun, are the ones orbiting in your mind.

* * * *

We have allowed the inequities of the innumerable voices to rule our world.

* * * *

Real discipline is natural, without thought or calculation.

* * * *

Forge your own trail; be sovereign in your own way in the return to indivisibility.

* * * *

Fearful people wander in boxes built of dogma.

* * * *

Disloyalty is weaver of many a rough road.

* * * *

It matters not.

* * * *

Yet another mind-made thing pretending it is more.

* * * *

A little slice of forever, whatever that is.

* * * *

When were You taught to feel lonely?

* * * *

The list grows daily longer.

* * * *

Another layer of dust reminding You of your fate.

* * * *

The other is a shadow in your thoughts.

* * * *

Consciousness measures, awareness streams.

* * * *

The Devil may care.

* * * *

Consciousness ebbs and flows; awareness streams.

* * * *

It is the thought that counts.

* * * *

To be free and simple and serenely at ease is not as easy as it sounds.

* * * *

Nothing to assert, nothing to defend.

* * * *

Another truth for the propaganda mills to ignore.

* * * *

All for nothing, nothing for all.

* * * *

The dead are not dead; the living are not living.

* * * *

Is there any label that does not fit to one degree or another?

* * * *

Dice it, slice it, anyway your please, the pie is ever whole.

* * * *

Eternity does not care.

* * * *

Ethereal awareness, ephemeral consciousness.

* * * *

To live as if it is not happening,
To abide in the emptiness of eternity,
Is the every-moment challenge of any seer.

* * * *

Enjoy for the seamless moment
The bliss prior to who, what, when, where, why, how,
In which You discern what You truly are.

* * * *

Forget for a moment,
What You believe You look like.
Your name, your thoughts about everything.
Discern the quietude in the abeyance of consciousness,
And linger in that tranquility for as long as the occupied mind allows.
Breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe out, breathe in …
It is that simple for those who have eyes that see and ears that hear.

CCLXV

Buddhas drink the poison without hesitation
Because their complete surrender
Has left only compassion
For the executioners.

* * * *

God and the devil are one in You; dissolve them both, and just be You.

* * * *

The You that is indisputable prior to all mind-made inventions,
The eternal nowness that You, without doubt, really are,
Is an incredible, wondrous, magically vast mystery
Beyond all appraisal, or thought in any form.

* * * *

The mind, approaching itself empirically ,
Sets aside the many assumptions of ignorance,
And explores reality, free of obligation or want, for its Self.

* * * *

You can market the words, but the stillness of eternity is the gold no coin can forge.

* * * *

There is nothing in there but the thought about it.

* * * *

Within each of us is a book, and perhaps if we share enough stories,
We will discern we are really no different from each other,
Nor any other creature nor thing, small to great.

* * * *

Wake up, remember; fall asleep, forget.

* * * *

Odds are that if You label yourself a Christian,
Muslim, Jew Buddhist, Taoist, Hindu,
Or some other such thing,
You are not what the prophets had in mind.

* * * *

Embracing totality is the only fate worth accepting.

* * * *

When anyone advises You to take responsibility for the world,
What is meant is the itty-bitty-widdle part You play in your version.

* * * *

Ancestor worship is just more blaspheme.
All those who came before have returned to dust.
They cannot help You, they cannot harm You.
Your dream is yours, and yours alone.

* * * *

Awareness is where doubt, without frames or boundaries, will return You.

* * * *

Your universe is your teacher in whatever fashion your imagination is inclined.

* * * *

All forms vying for imaginary supremacy, equally born of the same windy stardust.

* * * *

The gap between day and night, between waking and sleeping dreams,
Between consciousness and sub-consciousness,
Are in every way seamless.

* * * *

How convenient to be born into, or at least very near, the only true religion.

* * * *

Here You are this day – not yesterday, not tomorrow.
The imaginary filters of memory recalling or projecting
Only obscure the awareness of the ever-unfolding now.

* * * *

And many humans so feared and reviled the natural world
That they devised deities and religions that allowed, even encouraged,
Its abuse and neglect and destruction in any way that suited their bitter reckoning.

* * * *

You cannot stop a trainwreck once it leaves the tracks.

* * * *

Some do learn from history.

* * * *

The world tarnishes all innocence that has will enough to survive it.

* * * *

If You cannot muster heaven in your own dreamtime of consciousness,
What makes You believe You would be given a free ticket to the real thing?

* * * *

To love that which is called supreme being by this name or that,
You must also agape its dualistic brother, the devil himself.
For they are truly one in the same in the vast totality.

* * * *

What triumph, what sanity, is there in growing populations that cannot be sustained?

* * * *

We all endure many things in the mind into which we are cast.

* * * *

Born again and again and again, every moment.

* * * *

Can be a joyous fate if You can manage staying there.

* * * *

All identification is fabricated, a delusional, dualistic process
Galvanized by attachment to the given lingua franca,
To the sounds of notions born of imagination.

* * * *

A life of reflection versus sitting atop a mountain of gold,
Sky Juice in hand on a yacht in the Bahamas.
Hmm, could be You miscalculated.

* * * *

Good and evil are self-absorbed concoctions of imagination.
There is really no angel, no demon, outside any given mind.

* * * *

This is where the free fall of doubt will take you
If You do not release the parachute along the way.

* * * *

Curious how we wage so much effort for mere sound.

* * * *

The ripple of one rock in a still pond can cast a tsunami upon a distant shore.

* * * *

Sometime against even insurmountable odds,
You must raise You sword and sound the horn.

* * * *

Attachment to time breeds every form of idolatry.

* * * *

Plumb the depths, and You will find what You have the vision to find.

* * * *

To declare there is or is not a God,
Is to claim knowledge, You do not, and can never have.
Agnostic is the only honest position.

* * * *

Impaled on all the differences, the boundless similarity remains unseen.

* * * *

By manipulating the many imaginary fears and desires,
The middlemen in every realm insure their own
Temporal security and false glory.

* * * *

If You would just be attentive enough to breathe
Before the thunderstorm of thought flashed,
You might find that many of the bothers
Of the now-to-now-day-to-day
Would transcend into contentment.

* * * *

Arrogance, masked as humble piety.

* * * *

Please, a little gratitude for a moderately tolerable existence.
Like the weather, it could without doubt easily be so much worse.

* * * *

Of any history, it can be said that was their now; this is ours.

* * * *

A lot of gibberish about nothing in particular.

* * * *

Enjoy history, but do not let it weigh You down.

* * * *

You are You own little tidbit of infinity.

* * * *

Be all the buddha You can be.

* * * *

The portal of imagination makes for a lifetime of adventure in this dreamtime illusion.

* * * *

Am I vain for believing I am That I Am?
Or are You vain for believing You are not?

* * * *

Any great rise is susceptible to an even quicker descent.

* * * *

Be wary of believing any illusion; doubt everything.

* * * *

As minute as minute is, as enormous as enormous is,
Prior to the smallest, and beyond the largest, You are.

* * * *

Just because You wander about in a three-dimensional form
Does not make You as real as imagination would have You believe.

* * * *

A breath from death, whatever that is.

* * * *

Nothing in common, everything in common.

* * * *

Much ado about nothing in particular.

* * * *

The wind of humankind has howled through all corners of Eden,
And what the future of time holds for the progeny to come,
Is a reflection even the most sagacious imagination
Can do no more than guess this way or that.

* * * *

If we cannot even predict tomorrow's weather accurately,
How can we suppose to even begin to forecast
The fate of this garden world in general,
And humankind in particular.

* * * *

Why should anyone allow
Their own observations and reasoning
To be overruled by the superstition and ignorance
Of their ancestors, and the limited cultural mindsets they inspired?

* * * *

Through the life force, every seed – alone, sovereign, vibrant –
Manifests distinctive attributes for as long as its genetic blueprint allows.
This is the seed principle through which the immeasurable mystery of awareness

Permeates every particle throughout the vastness of all creation.

* * * *

What would it be like to neither see,
Nor hear, nor feel, nor smell, nor taste?
Without the time-bound nature of the senses,
How could You ever describe a reality
You are unable to measure?

* * * *

To see heaven on earth
Does not mean everyone else will.
It merely means those who are given vision
Will discern the absolute connectiveness of everything
During their brief sojourn in manifest reality.

* * * *

None can truly force their will upon another.

* * * *

This is the only moment there has ever been.

* * * *

The source is momentary, inscrutable, unfathomable, incomprehensible,
Inexplicable, mysterious, impenetrable, imperceptible, paradoxical,
Primal, potential, dynamic, untraceable, amoral, intractable,
Infinite, infinitesimal, unbound, integrated, transient,
Detached, indecipherable, vexing, imperturbable,
Undiscoverable, ironic, ethereal, anonymous,
Seamless, puzzling, immaculate, cryptic,
Unaccountable, dynamic, holistic, holographic,
Unknowable, iconoclastic, indefinable, intractable,
Intricate, incongruous, coincidental, abstract, universal,
Inexhaustible, concealed, ambiguous, enigmatic, intangible,
Implausible, unexplainable, arbitrary, esoteric, literal, figurative,
Indistinguishable, polymorphous, serendipitous, unblemished, arcane,
Capricious, vaporous, indivisible, unassailable, total, complete,
Absolute, inextinguishable, sovereign, immortal, eternal,
And, of course … all, some, and none of the above.

* * * *

Delusion blinds us all in our youthful daze,
But as the years roll on, flesh gets old, loses its vibrancy,
And eventually gets more than a little creepy, more than a little repulsive:
Obesity, scars, wrinkles, moles, warts, pimples, arthritis, rashes, open sores, flatulence,
Mouth and body odors, coughing, drooling, vomiting, watery eyes, cellulite,
Sagging, leathery, flaking, freckled, pockmarked, blotchy skin,
Varicose veins, cancer … and so, so much more.

* * * *

Here You are …
Sitting, standing, walking, running,
Drinking, chewing, watching, thinking, speaking, sleeping,
Ever the indivisible, indelible, ineffable mystery within and without … here You are …
Timelessly witnessing a kaleidoscoping, three-dimensional theater in time.
From one instant to the next … to the next … to the next …
… to the next … to the next … to the next …
Ever You are, right here, right now.

* * * *

Life is but a swirl of dust with a filament of absorbing imagination
To delude itself into believing one meaning and purpose or another.

* * * *

To be mesmerized by any history
Runs the risk of becoming a harbor
Of a limited, delusionary recording.

* * * *

The universe is your muse.

* * * *

Desire, the maestro of suffering; fear, its shadow accomplice.

* * * *

Meandering again, seeking that which cannot be seen.

* * * *

Who is the who, that is who-ing?
What is the what, that is what-ing?
Where is the where, that is where-ing?
When is the when, that is when-ing?
Why is the why, that is why-ing?
How is the how, that is how-ing?
Questions, never to be answered,
Asked over and over, ever over again.

* * * *

The nothing-moreness, the nothing-lessness, is well-established.

* * * *

Because it amused You, that's why.

* * * *

When else could it be but now?

* * * *

Even the longest, strongest nails cannot for one moment slow down,
The irrevocable, indivisibly seamless passing of eternity's timeless theater.

* * * *

What need of a deity to judge your dream; You surely do enough of that on your own.

* * * *

Pleasure and pain, and the relativity between; all little more than a fleeting invention of imagination.

* * * *

The difference between yesterday and tomorrow, is but the mind's sensory perception of continuity.

* * * *

Curious how so many want from life more than life can ever offer.

* * * *

Jesus is dead, he ain't coming back, move on.

* * * *

That which cannot be known is easily forgotten.

* * * *

Time is a vigilant taskmaster.

* * * *

Of anything, it can be said, "Who knows?"

* * * *

What matters so much right now, will likely not for long if ever again.

* * * *

Nothing exists without your attention.

* * * *

The mystery is its own teacher, its own student.

* * * *

Jesus saves no one; never did, never will.

* * * *

Has it ever occurred to You to wonder why it is You have never seen your face?

* * * *

Packaged and repackaged as fresh again and again and again, it is, it is, it is.

* * * *

Here You are … Sitting, standing, walking, running,

Drinking, chewing, watching, thinking, speaking, sleeping,
Ever the vast still mystery of awareness within … here You are …
Timelessly witnessing a kaleidoscoping, three-dimensional theater in time.
From one moment to the next, to the next, to the next, to the next … ever You are.

* * * *

There is no past, there is no future, there is only this moment unending.

* * * *

Are You full yet?

* * * *

The obvious is not obvious to all.

* * * *

Education is only as meaningful as the mind that gives it attention, full or otherwise.

* * * *

Born again or born anew?

* * * *

The world cannot be reconciled but by giving it a resounding no mind.

* * * *

No creature can long abide breaking the laws of nature.

* * * *

No rewind button, sorry.

* * * *

What makes You so sure You exist in the way You think?

* * * *

We can only hear what we are ready to hear.

* * * *

Imitation is limitation.

* * * *

Surviving your daze.

* * * *

You are that prior to all advents.

* * * *

Are You this earthly, temporal, finite, mortal body?
Are You that of which this body is made?
Or are You that which is prior to all form and context,

Prior to consciousness and its innumerable channels of speculation.
Prior even to that inexplicable awareness by which all dreams of time are perceived.

CCLXVI

Unless You delight in chaos and suffering
On a level humankind has as yet never experienced,
Count yourself lucky if You pass on peacefully before the great fall.

* * * *

All things are but finite apparitions in the infinity of totality's eternity.

* * * *

You are the only one who has ever witnessed the dream in quite the way You do.

* * * *

Wander, wander, putter, putter.

* * * *

Fame and power and wealth are grandest from envy afar.

* * * *

Every ripple finds a shore.

* * * *

Reality, in the same moment,
The least common denominator,
The greatest common denominator.

* * * *

The owner may not appreciate
The bird, gopher or sundry other tidbit,
But it is what the cat has to offer.

* * * *

All contexts boil down to one now or another.

* * * *

It does not matter who comes up with the best idea.
All that matters is the idea, and what it will bring about.

* * * *

Whether others see it or not is really of no concern.
That You have discerned it is enough for any witness.

* * * *

A slice of that apple pie, no matter how it's diced,
Ain't never really separate from the rest of the pie.

* * * *

The passivity of vulnerability gets You nowhere.

* * * *

What proof is there that right and wrong, good and evil, are anything more,
Than vain, superstitious, absurd concoctions, born of human imagination?

* * * *

Still on the lookout for Santa Claus, the Tooth Fairy, the Easter Bunny,
Sasquatch, the Abominable Snowman, Harvey,
And, of course, Jesus.

* * * *

To some it may be gloomy, it may well even be doomy,
But for those who see clearly, it is quite simply, reality.

* * * *

The irony of it all, of course, is how many usurp so many concepts,
Without even beginning to comprehend their true meaning.
The literal-minded are mesmerized by their absurdity.

* * * *

Humankind is a natural force, a part of the indivisible movement of all creation.
To believe there is for even one moment any point of separation is utter delusion.

* * * *

It is a matrix of infinite proportion.

* * * *

Any given life is a fated die role that carries all down many paths,
Through innumerable adventures, all to the same mortal conclusion.

* * * *

What matters where rests the grave when the indivisible eternity is your home.

* * * *

Every moment a bit closer to the end of all beginnings.

* * * *

Who is the face behind the reflection?

* * * *

Wisdom is a hard-earned, well-worn edge.

* * * *

Wisdom is earned by fools
Who have guilelessly wandered
Through the many trials of many trails.

* * * *

Play the dream in whatever way You are called.

* * * *

Deities are merely one of the countless inventions of fear.

* * * *

Alas, You are too enamored of your own vanity to give attention to mine.
And I, in return, am too much the same in mine to give attention to yours.
So, the game is afoot.

* * * *

Some day your bones will be a maze for worms.

* * * *

Youth wander naively innocent where their elders long ago tread.

* * * *

Let us not pretend that we are in any way, shape or form,
Separate from what it all truly is, from what we all truly are.

* * * *

The mind is the surfer of eternity atop imagination's wave of time.

* * * *

You are the only one, but not the only one who has discerned it.

* * * *

Swimming alone in the deep end, again.

* * * *

Masks of youthful innocence are over a lifetime
Etched by the wind of the existence endured.

* * * *

Unwonted destruction creates an unwanted world.

* * * *

You are characters in my dream, and I in yours.
An exceedingly mysterious thing this witnessing.

* * * *

You need not travel far to be here now.

* * * *

Even just one instant is enough to discern the infinity of totality.

* * * *

Immortality is yours for the seeing.

* * * *

To gain power, fame or wealth, You must either earn it, or steal it.

* * * *

Just another anonymous face.

* * * *

All purpose and meaning is a fabrication of human vanity.

* * * *

Anything that is fear-based in its assertion
Is not worth the bread upon which it is buttered.

* * * *

Odds are Jesus, Buddha, Krishna, or any of the innumerable other awakened souls,
Could sit next to You in a classroom or coffee shop or bus station,
Unnoticed because You cannot hear them.

* * * *

Any given body can only take so much life.

* * * *

There are far lesser ways to be mad than that madness which is divine.

* * * *

Doubt carries You to the final frontier.

* * * *

It is not the first time, and it probably will not be the last.

* * * *

Reality is evidently not exactly what the masses have in mind.

* * * *

Give the play of time its due, and the rest to eternity.

* * * *

Dispassion is the key to immortality.

* * * *

Just setting your Self free of the yoke of imagination.

* * * *

We are all living on borrowed time; do You kill it, or it You?

* * * *

Stepping into the future one breath at a time.

* * * *

It is not me or You, it is me and You, and all of them, too.

* * * *

The great aloneness grows daily deeper.

* * * *

A few flashes of memory to while away the time.

* * * *

We all drift into our fates.

* * * *

Go away, kid, ya bother me.

* * * *

Certainly have painted ourselves into a magnificent corner, eh what?

* * * *

It is but vanity which keeps eternity at bay.

* * * *

The dream of nothing.

* * * *

It is windy at the bottom of the sea.

* * * *

You are every moment reborn.

* * * *

Before all befores, after all afters, during all durings, You are.

* * * *

Nobody knows me but they who know them Selves.

* * * *

What makes You believe getting others to agree with your view really matters?

* * * *

The blank stares of young gaming minds
Dreaming in the virtual reality of virtual reality.

* * * *

You can only measure so far.

* * * *

Time is the smoke of imagination.

* * * *

You discern who You really are … now.

* * * *

If You had not been born, You would never know to rejoice or regret it.

* * * *

The mirror says it all.

* * * *

Superstitious poppycock.

* * * *

We all give back to this dreamy illusion of the world whatever it is we have to give.
Sometimes hate, sometimes love, sometimes this to that from the spectrum between.

* * * *

Despite all attempts to attain excellence,
For the mass of humankind, mediocrity will out.

* * * *

Such as it is.

* * * *

So simple as to be mind-boggling.

* * * *

So infinite as to be You.

* * * *

Another this, another that, ho-hum.

* * * *

Your work is to discern this with all your beingness.

* * * *

With or without history and its many forces,
You are ever the same everything and nothing.

* * * *

The mind, in all its egocentric glory is the only problem, the only solution.

* * * *

Civilization, a loaded concept if there ever was one.

* * * *

What can You really get out of any experience but a quickly-passing sensation,
And a perceived memory, that will gradually diminish, and eventually disappear.

* * * *

To attain the eternal within any given mind is a testing foray into the unknown, indeed.

* * * *

Not quite as bright as we thought we were, eh what?

* * * *

Yet another attempt to help You discern your Self.

* * * *

The body is but a shell housing the same totality in which all things are contained.

* * * *

So easy to forget to remember That which can never be known.

* * * *

What doesn't kill You today
Will come back stronger tomorrow
And give it yet another go.

* * * *

There is only one Soul, and it is ours.

* * * *

Just a different carnival.

* * * *

Anything involving time is ultimately unreal,
Naught but a dream of imaginary proportion.

* * * *

A blade is not dangerous if treated with respect.

* * * *

Why should You deserve what You do not care for?

* * * *

More high-sounding words that mean nothing to nobody nowhere.

* * * *

The endless subtleties of nothingness are ever-present.

* * * *

How are life and death not the same?

* * * *

Another day of wallowing in a litany of predictability.

* * * *

Pretty hard protecting sheep from a hungry wolf.

* * * *

The answer is not more.

* * * *

The immortality of youth is a many-splendored illusion-delustion.

* * * *

What part of awareness alone are You not tracking?

* * * *

Men create women, women create men, the dynamic is inseparable.

* * * *

Pathogens aplenty in this untamable world.

* * * *

There's the rub.

* * * *

What is luck but the probability of happenstance working your way.

* * * *

Measure, and You shall be measured.

* * * *

It has never mattered at all the way You thought.

* * * *

Enjoy in joy as best ye may.

* * * *

The human paradigm is about itself, not its source.

* * * *

Another day underway.

* * * *

Why on any earth would it ever matter what any other thinks of You?

* * * *

Vanity kills.

* * * *

To know nothing is to know all.

* * * *

Puny human beings.

* * * *

How can anyone expect to be saved from their own ignorance?

* * * *

Living for likes.

* * * *

It takes a lot of work to grow old.

* * * *

Never trust a four-letter word.

* * * *

So much history before all the history we think we know.

* * * *

All fates are but mirages born of imagination.

* * * *

You owe history nothing but what You freely consent.

* * * *

Once upon a time, there was nary a beep anywhere.

* * * *

We are all the same mystery from every get-go.

* * * *

So many things that do not matter; never did, never will.

* * * *

Supply will do what ever it must to gratify demand's hunger.

* * * *

Eternity is closer than You think.

* * * *

What is awakening but an unassuming realization
Of the absolute indivisibility of the eternal,
From the smallest shard of sand
To beyond the farthest reaches of the cosmos.

* * * *

This is likely not a fairy tale with a joyful, dancing ending.
By all indications, it will not be pretty, and will end badly.

* * * *

Despite the many arrogant assertions, no one has a lock on that which is absolute.
All must wipe away the drudge of mind to discern clearly what has always been true.

CCLXVII

Everything is indivisibly connected at the quantum level,
And it is in that very still, momentary awareness,
That those rare few who earnestly quest,
Will discern that essence, which many call God,
Or Brahman, or Tao, or Yahweh, or Allah, or Great Spirit,
Or whatever other sound it has been given, or will someday be given.
In truth, it is an ineffable mystery, to which all names are meaningless and absurd.

* * * *

As transitory as the present moment is,
This singular now is the only point at which
The wheel of consciousness touches the road,
Generating the illusion of space and time.

* * * *

All forms are but quantum illusions, as imaginary as any nose on any face.

* * * *

Very intelligent people can make very stupid assumptions,
And very stupid people can make very intelligent assumptions.
Sage and fool are but vague roles in the dance of irony and paradox.

* * * *

The mirages of the quantum mystery are too many to even more than ponder counting.

* * * *

Pure awareness is like floating with eyes shut in the deep end of a very infinite pool.

* * * *

If You did not have the many voices of others corrupting your mind,
You would rely on your own observations to understand reality.
The ultimate actuality is not about any individual or group.
It is, has ever been, and will ever be, the real You.

* * * *

Organized religion is much like many comfort foods.
It can make You feel all warm and fuzzy and satisfied and hopeful,
But in reality, may not be all that nutritious, and maybe even more than a little toxic.

* * * *

In the grand infinity, a floating particle of dust is just as real as You.

* * * *

Quantum created this garden world.
It is humankind that has more than a few times fashioned it

Into one hellish extreme or another.

* * * *

Kin to all.

* * * *

Pink poof.

* * * *

Gold comes in every color, every shape, every size, as does trash.

* * * *

What You call good or evil is merely the comfort zone of your given day-to-day.

* * * *

Every streaming timeless moment,
The universe perceived by the senses
Is hungrily consumed by the mind.

* * * *

All forms small to great are relative to every other,
Until You work your way down to the quantum indivisibility;
That which is revered as God by countless names,
Of which all forms, including You, are.

* * * *

Humankind cannot forever disregard the world's natural rhythms,
Which it has managed to so adroitly manipulate in so many ways.

* * * *

If You inquire for your Self what is written herein,
You will find it real and true from beginning to end.

* * * *

The Way is rocky and pitted and steep
For the any explorers who have yet to discern
The ultimate is more effortless than a morning breeze.

* * * *

Doubt until there is no doubt to be had.

* * * *

Quixotic tilting with absurdity is an absurdity in its own right.

* * * *

Ironic how rarely health and capability are appreciated until fate steals them away.

* * * *

The fingerprint of quantum is equally in all creation.

* * * *

Vain disputes that reality is this way or that,
Are meaningless distractions from the awareness
Of the eternal nature in all manifestation small to great.

* * * *

Hurricanes, earthquakes, tornados, volcanoes, tsunamis,
Cosmic storms, and other dynamic forces of nature,
Are but fleeting facets of your ultimate nature.

* * * *

Another thing that cannot be explained
To those not yet able to clearly see
That which is the only reality.

* * * *

It is really much less about evil, than it is twisted consciousness.

* * * *

What do You really care about, but one vain ephemeral notion or another.

* * * *

At the core of all ideas,
All fabrications, all dreams small to great,
Is the Great Quantum Nada.

* * * *

Is the body really any more than a mobile vat of goo, hamburger waiting to happen.

* * * *

Same clay, a different day, a different play.

* * * *

That which is without identity is the real You.

* * * *

You are the question, You are the answer.

* * * *

Nothing changes your world.

* * * *

All Romes fall.

* * * *

One moment it is there, the next it is gone.

Eternity, such a capricious temptress.

* * * *

As if doing more really means anything.

* * * *

So alone as to be That I Am.

* * * *

Maybe someday.

* * * *

You say You want a revolution, but are You really ready to lose everything?

* * * *

Those who accept gifts should learn not to expect them.
Entitlement is a characteristic, a cancer of consciousness.

* * * *

More jewels for the crown.

* * * *

Just another sensory preoccupation.

* * * *

When You are the singularity, what bounds can there possibly be?

* * * *

You cannot expect or hope from space-time what it can never, has never, will never be.

* * * *

If the truth be told, realize a gusting wind or willful gnat likely has as much to say.

* * * *

Now is the only now, so quickly here and gone,
In which there can be any accountability.

* * * *

The collusion of continuity maintains the human condition.
Everyone pretends they are the same person they were way back when.
How challenging to discern everything dies every moment,
And it is only the concoctions of consciousness,
That keep the mortal game afoot.

* * * *

It is through the sensory weaving,
Of the given heredity, the given environment,
That the untarnished consciousness of any given newborn,

Is channeled into the movement of dualistic notion.
Call it original sin, or whatever else You will,
But, in truth, it is merely the beginning
Of a lifelong, time-bound struggle,
Through the relentless blend,
Of one pleasure or pain,
One agony or ecstasy, or another.

* * * *

Yet another form disguising the same You.

* * * *

Another scam to which so many naively subscribe.

* * * *

El Nada Grandes, El Nada Pequeños.

* * * *

Across all space, across all time, this same truth applies:
Though there may be a gazillion names for mystery,
Or a gazillion worlds as abundant as this one,
There is, never was, and never will be, any other.

* * * *

Any given life form abides in an imaginary universe,
Concocted by whatever sensory perceptions its given attributes,
Have managed to retain in its central processing unit.

* * * *

The quantum of mind is a portal to immortality.

* * * *

Quantum circumstance.

* * * *

Everything is forgotten sooner or later.

* * * *

Forget your self, remember your Self.

* * * *

Imagination soars in ecstasy,
Imagination plummets in agony.
Bravo, bravo, Maestro.
Alas, alas, Fool.

* * * *

So it goes, c'est la vie, oh well, deal with it. get over it, move on.

* * * *

How vain to imagine You are anything but That I Am.

* * * *

Is being born good fortune, or harsh calamity?
Which way is the wind blowing this fine day?

* * * *

You are the abyss wandering in dreamtime.

* * * *

Postponing the inevitable only rarely solves a problem.

* * * *

This spinning garden world is in perfect balance.
It will endure any given change without concern.
It is we two-leggeds who are out of compliance
With the unwritten rules of the quantum game.

* * * *

The Soul is not bound by any attribute; all forms are temporal,
And thus only significant for a relatively brief, imaginary duration.

* * * *

Like a pebble thrown into a still pond, the original stillness is disrupted
When the winds of space and time ripple to and fro within an innocent mind.

* * * *

I witness You, You witness me, we all witness one another,
Most too blind to see the same one in each and every other.

* * * *

No tradition, no ritual, no dogma is required.
Truth can be discerned without any language or culture or creed.
Even the notion of space-time is not required to clearly see what it is, and what it not.

* * * *

Given all but unlimited space and resources,
Humankind has done what any species would do.
How far will we stretch our foolishness?
How much is left, the answer.

* * * *

Every then until now, every now until then,
Every now in any given reflection ever reflected,
Every now that has ever manifested in any given when,
Is all You.

* * * *

The only difference between You and a river,
Is that it flows, and You in mind, stop and go.

* * * *

Will begets all ecstasies, all agonies; will discerns the timeless origin.
All the heavens, all the hells, all the purgatories between,
Are but dualistic notions of intelligent design.

* * * *

What a magnificent, dynamic garden this spinning orb was
Before all the railways and fences and roads and wires and sprawl
And mayhem of every imaginable sort burst out from the jungles of Africa.
What cancerous aliens we are to the quantum dream that birthed us.

* * * *

Another vampire wandering its inner desolation
Looking for a vein upon which to feed its darkness.

* * * *

Eternity is an infinite chasm through which space-time in mind is immaculately drawn.

* * * *

It had to be very big, it had to be very small, for all this to come to pass.
But to call it a plan misses the quantum reality of spontaneous combustion.

* * * *

The names of all manifest things are but empty, temporal sounds.
No more than waves crashing one after another,
Endlessly ebbing and flowing
On the infinite, immortal shores of eternity.

* * * *

We project forward through rose-colored glasses
What memory's many conclusions so persistently assume,
Peering through the quantum fog of vain perception.

* * * *

There is ultimately no such thing as evil.
What we call evil is merely extreme self-absorption:
Pride, anger, lack of empathy, desolation,
The insatiable craving for more,
And the ignorance,
The denial,
Of the vast web,
The absolute indivisibility,
Of all manifestation small to great.

* * * *

Curious how, for the pleasure of the senses,
We voluntarily contaminate the air and water and ground
With countless deadly toxins and impurities
That cannot help but be absorbed
By these frail, tentative,
Mortal containers
In which all life must abide.

* * * *

The great indivisibility plays no favorites.

* * * *

To make up your mind, first You must have one.

* * * *

The most challenging thing not to lose are your mind and body.

* * * *

Fair-to-middling chance any so-called just war is more often than not an oxymoron.

* * * *

And what of that state between agony and ecstasy where only awareness remains.

* * * *

Embrace your insignificance.

* * * *

Insidious stuff, water, that it can both create and nurture life, and destroy it, too.

* * * *

We all play out one meme or another.

* * * *

Lean toward facts; opinions mean squat.

* * * *

The dream is not more real now than the day You exited the womb.

* * * *

Giving to get is not giving.

* * * *

Be here now, be there now, be nowhere now.

* * * *

Those who survive into the grayer years become the relics of time.

* * * *

Everybody has a story.

* * * *

The truth of awareness awaits your discernment.

* * * *

What right do You have to be happy or sad?

* * * *

The mind's capacity for self-aggrandizement, imaginary as it is, is a ceaseless wonder.

* * * *

Be nowhere now.

* * * *

Nothing is real and true but for the programming that assumes it so.

* * * *

You are ever the same as before as during as after.

* * * *

The harvests of mind are quickly devoured.

* * * *

The body is a teeming battleground in a war no one survives.

* * * *

Destiny is the price life pays for existence.

* * * *

Skirting around nothing.

* * * *

There it is again; there it is not again.

* * * *

A secret is not long held by more than one set of lips.

* * * *

Another day of slaving away for DNA.

* * * *

Is it an electromagnetic spectrum?
An electromagnetic matrix?
Or anything at all?

* * * *

You are the quantum mystery playing hide and seek with its Self.
Home base is not as far as You might think.
Ollie-ollie-oxen-free!

* * * *

Beneath the open mask of any newborn,
The untainted awareness, the untrammeled path,
The uncarved block, the tabula rasa, the stillness of eternity.

CCLXVIII

Partake all the vain, dualistic fabrications manifest existence has to offer,
Until You are too gorged to discern anything but the oneness
Weaving its way throughout all time, all space.

* * * *

Nothing is ever either/or in some disconnected, dualistic way.
All things are relative to one another in the manifest context.

* * * *

Discern that inner state, the awareness that is unchanging,
And You will be, in every indivisible moment, eternally reborn.

* * * *

Too busy babbling to hear the soundless within and without the sound.

* * * *

The wind wafting through the nowness of mind
Is the wispy nature of the imagination of time.

* * * *

When no one is calling, and You have nowhere to go,
There is always nothing to do,
Guaranteed.

* * * *

How can all the banal high school intrigues,
The dramas, the countless absurdities of this dream world
Not lose their gratuitous allure at some point?

* * * *

What to do if your calling
Is not of this world or any other?
Why, whatever yea or nay comes to mind
In the serendipity of any given moment, of course.

* * * *

The blueprint of the seed,
Coupled with the gusty winds of time,
Have blown You like a leaf to this moment in dreamtime.
And on and on You drift, this way and that.
Fate is not rocket science.

* * * *

Until that last, agonizingly sluggish, wheezing exhale of a breath,
There is always an adventure waiting for imagination to give it a go.

* * * *

Another king of geekdom.

* * * *

There is really nothing You can prove, need prove, to any other.
You, witness, eternally alone, are ample proof, a solo act, indeed.

* * * *

There are neither death nor taxes in the reality of eternal life.

* * * *

The dreamworld entices in every way imaginable.

* * * *

A full, aware breath makes for a still mind, and a still mind is the portal to eternal life.

* * * *

Where imagination wanders,
Those many immobilized within the weaving
Of its countless delusions,
Call a life.

* * * *

Pause for reflection
As often as it tempts You,
For it is the grand infinity within all
That draws home those who earnestly seek.

* * * *

Spend it, kiddo, spend it, wisely or foolishly,
Quickly or slowly, richly or poorly, literally or figuratively.
And, if it is your calling, perhaps You will manage
To determine the true nature of all dreams
Prior to the womb of earthly design.

* * * *

Is that all there is? Surely, there must be more to life than this.

* * * *

Displace the sorrow of your imagination with the elation of your beingness.

* * * *

So, this is where fate is taking You.

* * * *

How can anyone save a mind-body, a world, a cosmos, that does not really exist?
Perhaps that candid insight, that deep realization is truly the only grace worth saving.

* * * *

There is no place like home.

* * * *

All life on Mother Earth
Came out of the same puddle.
We are all cousins of the same origin.

* * * *

Surrender to your true calling, and what will be, will be, as You dream it possible.

* * * *

Any history is only as accurate and enduring
As minds that lend themselves to its recollection.

* * * *

The body is unconcerned what it consumes,
As long as its essential biological needs are met.
The mind, however, can romp with little discrimination
From one hedonistic inclination to another.
A path that often proves a rocky road.

* * * *

We are all manifest drops of the infinite oneness,
Ever omniscient, omnipotent, omnipresent,
To which eternal life is key and door.

* * * *

If You discern it, great; if not, oh well, go in peace,
And sally forth through your dream of finite vision.

* * * *

Who is not normal in their own dream?

* * * *

The Buddha mind, so simple to fathom that few ever do.

* * * *

You are a pretender, just like everyone else.

* * * *

Beingness is the nectar of awareness.

* * * *

Challenging not to perish in the same saddle in which You have ridden out your dream.

* * * *

When the mind moves, when the neurons fire,
Agony and ecstasy ripple to and fro across the stage.

* * * *

You do not have to care; You do not have to pretend.
You do not have to want; You do not have to fear.
You do not have to acquiesce to any passion
But through your own imaginary volition.

* * * *

It all passes.

* * * *

How black is black? How white is white? And what is gray, anyway?

* * * *

Imagination requires memory; no memory, no imagination.

* * * *

A streamin' dreamin'.

* * * *

How You spend your mind is your life's telling.

* * * *

True believers live in rutted minds; propaganda their daily bread.

* * * *

Others certainly can slow You down.

* * * *

So many gorging on this world, never full.

* * * *

What is any religion but a Ponzi scheme created by a vision of one deity or another.

* * * *

You do not really know anything.
If You pretend You do, You may fool others,
But, ultimately, You really only hoodwink You know who.

* * * *

You think too much, You talk too much; shut up and listen to the silence.

* * * *

Do not suffer delusion lightly.

* * * *

A many-splendored dream
With every agony, every ecstasy
Punctuating the imagination between.

* * * *

There is no who.
There is no what.
There is no where.
There is no when.
There is no why.
There is no how.
How can any dream
Contain such foolishness?

* * * *

Desire unleashes fear, and fear, desire.
The ceaseless array of passions they evoke
Are the key drivers in this temporal, finite theater.

* * * *

There are always things
That could have been done differently.
That is the way it is for all beings in all corners of the world.
We must all learn to exist with the many inevitable consequences of our actions,
With the numerous outcomes, whether premeditated or fortuitous,
That have unfolded in the moment-to-moment.

* * * *

There are, have been, and will be as many universes
As there are bubbles of awareness imagining them.

* * * *

The truth is nothing special.

* * * *

Nothing in particular.

* * * *

Is to die content, anonymous, both within and without, is a rare aspiration.

* * * *

Thou art a good villain.

* * * *

Evaporate into solitude.

* * * *

Herein, nothing is realized.

* * * *

You witness the play of space and time
Through whatever container the genetic lottery allots.
Each and every one unique, each a one-time momentary opportunity
To, in every way imaginable, wander and watch the eternally indelible mystery You are.

* * * *

How fortunate the myriad creatures of this garden world,
That they do not comprehend the innumerable absurdities
To which humanity, seemingly without respite, daily submits.

* * * *

The true church is equally at the fundamental source of all things.
No dogma, no creed, no idolatrous notion is required.
To assert any canon is necessary is a lie,
No matter how well framed.

* * * *

In the end, whenever it comes, it will be known by those, if any, still standing,
That humankind outbred the world's capacity for avarice and self-absorption.

* * * *

Are absurdity and insanity normal?

* * * *

We give it countless names, but, in truth, how can there be more than one abyss?

* * * *

One of the many favorite things to do.

* * * *

The more attached You are, the more You will suffer; it is not rocket science.

* * * *

Does what we call time move forward or backward or sideways or up or down?
Or does the manifest simply, timelessly, spontaneously, emanate in awareness?

* * * *

If there were supreme deity, surely humankind would be on the fast track to oblivion,
Unless, of course, he/she/it really was remarkably amused by all the pointless absurdity.

* * * *

Join with others for whatever reasons You please, but do not for even one moment
Imagine yourself or your chosen group ultimately superior in any way to any other's.
Might may make right or wrong, but in the quantum eye, all things are quite equal.

* * * *

Of course You can believe whatever You please,
But do not deceive your Self that your confabulation
It is at all different than anyone else's gray-matter chatter.

* * * *

What an arrogant species to believe it is the exclusive rhyme and reason
To that which is very much the same essence within all things small to great.

* * * *

Every mind is sovereign unto its Self.

* * * *

All are a-wandering the dusty trail to one dusty end or another.

* * * *

Journeying back to the future.

* * * *

The quantum abyss, indivisibly cloaked in every form, held firm by gravity,
Plays out the illusion of space and time, and the mind into which it is born.

* * * *

The mind is portal to time; the mind is portal to eternity.

* * * *

You are that of which all universes are created.

* * * *

You are always at the core of your version of the infinite nada.

* * * *

It is only the perception of separation that inclines You to give the mystery any name.
Once the essence of what all things truly are, and are not, is discerned,
What name, what sound, is there to give it but your own.

* * * *

What a constant distraction the body, and all its sensory and chemical reactions.

* * * *

It is the same Way that has been seen through many eyes come before,
And it will be the same Way that will be seen through many eyes hence.

* * * *

Life is for amateurs.

* * * *

So much monkey business.

* * * *

Hope is the lie that gives comfort to the endless pain of delusion.

* * * *

Whether aware of it or not, we all end up where we started.

* * * *

So many worldly distractions to entice the wavering mind.

* * * *

All consciousness is of the same imaginary process,
Played out equally in one quantum mind-body or another.

* * * *

How often does either/or really exist in the gray of relativity?

* * * *

The only absolute is absoluteness itself.

* * * *

Much of aging is about wrestling with consequences.

* * * *

Forever moot.

* * * *

Whatever You may think of death, it is an inevitable fact.

* * * *

Where is the world, where is the universe, if You do not remember it.

* * * *

Whatever hope there was, washed away in the pain.

* * * *

Eternity is no more than a heartbeat away.

* * * *

So many things that so many think matter that do not, never did, never will.

* * * *

Let us not quibble over details lest we splinter into vain and dogmatic interlude.

* * * *

Been there, done that.

* * * *

The Fates are indifferent to yours.

* * * *

DNA weary.

* * * *

Embrace the meaninglessness; embrace the purposelessness.

* * * *

Oh, very Tao, what will You leave us this time?

* * * *

We all suffer from one variety of miasma or another.

* * * *

Necessity is perhaps the greatest teacher.

* * * *

There is no word of God; only the words of men.

* * * *

In the never-changing, change is.

* * * *

Sometimes, nothing sounds good.

* * * *

The challenge is to not be your own worst enemy.

* * * *

You are the mystery.

* * * *

Hope for the best; plan for the worst.

* * * *

The movement that is; the stillness that is not.

* * * *

The dark in the light, the light in the dark, the seeds of each in all.

* * * *

If it is not all about You, who, pray tell, is it about?

* * * *

Yet another celebrate-your-trophy moment.

* * * *

Alas and oh well.

* * * *

The imaginary Me-Myself-and-I awakens again.

* * * *

There is absolutely no question, not doubt, no uncertainty,
That the absurdity will continue in one oblique fashion or another,
For as long as the theater of human consciousness reigns.

CCLXIX

Give it up, boys and girls.
Mother Nature's oblivious iceberg
Has already ripped a gash through the hull,
And humankind's flawed paradigm, with all its false gold
And beyond-the-pale absurdities, is sliding into the great realignment.
Even the most dynamic effort cannot save the crew
Nor its sleeping passengers.
Party on,
Or find a lifeboat, if You can.

* * * *

The mind that is You, that is me, that is we, that are all together One.

* * * *

The middleman cometh … Pass the plate.

* * * *

Drift silent, drift deep.

* * * *

Hah, the joke's on You, my friend.

* * * *

All will become apparently one if it is your time to awaken.

* * * *

Madness is as madness does
For reasons only irony and paradox
May perchance in random bursts ascertain.

* * * *

Are You prepared to just be the awareness of the You that is the ultimate reality?
The awareness that will expand You to the farthest reaches, to the farthest shores.
The awareness that is the indivisibility prior to all quantum dreams small to great.

* * * *

Try not to want anything from another that they really do not care to give.

* * * *

Trodding on others over and over again is a curious human phenomenon.
Makes cats picking on helpless mice and other critters look downright merciful.

* * * *

Another now a-whizzin' by; ho hum, amazing, to be sure.

* * * *

Anonymous is as anonymous does.

* * * *

Unionize within and without.

* * * *

Breathe in, pause.
Breathe out, pause.
Breathe in, pause.
Breathe out, pause.
Breathe in, pause.
Breathe out, pause.
Breathe in …

* * * *

A thinking mind is no less hedonistic, no less decadent, than any other pleasure dome.

* * * *

Trust the mystery to make a go at killing itself again and again,
For as long as the eternity of manifest time has the sway to play.

* * * *

Perhaps God created women, that men might someday hanker,
For a complete collection of ribs, and women as set of their own.

* * * *

However You may come to it, seek out the stillness before time,
And discern the serenity, the salvation, prior to all manifest theater.

* * * *

The dust of the quantum nothingness is the bitter sweetness of all creation.

* * * *

An experiencing of the deepest sort, only contemplated fully by the eternal mind.

* * * *

Infinity, divinity, spininity,
Call it whatever sound imagination may devise,
All that is, is ultimately the same.

* * * *

Koans, riddles, idle thoughts, and more, step right up, folks, step right here.

* * * *

Your Self, toying with your Self, as would a cat a mouse.
Would that the Marquis de Cat had reached You first.

* * * *

Fate, such as it is, and is not.

* * * *

So many ways to die; hard to pick just one.

* * * *

In the theater of consciousness, who can say what will, or will not be?

* * * *

Study hard, study well, study true.
If your sails are trimly rigged, your bearing set,
Your quest on course into the mystery that awaits reckoning,
You will without doubt discern reality's timeless right-here-right-now presence
Out beyond the farthest reaches of that which is, and is not.

* * * *

Even if You somehow possessed every answer
To every question imaginable, what would it truly matter?
Knowledge, wisdom, foolishness, ignorance, what difference, really?
You will ever be You, very much alone, very much absolute, no matter the theater.

* * * *

There is really no reason for argument.
This is the wonder of it: All is One.
To maintain any lesser truth
Is but dogmatic notion
Born of smoke and mirrors.

* * * *

It is all the same, really, truly; cross your heart and hope to die.

* * * *

Those who quest to discern the truth of that which reality is, will only stop at nothing.

* * * *

What greater calling could there possibly be than to discern the source within all?

* * * *

Surely, the potential that others might discern what is real and true,
Is worth some portion of the given time in any awakened life.
But the questions become, are there really any others out there?
And does it really matter if anyone, anywhere, ever awakens to the truth?
Reality will ever be the same eternal moment no matter what any dream conspires.

* * * *

Beyond the basics of food and drink and other necessities,
Is the sizable array of every variety of narcissistic craving.

* * * *

A gift for those whose destiny it is to wander a given path
To that indivisible quantum ground where all paths end.

* * * *

Heaven and hell, defined herein both the same,
For in what truth could there be such division?

* * * *

You are a chameleon, pretending just enough
To play out this fleeting, imaginary role
In the dreamtime of your mind.

* * * *

All those wee little piles of gold
Gathered from the pillage of an amazing garden world.
Merchants of death and destruction.
All for what?
Wee little piles of gold.

* * * *

Across this garden planet, so many young folk breeding like gnats in a Mason jar,
All the while smiling, laughing, so sweetly, so naively, as all youth do.
Completely, amazingly blind to the pain and suffering
Their genetic inclination is spawning.
Which seed lines will survive the cataclysm,
And what will be the state of the world they inherit?

* * * *

Ethics is the luxury of entitlement.

* * * *

Be circumspect about accepting things that are illogical, irrational, ridiculous.
Things that lack the resonance of truth, things that are adrift in the sea of delusion.

* * * *

All the drugs in the world cannot heal what truly ails You.

* * * *

Too little, too late, so sorry.

* * * *

Just some rational feedback to the myriad collusions swirling across the world.

* * * *

So many minds a-muddled in time.

* * * *

So deluded by others as to relinquish even a simple look-see for your Self.

* * * *

Sitting in a weed patch of Eden, patiently watching, waiting.

* * * *

Gravity has a way of keeping the playing ground level.

* * * *

Freedom is your essential nature,
Yours to be, or not to be.
A sweet antidote for what ails You,
If You have the wit and courage to make it so.

* * * *

Choices have a way of evaporating over time.

* * * *

See it or not, it is we, kiddo, we all the way.

* * * *

Although often a temptation,
Gifts given to those
Who cannot appreciate them,
Can berather useless, meaningless gestures.
Pearls to swine, so to speak.

* * * *

If You have something to hide, the best place is the one least likely to be noticed.

* * * *

The most valuable lessons any historical even has to offer,
Can be challenging to perceive and fathom deeply,
And are all too often quickly forgotten, anyway.

* * * *

Errors of judgment, errors of inattention,
Are sure ways to bring about major changes,
Often filled with a lifetime of suffering and remorse.

* * * *

Why would it be in any way insane, in anyway irrational,
To no longer wish to participate in the madness,
To no longer have any desire, any craving,
To continue being an inmate in this insane asylum?

* * * *

Mortality is for those who believe their mind-body real.

* * * *

Odds are most would not even begin
To want to know all the things
This mind has fathomed.

* * * *

Anything really only matters to those who believe it matters.

* * * *

Awareness is neither merciful nor unmerciful.
The rules of the game are quite clear
To those who pay attention.

* * * *

If You teach children to follow, they will follow.
If You teach children to awaken, they will awaken.
We are all outcomes of whatever environment
The winds of the genetic lottery cast us.
The salvation of all this delusion
Is not in any way required.

* * * *

Mother Nature does not give a flutter of a tinker's damn about You.
Your name, your race, your gender, your health, your opinions, your status,
Or any other part of your self-absorbed, imaginary quantum theater. means nothing.
It is entirely up to You, and You alone, to abide for as long as your fate allows.

* * * *

The eternal mind, captivated by the sensory dreamtime,
Ceaselessly identifies with its meat-machine's temporal role.

* * * *

Most would rather suckle the beast than know the unadorned reality of truth.
Truth is roughest on those whose angst does not allow them to wander far afield.

* * * *

Understand that the absolute is at the core, not the periphery.

* * * *

Always more to see, for what it is worth.

* * * *

Correlate the universe of data, and You will discern the obvious truth:
That I am You, You are me, and we are all together of the same quantum.

* * * *

Far better to be a noble savage
Than a blithering sycophant,
An apathetic bureaucrat,
A pandering politician,
Or a shady lobbyist.

* * * *

Science is only as clear as the mind wielding the technology.

* * * *

Justice is revenge spelled sideways-inside-out-backwards.

* * * *

Best make time now if You do not want to pay a higher price later.

* * * *

History does not care.

* * * *

The subtlety of forgiveness is its inward healing.

* * * *

Yet another slab of meat with a lavish slathering of vanity.

* * * *

So, who are You using to get your emotional fix these daze?

* * * *

All differences are ultimately not real.

* * * *

Consume until there is no tomorrow.

* * * *

What point to mortal existence if You have no health to partake it?

* * * *

Let the reptiles have it back.

* * * *

What goes up must come down, the joy of statistical certitude.

* * * *

Born free, die free.

* * * *

What would Jesus do? Well, not come back, obviously.

* * * *

Same old shit no matter how well You eat.

* * * *

You are a no-other in my universe, and I am a no-other in yours.

* * * *

True personal power requires no assertion.

* * * *

Very forgettable, indeed.

* * * *

Hell is in the details, and there are plenty to go around.

* * * *

Bring in the clowns.

* * * *

It is a dream, and then it is not.

* * * *

You might kill the body, but You can never kill your Self.

* * * *

Royal flush or zip, play what You got best You can.

* * * *

God is a concept; You are not.

* * * *

You are the only You that is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

What is the body but a cadaver that is still moving.

* * * *

You are that to which You aspire, but only until You are not.

* * * *

If You are trying to be powerful at the expense of others, You are not.

* * * *

Pay attention, You might live longer.

* * * *

There they go again, mucking about in all their imaginary differences.

* * * *

Sometimes it is best to let the missing sheep go.

* * * *

All emotional notions are nothing more than human poppycock.

* * * *

No harm, no foul.

* * * *

One voice, or many, You decide.

* * * *

The most simple truths have a resonating elegance.

* * * *

Supreme being, what does that mean, anyway?

* * * *

Only the dead have seen the end of absurdity.

* * * *

Oops.

* * * *

Why is it so many have such a need to label everything?

* * * *

Absurdity will out.

* * * *

You are the mystery personified.

* * * *

All that gluttony and you're still hungry!?

* * * *

You cannot learn well what You do not wish to know well.

* * * *

How many synonyms describe the absurdity:
Preposterous, ridiculous, ludicrous, stupid, laughable,
Daft, farcical, risible, foolish, silly, inane, imbecilic, insane, harebrained,
Cockamamie, unreasonable, irrational, illogical, nonsensical,
Incongruous, pointless, senseless, crazy, idiotic,
To utter, thesaurus in hand, but a few.

CCLXX

Still the busy mind, expand to the inside of the skull.
Dissolve the You that is naught but the commotion of imagination,
And be the greatest peace … serenity … tranquility … harmony … indivisibility …
This mysterious manifest reverie of space and time has to offer.
Heaven has always been right here, right now.

* * * *

Love, an overused word about which there is much to learn,
And the truth of which there seems very little real hankering.

* * * *

Knowing thy Self, there is really nothing else to know.

* * * *

God forbid the ultimate truth is really,
Some tyrannical, corporate, hierarchical,
Vain, petty, meaningless stairway to heaven.

* * * *

In the grand manifest theater,
Consequences ripple from every act.
Name it however You will – fate, karma, kismet,
Fortune, effect, end, result, end result, accident, outcome,
Upshot, calling, destiny, lot, corollary, doom, vocation, chance, providence,
Luck, design, future, conclusion, happenstance … or any other –
Through any given strand of cause and effect,
The thread of eternity weaves.

* * * *

Just masks of a different this or that.

* * * *

A common mantra seems to be:
Whatever needs to happen, will happen.
The truth more often than not: Maybe, maybe not.

* * * *

To play this part is to act out all parts in the most indivisible sense.

* * * *

Gaze into the eyes of any other, and You will spy your Self in yet another guise.

* * * *

You are surrounded by sleepwalkers believing every irrational inanity imaginable,
All inspired by the sensory mirage of space and time born of the passionate mind.

* * * *

The eternal moment is where all heavens, all hells, play out.
Ain't no place else but this here, this now, right here, right now.

* * * *

Just more docile sheep following some middleman, some wolf,
Carrying a carrot in one hand, and a stick in the other.
Desire and fear, core drives common to all.

* * * *

The wild oats sewn in fiery youth
Often find many ways to plague the daze
Before the Reaper's scythe wields the final blow.

* * * *

Just because You imagine something does not necessarily make it real.

* * * *

Absurdity compounded each and every passing moment.
Must the two-legged calamity really continue playing a dreamtime
So hard-heartedly sculpted by insatiable greed and inconsequential vanity?

* * * *

Cannot really prove anything, but assume it to be true, just the same.

* * * *

Tripping.

* * * *

Divine madness, the only true peace.

* * * *

The tsunamis of mankind are crashing upon its Self.

* * * *

Faith is but fear, dread, terror, speculation, belief, hope.
Knowing is a much more certain, clearer quality of mind.

* * * *

Someone in some far distant future
Just dug up the time-baked remnant of the skull
Upon which the flesh and blood of your facade once clung,
And is satirically mimicking Shakespeare's Hamlet,
All the while looking about for a choice wall
Upon which to further seal its fate.

* * * *

There never was a beginning.
There will never, can never, be any finale.
And, agreeable as might sound, it is certainly not a circle.
The masks just keep on rolling off the assembly line of the genetic lottery,
But beneath all guises, You have ever been, and will ever be.
The same abyss replicating its Self ever again.

* * * *

Good luck with that.

* * * *

How many ways can a hair be split?

* * * *

Mystical foolery.

* * * *

Any given mind, a solitary river of time, flowing through the abyss of eternity.

* * * *

To play any game, partake any pastime,
That ignores, that defies, the nature-given rules,
Is indescribable madness, pure and simple.

* * * *

Nothing lasts forever.

* * * *

Middlemen have risen to usurp the truth,
On every stage the play of mind has ever witnessed.
Put the many parasites behind You, and discover the sovereignty
Of your Self, in your Self, for your Self, by your Self.

* * * *

What kind of garden might this spinning orb have remained
If humanity had chosen to be guardians rather than destroyers?

* * * *

Move beyond the limits of the original conditioning.
Let no hold bar You, leave no stone unturned,
In the quest to discern the only freedom
The dream of imagination can offer.

* * * *

Very strange, indeed, to think anything normal.

* * * *

This work is for those whose calling it is to awaken

To the vision of all creation that only Self can know.

* * * *

Do not be swayed by any form; all idolatry is the fiction of illusion.

* * * *

Fools drift, nonchalant.

* * * *

Do You discern your world through the filter of many thoughts,
Or through the infinite stillness of the awareness
Which is absolute and untarnished?

* * * *

From elemental to galactic, and everything between,
You, whose ironic, paradoxical fate it is to see,
Are sovereign witnesses to all creation.

* * * *

Yet another contribution to the theater of time.

* * * *

However, whenever it may come, Armageddon is but the clash of pride.

* * * *

Paradoxical and ironic as it is, the mind is both the prison and the key to freedom.

* * * *

Die ahead of time; makes things much easer.

* * * *

Imagination can be both best friend and worst nightmare.

* * * *

Pleasures and pains fathomed by the nervous system
Originate from the grand abyss of the given state of mind.

* * * *

There was plenty of everything until lust outbred its capacity.

* * * *

Have those many who so fear dying ever really lived?

* * * *

It will very soon be the next generation's turn at bat.
Best wishes and rotsa ruck with your paltry inheritance.

* * * *

Snap, crackle, pop; oy vey, what the body must endure.

* * * *

Each generation, the seeds of space and time, greet the shore anew.
Each a wave of life rising, cresting, falling, and then ebbing into the next.

* * * *

What a selfish act to bring a child into a world
Humankind has so badly abused and neglected.

* * * *

Do not doubt the doubt.

* * * *

Practice dying at every turn, and the straightaways, too.

* * * *

You cannot ever see it,
Feel it, hear it, touch it, taste it, or even know it.
You can really only be it.

* * * *

Can You not see where it has to go?

* * * *

In every form the same dust.

* * * *

Nothing stays the same.

* * * *

Eternal life is living in the nowness for as long as breath sustains it.

* * * *

All manifestation is but relative shimmer.
The quantum ground from which all creation emanates
Is absolute and prior to all reflections.

* * * *

If Jesus were to somehow anonymously stumble back into existence,
His many so-called followers might well be first in line
To stick him back up on that cross.

* * * *

Oh, ye of little faith, it is You herein who are sought,
For ye who truly question, ye who truly doubt, may be harbor
To that immeasurable vision to which within is most true.

* * * *

Hope is a four-letter deception.
Faith has five letters.
Belief, six.
And God, three.
Stop arguing and listen.

* * * *

History is moving rapidly,
Towards an epoch of realignment,
Between humankind and the natural world,
To which it has always been linked,
Despite all its vain notions.

* * * *

All the little lists, listing away,
This way and that, that way and this,
Listing, listing, forever listing.

* * * *

Everything plays an equal part in the ever-flowing evolution of creation.
The quantum matrix would not be, without every swirling part and particle.

* * * *

Do not muddy imagination with fantasy; reality is already astonishing enough.

* * * *

Humankind, for so little real reason,
Believes itself so superior to all creation.
Such an unrivaled epoch of cataclysm just ahead.
Will it be enough to reshape consciousness into an aligned paradigm?
Or will the unfolding just trudge on very much the same?
Impossible to more than vaguely wonder,
When only time will tell.

* * * *

In each and every moment, very different; all the while, very, very much the same.

* * * *

Quite a few layers on that onion.

* * * *

So many patterns, all emanating from the same mystery.

* * * *

Eternity has a way of forgetting everything.

* * * *

Wisdom is fraught with foolishness.

* * * *

No dike can withstand Mother Nature for long.

* * * *

So many speaking so passionately, with so much conviction,
About so many things, of which they really know so little.

* * * *

The injustices of tyranny have countless faces and names,
But are ever the same to the mind unburdened by limitation.

* * * *

The articulation of any given history,
Is but a temporal fabrication of consciousness,
In which every human mind wallows.

* * * *

The identity You daily play, is not the real You, ever unborn, every undying.

* * * *

Why would the moment after the last breath be any different than the one before it?
Or the one just before birth be any different than one just out of the womb?
That which is never born, that which is undying, is without attributes.

* * * *

The young are so innocent, so pliable, so open and free,
How challenging for the elders of any given tribe
Not to misuse their influence to nurture
The next generation's flowering.

* * * *

In any book, open a page, any page,
And maybe, just maybe, You will detect and fathom
The answer, the solution, the explanation, the clarification, You seek.

* * * *

The grand infinity playing out the finite in seemingly every way-shape-form imaginable.

* * * *

A trap of its own making.

* * * *

The agony and ecstasy of every story is within You.

* * * *

It is never easy being imprisoned in a fading rose.

* * * *

It is all pointless, both literally and figuratively.

* * * *

To call it the heart of awareness is not about some willy-nilly emotional state.

* * * *

Your dream is whether it is all about yesterday or today or tomorrow.

* * * *

It is all so superficial.

* * * *

In the Land of Irony and Paradox, more is less, and less, more.

* * * *

To return to square one is an adventure to which only the rare aspire.

* * * *

Just because You do not like it, does not mean it is not true.

* * * *

The universe is but an imaginary sheen in your imaginary mind.

* * * *

The way of the monkey: for some futures to rise, others must fall.

* * * *

What has science become but the cataloging of unending minutia.

* * * *

Yet another thing You have a hard time wanting to care about.

* * * *

Philosophy is the refuge of untitled kings.

* * * *

All differences are but vain notions fabricated in the mind's eye.

* * * *

Are You a human being or a human becoming?

* * * *

Fate is about what price You are willing to pay.

* * * *

Sorry You did it, or sorry You got caught?

* * * *

All ephemeral, nothing concrete.

* * * *

Are we there yet?

* * * *

Is there any plus without a minus; any minus without a plus?

* * * *

Yet another dead poet.

* * * *

The reality is that You are born and die each and every moment.

* * * *

Iffy at best.

* * * *

The mystery is all.

* * * *

Those forever seeking have yet to really stop and look.

* * * *

Ignorance is its own bewitchment.

* * * *

Memes all.

* * * *

Quicksand is no harbor.

* * * *

History has killed many of your sort.

* * * *

Wallowing in pretense, why?

* * * *

You are very much alone, and nothing can save You from it.

* * * *

If nature is your deity, and You are a mind-body born of nature,
Then idolatry is really nothing more than another form of narcissism.

* * * *

Yet another morning dawns in this dream born of mystery.
Yet another opportunity to awaken to that which You truly are.

* * * *

The reality of that which is true equally permeates all forms small to great.
It can never be possessed or sold or bartered or enslaved
By any other, in any time, in any place,
No matter the milieu of consciousness in which it is entwined.

CCLXXI

Everyone has as one set of capacities and limitations or another.
None can ever aspire to play out more than they are
But through reflections of imagination.

* * * *

From greatest to least, all truly sovereign within.

* * * *

What the human paradigm is, how it could have been, how it might someday be.
The illustrious “if only” echoing through the matrix in the dreamy wonder of time.

* * * *

Sometimes it seems as though this is the first time You have ever really awakened,
Though surely it is not, or is it, given that now is ever the same nil-naught-nothing.

* * * *

Once You have scaled the summit of truth,
There is really no going back down,
So why cling to any ladder?

* * * *

Is not this human-dominated world harsh enough
Without those who have neither need nor knack for it,
Joining in at being boorish and otherwise unkind.

* * * *

In this ever-streaming moment,
You are truly that which is called God,
The adulation of which, is the fall from grace.

* * * *

The current fad will inevitably make an appearance
In a variety of yard sales and flea markets, as it makes its long, squalid journey
To being just another thin layer in one landfill or another.

* * * *

You are the ineffable from which all things spring eternal.
You are earth and sun and moon and stars,
And all the space between.
And none of them all the while.

* * * *

We are all born of the same womb, live in the same house, and share the same grave.

* * * *

It really does not mean squat to anyone but You, and You alone,
And even that indifferent reality is of relatively short duration.

* * * *

Cynical wonder.

* * * *

Some here-now in one tomorrow or another, will be in the here-now soon enough.
Give awareness, give attention, give mindfulness, to the here-now allotted here-now,
And You will be, You will discern, the grace, the inviolability, of that which is eternal.

* * * *

In the topsy-turvy of all things vainly absurd,
One topsys, the other turvys; one turvys, the other topsys.
One man's confusion is another's order; one's order, another's confusion.

* * * *

Every life form has its own sensory universe,
None ultimately more or less real than any other.

* * * *

Even the most incorrigible demon
Plays out its meager part, serves its divine function,
In the manifest theater of consciousness.

* * * *

Ignorance is a hell of its own.

* * * *

El grandito infinito.

* * * *

You need not travel far to attain infinity.

* * * *

Curious how it is always left to the next generation to work it out.

* * * *

Ambition, what was that, anyway?

* * * *

More toys than longing to play with them.

* * * *

Where are You when the mind's chatter grows still?

* * * *

Children of a lesser quantum.

* * * *

Does any cancer fathom itself a cancer?

* * * *

To label any life form or thing a resource, more often than not sets its course
On a harsh journey of exploitation or depletion or extinction, or all of the above.

* * * *

Fighting the good fight is rarely, if ever, easy,
Especially when a wave knocks You flat,
Another one coming up only seconds behind,
And who knows how many more following after that.

* * * *

The dust of eternity courses in your veins.

* * * *

You do not have to recall all the details to know the essence.

* * * *

The irony of paradox and the paradox of irony are the helix of time born of eternity.

* * * *

Sounds good, anyway.

* * * *

All things ordered by mind deprive the natural order its penchant for spontaneity.

* * * *

An inexplicable madness, the most ordinary quality of mind consciousness can attain.

* * * *

Very challenging to be free of all patterning.

* * * *

Ironic how compassion for others often creates even more suffering.

* * * *

How could it be even the least bit possible,
For an omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent deity,
To be separate in any way or shape or form?

* * * *

You are but a minute ripple in the stream of time,
Which itself is but an infinitesimal capillary
In the inestimable ocean of eternity.

* * * *

What is fate, what is destiny, but playing out the given role
To which one is most inclined in the given space and time.

* * * *

Dubiously curious that any given culture considers itself normal.

* * * *

The precipice of the abyss is well-cloaked by gravity.

* * * *

Faith and hope and belief offer little relief in the reconciliation You truly seek.

* * * *

The Great Whatever.

* * * *

Each and every name ever given it is just another wisp of sound
Born of, fathomed by, that timeless awareness You truly are.

* * * *

Do not be bound by mortality; it is of no lasting duration.

* * * *

Whether or not anyone else ever discerns it,
We are each and every one, very much alone.

* * * *

The surest way to ignore what dare not be realized
Is to ridicule or destroy with little or no reflection.

* * * *

All things rise, all things decline in the relativity of one duration or another.

* * * *

Do not be looking to anyone else to tell You what to do or how to live.
Fathom your own mind, find your own way, do not fear standing alone.

* * * *

All these thoughts are meant for those whose fate it is to awaken.
All others are for now bit players, rudderless in the waves of mind.

* * * *

In every mind's eye, the same witness.

* * * *

Any history is only as real as the memory allotted.

* * * *

Yes, it is that simple.

* * * *

Who knows what death will choose You.

* * * *

The heavens are as infinite as a mind untarnished by time.

* * * *

Over and over You pinch yourself to forget.

* * * *

We are all distracted by so much delusional absurdity.
The only real question is, how much of it re You able to disregard or dislodge
In the quest to freely witness the reality awaiting perception.

* * * *

You will know your brief mortal existence is in the throes of decline
When cars stop slowing down, and nary a honk blares its lustful approbation.
And if that never happened when You were younger and sweeter,
Well, them fates can be merciless in many more ways
Than we would ever deign to imagine.

* * * *

Another self-absorbed gnat.

* * * *

Same clay, a different day.

* * * *

The immeasurable can only be measured to the nth degree.

* * * *

An unreflective mind is no friend to wisdom.

* * * *

The gift of wonder few crave to discern.

* * * *

An unparalleled, paradigm-shaking lesson
About the infinite nature of singularity
Is a-dawning upon the horizon.

* * * *

All is relative until boiled down to the absolute.

* * * *

What wonders, what blessings, what horrors,
Are being fashioned in laboratories and garages,
That will inevitably add to the vast host of footprints
Already crisscrossing the besieged landscape.

* * * *

An inescapable conclusion is an inescapable conclusion.
No amount of vain, wishful thinking can prescribe otherwise.

* * * *

Inner simplicity is the surest means to freedom.

* * * *

All stand up in time, for as long as time allows.

* * * *

Back to the future, where nature rules.

* * * *

Stylized anything is rife with limitations.

* * * *

Belief and faith are comfortably meaningless.

* * * *

Science, with all its vigilantly astute observations and measurements,
Must eventually reach an impenetrable wall of profound inexplicability.

* * * *

What barbaric notion would inspire a species to adorn its living spaces
With the castrated sexual organs of another species,
And then, without irony, call it love.

* * * *

Milo Minderbinder continues to bedazzle us all
Into a quandary from which there is no escape.

* * * *

To awaken to totality, to the absolute, is all any one can really do.
And it cannot be cajoled or coerced; You either see it, or You don't.

* * * *

The most manageable prison is the one in which the prisoners are all volunteers.

* * * *

Nothing in spades.

* * * *

Beware my fine young pretty,
Else a two-legged will catch You,
Filet You, and gobble You all up

* * * *

Memory allows all to wander every aspect that imagination may render an interest.

* * * *

It is all one, but some facets, some aspects of the oneness,
Are more conducive to your continued interest and well-being.

* * * *

That hoard of wealth, that pile of gold, is a relative, ephemeral state of mind.

* * * *

The world, the universe that You daily juggle in your mind,
All the memories, anxieties, obligations, possessions,
And on and on, ever on, can be more than a little exhausting.
Sometimes You just need to set it all down, and wander about alone,
Unconcerned about anyone or anything, including your own fictional persona.

* * * *

How many twists and turns a mind must take
To want to wantonly torture another life form.

* * * *

Any given universe can be so easily undone with such mundane panache.

* * * *

Hell is, indeed, in the details.

* * * *

Not a state of mind You would ever have, could ever have, predicted.

* * * *

That which You have come to expect is likely that which will manage to continue.

* * * *

Well, that's not much of a question, now is it?

* * * *

You are solitary witness, alone no matter how big the crowd.

* * * *

Today's headlines are tomorrow's sorrows.

* * * *

The truth, the truth, what is the truth but what You think it is, but likely isn't.

* * * *

The different You, the different me, I am You, and You are me.

* * * *

Where's the humility?

* * * *

Time is a concept to which You need not submit.

* * * *

Everything is born of arbitrary assumption.

* * * *

Critical thinking is the chasm between sage and fool.

* * * *

Yet another face in which vanity will find harbor.

* * * *

Immortal soul, mortal body, forever young playing the gray.

* * * *

The mystery born in You, was born in me, too.

* * * *

Gaia is founded upon differences that are not; it is the requirement of any lila.

* * * *

Alone in their own worlds, the players all play along.

* * * *

Who is the me in You? Who is the You in me?

* * * *

So far away, so long ago, the show, the show, it changes so.

* * * *

A decline of hunger makes for great philosophy.

* * * *

The saving grace of time is in the insight that it is not real.

* * * *

The difference between You and me is just a thought or two or three.

* * * *

Who wins, who loses, just a state of mind.

* * * *

Need and want are mutually exclusive motivations.

* * * *

A little humility, please.

* * * *

To live for applause is a most shallow and debilitating motivation.

* * * *

Consciousness is the inherent flaw that all must endure.

* * * *

Pluck out that thorn of desire, and what is left but an abiding grace.

* * * *

The nothing of now, across the board, for all eternity.

* * * *

The idolatry of form, the idolatry of concept, same thing, really.

* * * *

The clock is not your friend.

* * * *

History comes, history goes, but the passions are ever the same.

* * * *

The cynicism of old men is not easily endured by the young.

* * * *

How true the true, how false the false.

* * * *

Awareness has no reality but through timeless attention.

* * * *

How much does imagination require to see it is but an illusion?

* * * *

How focused ambition must be in order to fulfill great desire.

* * * *

How can You imagine any speculation but less true?

* * * *

A true gourmet can dine happily on the relativity of nearly any delicacy.

Even hemlock likely has a memorably flavorful zestiness,
Were anyone still around to recollect it.

* * * *

Through what happenchance of destiny did a copy or link of these onerous writings,
This chronicle, this soliloquy of across-the-board ponderings.
Show up in your reverie of time?
Oh, happy fate, perhaps, perhaps not.

CCLXXII

What would our ancestors likely think of us now?
A time far more decayed and self-absorbed
Than could have been even imagined
Just a few centuries, or even decades ago.

* * * *

Any deception is played out upon audiences
Mesmerized by wishful thinking and slights of hand.

* * * *

To which of its countless creations will humankind finally succumb?

* * * *

Each moment its own memory-inspired flavor,
With a tinge of the instinctual to lend it conviction.

* * * *

So many things are taken for granted until they are gone,
And then all that remains is the ever-diminishing perception
That leads one to believe it was really real in the first place.

* * * *

Yet another theater of the absurd,
Which must be endured to whatever end,
And perhaps by luck or chance, thy Self discerned.

* * * *

A barbarian is herein defined as one not bound
By the conventions of some groupthink under siege.

* * * *

The ultimate reality abides prior to any collusion,
And for those who earn their livelihood playing middleman,
Who choose vanity over integrity, deceit over truth,
Life is but a small-minded shadow dance.

* * * *

If time and given circumstance allow,
Live an existence that You will look back, happily content.
The ultimate, inordinate narcissism, if You will.

* * * *

Feet that were never meant to walk in shoes, or on cement, much less a straight line.

* * * *

How incredibly magical the innocence we all had for too brief a while
Before the imagined world, the imagined universe, took root in our minds.
To discern that original, blissful state of pure awareness is a worthy aspiration.

* * * *

You are sovereign prince in the infinite universe of your temporal imagination.

* * * *

So many, so easily offended,
So much so that they wander existence
Looking to be insulted in every paltry way imaginable.
Let some other wretched fool take that road.
Ramparts of caution dissolve in those
Whose friendship wax eternal.

* * * *

All waves swell, all waves crest, all waves fall.
It is the statistical certitude which predicts
Every creation's inevitable conclusion.

* * * *

Yay, more senseless ways to play out the incalculable insanities
Apportioned in this manifest theater of dreamtimes consciousness.

* * * *

Even the most cherished notion must one day diminish and dissolve
As consciousness loses its grasp on a dream that never really was.

* * * *

Only of nothing can any one be certain.
Even the notorious death and taxes
Are of the quicksand born of time.

* * * *

Me, my Self, and I, whatever that is.

* * * *

Assumptions all.

* * * *

Faking it the best You can, just like everybody else.

* * * *

Still seeking some mortal delusion, are we?

* * * *

Every mind, its own sovereign tale.

* * * *

The best-kept secrets are the ones never uttered.

* * * *

How much time and energy and resources have been allocated
To the pointless endeavor to describe That which is indescribable.

* * * *

Give it whatever name, whatever description You will,
The essential reality is prior to all sound, all light,
And in the infinite tranquility of its stillness,
Its mystery ever remains unknown.

* * * *

Those without the endless scheming
Of one individualized agenda or another,
Are generally much more receptive listeners.

* * * *

Do You see what I see?

* * * *

Life is not a safe haven, no matter how huge the pile of gold.

* * * *

Too little, too late, too bad.

* * * *

From the essential nature of all life forms small to great, the song of mystery sings.

* * * *

It matters far less how all this came to be
Than what You do with it in the interminable now
Of your relatively brief, very mortal, dream of existence.

* * * *

The reverie of time-bound consciousness
Engineers the sensory illusion of separateness,
Whereas the timeless awareness of consciousness
Is the infinite connectedness to which all things subscribe.

* * * *

All qualities of mind are relative beyond measure.
The mystery dwells within the essence of every quantum.
Good and evil may play out in the consciousness of humankind,
But at the source of all things, they are of no consequence, whatsoever.

* * * *

Wander with intention, or wander nonchalant,
In the ever-streaming illusion of time,
Every moment is the same.

* * * *

Whether You see it or not,
I know I am You, and You are me,
And we, no matter the fate, are one together.

* * * *

How surreal this existence we call reality.

* * * *

How can any ever know
That which is prior to all knowing,
But through knowing they are the knowing.

* * * *

I see You, and You see me,
And we all witness the mystery,
Each in our own vain way, together.

* * * *

All relationships, all activities, all possessions, all thoughts
Are but ever-streaming, ever-kaleidoscoping experiencings.

* * * *

An opus for those minds skewed enough in time
To obliquely approach that which can never be defined
But through a deep well of doubt, irony, intuition, detachment.

* * * *

Phases, it's all about phases.

* * * *

From all the beginnings to all the endings,
The universe of any given witness is really nothing more
Than an imaginary collage of sensory perception,
No more yours than it is anyone else's.

* * * *

All creatures small to great on this whirling garden world are, on the whole,
About as obsessed with your narcissistic existence, as You are with theirs.

* * * *

Contentment is one breath at a time.

* * * *

Nature is not something without which any can exist.

* * * *

The many passions pave the road between purgatory and paradise.

* * * *

Complete and genuine indifference
Is generally only achievable for short durations,
But for saints and other charlatans.

* * * *

Breathe more, think less.

* * * *

No one can teach You everything there is to know.
That is why You created a universe from which to cherry-pick all the nonsense
That You have somehow crammed in that universal mind.

* * * *

Why accept any lie, any propaganda,
Over the simple, strait-forward, honest clarity
Of your own observation and insight?

* * * *

Even seeds of the highest quality require suitable soil and water and air,
And the well-intentioned guidance of incisive hands,
To realize their fullest potential.

* * * *

Happiness is really little more than the chemistry of a clear, balanced state of mind.

* * * *

The machinations of consciousness rush and pull all in myriad directions.

* * * *

Pretenders all.

* * * *

Every breath just a few moments nearer to that final demise.

* * * *

Sleep and oxygen deprivation, what a combo.

* * * *

A vision, a perspective, an insight, a knowing,
Which relatively few are capable of discerning,
Much less possess the inclination to fully imbibe.

* * * *

What is an anti-christ, an anti-buddha, an anti-anything,
But one who articulately casts aside all vanity's idolatries.

* * * *

History is written by whoever takes the time to write it down,
And even then, it only contains whatever vision
The writer is capable of discerning.

* * * *

All it takes is one simple, full breath, interwoven with a pinch of awareness,
And, suddenly, You are back in the streaming here and now,
The only home there has ever truly been.

* * * *

As real as imagination allows.

* * * *

The seeds of revenge want only for a few drops of poison.

* * * *

What is paranoia, or any mental disorder, but imagination adrift in its own confabulation.

* * * *

Pilfer away, You little thief, pilfer away.

* * * *

In the quest for that which is real and true, following is not an option.

* * * *

When did all your judgments take root?

* * * *

A river runs through it.

* * * *

What was existence like before You learned to pose?

* * * *

Genesis is still very much underway at any given moment in time.
There is really no point resisting your small part in the grand creation.

* * * *

Time for mystics to stand up and be counted,
To stand up to the innumerable insufferable tyrannies
Of so-called religions and other fabrications across the board.

* * * *

Humankind has twisted the natural world
Into an order that will never even begin to resume as it was.
Eden is already tacking a new direction.

* * * *

You think You are only a drop, but in reality, You are the ocean.

* * * *

Too many straws slurping from an almost empty cup.

* * * *

Who can know with any certainty how any other life form perceives its universe?

* * * *

The inability to rein in our loins will surely be our undoing.

* * * *

The notion of something is often far different than its reality.

* * * *

Do nothing well.

* * * *

Ahh, the eccentric worlds in which we layer our Selves.

* * * *

The relativity of any given perceptual set
Swims in the ocean of eternal absoluteness.

* * * *

As You would hold your hand still, still the mind,
Detach from the senses, and . . . ta-da!
There You are, the real thing.

* * * *

The eyes create the greatest sense of separation within and without.
None of the other senses enhance dualistic notion
In anywhere near the same way.
This grand theater would not be without them.

* * * *

Looking back, looking forward, does it not all seem obvious?

* * * *

At least try be honest with your Self.

* * * *

Oopsie, did You really say that?

* * * *

Are You as much me as any other?

* * * *

A bit of every label within You.

* * * *

Could You really just do nothing for the rest of your existence?

* * * *

It is kind of like the same-old-same-old each and every eternal moment,
Except that everything is always different and changing in every way.

* * * *

Partake what it pleases You to partake in whatever way your fate allows.

* * * *

From the indivisible vantage, we are all really-truly Soul mates,
Each of us playing out our own unique set of attributes,
None really greater or lesser than any other.

* * * *

Any anthill is a crowded city state of the six-legged kind.

* * * *

Memory is an erstwhile taskmaster.

* * * *

How much bother will You be required to endure today?

* * * *

A species that deserves to go extinct if ever there was one.

* * * *

The mystery born anew, born You.

* * * *

Without memory, did anything ever really happen?

* * * *

Another day a-streamin' in the dreamin'.

* * * *

The fog of consciousness masks the eternal awareness, and time plays on.

* * * *

The individual has always been at odds with one group or another.

* * * *

Another day, same mystery.

* * * *

Another day, same monkey.

* * * *

A bar set so low that it will take ages to raise it again, if ever.

* * * *

Sometimes a thousand words, sometimes a picture, paint the largest view.

* * * *

Imagination is the time machine.

* * * *

All history is nothing more than the pretense of imagination.

* * * *

The chaos of destruction is but the stirring stick of creation.

* * * *

Nothing stands alone.

* * * *

It all sounds quite mad, really.

* * * *

We all serve one beast or another.

* * * *

An insider joke without an insider.

* * * *

Civility is the pretense of savagery.

* * * *

Tools are only as necessary as the given job.

* * * *

How are You going to look without that face?

* * * *

Is it, been there, done that, or am here, doing that?

* * * *

True humility precludes pride.

* * * *

The mystery wakes up to another day.

* * * *

And why again do You keep coming back?
What world, what sun have You not wandered
That You must repeat it again and again and again?

CCLXXIII

The quantum dream of consciousness born of awareness,
An arrangement of nerves partnering up into senses, concocting and utilizing
Whatever it sees and hears and tastes and touches and smells
Into a spinning world, and a sky full of stars.

* * * *

You are hereby nominated, if it is your calling,
To be independent witness to the flame of consciousness,
As freely, effortlessly, timelessly scribed, by the awareness before time.

* * * *

Discern the simplicity in all the complexity, and the complexity in all the simplicity.

* * * *

An eternal mystery reflected in the ether of imagination.

* * * *

The great serendipity.

* * * *

Stay tuned.

* * * *

A mystery for every mind to unravel in whatever way it will, or will not.

* * * *

You cannot do it all, You cannot see it all.
Your brief mortal existence is but an infinitesimal facet
Of the infinity of potentials of all creation.
In the eye of the inexplicable,
How can there truly be anything
But deep, abiding, heartfelt humility?

* * * *

It is a quantum thing: eternally pure, eternally simple.
As dexterous as spontaneity and imagination allow.

* * * *

Simply put, and so sorry to be the one stating the obvious,
There are some genes in any given puddle or pool,
That should not be passed on to the future.

* * * *

Another generation springing from the wild field
Into a unforeseeable time of devastation and heartbreak.

Historians will likely nod their heads in agreement.

* * * *

You want happiness and contentment? Breathe well.

* * * *

Suffer every temptation until the insistent grip of desire surrenders its illusory hold.

* * * *

Un-constituted meaning.

* * * *

Attitude is everything, everything is attitude.

* * * *

Necessity will find its day.

* * * *

The peace that knows no bounds good-naturedly endures within.

* * * *

Stick to nature's most basic offering: good air, good water, good food,
And your existence will be as vigorous as your genetic fate allows.

* * * *

Those who spend their lives to helping others
Abide with much less pain and suffering
In a state of detached compassion.

* * * *

The same immortal essence resides in all forms.
It is the matrix in which all creation eternally abides.

* * * *

The subtlety of even the most simple reality requires a lifetime of steady attention.

* * * *

Archetypes of one psychosis or another.

* * * *

Irony and paradox hath no bounds.

* * * *

The farthest reaches of your infinite universe is just beyond your big toes.

* * * *

A cancer by any other name would destroy the same.

* * * *

So, what now?

* * * *

Reborn with every breath.

* * * *

All differences are arbitrary.

* * * *

The human mind's time-bound craving for continuity
Is what has fashioned this dysfunctional paradigm.

* * * *

We are each our own best, sometimes worst friend.

* * * *

It takes time and practice to learn anything well.
You need not be the greatest to enjoy the process.

* * * *

What is the mind that is absolutely, effortlessly attentive?

* * * *

Pay attention to whatever now the mind in time allows.

* * * *

Consistency, commitment, forevermore: What exactly is that state of mind, anyway?

* * * *

You are always doing nothing, or is nothing doing You?

* * * *

It is not all about You; it is all about You.

* * * *

Where would we be without oil and electricity, and opposable thumbs?

* * * *

Now is the time; the time is now.

* * * *

Another face of Soul twisting in the winds of time.

* * * *

Born again and again and again,
Each and every unadorned moment,
For as long as the given vessel allows.

* * * *

Why pretend You know anyone or anything?
What You think You know is only what You have been shown,
And what You are intelligent enough to perceive.

* * * *

The time of realignment with the natural order is at hand.
Do not allow the muddle, the quagmire of vain self-absorption
Over the given rules of the game to ever happen again.

* * * *

A cauldron of soup takes its time heating up,
But once a-boil, the stew churns without respite.

* * * *

Those who are truly the richest and most powerful
Are the ones most satisfied with the least,
The ones who have discerned the dreamtime for what it is,
The existential ones to whom the Reaper is a most steadfast companion.

* * * *

Many if not most are relatively naive about how the so-called civilized world works.
If they are very fortunate, they have benign leaders who function in their best interest.
If not, well, history as more than a few sagas of the myriad ways power can be abused.

* * * *

Laugh about what You can, when You can, as often as You can.

* * * *

The dependency on technology is laced with dubious paradox.

* * * *

Any given existence is really nothing more than a streaming figment of imagination.

* * * *

Physics 101, pure and simple.

* * * *

A message of hope, how useless is that?

* * * *

Within and without, all is.

* * * *

Life, an often interesting, sometimes painful distraction.

* * * *

Ethical dilemmas are the luxury of a full belly and a safe harbor.

* * * *

You must fathom very deeply within to gauge
The indivisible tranquility of eternity's ageless now.

* * * *

There is nothing to become once You discern
You are already everything You could hope to be.

* * * *

Existence is an opportunity to wake up and realize
What You and everything else truly are and are not.

* * * *

Humankind is not on the surest course for a happy Hollywood ending.

* * * *

Survival is a privilege, not a right.

* * * *

Please, explain again why someone else is to blame for your screwed-up life.

* * * *

Moving toward the immortality that has been present all the while.

* * * *

You are a universal mind forged of stardust.

* * * *

A species inspired by vain ignorance is a species hell-bent toward extinction.

* * * *

They are waving that flag again; proceed with caution.

* * * *

Man-made order is of the natural order, but without its detached spontaneity.

* * * *

The holographic cloak of cosmic awareness again descends upon the dreaming.

* * * *

You are given a life; what You make of it is (not entirely) up to You.

* * * *

So many visions to embrace or not; discern your own, and know the source of all.

* * * *

Where would they be, what would they do, without all their little electronic baubles?

* * * *

Try to forgive those who are different.

* * * *

Not many places a life form of one variety or another
Cannot find at least a foothold in one niche or another.

* * * *

An urge to sit utterly still for all eternity,
And another to get up, move about, and think,
Nearly simultaneous.

* * * *

Life has always been a fairly seasonable, pleasurable excursion
For those who, through genetic lottery, were so fortunate to be born
Into a comfortable character, in a reasonably favorable space and time.
And for the rest, well, who was it really said, “Let them eat cake”?

* * * *

What suffering it has taken to try to help You along.

* * * *

Enjoy every distraction that stumbles your way.
Just try to remember the ultimate calling
As often as the mortal faire allows.

* * * *

Beneath your perfect wisdom is the vapor made of the essence of a diamond.

* * * *

The thread of eternal beingness, weaves its way in every moment.

* * * *

Yet another very momentous wander.

* * * *

Generally, those who are drowning
Give more serious attention to the riptide
Pulling them into the vast unknown.

* * * *

Across the board, in every theater,
All dress and behave as their surroundings dictate.
Why should any culture be considered any superior to any other?

* * * *

Peer intuitively through the eyes and ears of all creatures small to great,
And You will likely distinguish any and all much more compassionately

* * * *

Being an antichrist, in the highest sense, ain't really such a bad thing.
Probably not exactly what any given group is expecting, but so it goes.

* * * *

Odds are You won't live to see tomorrow.

* * * *

A beautiful face can hide a demon; disagreeable one, an angel.

* * * *

A discerning eye is at best an ironic, paradoxical blessing.

* * * *

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder; be mindful of your projections.

* * * *

Sometimes best to move, sometimes best to be still.
Discerning the difference, ahh, that's the rub.

* * * *

All them nerves sure can be bothersome when pain's Reaper comes a-calling.

* * * *

Sometimes the divinity called God by many, is a conservative-liberal.
Other times that which is supreme, is a liberal-conservative.
When not a complete and utter asshole, that is.

* * * *

We are really no different, from any other creature small to great.
Tiny little ants playing out an ever-changing, touchy-feely dream.

* * * *

The astute observation and measurement of true science
Is surely more accurate than any superstition or tradition.

* * * *

For even one part to be false, it must all be.

* * * *

You are perfection manifest.

* * * *

Principles often prove to be many-layered things in the relativity of circumstance.

* * * *

A little dab of attention will do ya.

* * * *

Extremes are always rough on the majorities who lack the will to resist.

* * * *

What is beautiful, what is not, and who decides?

* * * *

Go ahead, allow your Self to be free.

* * * *

What if all creation is nothing more than an exhale?

* * * *

You appear, You disappear, what of it?

* * * *

It all is what it is; no point judging anything.

* * * *

Watch and wait each and every eternal moment that full attention allows.

* * * *

The frontal lobe is the theater of human consciousness.

* * * *

Why would You want to be that stupid?

* * * *

There is a universe to unlearn, perchance to forget.

* * * *

What's your delusion?

* * * *

Questions of a thousand dreams.

* * * *

Is the present ever quite what it seems?

* * * *

There is no Superman, sorry.

* * * *

Principles have a tendency to change with the given wind.

* * * *

Name that delusion.

* * * *

Not often You can choose your neighbors.

* * * *

It is not what You want to be; it is what You want to pretend.

* * * *

Are You perfect yet?

* * * *

Wield that discerning sword with great attention.

* * * *

The world is founded upon distraction.

* * * *

Everything is after the fact.

* * * *

Give full attention to the present upon which awareness sheds its light.

* * * *

Curiosity don't just kill cats.

* * * *

Perception, perception, perception.

* * * *

How stupid is stupid has yet to be determined.

* * * *

Quantum this.

* * * *

How would You see it all if You did not know so much?

* * * *

Bam!

* * * *

So what?

* * * *

Creativity is its own reward.

* * * *

The quantum matrix born of a quantum mind is a figment of time.

* * * *

Death is hunting for You again today.
Has been since the moment You were conceived.
Will be until your last wheezing breath.

CCLXXIV

What horrors will so many endure in the time so shortly coming.
Would that it had not been cast upon the unborn,
Whose fate it will be to suffer
The recalibration of the human paradigm.
Assuming, of course, any mammalian life manages to survive.

* * * *

One day, in some unforeseeable space and time,
This world will again become an undocumented garden,
From which evolving life forms will create new,
And likely less imaginative food chains.

* * * *

What questions do You really need ask, what questions do You really need answer,
Once You discern You are the undying source that ever is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Anguish and tears only feed imperious bullies to push and prod further.
Give them nothing, and odds are they will seek more entertaining targets.

* * * *

Your corporeal body is no more yours than any other material form.
An ever-streaming experiencing is all any form or concept can offer.

* * * *

If You do not admonish or punish children too severely
About something You would prefer not be done,
Chances are they will either figure it out, or get bored,
And will not do whatever it is more than a relatively few more times.
We all tend to move on and on and on in our ever-kaleidoscoping quantum dream.

* * * *

Any given mind can only pay so much attention to the ever-unfolding dreamscape.
Giving it a rest to randomly flutter about occasionally helps keep thing in perspective.

* * * *

Do You really suppose anything You have ever said or done
Has really changed anything in any significant way?
Or did it merely fill the time, occupy the mind?

* * * *

The big picture is all mu, anywho.

* * * *

How large would your universe be if You could not see the stars?

* * * *

What a barrier to reality, even the most subtle judgment.

* * * *

You will never again see things quite the same as You do this unfolding moment.

* * * *

You are a one-time-only show.
The price of admission: Death.

* * * *

Those with a penchant to wonder at history's unfolding
Can only speculate whether the very young and those yet unborn
Will continue to withstand the same avaricious paradigm
That catapulted them into a dystopian Eden.

* * * *

Brothers, sisters, pat yourselves on the back, or slap yourselves across the face.
Quite a show we have all together fashioned in this unfathomable here and now.

* * * *

Fleeting visions, fleeting sounds, fleeting tastes, fleeting smells, fleeting sensations.
Everything You once believed so real, now so tentative, so transitory, so ephemeral.

* * * *

You are not going to see what You are not looking for in the wrong direction.

* * * *

Legalistic, schmegalistic.

* * * *

That is the time of it.

* * * *

Oh, indeed, indeed, guaranteed, a not very pretty time is in the very near offing.

* * * *

Tough to be humble with so much applause tickling the vanity.

* * * *

When it comes to instinct to propagate,
Human beings really have little more restraint
Than any other earthling small to great.

* * * *

One moment must die for the next to begin; that means You, dingus.

* * * *

A recollection imprinted just a few moments ago
Is really no different than one yesterday,
Or even one spanning decades.
Just neurons recording perceptions,
Not all that different than any processor,
Though in all probability, not near as accurate.

* * * *

Life has shaped You, molded You, into whatever You are perceiving right now.

* * * *

Another blank stare of a vacuous mind.

* * * *

The trouble with living it up is the downer almost sure to follow.

* * * *

What there is to discern prior to any face is the same for everyone and everything.

* * * *

Very challenging for anyone to let go all the natter they think they know.

* * * *

Pride triggered the fall from the grace of Eden.

* * * *

Truly, your best friend is a good, full breath.

* * * *

Why do You keep looking to your death and beyond to reunify with your maker?

* * * *

Time, it doeth sprint, timeless.

* * * *

An asymmetrical mind may be the most balanced adaptation consciousness can devise.

* * * *

Too busy, too absorbed being You, to even for a few moments awaken to the vision
That it is nothing more than a touchy-feely, indivisible, timeless, immeasurable dream.

* * * *

Curious that what You really need,
Or what You really want, often just sort of happens.
To need, or not to need, to want, or not to want, those are the questions.

* * * *

Let go of the fallaciousness, and You will be You.

* * * *

Death is merely release from the world's fell grip.

* * * *

Do not allow ignorance to overrun You.

* * * *

Repeat this experiment
With your own mind,
And You will discern the truth
To which these thoughts are pointing.
It is only esoteric to those lacking inner vision.

* * * *

Your universe is your family, your friend, your lover,
Your opponent, your persecutor, and eventually, your executioner.
Self is, indeed, narcissistic in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Discerning the nature of the source is much more a matter
Of disentangling one's own imagination than it is anything other.

* * * *

Pass it on, on the off chance that You are more than very likely
Not the only one whose fate, whose providence it is to awaken.

* * * *

You are the synergy of the real revolution.

* * * *

You are, indeed, being watched, by your Self.

* * * *

To be absolutely fearless, You must be your Self every moment of every day.

* * * *

The pretense of poverty is a joke the priesthoods play on their sheep again and again.

* * * *

So driven, and for what, to what, really?

* * * *

At some point, vanity will meet its Piper somewhere along the Yellow Brick Road.

* * * *

Drugs are tools, teachers, friends,

That can help unlock and reveal the dream.
But one needs to be moderate, disciplined in their use.
Better for addictive personalities to hang with a cup of water or tea.

* * * *

To witness the human species
Play out this mystery theater so foolishly
Is akin to watching your horse lose, or your dog die.

* * * *

What genetic lines will survive, much less thrive, after the Great Fall?

* * * *

There is only one teacher, and it is everyone and everything.

* * * *

Players only mimic the real thing.

* * * *

The real work is being You, in whatever way You incline.

* * * *

You are only as free as your thoughts allow.

* * * *

Into the death of sleep, little self subsides, awareness abides.

* * * *

The patter of a quantum mind drifting in time.

* * * *

This paradigm, such a tragedy in the making.

* * * *

What lies beneath any beautiful mask
Is really not at all different than what is beneath any unappealing one.
Beauty is, has always been, and will ever be,
In the eye of the beholder.

* * * *

In the big picture, what all these thoughts are really about,
Is to help free You to be the me-my-Self-and-I
You really are, have always been,
And will ever be.

* * * *

All the things about which You might feel regret
Played a part in getting You to this moment.

Apologize to your Self, and let them go.

* * * *

Pleasure seems to be relative to circumstance.
Pain is pretty much straight across the board.

* * * *

Every moment is the same; it is only imagination that invents very possible difference.

* * * *

We are all ultimately anonymous, no matter how well known.

* * * *

The reality You call reality is not the reality that is timelessly indivisible,
But You have to pretend it is to play out the allotted mind-body dream.

* * * *

The last doubt dissolves into the grand reality.

* * * *

The only real difference between some women and black widows
Is how quickly they extract the life out of their unfortunate mates.

* * * *

All creatures small to great includes You, too, You know.

* * * *

How different our relationship, our kinship,
With this phenomenal garden planet might have been
If the shimmering dreaming of gold so false
Had not caught our wayward minds.

* * * *

Transfixed by our imagination,
Madly consuming the future's inheritance,
We idyllically drift, sure and steady, towards the abyss.

* * * *

Grass root revolutions may take a little longer,
But with roots strong enough to hold futures firm.

* * * *

There is, perchance, light beyond the dread.

* * * *

Curiosity may not only have killed the cat,
It may well be what is keeping You here.

* * * *

You think the potholes are bad now, just give it another ten to fifty or so years.

* * * *

You may play it good, You may play it evil, You may play it somewhere between,
But when the stage empties, when the lights go out, when the hall falls quiet,
It will always be the same awareness dancing alone, timelessly indivisible.

* * * *

Continuity is a dualistic, illusory, delusional notion,
To which most human minds spontaneously, hypnotically collude.
The power of suggestion is much, much stronger than You might wish to believe.

* * * *

Whether through the meander of words,
Music, numbers, silence, or any other medium,
Every attribute existence can tender, is yet another portal,
Through which to mull over this ineffable mystery.

* * * *

Just another part to be played.
Somebody had to do it,
And why not You?

* * * *

Vast theater that it ever appears to be,
There is really no spectacle, there are really no players,
But the so very many that You cast in mind.

* * * *

Yay oh yay, yet another random day.

* * * *

Even with all your horrific, demonic failings,
Since she only sees the ten-year-old You once were,
Your mother more than likely still loves You.

* * * *

What kind of existence is it to be so filled with insatiable avarice,
That You would perhaps do anything to slake the ceaseless thirst?

* * * *

Watch and wait, it will all happen soon enough.

* * * *

No dogma required.

* * * *

What is food today is only piss and gas and shit tomorrow.

* * * *

Imagination is always running away with itself.

* * * *

The other, it is all out there, doing what You cannot control.

* * * *

Pure awareness is neither smile nor frown.

* * * *

Infinity, what is that anyway?

* * * *

Kicking the world out of your mind is not easy, but it's not hard, either.

* * * *

Is it death, or merely not being confined to a body anymore?

* * * *

What now?

* * * *

If You are talking differences, You are not talking truth.

* * * *

When has any self-help book ever helped You for long?

* * * *

Are You complete yet?

* * * *

Desire not, fear not.

* * * *

Waste time? How can something that does not exist be wasted?

* * * *

What is food today is shit tomorrow.

* * * *

Who's the alien here?

* * * *

The quantum source abides all.

* * * *

Is anyone ever really who You think they are?

* * * *

Yet another case of something happened.

* * * *

What is nationalism but tribalism on steroids.

* * * *

What is retirement but the last vacation.

* * * *

Words are only as meaningful as they are read.

* * * *

Better You than me.

* * * *

Dogma free.

* * * *

Outside your memory, does anyone or anything really exist?

* * * *

To become, or not to become, that is the question.

* * * *

What notion can a dream long harbor?

* * * *

Flesh can only lie so long.

* * * *

All else is imagination.

* * * *

Same old monkey.

* * * *

To believe totally in nothing is the realm of the no-mind.

* * * *

Danger, Will Robinson! Danger!

* * * *

It is probably not about You.

* * * *

The pittering-pattering of every mind,
Every moment further muddies up the world,
Inexorably caught up in the destiny of consciousness.

* * * *

That most primal thing, fear, has been key in molding this imaginary you,
A conditioned identity that You every day wake up believing real and true.
A state of mind, a state of attachment, a sword by which You live and die.

CCLXXV

Wander about as You will through the so-called darkness of evil.
Clearly discern the interweaving of desire and fear,
And You will transcend its imaginary grip.

* * * *

And what of those unfortunate times
When You inexplicably said and/or did things
That inadvertently propelled other lives in directions
That You would not have wished upon anyone.

* * * *

Move beyond Buddha.

* * * *

But, but, but …

* * * *

Eliminate all doubt.

* * * *

What is there to really dread?
What was never born can never die.
The taste of immortality is yours to discern.

* * * *

Do not hold back, do not hesitate, to be what You truly are.

* * * *

Minds bent on calculation and manipulation
Are minds locked in the great fear of nothing.

* * * *

Ignorance should probably never ever contemplate this sort of exploration,
Lest it dare rise into greater heights, or risk falling into even greater depths.

* * * *

When thought stills into awareness, You witness creation center stage.

* * * *

There is always a middleman on the hunt for a fool.

* * * *

The universe is your teacher, and You its creator.
A most curious paradox, if ever there was one.

* * * *

You are not the seed, nor its life, nor its death.

* * * *

This is all about You waking up to your Self, as expansive as the given insight will allow.

* * * *

Be friend to those who will allow it, and teacher to those who will not.

* * * *

Are You really the face in the mirror?

* * * *

That is it, no brag, just fact.

* * * *

What is any container but a brief harbor for awareness.

* * * *

Every day, so many measure their little piles of gold.
Some days it is bigger, some days it is smaller.
The real issue is obsession, not wealth.

* * * *

Touch the sun, wander hell, imagine heaven.
Discern the true reality, be as free as the wind,
And party on, until the noise wanes into silence.

* * * *

Just because we killed off the many peoples
Who were still residing in the garden
Does not make us superior.

* * * *

Just because You imagine something does not make it real or true.

* * * *

Another legend in its own mind.

* * * *

Shit's shit, no matter the asshole.

* * * *

One bad guy bites the dust; another one rises from it.

* * * *

In the theater of man, it is ultimately a "we" thing.

* * * *

In everything, there are layers of subtlety and nuance.

* * * *

You may know everything, You may know nothing.
But from beginning to end, the latter trumps the former.

* * * *

Until the war ends, or You are dead, whichever comes first.

* * * *

A bit of everything, as most things are.

* * * *

The historical context, in which consciousness streams, is an ever-changing epoch,
Born of imagination's delusion of free will, and its boundless array of dualistic notions.
The irony is, that the human drama could have played out an entirely different paradigm,
Had it been capable of restraining, its me-myself-I avarice, for the insatiable more.

* * * *

All the little bubbles eventually go … pop! pop! pop!

* * * *

You are just a breath away from dissolution.

* * * *

Dissatisfaction is the cancer of the mind that inspires the ironic inanity of our kind.

* * * *

I Am: the Truth, the Life, the Way.

* * * *

Boggling the inane things we endure for all our lust.

* * * *

Wafting in biological necessity.

* * * *

Time is now, now is timeless; together they weave mystery eternal.

* * * *

Will You be ready?

* * * *

Be kind to your Self.

* * * *

Them that need suffering find suffering; them that need joy find joy.

* * * *

An awful lot of attachment going on here.

* * * *

Humanity has long since crossed its Rubicon.
The collapse, however quick or slow, is underway.

* * * *

The peace of awareness comes to those who transcend attachment to space and time.

* * * *

Identity is a ruse played upon your Self.

* * * *

Did You really need to know all this?

* * * *

Want nothing.

* * * *

Everyone dies; it is just a matter of who buries who.

* * * *

Discern You perfection, and abide in its original bliss.

* * * *

Every moment, history unfolds for as long as it is remembered.

* * * *

Sometimes the most obvious things take the longest to clearly see.

* * * *

The subtleties of any given language are easily lost upon the literal-minded.

* * * *

You need not study anything to know You are whatever it is.
Once You truly hear it, the truth of it unfolds of its own accord.

* * * *

A toast to darkness for the many things it teaches those who prefer lighter lighting.

* * * *

There are far worse things about which to go mad.

* * * *

There is neither him nor her in the grand isness.

* * * *

What havoc twisted lives do weave.

* * * *

All things are without, within, and within, without.

* * * *

Extreme idealism only pendulums into an equal and opposite cynicism.

* * * *

To believe, or not to believe, that is the only question.

* * * *

It is the feast of reality.

* * * *

From complex to profound, simplicity tacks the course.

* * * *

You were given vision that You might learn to see.

* * * *

It is pain and suffering that sculpts life's meaning.

* * * *

Ignorance plugs away at another day.

* * * *

Sometimes there is no choice but to change your mind.

* * * *

Despite all appearances to the contrary, I am the You in me that is the me in You.
There is naught but the same indivisible, indelible absolute in all things small to great.

* * * *

Yes, yes, yes, life is meaningless, deal with it, get over it, enjoy it as best ye may.

* * * *

We are all equally the Way, we are all equally the Truth, we are all equally the Life.
Believe it or not, discern it or not, like it or not, endure it or not, that is the way it is.

* * * *

Things change, choices change, nothing stays the same.

* * * *

It matters less what You are doing than the attention with which You do it.

* * * *

Technology cannot forever save us from ourselves.

* * * *

Curious how so many feel so sure about things about which they truly know so little.

* * * *

Mere mortals will never fathom the vision of those rare few who grasp the eternal.

* * * *

It would be nice if we all got along, but it does not matter one iota in the ultimate sense.

* * * *

It is the one satisfied with the fewest toys who really wins.

* * * *

The mirage of continuity makes for strong delusion.

* * * *

There is no deity, there is no demon, there is only You,
And how You interact with your version of the cosmos.

* * * *

Maybe your conclusion needs a little expanding.

* * * *

A curious thing all the people so troubled by what others think of them.

* * * *

You are what You are, You have done what You have done,
And You are likely not going to change in any significant way.

* * * *

Every mind its own paradigm.

* * * *

Life dissolves into dust, and springs up again.
Time does not die, the circle is not round.

* * * *

Yet another pathetic enterprise.

* * * *

No matter the time, no matter the space, so many lies always painted true.

* * * *

You need not attach any significance
To thunderstorms playing out in the brain.
Simply be the awareness prior to consciousness,

Unbound by the world born of the sensory mind in time.

* * * *

This given mind You call yours
Is jam-packed with so many reflections.
Are any of them truly the real You?

* * * *

Highly adept at detachment is that one.

* * * *

Such a vivid imagination You have.

* * * *

Good to the last drop.

* * * *

To want nothing is to fear nothing.

* * * *

Guardianship for the world does not appear to be a role
To which humankind as a whole is capable of subscribing.

* * * *

Definition of cancer:
The disease caused by an uncontrolled division of abnormal cells in a part of the body.

* * * *

If we behave like a cancer, we will be treated like one.

* * * *

Every relationship between you
And any other, or any others, or the world in general,
Is a matchless blending, a witches brew, a quantum swirl in space and time.

* * * *

Gaze out into the vast, indifferent universe
With the same dispassionate eyes
Through which it sees You.

* * * *

Seen one universe, You have seen ‘em all.
Form is form, light is light, mind is mind, time is time,
There is no other, whatever the dimension.

* * * *

There are no leaders, no followers, in this game.
Seek and You alone shall find what there is to find.

* * * *

At some point there is a ceiling beyond which no question can discern answer.

* * * *

We all suffer.
What is curious is how so many others
Seem so motivated to cause so many others to suffer so much more.

* * * *

It is all yours if You really want it.

* * * *

Nuclear energy harnessed? Well, that would be You.

* * * *

How many ways there are to be entertained.

* * * *

A separate deity is the collusive, delusional concoction,
Of a very large number of lonely, fear-ridden human beings,
In most every geography, in most every mindset across the world.

* * * *

Abide in transience.

* * * *

Dare to know; dare to not know.

* * * *

Peering out from a face never seen, a universe never known.

* * * *

Absolute power does not corrupt the absolute.

* * * *

Live desirelessly, live fearlessly.

* * * *

The practice is death while living.

* * * *

Don't know what I am, but I am surely not anything I think.

* * * *

The things we take for granted likely fill many a single-spaced page.

* * * *

The silliness of time is the silliness of mind.

* * * *

True science has no agenda but truth.

* * * *

The mystery is but a mystery is but a mystery.

* * * *

As I am, so are You.

* * * *

The end of desire is the end of fear.

* * * *

The dowry of life is suffering and death.

* * * *

The permutations of greed are relatively predictable.

* * * *

Chances are your nose looks best on your own face.

* * * *

Beauty parlors, what a joke; more like a daily dose of Halloween.

* * * *

So, how's life in the feed lot? Looks like you're still eating well.

* * * *

The illusions of the flesh are of but relatively short duration.

* * * *

Half-baked or well done, the potato is the same.

* * * *

Another day in the genitalia wars.

* * * *

Look to your awareness to see the truth of You in all.

* * * *

As if it matters.

* * * *

Is it cheating if You are playing a different game?

* * * *

Whether You recline, sit, stand, walk, or run, it all passes the same.

* * * *

What a great deal of work it takes to do nothing well.

* * * *

Every living creature is a genius in its own niche.
Cousins of the same puddle; survivors since life's origin.

CCLXXVI

It is not necessarily the good who die young, perhaps it is the lucky.
Scarcely any consequences for all the who-knows-what-where-when tomfoolery
They managed to get away with before getting plucked off the stage.
Think about all the things they will not have to bother about,
All the sickness, injury, aging, and whatever.
Talk about painless good fortune.

* * * *

King Midas learned his lesson, will we?

* * * *

History is a never-ending maze.

* * * *

Assumptions about anything have a tendency to make for many a wrong turn.

* * * *

Where is the hunger? Where is the thirst? Is it yours, or the body's?
What is this sensory theater that draws You in so convincingly?

* * * *

Excluding all imaginary notions,
Have You really ever had any valid perception
That anybody was seeing You the ways and means You do?

* * * *

We may all be playing on the same stage, but we are all wandering different universes.

* * * *

When it comes to agape, proof is in the pudding.

* * * *

It has always been You and only You,
From the very beginning, whenever that was,
If there was such a thing as time, that is.

* * * *

Nature, the forces of earth and wind and water and fire,
Will teach You everything You really truly need to know.

* * * *

Consciousness is fluid in a molten sort of way.

* * * *

Not everyone is inspired by dittohead froth.

* * * *

Peace on earth, goodwill toward men? Good luck with that.

* * * *

Mastery, if there is such a thing, is discerning how nuances graph into infinity.

* * * *

Is seeking your hunger?

* * * *

So nothing left.

* * * *

The existential quantum morass,
Yearning for some peace and quiet,
In its little slice of the grand oblivion.

* * * *

To be part is to be whole; to be whole is to be part.

* * * *

You play out whatever seems to work for You.
Be the first on your block to break your own rules.

* * * *

For some, learning is all, the raison d'être.
For others, it is merely entertainment they pursue.
But, then again, maybe that is all any of it ultimately really is.
That which is awareness watching its Self, distract its Self, so to speak.

* * * *

Nobody really wants to listen to your whining all the time,
So best find a variety of occasional, random targets,
Or, better yet, keep at least most of it to yourself.

* * * *

The face that launched a thousand endorphins.

* * * *

The one with fire in the belly,
The one who can waylay his innermost fears,
Is he who will play the great game no-holds-barred hard ball.

* * * *

Everyone a legend in their own mind.

* * * *

Looking for meaning and purpose? For a raison d'être?
Well, good luck conjuring that for long, or even at all.

* * * *

Perception is all.

* * * *

No cheerleaders in this camp.

* * * *

We are all the same monkey, with but imaginary notions of being different flavors.

* * * *

We can kill and maim and destroy all we please.
There is nothing that really matters on the ultimate scale.
But, but, but, but, but …
Would it not be kind of a pleasant change of pace,
If we could really truly put aside all our differences, and … perchance get along?
Do a little more healing, a little more creating, a little more preserving.
We can squander away this magical garden as we like.
Mother Nature does not care one iota,
Whether or not this planet is layered with human beings,
Or dinosaurs or insects or vegetation … or by complete and utter desolation.
That is The Way, and we as a species can either figure it out,
Or continue driving on madly toward extinction.

* * * *

Anonymity, within and without, is a quiet, blissful existence.
Who really for long craves a paparazzi-driven fan base?

* * * *

If You intend to attend the funeral someday,
Then at least see the person a few times before they die.
Nothing like a crowd who never visited the corpse.

* * * *

Morals, ethics, principals, political correctness, is a full belly and too much time on your hands.

* * * *

Another predictable example of human inanity.

* * * *

Drift into Nadaville as often as You please; it is, after all, your life.

* * * *

Pride doeth tip the balance.

* * * *

Unconsciousness abounds, and then gets all wacko when it wakes up.

* * * *

Pass.

* * * *

You alien, You.

* * * *

Nothing is calling You.

* * * *

Yes, yes, insane beyond comprehension; deal with it, get over it, as best You can.

* * * *

The infinite mystery of eternity creates space and time,
And the thunder-perfect mind witnesses its creation.

* * * *

If You are interested in confabulations, delusions, and myriad other storybook fantasies,
Then put down this whodunit autopsy immediately, go directly to Jail, do not pass Go.

* * * *

The synergy of imagination creates every possibility.

* * * *

Yet another example of the other end of the egg.

* * * *

How quickly judgment casts its pall.

* * * *

Where does all this come from? Just a state of mind.

* * * *

Succumb, detach, observe.

* * * *

Easy come, easy go.

* * * *

No brag, just fact.

* * * *

Slumming again, eh?

* * * *

Achieve whatever calls You, however You please, however You are allowed.

* * * *

Where did You park, anyway?

* * * *

The difference between black and white,
Good and evil, right or left, up or down, this or that,
Is, without doubt, unfailingly, irrevocably, absolutely, arbitrary.

* * * *

Of course it is all ultimately meaningless.
All the more reason to thoroughly deceive ourselves
That it is divinely shaped by some very huge and powerful entity
That, for whatever reason, cares, perchance even loves us.
When it is not condemning and destroying us, that is.

* * * *

What good is a watch without the swath of eternity.

* * * *

Questions of a thousand dreams.

* * * *

Whatever the mystery is, You are, too.

* * * *

Contentment, the greatest challenge.

* * * *

You want Joy? No doubt she's around here somewhere.

* * * *

Doors open, doors close, c'est la vie.

* * * *

The horror, the horror.
The absurdity, the absurdity.
The inevitability, the inevitability.

* * * *

Sheep certainly are drawn to wolves.

* * * *

A strong sense of inevitability
Streams through these mortal bones.
Hardcore realism, if ever such a state can be.

* * * *

Nationalism, patriotism, xenophobia,
Are merely humankind's genetic predisposition
Towards the egocentric group dynamic,
As parochially large as it is small.

* * * *

What is the point in killing, hating, or desecrating others
Simply because they do not look the same,
Act the same, believe the same,
Or speak the same.

* * * *

Ironic, which rhymes with sardonic, moronic,
And any other -onics You might come up with,
If You care to get the drift.

* * * *

Scientists, psychologists, anthropologists,
Philosophers, mystics, and the like,
Are the paparazzi of the mind.

* * * *

All seen through a self-absorption that may eventually discern Self-absorption.

* * * *

Wander out of context.

* * * *

Tactics without clear strategy, strategy without clear tactics,
Tend to make for uncoordinated, even catastrophic statecraft.

* * * *

In the end, nothing much will matter,
As it did not before the beginning.
And actually between, as well.

* * * *

The mind is a river of time,
And for those whose discernment
Achieves the indivisibly of absoluteness,
The same mind merges into the eternal infinity.

* * * *

How many stories do You need to hear to figure it out for your Self?

* * * *

To remember as You forget is the challenge.

* * * *

Where would humankind be but for the countless anonymous players in the band?

* * * *

Be the Self that Self really is.

* * * *

Gaia disrupted.

* * * *

To care, or not to care, what others think of You, that is the question.

* * * *

What unrelenting tyranny the other so often instigates.

* * * *

Why would any deity need to send a flood or plague or any other disaster?
We are creating plenty of havoc without any help from on high.
Oh very young, what will You leave us this time?

* * * *

If You are paying any attention at all,
You just sort of get an overall feel for things at some point.
An intuitive sense of how things work, how the universe about You is playing out.
Wisdom is the distillation of experience.

* * * *

All fates have the same origin.
All play out to the same conclusion.
Only the dreams between seem different.

* * * *

One experience after another.
Filling in the time with this or that,
For as long as the mind-body endures.

* * * *

Discern the vast difference between self-absorption and Self-absorption.

* * * *

Fat just got fatter; ugly just got uglier.

* * * *

True or not, it sounds good.

* * * *

The imagined promise of hope; the lie to which so many cling.

* * * *

Simplicity is profound, the profound is simple.

* * * *

The relativity of hedonism is a far-flung wander.

* * * *

The personal and impersonal intertwined in mind.

* * * *

Analogies, metaphors, parables, symbols; do not take them literally

* * * *

Lordy, but believers sure do so often give their belief systems a bad name.

* * * *

Systems being what they are.

* * * *

Not quite down on the knees, but well on the way.

* * * *

Toy with boundaries until they dissolve.

* * * *

Time is ever that timeless now.

* * * *

How large, how small, this whatsit called singularity.

* * * *

With the right state of mind, this could be the first time.

* * * *

The arbitrary personality You play out is an evolving creation of imagination.

* * * *

And from a wandering state of time, these many thoughts have come to mind.

* * * *

Any given life is likely full of regrets about which little or nothing can really be done.
Except, perhaps, deeply forgiving your Self, and knowing it would not happen again.

* * * *

Embrace the aloneness, embrace the sovereignty, embrace the infinity.

* * * *

Everything is forgotten in one sooner or later or another.

* * * *

Generation after generation must learn anew who they can and cannot trust.

* * * *

The best solution to either wealth or poverty is a richness of spirit.

* * * *

Absurdity from dawn to dusk, and all the dark hours before and after.

* * * *

To meet your fate with a full breath inspires the greatest courage.

* * * *

To break with history, with the chains of time, is the only true freedom.

* * * *

How long can virtue withstand the winds of fierce and bitter consciousness?

* * * *

Discontent is best remedied by regular, sustained breathing.

* * * *

The struggle of existence is ceaseless from first breath to last.

* * * *

Consciousness does not easily relinquish its imaginary universe.

* * * *

Being trapped in the body-mind can often be very trying.

* * * *

As if all your opinions mean diddly-squat.

* * * *

Another footnote.

* * * *

Only the dead have seen the end of absurdity.

* * * *

And that died too.

* * * *

Always so much more to everything than meets the eye of any given mind.

* * * *

Why waste time over things over which You have absolutely no control?

* * * *

Your ignorance is bliss.

* * * *

What some call negativity, pessimism, skepticism, doubt, cynicism,
To the rational mind of the critical thinker, is merely the way it is.

CCLXXVII

Been waiting for that hundredth monkey, and there still ain't hide nor hair of him.

* * * *

Beyond like and dislike, there is an all-encompassing vision.

* * * *

Sometimes You just have to survive without the thrive.

* * * *

What legacy are You leaving the vanity of time?

* * * *

How can the indefinable be defined?

* * * *

It is pride that keeps anyone from being a true human being.

* * * *

Embrace it or not, the faceless is.

* * * *

Alas, for some You can never say the right thing.

* * * *

Setting You free, and You cannot even step outside the coop.

* * * *

Nothing has ever really been amiss but through the muddle of imagination.

* * * *

Civilization sort of works in its own pitiable, chug-a-lug way,
As long as the basic consumerocracy necessities are aplenty.

* * * *

Where would You be without all your pain?
If You must suffer, do it fully, do it well.

* * * *

More from the land of wishful thinking.

* * * *

Keep You delusions to your Self.

* * * *

Blindness is a state, a quality of mind.

* * * *

Life is a grand meditation.

* * * *

He just wants You to know that he will love You forever, or for sure at least for the night.

* * * *

Your universe is what You think it is; how else could it be, unless it is not.

* * * *

Well, it sure sounds good, anyway.

* * * *

Everyone has a bag of problems.
Even You, alas, have your fair share.
Living is not for the meek of spirit.

* * * *

Democracy versus dictatorship: Which You prefer, which You support,
Depends on the blend of politics and ethics to which You aspire to survive.

* * * *

The time through which eternity manifests any given moment is the only real glory.

* * * *

Samadhi is the reward for a life well done.

* * * *

Yes, You are the only one, but You are most definitely not the only one who discerns it.

* * * *

The keystone to inner freedom is to want nothing from any other.

* * * *

If You are going to love, then do it unconditionally; if not, call it something else.

* * * *

Normal, is there such a thing?

* * * *

Savor every moment in whatever way You will.

* * * *

Have You not followed enough?

* * * *

Such a game, as only eternity can play.

* * * *

The most obvious conclusion imaginable.

* * * *

Total detachment is a singular state of mind.

* * * *

Life is too short to put up with unhealthy relationships.

* * * *

Keep on skipping around until You find whatever calls to You.

* * * *

The spontaneity of eternity allows all plays to play out as they will,
In whatever way the quantum physics of manifest time permits.

* * * *

Discern the difference between the literal and the figurative,
And fathom which is which, which is both, which is neither.

* * * *

Another Hallmark holiday dazing us all away.

* * * *

Who said that anyway? On the eternal stageless, plagiarism is not an issue.

* * * *

Light and sound manifest about the abyss in bursts of genesis.

* * * *

So many clinging to this or that, never discerning
This or that are ultimately the same quantum essence.

* * * *

Illusion implies imagination, fabrication,
Make-believe, pretend, made-up, invention,
False, sham, put on, affect, profess, simulate,
Feign, act as if, play, make believe, manufactured,
Lie, production, untruth, falsehood, cock-and-bull story,
Trumped-up story, forgery, construction, assembly, deception,
Fabrication, concoction, and whatever other sundry fibs come to mind.

* * * *

All of life's emotions are imprinted in the given body
Like rings of drought and plenty in a tree.
Every moment another layer.

* * * *

To see only flowers and jewels
Is to miss out on the weeds and rocks
Rooted just as equally in the essential ground.

* * * *

Men only turn gray on the outside.

* * * *

Telle est la vie est la mort; such is the life is death.

* * * *

Your turn.

* * * *

To see another though their eyes is to know your Self.

* * * *

To see that all ways are The Way is to wander immortal amidst all.

* * * *

Any given behavior is a choice, despite all delusion to the contrary.

* * * *

Of one thing we can all be very sure,
Something will always happen
Until the last wheezing breath exhales
Carrying the neural smoke of consciousness
Back into the stillness of oblivion that is home to all.

* * * *

All the wants, all the don't-wants; innumerable permutations across the board.

* * * *

Curious how the wealthiest,
Most powerful Rome this world has ever seen
Has not created a health care system that will care for its citizenry,
Nor an educational system that will teach them
To think and act intelligently.
Futility reigns.

* * * *

Label games, label games, it is all in the naming.

* * * *

The innumerable quantum minds spawned of the one quantum mind
Play out every conceivable permutation to which imagination aspires.

* * * *

Awareness without movement is swimmingly effortless.

* * * *

Carte blanche, until the bills start to pile tower high.

* * * *

Who do You think?

* * * *

All the belief and faith in the world does not make something false true.

* * * *

Give the mystery a name if You must,
But in truth, none stick for long.
Talk about Teflon coating.

* * * *

Wisdom often comes at a hard price on oneself, and often many others, as well.

* * * *

What a sorry load of crap we are daily dealt
By those who care little or nothing about anyone
But for their adulation, their submissiveness, their tithing.
Seriously, folks, are You really that gullible?

* * * *

You to not need to let the context control You.
Complete and utter detachment is the keystone.

* * * *

We have seriously twisted up this garden world,
Damning us, and all to come, to a nightmare
Beyond Hollywood's wildest screenplays.

* * * *

Herein You are offered nothing, and given everything.

* * * *

You call this evolution?

* * * *

How many times do You have to be bent over to finally wake up?

* * * *

Faith: An excuse for delusion to carry any day it chooses.

* * * *

Attention, give it You must, to be.

* * * *

If You truly discern your immortal nature, You will never fear life, or death, again.

* * * *

Seeds without good ground and water and sunlight
Cannot grow, cannot achieve, their greatest potential.

* * * *

If You call leadership leading the little folk
Down a wayward path of despair and destruction,
Then, in general, our kind has it down pretty darned well.

* * * *

What is all this seemingly infinite craving really about?
At what point is more than enough really enough?

* * * *

If You breed sheep, You get sheep: domestication is the forte of civilization.
Breed truth, and You get intelligence willing to deal with things as they are.

* * * *

Curious how often the word love,
So easily, even cheaply expressed,
Fails to act out in action or deed.

* * * *

The Soul is without attributes.

* * * *

So many things made out to be much more important than they have any reason to be.

* * * *

Maybe reincarnation is some sort of remedial, corrective thing,
For those many who cannot seem to figure it out
In the first few billion lives or so.

* * * *

Your personality is not the Soul.
It is merely the spin of nature-nurture
Woven into the vast lottery of consciousness.

* * * *

We are all at the center of our own universes, bumping into others at every turn.
How disturbing to realize your extremely meager perception is relative
Within an extremely enormous and dynamic theater.

* * * *

The snowball is rolling larger and larger down the mountain.
An unhappy time ahead for those destined to endure its wrath.

* * * *

In those eyes, a promise that can never be kept.

* * * *

Do not know where You have your head buried,
But how do You manage to keep it there?

* * * *

Only in the nowness can You discern this.

* * * *

How unique every existence.

* * * *

Love one, love all.

* * * *

Into the deep end once again.

* * * *

What is any given life, any given mind-body,
But a temporary collection of memories,
An ever-changing set of perceptions.

* * * *

Blood ties can only carry any given day so far.

* * * *

Disregard the personal if You wish to abide in reality.

* * * *

Want nothing, want for nothing.

* * * *

There are just some things that are better left unknown.

* * * *

Is whatever You are getting out of this or that worth the bother?

* * * *

The universe of the given mind is both teacher and un-teacher.

* * * *

Is there really anything to discover that You do not already discern?

* * * *

Just because others cannot comprehend it
Does not mean You should hold your Self back.

* * * *

To awaken to totality is to rise from the sleep of the dead.

* * * *

You do not require the world's permission to awaken; it is entirely up to You.

* * * *

Wherever You go, whenever You go,
Something is bound to happen.
What an amazing dream.

* * * *

Re: The One and Only Real and True Dreamtime Mystery:
Nobody is privy to anything that You cannot discern for You Self.

* * * *

All the same clay playing out any given day in every arbitrary way.

* * * *

Is cynicism anything more than an inescapable weariness with the predictability of it all.

* * * *

Listen to or read directly what any given thinker has said or written.
Do not give great weight to middlemen and interpreters and groupies.

* * * *

Layers of subtlety are the hallmark of a sage's thinking.

* * * *

What is death but a dream forever extinguished.

* * * *

Desire will carry on for as long as You are driven mad by its siren call.

* * * *

You are the quantum breeze.

* * * *

Is that all? Seriously!?

* * * *

And what do You hunger for today?

* * * *

Consciousness an insatiable beast that will not easily die.

* * * *

No projection of imagination, no matter how lucid, how fearless, has ever been real.

* * * *

Do not be usurped by gossip, and by the way, it is all gossip.

* * * *

Truth or delusion, You decide.

* * * *

There are no followers in this game; only those who see and those who do not.

* * * *

There are always statistical exceptions, standard deviations, that prove bell curves true.

* * * *

Beware any individual or group that has a big idea looking for true believers.

* * * *

Pleasure and pain serve the same master.

* * * *

If You cannot save your self, how can You save anyone else?

* * * *

Pleasure and pain spawn different outcomes in their cause and effect spins.

* * * *

Another day of Animal Farm redux, idem, ibidem, et cetera, ad infinitum.

* * * *

How much more do You desperately not need?

* * * *

Party on, the Reaper is but a breath away.

* * * *

Yabba-dabba-doo.

* * * *

Nothing really matters,
Nothing really does not matter,
Matter being what it is, and what it is not.

* * * *

Life is a marathon, not a sprint, or at least not all the time.

* * * *

Only so much anyone can do to waylay the inevitable.

* * * *

What is any given cosmos but a sensory body, a brain, and a mind imagining it so.

CCLXXVIII

We all breathe the same, we all bleed the same.
It is a never-ending curiosity how so many superficial differences
Weigh us all down in so many imaginary ways
So much of the time
During our so-brief little lives.

* * * *

Rewind … a few minutes, a few years,
A few decades, a few centuries, a few millennia,
And ponder what humankind might have done differently
To witness a kinder, more harmonious paradigm.

* * * *

Mere mortals can never even hope
In their wildest dreams to comprehend
The immeasurable that all truly are.

* * * *

Any given life is a mortal journey that wanders until the last step of the last breath.

* * * *

If it is yours to find, You will find it.

* * * *

How awake is awake? As awake as awake can get.

* * * *

What credentials could possibly be required of a seer to know s/he sees?

* * * *

Dear Lord Almighty, God is Great and True Above, Hallowed Be Thine Glorious Name,
Is there an arm or leg or back that is not tattooed? A tongue that is not pierced?
What a curious thing how so many young and restless follow the herd,
In their predictably vain attempt to declare independence.

* * * *

In manifest reality, You need not love any other,
As much as just to respect and accept them.
Or, maybe, that, alone, is love enough.

* * * *

Be wary of all who would seek to lead You.

* * * *

Such a tailspin really only just beginning,

We cannot yet begin to predict or comprehend
Where the wreckage will settle, and who will survive.

* * * *

For what it is worth, it is the virtue, the quality of your Soul
That is most valued by those with the heart and mind to see.

* * * *

If You are ever to discern heaven, You must do it in the given nowness.

* * * *

Alas, You cannot help your Self when there is nothing left to help.

* * * *

Miscreants and deviants all; a hangman's work, indeed.

* * * *

The witless herd cannot help its Self.

* * * *

Every moment an opportunity to witness the unfolding dream of manifest time.

* * * *

No matter the stream of consciousness, behind every mask, the same awareness.

* * * *

Is it a creation misspent if there is no awakening for those who seem, as yet, ill-fated
To slumber away through the unknowable remainder of this eternal quantum theater?
Or would even one eye of awareness, one eye for all of eternity, be more than enough?

* * * *

As enjoyable as young flesh is to watch,
Would You ever really want to be
Young and stupider again?

* * * *

Pathetic is too mild a word
For the horrors the human species
Has set in motion, and is about to endure.

* * * *

The madness that is literally divine

* * * *

The tirade of indifference.

* * * *

Behave your Self.

* * * *

And there they all are thinking their dick or pussy
Is the best the world has the offer.
Silly boys, silly girls.

* * * *

Loyalty to bloodline, genetically pragmatic as it may be, is more conditioned than real.

* * * *

Cynicism, kept to paper and pen, remains relatively anonymous and harmless.

* * * *

Every moment dull and magnificent in each and every unfolding moment.

* * * *

You are the bush burning in the desert.
Swept by the elements of earth and wind and water and fire.
Into the madness that is eternally divine.

* * * *

How faithful You are to your imagined conclusions.

* * * *

Oh yes, indeed, the world will no doubt one day rid itself of the human stain.

* * * *

The key is yours, and yours alone.

* * * *

Self trumps all.

* * * *

Sheesch!

* * * *

Does it really matter?

* * * *

Insanity hath no bounds.

* * * *

Does it not just boil down to respecting and accepting another's differences?

* * * *

Samadhi: A state
Of intense concentration achieved through meditation.
In Hindu yoga this is regarded as the final stage,

At which union with the divine is reached.

* * * *

Odds are you're an innie or outie; curious what a fuss our kind makes of it.

* * * *

Another day of pipe-dreaming reflection.

* * * *

There is total virtuousness within You,
But You are too full of desire, too full of fear,
To freely give yourself over to your Self.

* * * *

What endless potential the flesh has over time evolved to foster so many inanities.

* * * *

Post the truth of it in an unsealed letter postmarked "Eternity."

* * * *

Good joke, man, You make me laugh plenty ha-ha hard.

* * * *

All is eternally, indivisibly, absolutely connected.
All unfolds as it will in the etherealness of awareness.

* * * *

The oneness of all things small to great, ever is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Immortality is born anew each and every moment.
The theater of space and time are the mortal exchange.

* * * *

The cause of nearly every difficulty humankind is facing is overpopulation.
Get back to the natural rhymes and reasons of the quintessence,
And perceive the eternal reality of its quantum origin.

* * * *

How is the wild, untamable beast of a world doing
In the mortal framework of your mind's dimension?

* * * *

Four-letter words better left unspoken include:
Love, hate, hope, true, good, just, luck,
Wish, fate, must, pink, cute …

* * * *

The busy-ness of this world is a siren ever-beckoning
All who would hear its call to tarry in its space and time.

* * * *

Curious how those thin layers of flaking dead cells,
And strands of protein filament we call hair,
Tempt us all over and over again.

* * * *

To You whose minds are dominated
By one sense of political correctness or another,
Take a good deep breath, and get over it.

* * * *

Oh, ye, who wouldst pummel
All others into submission
With one good book or another,
You are, indeed, of tiring persuasion.

* * * *

A 24-hour world misses out on a good night's sleep.
What is it that drives so many into such sleep-deprivation?

* * * *

Glory is less in deed than it is the breath to which the grand mystery is subscribed.

* * * *

Amazing what can be gotten away with when You fake and bluff things well.

* * * *

What a wearing burden it is to be holding on to all those opinions,
All those innumerable judgments, about yourself or any other.

* * * *

Uh oh, yet another tsunami spotted on the not too distant horizon.

* * * *

Unrecognizable memory.

* * * *

Can You see yourself then?

* * * *

You only think it happened.

* * * *

The mind-body is a time machine.

* * * *

Ye gods, another religious fairy tale.

* * * *

Rare is the time when politicians and bureaucrats
Have not inflicted great misery and bother
Upon one little person or another.

* * * *

So many things about which to feel regret and remorse,
But oh well … get over them, deal with them, move beyond them,
Let such resounding futility dissipate into the mists of long-faded memories.

* * * *

Some laws are bigger than concepts can comprehend.

* * * *

Just another protozoa passively floating on the tide.

* * * *

Change may suck bigger than big-time,
But it is the indivisible underpinning of all creation,
From which all things are fashioned.

* * * *

Psychic vampires will nibble away at any neck freely offered.

* * * *

Tap into it.

* * * *

Do nothing well.

* * * *

Is there karma to be paid if You do not get caught?
Are the guilty judged, and who judges them
If they feel neither guilt nor shame?

* * * *

Amazing how well organized religion can screw up anything it touches.

* * * *

Where is that line between good and evil, right and wrong, light and dark, anyway?

* * * *

Why do You limit God to being just ‘up there?’

* * * *

You must ultimately battle your dragons on your own; rip back the fear, kill the beast.

* * * *

Another happy-yes-there-is-hope-out-there-somewhere ending.

* * * *

Picture the Titanic racing across the Atlantic, and the final seconds,
Before the iceberg begins ripping through the paper-thin hull,
The lookouts crying out, “Iceberg ahead! Iceberg ahead!”
And only the rare hearken because the cacophony,
Is too absorbing, too enticing, too blinding,
To make the paradigm shift required,
For all to survive the sinking.
Now, what are You going to do,
To survive the relatively few moments ahead,
And, if You do survive, to make certain it does not happen again.

* * * *

Looking back, is it not obvious all the ways You were conditioned
To be the who-what-where-when-why-how You daily pretend to be.

* * * *

Hey, good luck with that.

* * * *

Like rings in a tree.

* * * *

It is time.

* * * *

It is all Self-evident.

* * * *

There are worse forms madness can take than to wake up to the reality of the way it is.

* * * *

You frighten yourself with all that miscued imagination.

* * * *

Is there anything that cannot be distilled, translated, into some form of wisdom?

* * * *

Tap those Ruby Red Slippers, and keep repeating:
There's no place like home, there's no place like home …

* * * *

Even in the pretensions of the so-called civilized world,

The law of the jungle, of club and fang, always applies.

* * * *

Racing the clock all the time.
Day-in-day-out, every moment, racing, racing, racing.
Alice's white rabbit if there ever was one.
What a burden upon the mind,
A veil upon the Soul.

* * * *

What fear will You endure this day?

* * * *

Is it even possible for any history to ever be exactly written?

* * * *

It is your dream, what are You making of it?

* * * *

Nothing needs doing.

* * * *

Kick-start that frontal lobe.

* * * *

And if we destroy our kind,
If we drive ourselves to extinction,
Even if we obliterate all life on this planet,
Oh well.
Really, oh well.
Why should You care?

* * * *

To be so narcissistically self-absorbed
As to believe the world owes You anything,
Now, that's arrogance, pure and simple.

* * * *

Understand the difference between mind and body and spirit,
And learn to detach from that attachment that causes suffering.

* * * *

What is it You think can be saved that was ever You or yours in the first place?

* * * *

Regarding the maze You meander in your mind, always feel free to take a sit.

* * * *

Histories often whitewash truth, and even more often wash it away completely.

* * * *

Imagination is the creator of all.

* * * *

Taking the world personal is the first and last error.

* * * *

The busy mind loves a conspiracy.

* * * *

Same stage, different universes.

* * * *

Truth or idolatry, You choose.

* * * *

It seemed a priority at the time.

* * * *

Awaken to your mind's content.

* * * *

The odds nail everyone to a cross of their own making.

* * * *

Imagination is all.

* * * *

You are, You have always been, You will ever be, if time was real, that is.

* * * *

All the clever things we just have to say and do.

* * * *

Does the world, the universe, exist if You give it no thought?
How can space and time and all it many facades
Ever find home in the no-mind?

* * * *

Pleasure and pain are different sides of the same coin,
With just about the same probability in the long haul.

* * * *

Are You able, are You willing,
At least in the here-and-there-every-once-and-awhile,
To boot your world, your universe,

Out of your head?

* * * *

To remain still and clear, even in the most turbulent winds,
The most absurd, intolerable, rancorous moments,
Is indeed one of life's greater challenges.
Even the most enlightened, most awakened gurus
Surely roll their eyes and grind their teeth every now and then.

CCLXXIX

What on earth will we do with ourselves,
After all there is to undo has been undone?
After all there is to pillage has been pillaged?
After all there is to ravished has been ravished?
After all there is to annihilated has been annihilated?

* * * *

Every mind is caught in the web of an endless array of vanities.

* * * *

To discern that it is all God, or whatever You choose to call it, what is so crazy about that?

* * * *

Time will do what it is bid to do.

* * * *

So friggin' beyond-the-pale absurd.

* * * *

Healthy community is about serving your best interest,
As well as that of those about You, as often as possible.

* * * *

You are not, were not, will not be; to care, or not or care, your choice.

* * * *

Why is what others think of You of any concern at all?
The genetic herd thing is a most challenging bother.

* * * *

Get past the notion that good and bad, right and wrong,
Any dualistic notion, whatsoever, are really all that different.

* * * *

No need to keep offending your nose.

* * * *

Why should You believe anything your own vision does not discern true?

* * * *

Unless You seek the truth, You will discern the delusion to which You are most inclined.

* * * *

It matters less where You are than the a-whereness in which You are.

* * * *

Be done with it.

* * * *

Control your passions; conquer your fear.

* * * *

Human-unkind, You mean.

* * * *

Discern the consciousness that belongs to everyone and no one.

* * * *

Nowness knows neither future nor past; it is the portal to the eternal reality.

* * * *

Within all there is the eternal potential, the portal, to discern the ever-presence.

* * * *

Thinking about nothing is indeed arduous work.

* * * *

Remember who You are, forget who You are not.

* * * *

Curious, very curious indeed, that so many cannot hear the good news.
How is it that they cannot bear to see the truth of it?
Too simple for words, perhaps.

* * * *

From the depths of slumber to the first breath of this new day,
Self wakens once again to witness this temporal facet of genesis.

* * * *

Good news, bad news, who can say?

* * * *

Another nebulous the way it is.

* * * *

Rejoice in the aloneness.

* * * *

Whose religion is the universal indivisible, and the infinity into which it breaches?

* * * *

So many people merely aware of their own little tiny corner;
Completely oblivious to the big picture, and where it is headed.

* * * *

The past entices those who bother about it.

* * * *

In whatever You do, please your Self.

* * * *

All those vain so-called holy sites mean squat to That I Am.

* * * *

Make it yours.

* * * *

It could have been done so much better than this.

* * * *

Backwards and forwards, forwards and backwards.

* * * *

“Next batch, maybe I’ll get it right,” sighed the big guy.

* * * *

Alas, like it or not, You are most definitely part of it.

* * * *

You just have to discern the obvious, and then enable the courage to face your fear.

* * * *

How can You not be drawn to learning about your version of this mystery?

* * * *

A life of Self-reflection is a life well-spent.

* * * *

Despite all our vanities and inanities, the playing field is ultimately quite level.

* * * *

Do what it pleases You to do with an inner eye that sees it all.

* * * *

Which which is which, and which which is not.

* * * *

Probably something to do with the lack of oxygen, or maybe too much.

* * * *

Every moment the same for all but for the dream of time in mind.

* * * *

Out there doing whatever the vain whims of manifest consciousness choose.

* * * *

The sandbox is, indeed, quite a mess.
What will the future do with it?
Oneness wonders.

* * * *

Drift on, brothers and sisters of the sun, drift on.

* * * *

Do whatever it is You need to do to move on.
If You get stuck, then You wanted to get stuck,
If not, well let the stream take You where it will.

* * * *

Obligation is a poor reason to do anything,
But then again, in the course of human relations,
Pragmatic necessity often trumps personal preference.

* * * *

If it is your time to wake up, it is your time.
Alas, nothing You can really do to stop it.

* * * *

Declare your sovereignty unto your Self.

* * * *

How can You save your Self when there is nothing to save.

* * * *

Do whatever calls You in whatever time You have left; uncork the flowingness.

* * * *

More egalitarian silliness.

* * * *

Discern it.

* * * *

Nothing to idolize once You have discerned the hologram of all creation within.

* * * *

What is any given cosmos, but every possibility that physics will allow.
The rules of the game board are unwritten, and enforced without remorse.

* * * *

Look, You are going to die someday; we all are.
The only question is whether or not You will be happily content
With the life You have been given the wonder to live.

* * * *

What can You possibly want from something
That can never be more than a touchy-feely dream?

* * * *

And when the applause dies down, there You are again, very much alone.

* * * *

Whatever context the moment offers, always seek out the greatest vision.

* * * *

What's the rush? What is there to get to all the now, anyway?

* * * *

There, in the midst of all claims, You see nothing.

* * * *

Religious agendas inspired by space and time are Self-defeating.

* * * *

Just be your Self. So simple. Hah!

* * * *

Fare thee well to those capable of discerning That I am.

* * * *

What is, is really neither male nor female.
The reality prior to mind is without name or form.
It is what it is, what it has ever been, what it will ever be.

* * * *

Detachment can be a challenging state of mind to muster.

* * * *

What You think of your Self is all that really matters, and even that is questionable.

* * * *

No matter the dream, no matter the form, it has always been You, and You alone.

* * * *

Do not use your words against your Self.

* * * *

The zigs and zags of the time in mind distort its seamless, eternal reality.

* * * *

The real wonder as that we survive our creation as well as we do, so far.

* * * *

It is pointless, and that is the point.

* * * *

Back to the centered un-center.

* * * *

It has taken care of its Self, so far.

* * * *

It is too late to save the planet that was; the challenge is to preserve what is left.

* * * *

Check all your wants,
And in stillness discern the freedom
To journey alone, far and wide, within and without.

* * * *

The forebrain is the inner eye, the resting point of awareness,
The stillpoint, the origin, the genesis, of all manifest creation.

* * * *

Your mind-body is the vehicle,
The church in which You may examine and play out
Whatever dreamtime You will.

* * * *

Every geography offers its own teaching.

* * * *

All the friends, all the loves,
All the innumerable acquaintances,
Even those counted as enemy,
Who do You really know?

* * * *

Every reason to hate; one to agape.

* * * *

Existence, so much drama, so much bother, and for what, really?

* * * *

Contentment is a most challenging state of mind to which to surrender.

* * * *

Seek not wisdom where fools reign.

* * * *

Where were You before the dream was You?
Where will You be after? Where are You during?
Questions of a thousand dreams.

* * * *

Live and learn, die anyway.
But where do all the answers go when the body-mind,
Which so needed, so yearned, so despised them, is but quantum dust in the wind?

* * * *

Regarding the bliss of ignorance, You do not miss what You do not know.

* * * *

Life can be amazingly exhilarating, life can be amazingly tiring; irony at every turn.

* * * *

You get what You breed; no prejudice intended, just a statement of fact.

* * * *

I am, You are, we all are, That I Am.

* * * *

Ignorance: Break the addiction.

* * * *

You do not fight Mother Nature; You either align with her, abide her, or perish.

* * * *

Every moment, death hovers a bit closer.

* * * *

Nothing in any given mind but the mishmash of imagination.

* * * *

Cause and effect, ebb and flow, there and back, future and past,
How could the dreamtime continue on and on and on without them?

* * * *

The least common denominator
Is the pure awareness You truly are,
That source that abides all dreams as one.

* * * *

Yet another lie.

* * * *

The challenge is to wake up and not get fooled again.

* * * *

Nothing to dogma about.

* * * *

You can never know what will or will not happen once You are gone.

* * * *

Are You slave or master, or simply alone and free?

* * * *

Another day of wandering neuron trails as if they existed.

* * * *

Drama is what happens when busy minds run amok.

* * * *

You are the truth personified.

* * * *

What point trying to convince others of that which offers so little.

* * * *

Cannot prove anything, really.

* * * *

Is habit anything more than mind's attachment to the body's chemical play?

* * * *

Do not believe all the stories You hear.

* * * *

Speculation is not knowing.

* * * *

Yes, that was a lie, too.

* * * *

Negation is the means to a pointless state.

* * * *

What is death but return to the oblivion You have only pretended to know.

* * * *

So many dominos; hard to flick just one.

* * * *

Regarding suicide, not everyone feels obligated to play the game.

* * * *

And not even the hint of squealing brakes.

* * * *

I love my kids too much to bring them here.

* * * *

Yet another factoid so inconsequential as to be negligible.

* * * *

Forget me, forget me not.

* * * *

Setting the windy mind in stone just ain't going to happen.

* * * *

It is only a crime if You are caught.

* * * *

Betray or incite true believers at your own peril.

* * * *

God is but one of the inventions of ignorance.

* * * *

Them assumptions, they sure will take You down many a path.

* * * *

You create your self; You discern your Self.

* * * *

Consciousness is slathered in soot of the quantum kind.

* * * *

No harm in not knowing.

* * * *

Some daze You feel young, and some daze You feel old.
The ecstasies and agonies of the nerve-ridden mortal frame
Weave many shades from light to dark for the mind to endure.

* * * *

Strategy without tactics is as ineffectual as tactics without strategy.

An even-keeled process requires synchronized, all-inclusive design.

* * * *

Do not be too smug in your satori.
It is but a moment in the timeless journey of liberation,
And makes You no superior than any jester saddled up on a corner bar stool.

CCLXXX

What concepts do You really need but bitter and sweet?

* * * *

You are not the dream, the dream is not You.

* * * *

To state You have discovered the eternal truth
Means You are living its presence.
Truth is the nowness.

* * * *

Time to wake up and smell the quantum.

* * * *

What to do when You fully discern it?
Whatever the moment calls for,
As best your will discerns.

* * * *

There is no formula when the last question is without answer.

* * * *

Run! You fools! Run!

* * * *

Peace is a state of mind; it is all You really need.

* * * *

Every now is the same; only the dreaming changes.

* * * *

It is all true at any given point in time.

* * * *

Many things have been said, many things have been done.
All timeless drops in the ever-streaming river of Self-discovery.
No rights or wrongs in the quest for the ultimate awakening.

* * * *

In every now, subjective perceptions are recorded on one neuron trail or another.
From the indecipherable mystery of awareness, the relativity of consciousness.

* * * *

A determined resolve for peaceful coexistence
Would be the first step to an enlightened paradigm.

By all accounts, not something happening anytime soon.

* * * *

You will be reborn again and again until You die to what is not real.

* * * *

Let sleeping vampires die.

* * * *

Om, baby, Om.

* * * *

That which is obvious will be obvious again.

* * * *

Not too hot, not too cold,
Not too fast, not too slow,
Not too hard, not too soft,
The balance of all things.

* * * *

The paradigm is paradox and irony.

* * * *

Every one is different from every other; no one is different from any other.

* * * *

Something happened, and that is the rub.

* * * *

The surest way to harmony and contentment
Is to partake the moment without expectation.

* * * *

Virtue:
Morality, virtuousness, righteousness,
Goodness, integrity, dignity, rectitude, honor, decency,
Respectability, nobility, worthiness, purity, principles, ethics, uprightness.

* * * *

Challenging to see light in the dark, and dark in the light,
But the perennial seeds of each are ever in the other.

* * * *

The indivisibility of nothingness is, indeed, a most challenging concept to grasp.

* * * *

Be anonymous except to thy Self.

* * * *

I am, the lie that time born of mind built.

* * * *

Hey, who cares, really?

* * * *

Grokked again.

* * * *

Look for your Self.

* * * *

No more religions, cults, or other deranged placebos, please.

* * * *

At the quantum level, is the immortality You seek,
The indivisibility for which You earnestly long.

* * * *

The river finds its way in its own good time.

* * * *

The sanity of Self-absorption is bounded by right action.

* * * *

Seems like You have to be martyred, do something seriously outrageous,
Or perhaps actually be skillful at something important,
To be noticed by the willful herd.

* * * *

Re-align with the planet, or it will re-align You.

* * * *

Why do You keep doing this to your Self?

* * * *

You are bound to the indivisible, no matter what You believe.

* * * *

Each and every moment, You re-create the universe of your imaginary dreamtime.

* * * *

Oh, the madness and suffering that will come to pass for the next
Who-knows-how-many hundreds, perchance thousands of years.

* * * *

The fear, the dread, of all things
That bring mayhem, destruction, and death
Is a state of mind worth shedding.

* * * *

It being a god-eat-god world, means that any deity on high
Is really a cannibal in every way, in every shape, in every form.

* * * *

Curious that the truth sounds so absurd
To those who only believe what they see and hear and touch and taste and smell.
To the many who lack the intuitive insight to discern, to perceive,
The ultimate reality prior to consciousness.

* * * *

To be so blatantly, insufferably, absurdly insane,
As to ceaselessly, maliciously harm one another,
Is, indeed, an amazingly dismal reality of our kind.

* * * *

Another nibble of knowledge, that will no doubt also be forgotten in the mists of time.

* * * *

The surest cure for fear or any other passion is a long, full breath.

* * * *

When You are inwardly still,
The slate is clear, tabula rasa.
The eternal journey is ever anew.
The return to wonder ever afoot.

* * * *

To be immortal in a mortal container, is, indeed, more than a little challenging.

* * * *

It is okay to not want anything.

* * * *

Smoke,
Sometimes lazily, eerily still,
Other times quickly dissipated by an insistent wind.
Ephemerally-eternal all the same.

* * * *

We all inhabit different jungles
In which we learn to survive the winds of time
In the innumerable ways in which nature and nurture play out.

* * * *

Simplistic explanations and derogatory labels
Snare the ignorant and inattentive into believing
The scripted propaganda of narrow, divisive views.

* * * *

That to which few are called in any given epoch.

* * * *

Alas, You must die that You may live.

* * * *

Even the mightiest deity is but another grain of sand, an ant, to the ocean of isness.

* * * *

You pray only five times a day?

* * * *

What You believe You are,
And That which You truly are,
Are two very different perceptions.

* * * *

You come in buck naked and innocent and free,
And likely depart worn and tattered and exhausted,
Or hamburger if You do not manage to get off the tracks.

* * * *

Like live bait, we cast our spawn into an unenviable future.

* * * *

Odds are the way You wish it to be, is not the way it is.

* * * *

Probably everybody thinks they are normal, whatever that is.

* * * *

Ignorance may rule the world, but it need not overrun your mind.

* * * *

Subscribe to whatever conclusion You will,
It is all ultimately of the same essential source.
Dreams are dreams, no matter their time or space.

* * * *

Why You continue to play out your mortal form is the telling of your tale.

* * * *

Everything is connected
Except in minds ripped asunder
By every imaginable division and strife.

* * * *

The creative moment is its own reward.

* * * *

It is again witnessed to be so.

* * * *

Oh ye of little doubt.

* * * *

Go easy on your Self; no need suffering more than mortality requires.

* * * *

To truly discern another, You must first discern your Self.

* * * *

Wisdom translates into all languages,
For those with the hankering and capacity,
To appreciate the incalculable number of insights,
Offered across the dream of space and time.

* * * *

Convince your self of your Self.

* * * *

How else do You think the indivisibility
Is going to create and preserve and destroy all this
But through the ever-present, indelible mystery of your awareness.

* * * *

So many things You would neither want nor need to do again, and the list daily longer.

* * * *

To be complete in this realm, and any others, as well, is the highest calling.

* * * *

Just something else that does not require much, if any, serious attention.

* * * *

Like it or not, this is your brief role upon the stage of this given window of time.

* * * *

You are the immortal infinity, temporarily caught up in a dream of time.
A streaming ray of light reflecting in a temporal prism of flesh and bones.

* * * *

All claims to the contrary, Darwin's theory is not a theory,
And Mother Nature will not much longer abide
Our brief, foolish flurry of ignorance.

* * * *

Neurological patterning does not for reality make.

* * * *

Assert whatever You will, what is, is, ever was, and will ever be.

* * * *

A higher level of perception, of attention, is required.
But what with the monkey-mind being the willy-nilly creation that it is,
It is, indeed challenging to remain ever-observant, ever in a completely awakened state.
Many are called, few are chosen, deal with it.

* * * *

Deluded again.

* * * *

Witness this.

* * * *

Do not look to any other to accept, to confirm, to approve what You know to be true.

* * * *

Cheap is good, free is better.

* * * *

The attention to nowness, the nowness of attention.

* * * *

Whether You discern it or not, You are the indivisibility, You are That I Am.
It is only your lack of doubt and insight, that assures your continued snooze.

* * * *

The will of the exclusionary herd compels ignorance in the individual.
The sovereign absoluteness of indivisibility does not exclude any other.

* * * *

You are missing the point if You make it an ego thing.

* * * *

Every dream, a cotton candy puff of nothing.

* * * *

Passé, oh clever one, passé.

* * * *

Prior to all patterning, what else could You be?

* * * *

Oh well, You got yours.

* * * *

Drift alone, sovereign.

* * * *

You tire your Self.

* * * *

It is all You; You are the one.

* * * *

Ready to disincorporate?

* * * *

Is there anything more taxing
Than someone who has not yet realized
How much they have left to both learn and unlearn?

* * * *

How many caresses of the brush does it take to create a masterpiece?

* * * *

You can follow another's rules, or your own.
There may, however, be grim consequences
If your shillelagh lacks might to enforce its right.

* * * *

How many zeroes will it take?

* * * *

What is any life but the flashes of perception we call memory.

* * * *

Look who's in charge now.

* * * *

Gaia is coming unhinged. Oh woe to the future.

* * * *

What is the world, the universe, but a quantum dream ever consuming itself.

* * * *

Intuition may get the ball rolling, but logical, rational thinking will plumb true.

* * * *

Indifference is its own reward.

* * * *

To truly know nothing is a wondrous state of mindfulness.

* * * *

To find, one must seek, but what do when the quest is complete?

* * * *

It is only in the finite that infinity can frolic.

* * * *

The seeker of peace has to be pretty detached to get by in this world.

* * * *

Everything's the same, and nothing's the same.

* * * *

The Hypocrisy! The Hypocrisy!

* * * *

What bother to carry a world, a universe, around in your wee noggin.

* * * *

There are killer bees, and there are idiot bees.

* * * *

Infinitesimal, finite, infinite, what difference, really?

* * * *

Does it all have to be so predictable?

* * * *

You puny little identity in your puny little body is not what You truly are.

* * * *

The quantum rhapsody must be played alone.

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is a collusion of delusion.

* * * *

God must be very small to be rattling around in so many heads.

* * * *

To be content with nothing is a rare calling.

* * * *

To be absolute, or not to be absolute, that is the question.

* * * *

You are born in this given mind-body only once.
How can You resist the opportunity not to do everything,
Not to investigate anything the given sensory illusion might offer.

CCLXXXI

Time, with all its viscidities, must play out in the eternal,
And eternity, in time, perchance to fathom its mystery.

* * * *

Where philosophers and mystics casually dwell,
Mere mortals, at even the slightest thought, tremble.

* * * *

All creation is the vapor of light and sound.
Meaning and purpose is born of the eternal now.

* * * *

Amuse your Self however You will.

* * * *

So essentially alone.

* * * *

Zen snippets, without the Zen.

* * * *

Death waits patiently aloof for every creature small to great
To succumb to the inevitability of its well-honed blade.

* * * *

Everyone rushing this way and that, as if any of it really matters.

* * * *

You do not even begin to want to know what some people know about your pain.

* * * *

When the emperor wore no clothes,
Who could discern the truth but a child
Not yet caught in delusion's web of collusion,
Or the sage whose mind is free of mortal claims.

* * * *

Really not much left to save, even if You could.
A most tarnished pearl, at least for the time-being.
The insects will likely make it clean and pretty again.

* * * *

Behind every mask, the same essence.
Imagination is the architect of all differences.

* * * *

Death is your closest companion.

* * * *

If You really seek heaven, You have to set aside your hell's greatest demon: Your self.

* * * *

Drift your universe.

* * * *

You need no permission to be what You really are.

* * * *

Ignorance will out, because it is its inevitable for nature to breed exponentially.

* * * *

If You think 1984 has not happened, perhaps You should read it again.

* * * *

Last prophet? Hah! You make me laugh plenty ha-ha hard.

* * * *

That I Am is what You really are.
Any given identity is merely the imperfect,
Temporal fabrication of the mind-bound imagination.
Just another persona to play out and forget.
As imperfectly perfect as all the rest.

* * * *

Complete desperation can make for absolute courage.

* * * *

Alas, what will our poor Mother endure before we are done and gone?

* * * *

Peace is the pot of gold at desire's fearful end.

* * * *

Become that which You were born to be.

* * * *

Make it personal, take it personal, and the world sucks You into its maelstrom.

* * * *

Humankind is incapable of tolerating, much less loving one another.
Or was that commandment from the past: Love One in another?
So many languages, so many writings, so many translations.
How can anyone ever be sure, what they are reading,

Is at all close to what the author really intended?

* * * *

Everything dies, nothing dies.

* * * *

Humble roots make for strong vines.

* * * *

A very simple fact, a convenient truth.

* * * *

Endless growth is a tenuous assumption
To statisticians, historians, anthropologists,
Or anyone with a lick of common sense.

* * * *

For those believing this dreamtime is not a democracy,
Mother Nature is sure to set all misaligned visions aright.

* * * *

The world of hurt has not even really begun, and You really believe this is not hell?

* * * *

Curious, indeed.

* * * *

Forget history, this is it, right here, right now.

* * * *

Dark, dark, too dark to see, for them who have no light to be.

* * * *

Polarization reigns in so many spheres of consciousness.
Like seeks like, and the human paradigm daily grows
More divisive, more dissolute, more destructive.

* * * *

Women get together and complain about men.
Men get together and drink beer and watch football.

* * * *

Monarch or peasant, or whatever milling about between,
There is no actual difference at the essential level.
Only within the imaginary confines of the time-bound mind
Is every conceivable way and shape and form consciously fashioned.

* * * *

The mortal body is merely a temporary vehicle
In which You may, or may not, have the interest or capacity
To discern that which is far greater than the sum of all things measurable.

* * * *

Wait a second, that doesn't make sense, either.

* * * *

Children, put away your childish thinking.

* * * *

Are You interested in reality, in truth, or merely some comfortable delusion?

* * * *

Is playing one's own personality just another form of idolatry?

* * * *

In your world, your universe, You are the only one.

* * * *

Mediocrity at its best.

* * * *

As challenging as it may be, agape is the final discernment.

* * * *

Truth is not created by mind.
Truth creates the mind, allows the mind.
The mind can only discern truth, observe truth, be truth.
Mind cannot change or mold or wish it into any sort of alternative reality,

* * * *

Causes are causeless, effects are effectless.

* * * *

Any given mind becomes more and more entrenched
In whatever dusty, potholed road it has cultivated
Through its course of time and circumstance.

* * * *

When You meet any given fork in the road,
The direction that calls is the next leg of the path to your fate.
When You reach the fork of ultimate reckoning,
Will You choose mortality?

* * * *

Discern the heart and mind of anything or anyone,
And You will journey far and wide to ends unknown.

* * * *

It is in absoluteness that Self reigns.

* * * *

It is all true at some point in time.

* * * *

Health of the mind-body-spirit is the only true wealth.

* * * *

You are a sovereign expression of the mystery's ongoing genesis.

* * * *

The carved stone observes all things with complete and utter detachment.

* * * *

Idol worshippers cannot see their idolatry.

* * * *

One wonders if he was really foolish enough to do the things the book says he did.

* * * *

From the ultimate, indivisible perspective,
You created all this that You might discern your Self.
The theater with its innumerable players is of but passing concern.

* * * *

To know eternal joy, it helps to be fairly simple.

* * * *

Would You kill someone because they believed in c-sharp, not e-flat?

* * * *

To become a song of mystery is the highest calling.

* * * *

Death is the great eroder of all life's forms.

* * * *

Om … Om … Om … peace … peace … peace … settle into the tranquility.

* * * *

If You see only differences, that will be your harvest.

* * * *

To save a world that must be spent is the irony of intention toward one's fellow other.

* * * *

There is not, has never been, nor will there ever be, any other, other than You.

* * * *

The true revolution is within.

* * * *

Remember, You only think You are.

* * * *

Same oneness, no matter how You slice it.

* * * *

For the keystone to be anchored, the arch must be complete.

* * * *

Curious that so many live in denial of the obvious reality,
That all things must change, that all things must succumb.

* * * *

Another parade, another ceremony, another ritual,
For them that cannot get enough of such things.

* * * *

Predictability draws most into one rut or another.

* * * *

Alone, sovereign, even in the largest crowd.

* * * *

When the You that is imagined dissipates,
The unmanifest infinity within will reign without.

* * * *

Ignorance does not easily tolerate the spotlight of scientific inquiry.

* * * *

You need not cling to whatever You imagine You were.
You are completely free to be what You truly are right now.

* * * *

Nada be all.

* * * *

Yes, it is that simple.

* * * *

Hey dude, be somewhat careful,

They all really, seriously believe, man,
And some will even slit your throat to prove it.

* * * *

The best place to do many things, both licit and illicit,
Can often by right out in the open where no one is looking.
It helps, of course, to be of the power color in the cultural milieu.

* * * *

These many thoughts might seem pure lunacy if way more than a handful,
Had not, in many times, many spaces, written of the same thing.
It is, indeed, a scientific inquiry of the highest order.

* * * *

Being considerate, being kind, is not all that difficult
For those willing to set aside their fear and greed.

* * * *

The irony is that the more You judge others,
The more You end up judging yourself.
Judge and ye shall be judged.

* * * *

Attachment to any turf is a heady thing.

* * * *

Idolatry's veil.

* * * *

Smoke is a great reminder of the ephemeral nature of time.

* * * *

What else could anything else be
But You in yet another myriad form.
Across the infinity, there is no other.

* * * *

Identity is the veil.
Imagination is all that keeps you
From discerning your ultimate essential nature.

* * * *

The indivisibility of manifestation is beyond grasp,
Beyond knowledge, beyond all conscious endeavors,
To own the instantaneous nature of the eternal mystery.

* * * *

To be caught up in the endless viscidities of conscious concoction,

Or discern within, that which is absolutely free, is there really a choice?

* * * *

We do not have to imagine it thus.
This is, after all, merely an experiment in free will.
It is, in reality, only a matter of time.

* * * *

Solutions often become obviously apparent when problems are given time to lie fallow

* * * *

Once upon a time,
It is rumored that kings were wise and true.
And who wrote that fairytale?

* * * *

Whose eyes will rule the world?

* * * *

How challenging to remember.
Whether a householder or a sannyasi,
The world can be a never-ending distraction.

* * * *

So many ways to suffer.

* * * *

Your world, your universe, breathe it in, breathe it out.

* * * *

Another day of watching the universe gorge upon itself.

* * * *

Shit happens.

* * * *

Have none of the God that does not exist.

* * * *

The mystery is like a matryoshka doll without the matryoshka doll.

* * * *

What a clingy thing, consciousness.

* * * *

If happens.

* * * *

How meaningless satori if You close your eye again.

* * * *

Discern the awareness where measurement means nothing.

* * * *

How can that which is nothingness ever change?

* * * *

The cascade is underway.

* * * *

Naught but a dream that never really happened.

* * * *

Microscopes and telescopes are but tools, it the mind's eye that discerns.

* * * *

Enough with the pedestals, already.

* * * *

How much is too much?

* * * *

The entire human paradigm is founded upon imaginary confabulation.

* * * *

Find your own hole.

* * * *

What is the body but a cage of flesh and bones.

* * * *

Ciao, ciao.

* * * *

It is your life; spend it how You will, if You have the courage.

* * * *

There is no knowing.

* * * *

What a passionate state of mind
Is required to intentionally injure to another
For some slight that would have been best forgotten.

* * * *

The good, the intelligent, the wise, are not easily disguised.

* * * *

How is it that politicians do not seem to have gleaned anything
From so many historical attempts to deny the masses
Their innumerable hedonistic pleasures?
Make something illegal
And the resulting black markets
Can, indeed, quickly become dark, toxic webs,
To those harboring little ill will, to those least deserving harm.

CCLXXXII

The young ever inherit the world as it is,
And they, in turn, pass it on to the next generation however they have imbibed it,
Each playing out the grand theater as time allows.
So it goes.

* * * *

Why be concerned what any other thinks of you
When all are ultimately nothing more
Than manifest imagination?

* * * *

Love does not require decapitated flowers.

* * * *

The layers of subtlety run deep, indeed.

* * * *

The relativity is an ever-changing fact.

* * * *

Less every day.

* * * *

Masked and anonymous.

* * * *

So many ways to aggravate the mind.

* * * *

Always curious how many misdeeds can be gotten away with right in plain sight.

* * * *

Dark … dark … the Force … too dark to see.

* * * *

There has never been anything before right now.

* * * *

It either comes to You or not; no predicting who, what, where, when, why or how.

* * * *

Ponder, if You will … Field Notes of the Damned.

* * * *

God and the devil, are they really so different?

* * * *

Mother Nature can only be savaged so long before she exacts her revenge on all.

* * * *

Seeing how things work, how can life not become a simpler state of being.

* * * *

Deny the truth, and your continued suffering is assured.

* * * *

Even if no one else was ever to awaken again, it does not really matter.

* * * *

But that will not happen, now, will it?

* * * *

Pleasure and pain have a tendency
To draw even the most determined, indomitable gnanis
Back into the vain weavings of mortal faire.

* * * *

It has been there all the time.
It just takes a subtle, attentive, fearless mind,
To discern the truth of it.

* * * *

It is but the vanity of masks and costumes.

* * * *

That called good, that called evil are merely temporal states of mind.
Whether serene or angry, all waves are ever of the same ocean.

* * * *

The world is a birthing ground, the world is a graveyard, all rolled into one.

* * * *

A world with a view.

* * * *

If your ancestors are watching, it is likely through your eyes.

* * * *

Do You spring from the universe, or the universe from You?
A bit of both, really.

* * * *

For whose greater good do You parley?

* * * *

Cravings lead us all down paths that wisdom distilled would likely never take again.

* * * *

To doubt, or not to doubt, that is the question.

* * * *

The worldwide Ponzi scheme is unraveling, as all imbalances of mind inevitably must.

* * * *

Do You choose make-believe or reality, fiction or truth?
The answer will be the thread of your life's journey.

* * * *

Fooled You again.

* * * *

In how many ways desire twists and turns each and every one.

* * * *

Nothing changes all the time.

* * * *

Hard to know how to play that one.

* * * *

It is just sex, what is all the tripping about it?

* * * *

They into your mind, and You into theirs.

* * * *

Who sees You but those who know themselves.

* * * *

What need does a true skeptic have for hope?

* * * *

The curse of mortality lies in its definition.

* * * *

Rather than judge another,
Try becoming them, discern their world.
In that vision, can there be anything but compassion?

* * * *

You learned whatever You sought in one right-here-right-now or anther.

* * * *

The currents of thought are of the great sea, great spirit, great mind, You truly are.

* * * *

Discern the contentment of your own awareness.

* * * *

In order there is chaos, and in chaos, order.

* * * *

Kiss: Keep It Simple, Stupid.

* * * *

Answered that one your Self, eh?

* * * *

When did your world begin to coalesce?

* * * *

The banquet of nothingness is an imaginary repast.

* * * *

The penchant for passion and pleasure is hard-wired.
A most challenging fact, and not easily moderated.

* * * *

The final unifying equation, simply said: You are the indivisible, witness to all creation.

* * * *

Those yet to come will rue the Eighth Day we have all played a part in creating.

* * * *

Recollection is the greatest recreation
For those rare few ready to push on
To the indivisible stillness of eternity.

* * * *

Every moment passes the same; only the state of mind changes.

* * * *

This assertion or that; what matter, really?

* * * *

Nicely done.

* * * *

Love everyone and everything if your given nature is agape.

But for the rest of us, the challenge is to at least occasionally attempt to tolerate
The seemingly countless differences we so often find provocative.

* * * *

Judgment is harsh, and for so little real reason, especially for those invoking Self.

* * * *

There are many things
You might have done differently,
But would You be where You are, right now?

* * * *

Argue your ignorance, and You will likely win.

* * * *

Discern the perfection in every step, every action, every breath, every word.

* * * *

Curious that so few find the courage to discern and awaken to the truth within.

* * * *

Much easier to hate than to love.

* * * *

It is only life. it is only death, let it come, let it go.

* * * *

Pain and pleasure tend to teach what is really important in life.

* * * *

See each individual drop of its Self, and yet as part of the same stream.

* * * *

Let us attempt to set aright our many errors.

* * * *

No need to continue playing the part once You see You are not what You thought.

* * * *

It is You who create the stars and dust between.
You who fathom the manifest in a way no other can.

* * * *

Your perfection is not what it seems in the mirror.

* * * *

Pain steeps in imagination.

* * * *

Concoct this.

* * * *

Time to unfurl the sails.

* * * *

The power of mind and body tap into the quantum origin.

* * * *

Why would it not be possible for the indivisibility
To fashion all creation from the dust of its origin?

* * * *

Being and allowing, such a simple challenge Is set before You for all time.

* * * *

There is a world to be healed, but first, physician, You must heal thy Self.

* * * *

Will You remember these fleeting perceptions tomorrow?
The day after? Or even the day after that?
Right now, ever the challenge.

* * * *

The essential must be true for all, else it is not the truth.

* * * *

You were born with an infinite mind
That was conditioned by time and circumstance
Into the You, You think is You, but is not, never was, will never be.

* * * *

Is there anything more ludicrous, more insubstantial
Than worrying about what any Jones thinks of You?

* * * *

It is within your agape quantum presence that You will find the peace of grace.

* * * *

Steel on the inside, velvet on the outside, or is it the other way around?

* * * *

The maelstrom is underway.

* * * *

Catch up with the words.

* * * *

Necessity is not a plan.

* * * *

Your universe did not exist until You became conscious of the patterning that prevailed.

* * * *

So much to remember to forget.

* * * *

Consciousness
Is like an unstable isotope
Creating … preserving … destroying …
Simultaneously every single moment … for all time.

* * * *

The process of waking and forgetting can be very excruciating.
So challenging not to be hypnotized again and again
By the play of the senses drawing You out.

* * * *

To enjoy even the most simple things is to have achieved the highest order.

* * * *

You will take anything to the level at which You are most comfortable.

* * * *

Don't mimic someone else; be your Self.

* * * *

Everything, so sharp, everything, so vague.

* * * *

In every time, in every space, You are.

* * * *

Learn to be amused by it, perhaps even to laugh at it, if You are able.
A fool who takes himself too seriously is less than a fool can be.

* * * *

Life, a temporal dream of consciousness, a brief flurry of imagination.
Nothingness playing out in every way upon the fumes of awareness.

* * * *

We are all nothing more than sacks of perception.

* * * *

Other than life being the mystery it is,

There has never really been a tangible point to it.
And within all of it, the amusing irony, of all our vain attempts,
Of giving it every conceivable meaning and purpose.

* * * *

Answer me this: How is it You have never seen your face?

* * * *

Breathe in one set of moments, breathe out another … Life, ever-changing.

* * * *

Disrespect is a magnet for revenge.

* * * *

All judgment is about differences that exist in mind only.

* * * *

Light monkey, gray monkey, dark monkey; all the same monkey.

* * * *

The sins of men are many, but sin, it is nothing.

* * * *

No need to formalize that which has no form.

* * * *

Why call sex 'making love'? 'Making lust' is far more accurate.

* * * *

There appear to be many mysteries, but ultimately there is only one Mystery.

* * * *

The is-was-will-ever-be of it all.

* * * *

For consciousness to be content requires great discernment.

* * * *

No mask is bound by the part it seems to portray.

* * * *

How could it be arrogant to be what You truly are.

* * * *

From an essential mind, essential things are discerned.

* * * *

Moral compass, what is that, anyway?

* * * *

As differences are to indivisibility, illusion is to reality.

* * * *

Living for likes, is there anything more hollow?

* * * *

Aging is about compensating enough to keep moving.

* * * *

Consciousness is but a subset of awareness.

* * * *

The moment You were conceived, so was death, so why worry?

* * * *

What a thing to spend existence fending off the aloneness.

* * * *

The whole of consciousness is but a quantum-neural storm playing time.

* * * *

The shoulda, the coulda, and the woulda.

* * * *

Conditioning is all.

* * * *

Is truth about You, or are You about truth?

* * * *

All your meanings, all your purposes, are but the fantasies of vanity.

* * * *

Death is disappearing without a trace.

* * * *

The dreamer is the dream; the dream is the dreamer.

* * * *

It is delusion that hurts, not truth.

* * * *

So many of the things we call pleasurable, are they really?

* * * *

Death will happen on a day just like today.

* * * *

Suspend the animation.

* * * *

What are the vanities – power, fame, fortune – but distractions,
From the source of all that is mystery, all that is unknown, all that is eternal.
The impenetrable, ineffaceable, indivisible awareness that is unfathomably ever-present.

CCLXXXIII

Sometimes You sleeps, sometimes You wakes,
Sometimes You sits, sometimes You wanders.
Sometime You attends, sometimes You ponders.
And the ever-present moment, ever You,
However imagination frolics.

* * * *

What a mockery of accuracy
Hollywoods, Bollywoods, Broadways, and other entertainments,
So often make of history.

* * * *

We are all unique characters.
It is just which forms of uniqueness
You can embrace, or at minimum endure.

* * * *

Innocence realized,
Liberated, and wandering in wonder
Does not require much of this world, or of any other.

* * * *

Cannot stop fate … it is already written.
You just need to reach the last page
In a book that has no conclusion.

* * * *

Hate and revenge are the harshest harvest of dualistic notion.

* * * *

The true voice is in all small to great.
To discern it, You must merely, with intention,
Observe prior to the passion, the fear, the false identity,
And surrender courageously to the sovereignty of the timeless now.

* * * *

Unless You take matters into your own hands,
You will take whatever death You are given.

* * * *

How quickly everything becomes memory.

* * * *

We are what we choose to be in any given moment.

* * * *

The nothingness of the quantum indivisibility
Playing out every conceivable appearance,
Every conceivable state of consciousness.

* * * *

Every life form is a seed born of the same essence, the same mystery.
All are mortal portals of awareness in whatever seed line is given.

* * * *

The real You is neither past nor future.
You are the eternal presence,
Pure, simple, free.

* * * *

Muddy water, muddy fish.

* * * *

Before the word, there was nothing.

* * * *

How can You explain anything to anyone who listens without the ears that hear.

* * * *

Is it not amazing that one exists at all, without always worrying about for how long.

* * * *

Loyalty: Priceless.

* * * *

Grande Nada Supreme.

* * * *

There is only awareness, everything else is babble.

* * * *

More vanity … Ho-hum and yawn.

* * * *

Why make it so hard on your Self?

* * * *

To the moth, I say, let the flame burn alone.

* * * *

Why judge the infinity of possibilities that You your Self are?

* * * *

What is your default setting, little self or Big Self?

* * * *

It is so amazing, this non-existent existence.

* * * *

What a wonder those who cannot even begin to look to see what is true.

* * * *

Tired of filling space that does not need filling.

* * * *

Consciousness is playing itself out through You.

* * * *

Get humble.

* * * *

Only You are true.

* * * *

What's your calling?

* * * *

Absolutely under the radar.

* * * *

Holding on to nothing is not an easy thing to do.

* * * *

If everyone gave everything away, what would any get in return?

* * * *

You have as much access to the sun as any who have ever dreamt in time.

* * * *

It is a mind in ever-present movement that creates the other.

* * * *

Happiness is in the unassailable awareness within each and every eternal moment.

* * * *

Identity is merely a cloak of illusion.

* * * *

You are your Self, once again.

* * * *

Sip eternity's infinite elixir.

* * * *

Did nothing again today.

* * * *

Benign in all things.

* * * *

Raise the bar.

* * * *

Théâtre absurde.

* * * *

Metaphysical, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

Why pay interest on your pleasure?

* * * *

Perhaps the only thing from which You can never be free is the nowness.

* * * *

Past and future are but vanity projected upon any imaginary timeline.

* * * *

Good God, man, look in the mirror, play your gray.

* * * *

Trying to justify your existence is a rat wheel in the mind.

* * * *

Yet another universe created by imagination.

* * * *

Another day of pretend underway.

* * * *

There is no good guy in a home invasion.

* * * *

Religion foments dogma, dogma foments disharmony, disharmony foments destruction.

* * * *

Does anybody really die until You do?

* * * *

Imagination is a time machine that can travel anywhere but the present.

* * * *

Consciousness is an ever-changing show of imagination.

* * * *

Nothing exists for less than a moment.

* * * *

Dream on, Dreamer.

* * * *

Another day of wandering and pondering about in the ethereal manifest.

* * * *

Reject everything; abide in nothing.

* * * *

There are no scriptures, only writings.

* * * *

There is only one mystery in this dreamtime; one mystery with many faces.

* * * *

Forgiveness is its own redemption.

* * * *

What is all this longing for more, more, more, but an emptiness that can never be filled.

* * * *

Every truth a lie unto its Self.

* * * *

The intensity of passion is the source of all pleasure, all pain.

* * * *

A leader cannot lead where followers will not follow.

* * * *

To die every moment while conscious is a meditation worth exploring.

* * * *

What need hath the mystery for light or sound, or even dark or silence?

* * * *

Waiting for nothing to happen.

* * * *

Spies can be handy, especially if more inspired by loyalty than coin.

* * * *

So many ways to suffer; so little time.

* * * *

A leader who does not value honesty runs greater risks of failure in any long run.

* * * *

Truth is not a thing, nor is it a non-thing.

* * * *

Perfect stillness, perfect Self.

* * * *

Say yes, do yes; say no, do no; say maybe, do maybe.

* * * *

What is this mind that is conditioned to perpetually justify its illusion?

* * * *

Yet another of the usual suspects.

* * * *

Hypocrite!

* * * *

Rhyme? Reason? What the hell are You talking about?

* * * *

Do not just say yes, do yes; do not just say no, do no; do not just say maybe, do maybe.

* * * *

Doubt is the key, and even that only takes most so far.

* * * *

Anonymity within and without is the greatest freedom, and it's free if You can master it.

* * * *

Illusion is all.

* * * *

What is small, what is large, in calling something short or tall?

* * * *

Words are such incomplete, tenuous assumptions.

* * * *

The universe without is but a reflection of the one within, as infinite as it is infinitesimal.

* * * *

What is death but evaporating back into stardust.

* * * *

Philosophy is the solace of those who have not sought out the greater vanities.

* * * *

A new discovery every moment.

* * * *

The flames of power, fame, and fortune singe many an envious wing.

* * * *

The mind is but an obscure eye.

* * * *

Is anything ever good enough for a mind steeped in dissatisfaction?

* * * *

So many Bodhi trees, so little time.

* * * *

What part of “without attributes” don’t You get?

* * * *

Can You ever be too careful?

* * * *

Contentment, the final refuge.

* * * *

For some, even the surest kick to the derrière promotes little effect.

* * * *

Congratulations on holding true to your meme.

* * * *

Objectivity is a myth to which science subscribes, but can never grasp.

* * * *

Vanity rules us all.

* * * *

The monkey-mind is very adept at waylaying any doubt.

* * * *

Art is the remedy for the peaks and valleys of the creative mind.

* * * *

Even blind or deaf or mute or anosmic or numb, You are it and it is You.

* * * *

Yet another clinging to what was as if it matters.

* * * *

All politics is but rhetoric; do not seek truth in the abyss between two or more.

* * * *

Soooo … How is a god-man or a god-woman supposed to behave?

* * * *

Lean air up in them ivory towers.

* * * *

Even the greatest pharaohs, the greatest kings, were nothing more than pawns of fate.

* * * *

Purpose and meaning … Say whaaaat?!!

* * * *

The most likely reason for your cause of death is having been born in the first place.

* * * *

Retirement is about doing as little as possible as often as possible.

* * * *

Once was enough.

* * * *

Patience is more than a virtue; it is a vital aspect to existence.

* * * *

Even the fool has rhyme and reason.

* * * *

What's wrong with that?

* * * *

What happens to the mind when it ceases creating its universe?

* * * *

Sound oxygen management is always good policy.

* * * *

What is death but the end of caring.

* * * *

Enough is never enough for more than a few.

* * * *

The challenge may not be as much about finding the truth as it is letting go the false.

* * * *

Big Bang or Big Speculation?

* * * *

Play the mask.

* * * *

Regarding being completely and utterly detached, it is far easier to talk about.

* * * *

Windows of time watching history unfold.

* * * *

Even the village idiot may discern gleaning of wisdom on rare occasion.

* * * *

Existence may be painful, but is it better than nothing?

* * * *

Scars in both body and mind are the reminders of your many misadventures.

* * * *

Your sovereignty is the quantum source within.

* * * *

Nothing defies gravity forever.

* * * *

Is beauty really even skin deep?

* * * *

Show me a boundary, and I will show You it is but an imaginary figment in your mind.

* * * *

What's that about?

* * * *

What conditioning, what groupthink, it takes to charge into the blaze of battle.

* * * *

What choice do You have in the matter, really?

* * * *

Legacy … Posterity … Pfft!

* * * *

So very much alone, and so unhappy about it … Why?

* * * *

However immeasurable the universe and all its creations,
It ever begins with the eternal awareness You are right now.

CCLXXXIV

Taking the world upon your shoulders
Only makes the shoulders and heart weary.
No saving that which cannot save itself.

* * * *

Who is the who, who cares about anything?

* * * *

Bean counting does not for truth make.

* * * *

It sure seemed to hurt at the time.

* * * *

When did You learn to fear?

* * * *

Discern your face if You can, but be advised no one ever has yet.

* * * *

Relative absolutism.

* * * *

Define rich.

* * * *

Add –ing to any verb, to any noun, and that is what You are witnessing.

* * * *

How can any court jester wear just one hat?

* * * *

Only the ignorant claim to know things they cannot and never will.

* * * *

Everything the parochial mind imagines it knows played over and over and over again.

* * * *

It is only fate that did not make You a king or queen.

* * * *

We are all just imaginary differences born of the same mysterious origin.

* * * *

You do not have to play it harsh.

* * * *

Bored with wonder, are we?

* * * *

Why didn't You call? Why didn't You write?
All the lonely people here, there, everywhere.

* * * *

You are perfect in every way, every moment of every day.

* * * *

In what way are You really so different from anyone or anything else?

* * * *

Destruction and mayhem; humankind's gift to the world.

* * * *

Running, walking, standing, sitting, breathing … on empty.

* * * *

For every birth, a death sure to follow.

* * * *

Love does not give a damn.

* * * *

For all, but not for all.

* * * *

The narrative is different, but the plot is the same.

* * * *

You came, You saw, You puttered.

* * * *

Narcissus only had a pool of water to reflect his vanity.
What would he have done with mirrors and selfies and Youtube
And Instagram and Twitter and Facebook and whatever else is out there?

* * * *

It is challenging to love unconditionally when your teeth are getting kicked in.

* * * *

Discern that which no mortal can discern.

* * * *

All You have to do is believe in Jesus Christ?

How absurdly ludicrous is that line of thinking?

* * * *

Do You really need to believe in anything anymore?

* * * *

What will happen to Eden when industry and technology finally fall short,
And the dominos, the house of cards, the Grand Ponzi Scheme,
Finally snowballs into the inevitable decline and fall?

* * * *

How passé the wonder and innocence of childhood too quickly becomes.

* * * *

Those who so easily spew lies may even know the truth.

* * * *

You can call reality whatever You please, but, in truth, it is prior to all naming.

* * * *

Not … accessing file … again …

* * * *

Not so different before all.

* * * *

Many are called, but few answer; kind of like being a telemarketer.

* * * *

And, meanwhile, they all believe this mirage will continue forever.
Alas, what fools these mortals be.

* * * *

It could be a much happier world
If we actually understood communism,
And had the capacity for such selflessness.

* * * *

Look left, look right, look ahead, look back,
And then, perhaps, do it yet again, just to be sure.
You never really know what might be coming right at You.

* * * *

So obvious as to be obscured by every possible distraction.

* * * *

Solitude can bring to the surface many demons.

* * * *

The mystery is not an either/or proposition.
Of course it evolved through creation,
And created through evolution.

* * * *

If You are open to everything, there is neither need nor room for judgment.

* * * *

How much easier to surrender to another than to one's Self.

* * * *

Perhaps your deity of choice is as kind and selfless as You.

* * * *

Tiger mouse.

* * * *

Once again … if You can remember.

* * * *

Step right up! See it now! The one and only … You!

* * * *

What can You tell another if they are not interested in, or capable of, understanding?

* * * *

You have always been the Great Spirit's sun.

* * * *

When it comes to exploring the ultimate quantum reality,
What need could there possibly be for another's permission?

* * * *

Joy is a heart and mind one-two knockout punch.

* * * *

Perhaps all this has happened – this kaleidoscoping magical mystery tour –
In order that You might be fated to discover the witness within.
The eye of creation is yours, one in the same.

* * * *

The quantum You exists forever now,
For death can never enter that which is immortal,
That which was never born, never dies.

* * * *

Your mind is not what You think; the chatter of the world is not You.

* * * *

In every context, there is a different way of responding to the discernment.

* * * *

Whatever You may think of your persona, You are, indeed, worthy of the Self love.

* * * *

Watching the human drama in these our times
Is like watching a trainwreck in slow motion.

* * * *

For those who discern the call,
The only thing that ultimately matters
Is that they wake up in whatever way possible.

* * * *

Do You create the pattern, or does it create You?
Or have You, in the dreamtime, created each other?

* * * *

Why do You so naively accept and believe what You your Self have never experienced?

* * * *

Practice benevolence, kindness,
Compassion, generosity, munificence
And goodwill whenever possible.
Or not, if that is your way.

* * * *

You own nothing, You own everything.

* * * *

Never deny your Self.

* * * *

It's just dust, man, just dust.

* * * *

There is nothing You need to do in order to see the whole of it.

* * * *

When even the universe is not much bigger than a gnat,
Where do You stand to take a whiz, or sit to take a shit?

* * * *

What is the sound of one star clapping?

* * * *

Drifting along, playing yet another part in the grand symphony of the Song of Mystery.

* * * *

If You really did not care, would the assertion even occur to You?

* * * *

One minute, one year, one century, one millennium … What difference, really?

* * * *

Indiscriminate breeding creates an undiscriminating world.

* * * *

The fingerprints of consciousness will without doubt disappear
Without manifest existence to sustain its ephemeral presence.

* * * *

To cling, or not to cling, that is the question.

* * * *

The I Amness is your friend and lover; it is You as agape that love is possible.

* * * *

Simple, carefree detachment is the road to tranquility and grace.

* * * *

Let that guilt go; there is nothing to regret if it is what got You to here and now.

* * * *

Figure it out, or go extinct.

* * * *

A higher degree of Selfishness.

* * * *

Obvious … what is ... truly obvious.

* * * *

It is all about what You choose to articulate.

* * * *

If You must covet something, covet nothingness.

* * * *

So many regrets, compounded daily, only dull the blade of discernment.
Apologize within, and move on.

* * * *

What a gift it is to exist; how amazing what trivial pursuits blind us to the wonder of it.

* * * *

All, in a dream.

* * * *

Allow all to happen; do not betray your Self.

* * * *

What is possible? And what is not possible?
The who, who discerns the real question
Is the seed crystal to the answer.

* * * *

We are all just imaginary differences born of the same mysterious origin.

* * * *

It will all be quantum dust again, soon enough.

* * * *

No resolution to the chaos unfolding but to ride it out as one does any storm.

* * * *

Democracy might be nice if it was really possible.

* * * *

Existence is an opportunity to discern, to awaken,
To the reality that You are of the quantum indivisibility.
It is the highest calling in that quest most pointless.

* * * *

How can any jester wear just one hat?

* * * *

Whether rock, temple, shrine, statue, scripture, or personality,
Idolatry is idolatry is idolatry no matter the dogma game.

* * * *

Karma is merely another vain concept
Born of the notion of a continuity
That has never been real.

* * * *

Time to unfurl.

* * * *

A bull ride ahead, to be sure, indeed, indeed, I say, indeed.

* * * *

To muster to a lesser vision is a lesser potential, a lesser existence.

* * * *

Is it not amazing enough that one exists, without worrying about how long.

* * * *

You are free to do whatever You are drawn to handle.

* * * *

Running on an empty tank has its own fullness.
Who is the who, who cares about anything at all?

* * * *

What sense of both freedom and imprisonment imagination can be.

* * * *

What vision can there be for the blind, what sound for the deaf?

* * * *

It is the mind that differentiates all things, not You.

* * * *

The truth all have in common is within.

* * * *

You are as You think … or not.

* * * *

Do not mind.

* * * *

Do nothing well.

* * * *

So beyond any control.

* * * *

The perceiver is in all, and all are in it.

* * * *

You are that from which all creation is made manifest.

* * * *

Perhaps some of the most profound thoughts have yet to be written.

* * * *

If some confining dogma suits You better than truth, so be it.

* * * *

Letting pride sit the back seat is likely rarely a bad idea.

* * * *

Each drop must evaporate to again become whole.

* * * *

You do, indeed, have a fondness for blaspheme.

* * * *

A rich life can be had on a dime.

* * * *

How much is too much, and how little is too little, there's the rub, indeed.

* * * *

What is reality? You.

* * * *

Zounds! It's true!

* * * *

What in any deity's name is there to be afraid of?

* * * *

How wearing to care about so many things that have never really mattered.

* * * *

If You had any other moment, when would it, could it, possibly be?

* * * *

Why do You deny your Self, when it is your only reality?

* * * *

Join together in the ground within.

* * * *

God loves dice, Mr. Einstein.

* * * *

Settle for lies, and that is more than likely what You will get.

* * * *

You observe them, and they You, but likely not in quite the same way.

* * * *

If You knew what You know now, if You were reborn full of wisdom,

How would You play it You were young and full of spunk again?

* * * *

A quantum dream of creation and preservation and destruction,
From which the only exit is death, and then what, nobody really knows.
And why even worry, why be at all uneasy about the inexorable?
If there is more, there is more, if there is not, there is not.
Meh and pfft are as good a response as any.

CCLXXXV

A mind without heart, is as imbalanced as a heart without mind.

* * * *

Nothing stands in eternity, longer than it can be remembered.

* * * *

And what will become of the analog mind, reconfigured by its digital inventions?

* * * *

You are as free as You dare to be, and You need not prove it to anyone, but your Self.

* * * *

Get a real time peek at your face, if You can,
But be aware no one has ever managed it yet.

* * * *

I am That I Am, am-ing away.
You are That I Am, am-ing away.
We are all That I Am, am-ing away.

* * * *

It sure seemed to hurt at the time.

* * * *

Hope generally does not get very far down the pike,
Without a fair amount of double-double-toil-and-trouble.

* * * *

It is desire and fear that harden the heart.

* * * *

Death happens, in every conceivable way.

* * * *

Ignore nature, deny nature, condemn nature, destroy nature, at your peril.

* * * *

Add “-ing” to words in the linguistics of consciousness,
And that streaming descriptor is sound’s escort,
To whatever the senses are witnessing,
In the kaleidoscoping weaving.

* * * *

There are neither leaders nor followers, in the awakening game, only sharing.

* * * *

The emptiness is disguised by everything.

* * * *

Bean counting does not for truth make.

* * * *

You do not have to play it harsh.

* * * *

You are perfect in every way, every moment, of every day.

* * * *

Relative absolutism.

* * * *

A commitment to the future,
Is a commitment to the moment,
And a different sense of time.

* * * *

What is a sage, but a good for nothing.

* * * *

The test of time, is the oblivion of all.

* * * *

Only through your temporal sensory play, is your version of creation made manifest.

* * * *

The end of times, or just another round beginning?

* * * *

It is all relative, until You discern that it is all absolute.

* * * *

To see your real face, in all other faces, is of the highest order.

* * * *

The subtleties of the mystery, are beyond compare.

* * * *

Where do they come up with all these numbers?

* * * *

Can the oneness, in the we, work things out,
Or are we but a relatively brief dream,
On this stage of manifestation?

* * * *

Quit dawdling, declare your Self.

* * * *

That I Am, the only real audience.

* * * *

Another batch of memories, another stream of perceptions,
In the long and winding Yellow Brick Road of the neuron trail.
Of the dreamtime of stardust, of quantum, of mystery, come unto life.

* * * *

Nothing like the gabby-jabbery folk,
Who do not know what they are talking about.
Just chattering on, forever clueless.

* * * *

Personal responsibility, no can take it for You.

* * * *

Why would anyone even think,
About believing in some vain, petty deity,
Being in charge of humankind's cancerous spectacle?

* * * *

The path of least resistance is an unparalleled adventure,
For those rare few, who have the courage and inner freedom,
To wander the quantum mystery's ever-streaming illusion.

* * * *

Most get stuck, trapped, in one rut, one groove, one snare or another.
This belief or that, this relationship or that, this job or that, this geography or that.
To see the relativity of all lives, across the board, is the highest vision.

* * * *

I am the truth, the life, and the way, and it is more than a little darned likely, You are, too.

* * * *

Right track, wrong road.

* * * *

The mystery of existence, such a bittersweet reality.

* * * *

Define God.

* * * *

Agape, baby, agape.

* * * *

From Pampers to Attends, and Fruit of the Loom between.

* * * *

It is in deeds that intent is proven.

* * * *

Revolution does not pay bills.
Shut up and keep your head down.
See nothing, hear nothing, say nothing.
Not your problem that the world is in flames.
Revolution does not pay bills.

* * * *

Where are You, without all You believe You know?
That imaginary bag of notions that You lug around in your head.
That bundle of perceptions, that obscures your vision of the ageless eternity,
That You are, very much right here, right now, this ethereal moment.

* * * *

There may, indeed, be intelligent design,
But it is not, by any means, exclusively human,
Much less exclusively partial to any so-called religion.

* * * *

Sounds like another pleasant waste of time.

* * * *

Judge me, You judge your Self, for I am your creation, as You are mine.

* * * *

What is the point of healing a mind-body, if it does not touch the spirit?

* * * *

Oh, ye of little faith, why do You so vainly follow the vestiges of idolatry?

* * * *

The source of all that is known, is the unknowable, an amazing irony and paradox, to be sure.

* * * *

To those born to – consciously, intentionally, purposefully – witness,
This world, this universe, is the classroom, the laboratory,
Of this beyond-all-pales magical mystery.

* * * *

Dread, is like slipping on ice, totally exhausted, unable to get up.

* * * *

Be wary of anyone offering a handshake, who just exited a bathroom with dry hands.

* * * *

To discern You are of the Oneness is the Grand Knowing.

* * * *

You cannot really help someone, who is unable, who is unwilling, to help themselves.

* * * *

It means whatever You want it to mean, or nothing at all.

* * * *

The challenge in discovering truth depends largely,
On how steeped the given mind is in the given deceptions.
Without doubt, the web of illusion is a life sentence.

* * * *

You can only measure that which is measurable.

* * * *

It is not necessary to retire from the samsara world, to discern what You truly are.
It is free to any and all, who have the wit and will, to give it full and earnest attention.

* * * *

The United States of America.
Yet another player in the win-lose game,
That is humankind's fate to again and again endure.

* * * *

Any given guru, is just one of countless teachers, never the whole shebang.

* * * *

Fashion was built upon vanity, and the scorn for serenity and contentment.

* * * *

History is the version that arises from the fray.

* * * *

The sense of personal identity, must be set aside, for the eternal witness to awaken.

* * * *

It does not matter if anyone else sees the truth.
The only thing that matters is that You do.
You are That I Am, there is no other,
But in the play of imagination.

* * * *

Inwardly, You are as free as You allow your Self to be.

* * * *

Not much of a philosophy if You do not or cannot live it.

* * * *

The world will reflect back the answer to whatever You project.

* * * *

What You think of the world, or what the world thinks of You, what does it really matter?

* * * *

Cast aside everything, and own it.

* * * *

You can relate to the world,
But the world cannot relate to You.
You are a mystery beyond comprehension.

* * * *

The remainder of the human paradigm,
However long it may play out,
Will be walking amid the scar tissue,
Of everything we have thus far conceived.

* * * *

The drifting smoke tells it all.
Eternity playing out in space and time,
Ever changing, ever graceful, ever mysterious.

* * * *

These words are for those across this spinning orb,
Who discern the infinitesimal infinity of the oneness,
In which all life, all forms, spacelessly, timelessly, dance.

* * * *

In a quiet mind, the only noise is the true voice.

* * * *

Life refines knowledge, wisdom, insight,
Perception, judgment, understanding,
Or whatever else You may call it.
All the distillation of mind,
In the dream of time.

* * * *

You are forever young.

* * * *

Yet another curious thing.

* * * *

It is all a-happening in its time.

* * * *

What You discern of your Self is the patterning of the universal mind.

* * * *

All life surfs the wavelessness of this very moment.

* * * *

Expectations are the seeds of disappointment.

* * * *

Why keep looking to the quantum mirage, for something it can never be?
Really nothing more than a relatively brief pretense of so-called free will.

* * * *

The given body will fall off soon enough, what is the rush to get anywhere?

* * * *

The clarity of unobstructed thought is played out streamlessly in each day's reverie.

* * * *

There is no boundary like an old boundary.

* * * *

Imagination is the field of any given state of mind.

* * * *

It is anything You want to believe it is.
It is not anything You want to believe it is.

* * * *

It is your version of the cosmos, yours to play out anyway You will.

* * * *

Innocence is honed in so many ways.

* * * *

Many promises yet to be broken.

* * * *

Another label tacked onto a mystery to which all definition are incomplete.

* * * *

Any given mind-body is nothing more than a container,
In which consciousness plays its dreamy little self out.

* * * *

Were concepts like heaven, hell, purgatory, reincarnation,
Fabricated to help people cope with all their pain and suffering?
Or to control and manipulate the them to more selfish ends?
Good chance traces of both, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Surrendering to the eternal nowness of awareness, is as serene as it gets.

* * * *

Like the claws of a cat, words can be such playfully cruel things.

* * * *

Why not do what makes You most happy, most content, most the time.

* * * *

How, both tiring and exhilarating,
To always be trying to figure things out,
As if it is at all necessary, or at all even possible.

* * * *

What does emptiness feel like, anyway?

* * * *

You are witnessed by others, as You see them.
A faceless, nameless deity, if ever there was one.

* * * *

The mind-body is the vehicle for the mystery,
The awareness, the consciousness, the Self,
To witness the unfolding eternal creation.

* * * *

Even the merest shadow of the movement of space-time can darken the mind.

* * * *

To see what is really going on, always look between the lines.

* * * *

Bits and pieces flowing alongside in streamtime-dreamtime.

* * * *

A state of mindlessness.

* * * *

What an absurd beast, pride.

* * * *

Why pretend to own anything?

* * * *

Another harbinger of doom, no doubt.

* * * *

What to do, when nothingness, when emptiness, becomes the default setting.

* * * *

The grace of eternal life, is in each and every breath, each and every step.

* * * *

A cosmic conspiracy is no doubt afoot, for the many that harbor such pointless notions.

* * * *

This moment, too, is the ether of the nothingness.

* * * *

Real faith, real belief, is the relinquishment of everything, in any given moment.

* * * *

To be free of this body, or not, that is the choiceless choice of it.

* * * *

You must discover it totally alone.

* * * *

To neither want, nor not want.

* * * *

You are not the mind-body, You are immortal, figure it out.

* * * *

Nothing honey.

* * * *

Nothing is all right by me.

* * * *

Every tool, has its time, has its place.

* * * *

Every mind's eye,
Witness to a dreamtime of awareness,

Kaleidoscoping, unborn-undying, through consciousness.

* * * *

A full breath is the charioteer, of the awareness, of the witness, so absolute.

* * * *

When You stop trying to define it, to measure it,
It will all flow to a graceful, illusory movement.

* * * *

You are Self, perusing its imagined limits, as if such a thing is possible.

* * * *

Boggling how many different ways, That which is, can be expounded,
And yet remain entirely, indelibly, absolutely, eternally, unknowable.

* * * *

All those experts, all those specialists, they really do not know anything, either.
And they will perhaps tell You this, if they are not playing You and your wallet.

CCLXXXVI

The depth and breadth to which any scenario can be known,
Is, for all practical purposes, nearly inexhaustible,
And no mind, as grasping as it may be,
Can ever experience it all.
A statistical sample will have to do.

* * * *

What is the ultimate point of existence, but a means to discern and reflect,
Upon the source of all creation, upon the awareness, the Self, all truly are.

* * * *

Fate wears a sensory harness.

* * * *

Another voice from the void, and whose voice, pray tell, has it always really been?

* * * *

The body politic.

* * * *

That curious thing called time: Where did it go? Did it ever even exist?
Has any of it ever really been anything more, than an ineffable dream?

* * * *

You are caught up in the sticky web of delusion,
Because You would rather live out a lie,
Than face the truth squarely.

* * * *

In the grand play of consciousness,
You are as young as the day You were born.
All time in the mind is the illusion born of imagination.

* * * *

All those little hoards of gold, and piles of material possessions,
Are not going to do any ill-fated descendants much good,
If there is no world, in which to spend or use them.

* * * *

Below the radar, boys and girls, stay below the radar.

* * * *

Of course, there is one God, one source, call it what You will,
And we, and all creatures small to great, are all equally of it.

* * * *

There are far worse dreams than Self.

* * * *

It all boils down to this moment; such is the nothingness playing out time.

* * * *

No brag, just fact.

* * * *

Om out.

* * * *

As it is for You, it is for every one.

* * * *

Who is who?
What is what?
Where is where?
When is when?
Why is why?
How is how?

* * * *

Life, do not get too attached to it.

* * * *

It is up to You to figure out your world, your cosmos, on your own, as best You can.

* * * *

You will move until You are content enough to be still.

* * * *

It may be less about being who You are, than being what You are, and are not.

* * * *

How was it that You were never taught, never encouraged, to love your true Self?

* * * *

Even the mystery does not know how it ends … for now.

* * * *

Peace allows the heart to grow larger.

* * * *

It is a curious thing, is it not,
That no life form across this vast cosmos,
Has ever viewed its own face.

* * * *

My God, but we do quibble over such nonsensical blather.

* * * *

That there is no rise without a fall, is a statistical certitude.

* * * *

Remind me again, is it remember to forget, or forget to remember?

* * * *

In play.

* * * *

Such a bad joke.

* * * *

Continuity is the illusion of imagination.

* * * *

Love thy Self, and nothing else will really matter.

* * * *

All You are, is the imagination of consciousness, attached to its dream of little self.

* * * *

Are You a conscious identity passing through space and time,
Or awareness, witnessing a sensory mirage, imagining itself real.

* * * *

Yes, being no to some, and no, yes to others, pretty much sums up the course of history.

* * * *

A peculiar truth about consciousness, about imagination,
Is that what seems so clearly obvious to one mind,
May make absolutely no sense in another.

* * * *

Is a volcano any more than a zit erupting on yet another mask?

* * * *

You daily pretend this identity, and what, pray tell, for?

* * * *

All these labels for things, large and small, that we will never even once see.

* * * *

No matter where, no matter when,

Each and every part and particle
Across this entire timeless hologram,
Is of the same indivisible, absolute oneness.

* * * *

Is a beautiful gold ring about the ring, or the gold from which it is made?

* * * *

You are bound to samsara by your attachment to the senses,
And the endless assortment of thoughts they bring to mind.

* * * *

There are a number of mindsets, that more than others,
Are harbors of separation and divisiveness and ignorance.

* * * *

Every life form is a solitary witness, but few are aware of their infinite nature.

* * * *

What torment the body has gone through to harbor You.
Never hurts to give it a reprieve from all your absurdities.

* * * *

You are not anything, that sounds thickly laden with concept,
Can ever, even for an infinitesimal trace of a moment, create.

* * * *

All any indivisible one can do, is make every effort to pay attention,
To the ephemeral moment, as much as the given mind-body will allow.

* * * *

The faces and names may change, but the dream is ever the same.

* * * *

Are You facing death, or is death facing You?

* * * *

Embrace all, release all.

* * * *

So much suffering, and for what?

* * * *

To keep from filling, you have to keep spilling.

* * * *

Observe the relativity of all things, until You discern the absoluteness of all things.

* * * *

Why should You ever dread the truth, of what You really are, and are not?

* * * *

Without so-called goodness, so-called evil, would be unable to measure its successes.

* * * *

The awareness prior to consciousness, is there to be discerned,
In every single moment, that any given mind choicelessly attends.

* * * *

How can all your traditions, all You rituals, all your superstitions,
Ever allow You to just exist, in the freedom of the unfolding present?

* * * *

Find the tabula rasa of the awareness within.

* * * *

Say no to yourself, and yes to your Self.

* * * *

You will reappear until You decipher,
You are neither mind nor body nor role,
But through your inattentive volition.

* * * *

How long will You continue the lie?

* * * *

To become as vulnerable as a flower basking in the sun, is as simple as it gets.

* * * *

Be anonymous within and without.

* * * *

Eternal salvation is not what You think.

* * * *

Ahh, the eternal bliss, discerned again.

* * * *

A mind beyond all boundaries is all it can be.

* * * *

Given the choice, would You want to be born again,
In another mind-body, another time, another geography?

* * * *

Every given life form must play out its mortal fate in the theater of time.

* * * *

Technology cannot save You from that which You most dread.

* * * *

In your ultimate nature, You are neither male nor female.

* * * *

Political peace is founded on power and control.
Inner peace on the choiceless surrender to one's Self.

* * * *

Death is nothing more than the mortal shell falling away,
And the essence, as still and immortal as it has ever been.

* * * *

All dreams, in any heavens, any hells,
Are born of the same inexplicable source.
There is no other but through vain ignorance.

* * * *

It is the so-called scriptures, that are relevant, that are worth perusing.
The thoughts of the thinkers, from all times, all geographies,
Not the cults that have endlessly usurped them.

* * * *

You need only see it, to be it.

* * * *

Prior to all labels, You are.

* * * *

Heaven is a hard-won hell.

* * * *

To whom would You ever deny this?

* * * *

Status quo may not be the best place stand.

* * * *

You were perchance born to awaken, and live dreamtime's every moment anew.

* * * *

If You are not attuned, if You are not in harmony with the rhythms of Mother Nature,
Then You are against her one and only imperative, and she does not long tolerate fools.

* * * *

You are not required to be a hostage of the given mind.
The challenge is not allowing it, to ever happen again.

* * * *

Forget everything as often as mind allows.

* * * *

All manifestation is You in one form or another.

* * * *

Morality is nothing more than an arbitrary fabrication of mind.

* * * *

Free, at last.

* * * *

What say ye, Pilgrim?

* * * *

Where is the beginning of You? Where is the ending?

* * * *

Our fellow earthlings need for humankind,
To tone down its cancerous behavior,
And far, far too few are listening.

* * * *

The other is only there for You to discern, That which You really are, and are not.

* * * *

Wandering the razor of irony and paradox.

* * * *

A matrix by any other name would play the same.

* * * *

It seems real, until it becomes obvious it is not.
And once You see it, You are like a burning bush.

* * * *

Discussing God, over café mochas and whisky shots, is not without irony.

* * * *

From chaos, order, and from order, chaos.

* * * *

They who are samsara cannot see You, and they who discern You, are made real.

* * * *

Why would the judgment of any other, possibly matter to that which sees all.

* * * *

Whatever infinity is, or is not, You are.

* * * *

And after all is said and done, You are all that is left, wandering dreamtime.

* * * *

What were they thinking?

* * * *

What is left to entice You into the samsara of your mind?

* * * *

Wander beyond the limits of any other.

* * * *

The aliens have landed, and they are we.

* * * *

Do You really care, or merely feel like You should?

* * * *

All You really have,
Is this ephemeral now.
You are not what You think.
Let go of space, let go of time.
Your are, alone, the eternal mystery.

* * * *

We as a species, have not really even begun, to use the mind to its fullest potential.

* * * *

The weakest, the slowest, the diminished, all set limits on whatever will happen.

* * * *

Being born again has nothing to do,
With this small-minded theater of consciousness.
The imaginary personality, is not that of which herein is spoken.

* * * *

Any mind's potential, is far more, than a bastion of useless trivia and worldly pursuits.

* * * *

Samadhi breath.

* * * *

Mammon makes the world go round, Mammon makes the world go down.

* * * *

Straddling the abyss, in so many ways.

* * * *

As if You had any say in the matter.

* * * *

Just another corpse waiting to happen.

* * * *

What is space and time, but a function of memory cells.

* * * *

What incredible stress, self-loathing places upon the mind-body-spirit.

* * * *

All life, is a vast collection of seeds, born of the same essence.

* * * *

Reality is in the still immediacy prior to consciousness.

* * * *

A pathless path, as clear as awareness its Self.

* * * *

Harmony is in every streaming moment, the only now there has ever truly been.

* * * *

Astounding, all the things You have known and forgotten, and You ain't dead yet.

* * * *

Memes die hard.

* * * *

True love of Self is the inescapable potential of any given life.

* * * *

How could your version of the cosmos, have existed before You created it?

* * * *

The You that You really are, is all You really need.

* * * *

Total madness, or the sanest thing You will ever imagine?

* * * *

Physical death of the mind-body will inevitably come,
In a passing moment, not unlike this one.
It has nothing to do with You.
Be not proud.

* * * *

It all boils down to this ephemeral, singular moment.
Each and every now, flowing seamlessly into the next.
And that is all any form, any one, really is, and is not.

CCLXXXVII

The first seer, whoever it was, whenever it was, wherever it was, awakened, unaided.
His translation of the universe, his translation of the mystery, fostered realization.
Your universe, your mystery, your translation, is very much the same process.

* * * *

Ambition and greed have scarred this garden world,
Well beyond the time humankind will wander its face.

* * * *

It matters much less where You start, than where You finish.

* * * *

What is obvious to one, rarely seems to be to another.

* * * *

There is no heaven or hell until You create it.
All duality, all separation, all notion, is imagined.

* * * *

Memories line the corridors of the neuron trails.

* * * *

Once in a while, You manage to do a little bit of everything.

* * * *

Dreamtime, streamtime.

* * * *

Yoga is about union within, not about the achievement of this posture or that pose.

* * * *

If You are going to enable someone, at least do it to their fullest potential.

* * * *

It is so obvious, yet we are so deluded,
That it never even occurs to all but a few,
Who must often suffer greatly to divulge it.

* * * *

Does the bird lay its eggs before it builds its nest?

* * * *

Within all there is a quality of mind waiting to be discovered.

* * * *

It might be called free will if it were not so predictable.

* * * *

There is ultimately really only one thing to know.

* * * *

Curious how masks and costumes seem to so well match the personality.

* * * *

Wrestling with your Self again, eh?

* * * *

No one has all the answers.

* * * *

The sweet spot is now, eternal life, forever.

* * * *

Mind gorp.

* * * *

Time is like that.

* * * *

In one form or another, in one fashion or another,
They in You, You in them, You are all and none.

* * * *

We all play in the same now.
That point of suffering is a fulcrum,
Into the indivisibility of the eternal moment.

* * * *

Every point and particle of all manifest existence is within You.

* * * *

When it is all as nothing, You will be You.

* * * *

Nothing offered, nothing gained.

* * * *

Physician, heal thy Self; become the indivisibility You truly are.

* * * *

We have obviously proven ourselves more than adept at tool-making.

* * * *

You are not required to believe anything but through your attachment to the dream.

* * * *

The prescription is the right here, right now, awareness.
There truly is no other, never has been, never will be.
Discern for your Self, the vastness of the ultimate aloneness,
And You will ascertain the indivisible reality of your eternal mystery.

* * * *

As absorbing as it may be, as entertaining as it may be, as real as it may seem to be,
None of this spaceless, timeless reverie of mind, has ever ultimately existed,
As anything more than a kaleidoscoping electromagnetic spectrum.
A beyond all pales, quantum light and sound (a.k.a., vibration) mystery.

* * * *

What You is there really, in the ultimate sense, to declare anything mine or not mine?

* * * *

You are under no obligation to saddle your Self with any label ever again.

* * * *

Too effortless for thought to bear the stillness.

* * * *

An infinity of births and deaths in every moment.

* * * *

The dream plays out in the matrix of infinity.

* * * *

Identity is the smoke of consciousness.

* * * *

If loving is truly your inclination,
Then agape everything in the highest, greatest way,
Your imagination can imagine.

* * * *

Now … a different way of existing.

* * * *

Silly words! Now is without any of them.

* * * *

Go directly to Now, do not pass Samsara.

* * * *

If You do discern your Self, You will do it in your own unique way.

* * * *

Always seek the underlying truth.

* * * *

It is most challenging,
To be in the world, and not of it.
Samsara is, indeed, an intrepid adversary.

* * * *

There comes a point for all,
When they must face mortality's end,
In whatever manner all-things-illusion dictates.
In whatever manner, all the consequences,
All the natural selections, have rippled.
Every life has one fate or another.
What will your destiny be?

* * * *

The awareness is the real You, the eternal witness from which the theater is cast.

* * * *

Why disrupt another's dream beyond repair merely to gratify You own selfish ends?

* * * *

Delusion is strong is this one, Obi-Wan

* * * *

Every life form is sovereign within the sensory kingdom of its given nature-nurture.

* * * *

You cannot bring flowers to oblivion.

* * * *

What is done cannot be undone; what is undone cannot be re-done.

* * * *

Remold the mind into You.

* * * *

Such a dreamer You are.

* * * *

Drift with the river within.

* * * *

You are the stillness before time; let it be.

* * * *

What more does there ever need be than just enough?

* * * *

Love thy Self, discern the equilibrium between mind and heart.

* * * *

No need to continue being complicit, in a game that no longer interests You.

* * * *

You know everything in your version of the dreaming.

* * * *

It has all been said and done by You: Creator-Preserver-Destroyer of all things.

* * * *

Why would You need to subscribe to any belief, follow any idol, comply with any dogma,
Once You clearly realize, You are the indivisibility, from which all dreamtimes emerge?

* * * *

Who is time, what is time, where is time, when is time, why is time, how is time,
But a temporal, kaleidoscoping reverie, sprung of the imagining mind?
And who-what-where-when-why-how can ever be its master?

* * * *

Ye are what ye are, deal with it.

* * * *

Stand alone.

* * * *

Every instant brilliantly anew.

* * * *

Do your really care, or is it just a political act, a pose?

* * * *

To wander through any arena across time,
Is the prerogative of those who would discern,
The absoluteness of the eternal without and within.

* * * *

No need to force, what every moment, effortlessly appears.

* * * *

You never know who You will meet on any given day-to-day,
And You never know what they will offer You, or You, them.

* * * *

Exercise the big mind as inclination and capacity allow.

* * * *

To witness with all your beingness,
That moment where the space-time continuum meets the illusory road,
Is mind-altering and transcendent.

* * * *

Self passes on that which Self needs not be.

* * * *

Every moment, another bit of wake.

* * * *

What is the true gourmet, but the one who can appreciate, the allness of reality.

* * * *

Die to all concerns.

* * * *

Insight trumps the inanity inspired by the unholy belief-faith-hope trinity, any day.

* * * *

English, the most universal language,
This pale blue dot has thus far concocted.
A linguistic mutt for all time, indeed, indeed.

* * * *

The indivisible must be individually perceived.

* * * *

Total Self agape,
In the most unfathomable way,
Is the sovereign freedom some call eternal bliss.

* * * *

Existence is at times far, far, far more bother than it is worth.

* * * *

The ever-chattering mind is worth ignoring,
If You can muster undivided attention,
To the lucidity of pure awareness.

* * * *

Whenever You try to return to something, already well behind in the wake,
You often rediscover relatively quickly, why You moved on in the first place.

* * * *

If You cannot see the truth of your Self, get out more, and clean your glasses.

* * * *

Betrayal from so many corners,
So many unexpected directions.
Neither a borrower nor lender be.

* * * *

The timeless You, is neither arrogant nor humble,
Weak nor strong, wrong nor right, bad nor good, hard nor soft,
Nor any other dualistic fabrication, cast by imagination's myriad differences.

* * * *

Why would You be at all tentative about enjoying,
The immaculate awareness of your Self?
You do deserve it, You know.

* * * *

The refraction of every kaleidoscoping now is its own moment in the dreamtime matrix.

* * * *

Think below the waterline, above the clouds.

* * * *

All seeds are born and live and die, unborn all the while.

* * * *

Please, not another waltzing dog and pony show.

* * * *

Samsara can be enjoyable, until it is not.

* * * *

So terribly, wonderfully alone, You are.

* * * *

It may seem egomaniacal to assert I Am That I Am,
But it is, in the ultimate sense, far more so, to deny it.

* * * *

Why feel remorse, why feel regret, why feel guilt, over anything,
That contributed to the realization, allowing this point of awareness?

* * * *

Nothing Honey, Watermelon Sugar, Frosted Flakes, Water Like Chocolate.

* * * *

Temet Nosce … Know thy Self.

* * * *

If You are truly awake, then even that which kills you,
Is a clear and present thespian of the same indivisibility.

* * * *

How wearing to daily suffer so intensely, so unnecessarily.

* * * *

How can there be even a footprint along the path that never was?

* * * *

You must enjoy your suffering to so dread total freedom.

* * * *

No thought of future, no thought of past, what, pray tell, sort of mind is that?

* * * *

Spare the rod, spoil the child. spare the Xbox, spoil a consumer.

* * * *

In awareness, You bloom into Self.

* * * *

You are That I Am, and That I Am is You.
There is no other, never was, will never be.

* * * *

No harm in that.

* * * *

So much for that idea.

* * * *

None of it really means anything.

* * * *

Through fire, the blade gains immortality.

* * * *

You are not perfect in what You say or do, but in what You immutably are.

* * * *

You are not of the conscious design, merely witness to its play.

* * * *

What does it mean, eternity begins when You die?

* * * *

What is freedom to You, a concept, or a fact?

* * * *

Shields of bullshit.

* * * *

Think jacuzzi bubbles.

* * * *

Thoughts are merely habits, patterns, babbling away.

* * * *

Open eyes are so easily enticed into the endless delusions of illusion.

* * * *

What pride need there be when You are the source of all things small to great?

* * * *

Live and learn, die anyway.

* * * *

Knowledge has its limits, that which is prior, none.

* * * *

Never say forever.

* * * *

Are your eyes that closed?

* * * *

You know all … in your dream.

* * * *

Amazing that anyone would take anything for granted.

* * * *

Every life dies, but the essence that is never born, can never die.

* * * *

The unbounded is discerned through limitation awakened.

* * * *

How inflated the mind mesmerized by the senses.

* * * *

Who is there to please, really, but your Self?

* * * *

If You want nothing, what is there to fear?

* * * *

You are innocent of all charges.

* * * *

Hear ye! Hear ye! Much ado about nothing done yet again this fine today.

* * * *

Look out those eyes, forget everything, and witness the mystery dreaming unknown.

* * * *

This too shall pass, as all things do, in the streaming dreaming of consciousness.

CCLXXXVIII

Sure, sure, sure … yes, yes, yes … I know, I know, I know …
It is just a sandbox for awareness to play its Self out,
But, damnation, it is not easy to watch,
Such an astounding world,
Get destroyed before your very eyes.

* * * *

Without inner reflection, vanity knows no bounds.

* * * *

It is from the essential vitality of awareness,
That all things come into being.
Consciousness,
Is merely a megaphone.

* * * *

Hope, such a lie.

* * * *

This grand theater launched,
In a now, so long ago,
As to be this same moment,
And will be at its dissolution, as well.

* * * *

Within and without the emptiness of awareness,
The winds of imagination's movement,
Journey whatever dimension,
Imagination yearns.

* * * *

Desire and fear and dread will not fall away,
Until complete and utter attention is given to the movement,
From which all make-believe arises into being.

* * * *

You are witness to the quantum theater, mortal in dreamtime only.

* * * *

Why believe in God, when You can realize and know You are that which is God?

* * * *

All the innumerable things to which You so passionately cling
– Culture, language, sexuality, creed, fame, fortune, power –
They are all imagined, their reality but a figment of mind.

* * * *

Trying to convince your Self once again, are we?

* * * *

What a heavy price so many life forms from small to great,
Have paid to abide human presence in this quantum theater.

* * * *

If You live fully engaged in the moment, death's shadow is of little consequence.

* * * *

What more wondrous a garden world,
Could possibly have been created,
And what have we done with it?

* * * *

The journey is the destination.

* * * *

An experiment whose course is set, and the outcome already digested.

* * * *

What a constant distraction the mind-body can be, with all its ecstasies and agonies..
Not easy to detach, when the senses, like sirens, beckon You toward the rocky shoals.

* * * *

Conscious is born of the insecurity of the mind in time.

* * * *

Awareness, cleaved only by the imaginary pretenses of consciousness.

* * * *

Another "Duh!" moment streams by, unnoticed among so many others.

* * * *

More than a little ironic, more than a little paradoxical, more than a little amusing,
To be considered mad, to be consider odd, in an insane asylum.
Something of a badge of honor, so to speak.

* * * *

No matter the appearance, no matter the dimension, no matter anything,
There is no place You can ever be, but right here, right now,
So best deal with it as clearly and completely,
As the given dream allows.

* * * *

Those who condemn others to hell are likely already in it.

* * * *

Another day of gravity slowly pulling the dreamer,
Back into Mother Nature's impartial embrace.

* * * *

How can a true mystery ever be solved?

* * * *

Within every now, eternity.

* * * *

So infinite as to be absolutely nothing.

* * * *

If You are not streaming, You are dreaming.

* * * *

Debating a meme is about as meaningful as going at it with a graffiti-covered wall.

* * * *

The future will not know what it has missed, but it will likely miss what it does not know.

* * * *

Seek ye a pathway to heaven?
Well, seek it here now, my fine friend,
For it does not abide in some future there then.

* * * *

It is always tough being on the wrong end of a Ponzi scheme.

* * * *

That You fathom it to your satisfaction is more than enough.

* * * *

Awareness is eternity, the first and last freedom.

* * * *

From ambition springs every sort of mischief.

* * * *

God created You, and then You created him.
Or her … or it … or whatever.
It is all made up,
So why could it possibly matter?

* * * *

Sometimes You have got to dig through a lot of muck to find the diamond.

* * * *

Cynics are made, not born.

* * * *

Be as free as You will be,
After that last wheezing breath,
The moment before You were born.

* * * *

Gravity entices us to expand into imagination.

* * * *

It is absorbing to imbibe every play of thought.
Just try to remember their reality is but a figment.

* * * *

Organized religion is the imaginary offspring of minds inspired by dread of the unknown.
Embrace the unknowable, and the trepidation dissolves, into the nothingness it ever was.

* * * *

Much easier to superficially idolize a form or concept,
Than it is to figure out what it truly symbolizes within.

* * * *

All these two-leggeds, so attached,
To their dumbphones and myriad other devices.
So connected in every conceivable way, yet so afraid to be alone,
Even walking out the grocery store, back to their car.

* * * *

So full of everything, as to be completely empty.

* * * *

The capacity some have for over-the-top delusion,
Is both an arduous and fascinating thing to witness.

* * * *

Improvise .. Adapt … Overcome … or whine and moan and whimper forever more.

* * * *

If You enjoy greed and hate and pathos, have we got a world for You.

* * * *

To be open to all possibilities, and bound by none,
That is surely as much God, as any God could hope to be.

* * * *

Where there is smoke, there is illusion.

* * * *

Of course, it is all an act.
The vast cosmos in your head,
Is the only theater You will ever know.

* * * *

Geographic assumptions do not for truth make.

* * * *

Truth is for those who have run out of personal agenda.

* * * *

Everything hinges upon your attachment to the theater playing out all about You.

* * * *

Before You call someone else crazy or twisted or strange,
Maybe You should take a little closer look in the mirror.

* * * *

You will have to let go of everything sooner or later.
May as well start practicing in the right here, right now.

* * * *

Not easy to pay full attention every moment.
The mind is, indeed, a wayward wanderer.

* * * *

What does the inside of that mask look like, Lone Ranger?

* * * *

Amazing how many ways, any given body has in its repertoire, to both please and torture.

* * * *

Nothing has never really happened.

* * * *

No one can free You, but You.

* * * *

No news would be the good news.

* * * *

Any bickering over this mystery is absurd.
What is there really to squabble about,
Over the one and only truth for all?
It is a blind man and the elephant thing.

* * * *

To use the eloquent strength of rhetoric,
Merely to win arguments, and not pursue truth,
Is akin to being advocate for a blood-splattered client.

* * * *

Stuff the mind and body as much as You please, You will never fill the void.

* * * *

Like a saucepan of water over a flame, everything boils down to nothing.

* * * *

Immortality is within every moment's streaming.

* * * *

Doubt is the blade of discrimination, that will slice and dice, until the gold is struck.

* * * *

Are You not weary of all the petty visions of God, inspired by small-mindedness?

* * * *

Nothing has ever been the same.

* * * *

And why would it matter even one iota, one jot,
That another's dreamtime does not fathom its Self?
Relatively few hear the call, much less act on it.

* * * *

Are You really any more than awareness, dreaming a three-dimensional mirage?

* * * *

We all start out the given blueprint,
In the geographical assumption,
In which the seed took root.
Some stay put, others move on,
But the foundation remains the same.

* * * *

The body and breath stream in reality; the mind snap-crackle-pops in time.

* * * *

Surrender to the aloneness that is the true nature.
It is the still awareness, the eternal life, You truly are.

* * * *

If You had just sixty seconds to live, what would You do with it?

* * * *

A conditioned life, is connecting the dots, as the given nature-nurture ordains.

* * * *

Put behind You, anyone who attempts to stand in the way,
Or charge a middleman's fee, for You to be, the You,
You truly are, have ever been, and will ever be.
Standing alone is a freedom, relatively few realize.

* * * *

Anonymity within and without is the greatest freedom.

* * * *

Clinging to some fantasy will not make it at all real.

* * * *

Another day of quantum dreaming underway.

* * * *

Curious how the blasphemers, are so often the first to accuse others of blaspheme.

* * * *

Stilling the mind, being only awareness, every moment, is the challenge for all.

* * * *

The true scientist does not tolerate lies, nor blink at truth.

* * * *

Less the greatest story ever told, than just another story ever told.

* * * *

The talking heads will ever chatter their heads off.
The only issue is whether or not You keep listening.

* * * *

What direction can there be, to that which is unknowable?

* * * *

Everything happens as slow as fast is, and as fast as slow is.

* * * *

Political correctness, a disease of monkey-mindedness.

* * * *

Even the most deplorable demons ever known,
Were once laughing, wailing newborns.
What happened that innocence,

Became so contorted,
So twisted,
As to be called evil?

* * * *

All beginnings are all endings, and befores, in-betweens, and afters, too.

* * * *

No one is really the who-what-where-when-why-how,
They in dreamtime imagine themselves to be.
All are that which is unborn-undying.
The mystery, absolute supreme.
There are no exceptions,
Not even You.

* * * *

Those were the daze.

* * * *

Is God alive … Is God dead … Or is there even a God at all?
Look closely within, and You will discern it all,
A reflection of the ocean-in-the-drop,
That You are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Everyone is a critic.
Much simpler than listening.
Much easier than striving to understand.
Much easier than gracefully allowing, that all others,
Are really in no way different than You.

* * * *

Is the mind really any more than a set of patterns,
To which each of us, in our own way, subscribes?

* * * *

Imagination is enticing, oftentimes demanding, but is it real, or merely neural imagery?

* * * *

Is the rope a snake? Or the snake a rope? Perception is all, and nothing.

* * * *

The body is a temporal vessel,
For the mystery to witness its mystery.
Enlightenment is discerning it.
Liberation, living it.

* * * *

It is, indeed, divine madness.

* * * *

You want to be your angel? Well, look within, Pilgrim.

* * * *

No one to save, only to wake up.

* * * *

And when all plays are done, You will still be You.

* * * *

Do You clearly see, the imaginary game, You daily play?

* * * *

Memes, You are surrounded by memes.

* * * *

The remedy to self-destruction is Self-intelligence.

* * * *

What can any dream possibly offer to the real You?

* * * *

Unborn, undying, this eternal mind born of time.

* * * *

Absolute freedom is the only given.

* * * *

Guard against it being about You.

* * * *

Pretty matter of fact, really.

* * * *

To want nothing is to want for nothing.

* * * *

It is the freedom of those who require nothing.

* * * *

By whatever sword one carries, each perishes alone.

* * * *

Peer back to what You were,
Before the conditioning took root,
And molded You into eternal dreamtime.

* * * *

Awareness.
What could be more simple?
It is not your awareness, nor my awareness.
Just awareness … pure, simple, free.

* * * *

We are all the sons and daughters of man and woman.
We are all the sons and daughters of irony and paradox.

CCLXXXIX

The source, the fountain of awareness,
Is without bounds, without passion, inscrutably eternal,
From its quantum ground, to beyond the farthest shores of all creation.

* * * *

Here You are once again.
The dreamy mystery is yours alone,
To witness seemingly every way imaginable.
How it all came to pass, how it all unfolds every moment,
None can ever more than cogitate within the confines of speculation.

* * * *

To die to each and every moment with unbounded detachment,
Is the ineffable transparency to which eternity musters all,
Who would dwell free in their brief window of time.

* * * *

This fleeting moment is all You really have.
Are You giving it your absolute attention?

* * * *

How vulnerable a flower must be to open itself up to the sun,
And not dread being trampled by some nonchalant wanderer.

* * * *

How long can the garden orb that we call home,
Sustain the scale of vain self-absorption,
We have wrought upon its creation?
Where abides the edge of the petri dish,
Towards which we so blindly, absurdly sprint?

* * * *

This moment, this now, is the gap in the play of imagination,
The spark that creates space-time's dreamy Théâtre Absurde.
Its spaceless, timeless Self, ever the absoluteness of eternity.

* * * *

The absolute fearlessness of pure awareness,
Is the only remedy to the delusion of suffering.

* * * *

Despite all the vain, meaningless assumptions and assertions,
None of it is happening at the level of reality that is indivisible.

* * * *

Any history is only as enduring as those who choose to remember it.

* * * *

To be alive, to exist, what does that mean, anyway?

* * * *

Every eternal moment, the mind and senses,
Seamlessly weave their cosmos,
For the Soul to see.

* * * *

Discern the facelessness behind every mask,
And You will know the answers to all questions,
Are nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Nothing is yours for the seeing.

* * * *

You are Soul.
Forget everything else.

* * * *

Unwrap your head around it.

* * * *

Such profound awareness all life shares.

* * * *

Nothing really belongs to anyone.
Even that which You consider, your mind, your body, your spirit,
Is nothing more than a kaleidoscoping mirage.

* * * *

When thoughts cease, when consciousness stills,
Time dissolves into the awareness of eternal life.

* * * *

Some things must age a bit before they are appreciated.

* * * *

You can be free in Eden, ravaged as she is by the cancer engulfing her crusty face.

* * * *

Even a grain of sand or particle of dust, are kin in the grand indivisibility.

* * * *

From the infinite well of nothingness, everything springs.

* * * *

True madness knows no boundaries.
A frame of reference beyond comparison.

* * * *

Delusion and insanity and absurdity,
Lend their twisted, maniacal, cruel weight,
To creed and dogma and idolatry.

* * * *

No delusion can usurp the truth, in any way ultimately meaningful.

* * * *

Nothing happened again today.

* * * *

The immeasurable cosmos was created,
When You first became aware of it as a child,
And has been expanding in your imagination ever since.

* * * *

As pointless as pointlessness can be.

* * * *

Nothing that has ever happened, nothing that will ever happen,
Matters as much as the spaceless-timeless awareness, the eternal Self,
That is serenely witnessing the dreametime, right here, right now.

* * * *

Think how much more You might have done,
Had You had the courage to disregard the fear,
And the craving from which it was wrought.

* * * *

Pin a word, a label on your Self that sticks, if You can.

* * * *

Even the foulest, most unattractive life form imaginable, is part of the mystery.

* * * *

How many ways can the same things over and over be said?

* * * *

You are a part of the intelligence designing.

* * * *

What can ever be done about all the followers,

Who follow leaders, who only lead them astray?

* * * *

Not all delusions are created equal.

* * * *

Curious how that which seems obvious is so seldom obvious to all.

* * * *

Live to die?
Or die to live?

* * * *

A dream is a dream, no matter how good it feels, or how much it hurts.

* * * *

What an ordeal it is not to covet so many things,
In a dream, in which everything is yours,
And nothing, yours, all the while.

* * * *

Memories, perceptions, impressions,
What are they, really, but ephemeral notions,
Of imagination's dreamtime creation?

* * * *

In every moment, You must figuratively die,
To discern the indivisible matrix, for what it truly is.
To be what You truly are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

We all build sandcastles of one form or another,
But none stand long against the ceaseless waves,
Crashing, crashing, crashing, upon every shore.

* * * *

The eternal clock has neither face nor hands.

* * * *

What enticing fare, the swoon of creativity.

* * * *

If You do not abide well your own pain, why would You inflict it upon another?

* * * *

Your are the hub of the wheel, the emptiness of the urn,
The pivot about which your synchronistic universe spins.

* * * *

Cannot find the time, sorry.

* * * *

So, there are rules in a knife fight?

* * * *

Enjoy what childhood You can,
For it surely ends one way or another,
And You must spend adulthood paying for it.

* * * *

The great void awaits your presence within.

* * * *

Some learn about pain and suffering and death,
Long before they ever do anything about life.

* * * *

Pay no heed to any who would deter You from a greater vision.

* * * *

Worms do not care what they consume, any more than flames do.

* * * *

Why continue pretending, You are what You are not, have never been, and will never be.

* * * *

In every venue, more and more,
Puffy renditions of gluttony and sloth,
The hallmarks of way too much, way too often.
Great success becomes great excess,
When there is no longer need,
To chase the chicken.

* * * *

How unobstructed the aloneness.

* * * *

Analog matrix.

* * * *

Avatars across the board,
In a world that seems likely to cease,
Before the masses wake up.
Oh well, so it goes,
Who is it who cares, really?

* * * *

How is it even remotely conceivable,
That anyone ever came up with the notion,
They were separate from the source?

* * * *

Obviously, the raison d'être for his brief existence, was to aid and abet the livelihoods,
Of t-shirt sellers, coffee mug makers, and other itinerate hawkers in the village square.

* * * *

How can that which never existed ever be reborn?

* * * *

Heaven and hell and karma and other deceptions,
Are for undiscerning believers and followers and beginners,
In the long and winding trudge to the Great Nada.

* * * *

Any aphorism is the distillation of one much ado or another.

* * * *

Look at the indelible mystery kaleidoscoping about You.
How is it You are not every moment absolutely absorbed,
In the complete and utter tranquility of ineffable wonder?

* * * *

If it has not come from the mouth of an innocent,
Then it may well not be true, much less meaningful.

* * * *

A footprint is only a footprint for such a short time.

* * * *

Only the theater of consciousness,
Is drawn to the many passions of its own creation.
The awareness, that witnesses it all possible, is absolutely indifferent.

* * * *

What is this insatiable draw,
To explore the underlying form?
Why You? Why not You?

* * * *

What is to know, really?

* * * *

It is all just monkey business.

* * * *

Why emulate any other?
We are all original wellsprings,
Of the given device and circumstance.

* * * *

About nothing, there has been made much ado.

* * * *

So many things about which to be curious … Yawn.

* * * *

When that last breath wheezes out, what will ever matter again?

* * * *

What are the perceptions we recall, but the underlying notions of vanity?

* * * *

Hatred is the most divisive passion, agape the most unifying,
Yet either is just a continuing play of consciousness,
Ever evaporating each and every moment.
The absolute is prior to all dualistic conception.

* * * *

It is really just imagination You love or hate or desire or fear.

* * * *

Small frames of reference generally seem to make for narrow points of view.

* * * *

No one likes being disrespected,
Or disrupted or dismissed or disallowed.
Respect tends to earn respect.

* * * *

The quantum is the holy grail,
The fountain of youth, the city of gold,
Sought by all who hear the call of its siren song.

* * * *

So many techniques and schemes,
Have been devised to both awaken and control You.
Meditation, breathing, stretches, riddles, rituals, prayers, archetypes,
Postures, concepts, paradigms, sounds, writings, artwork,
Laws, dogmas, organizations, edifices, symbols,
Idols, only mystery knows what else.
Each the way of its day.

* * * *

So many with so much ingratitude, for that which they feel so entitled.

* * * *

You are existential awareness at the core, nothing more.

* * * *

Just killing time until it does the same to You.

* * * *

What You do not know may not hurt You now,
But at least it will not bother You until then.

* * * *

Another day of mortal bother underway.

* * * *

Injuries are such frozen moments.

* * * *

Yeesch, another hope addict; how do they manage that?

* * * *

Too much and more.

* * * *

Choice, what was that, anyway?

* * * *

Just playing along for the time-being.

* * * *

Every moment ripples in consciousness.

* * * *

Time passes the same, however it is spent.

* * * *

There is a sort of peace in finally meeting your executioner.

* * * *

You really need not explain or justify anything to anyone.

* * * *

Curious how insatiable so many are in their need to be noticed by others.

* * * *

Eyes that cannot be tempted, such a rare commodity.

* * * *

You are the spawn of irony and paradox.

* * * *

We are all going to die soon or later,
And if it is sooner than later,
Oh well, so it goes.

* * * *

The harvest of war is thistles.

* * * *

In regards to truth, beauty is nothing more than yet another distraction.

* * * *

Predators, parasites, vampires, leeches, vermin – pillage others,
Because they are unable, unwilling, to discern within,
The absolute supreme prior to all notions.

* * * *

In stillness, what can touch You?

* * * *

Far too mad to lead anyone anywhere, but the right here, right now, within all small to great.

* * * *

Know thy Self, and what any other thinks of You means nothing.

* * * *

What do You remember, but the remnants of a touchy-feely three-dimensional dream?

* * * *

Prior to romantic notions of love and beauty, nothing.

* * * *

Be totally vulnerable, totally anonymous, totally true, to the one and only Self within.

* * * *

You are herein bid to wake up, all You sweet spirits and dark villains.

* * * *

How free dare You be?

* * * *

Oh well, indeed.

* * * *

A very detached vision.

* * * *

It really does not matter one iota,
What anyone has ever thought of You,
You who have always been alone unto thy Self.

* * * *

You may not choose to manifest it,
But somewhere in the whorl of your DNA,
All monkey-mind potentials, patiently await their time.

* * * *

Regarding those who battle against abortion, the so-called pro-lifers,
What is the point of making such a big show of how much You value life,
If You support war, or do not care for the children once they are born?

CCXC

If You had never been born, where would You be, where would You not be?
And how could this dreamtime we call living, really be in any way different?

* * * *

Another moment, of the most glaringly obvious, remains unseen.

* * * *

Is there truly higher or lower consciousness,
Or is it all just consciousness, a dream just the same,
With distinctions only in the minds of the many,
Who believe it more than it can ever be.

* * * *

So much pettiness and unnecessary drama,
Playing out in each and every one of us.
Not easy to endurre the inner monkey.

* * * *

All the voices of this busy-busy world are in your head.
Some just are not that interesting to listen to anymore.

* * * *

Can there ever really be any reconciliation between greed and sloth?

* * * *

Never trust a middleman to have your best interest in mind.

* * * *

Some things need time to brew in the steeping pot of consciousness.

* * * *

All the free spirits, trying so hard to be free.

* * * *

There is just so much crap in all our heads.

* * * *

In the world and of it, in the world and not of it.
A schizophrenia of the so-called spiritual kind.

* * * *

We may glory in our imagination, but that is still all it is.
A temporary little hullabaloo of energy, pretending itself real.

* * * *

Jesus is a phantom, two thousand years-plus dead.
The rest is naught but self-serving propaganda and wishful thinking,
All meaningless, unless You comprehend what he was hopefully saying, included You.

* * * *

Nothing can touch You, nothing can harm You,
But that You lower the drawbridge of your mind.

* * * *

How clearly You see Self,
Depends how deep You can dive,
How far You can step back.
The heart of awareness,
Is a very still place.

* * * *

Aging is about trying to hold it together as best You can, while You are falling apart.

* * * *

What is the rush about growing up?
You will be wrinkled, weak, deaf, toothless, bald, arthritic,
And all but invisible before You know it,
If You live so long, that is.

* * * *

Between here and there,
Despite the best of memory's intentions,
The mind can be so quickly borne to some far distant shore.

* * * *

What is there to say, when too much still is not enough?

* * * *

How would your version of the universe exist,
Without You, to every moment generate it,
Without You, to every moment witness it?
Does it care or not, does it laugh or weep,
That it will someday dissipate when You do?

* * * *

Even if there is a personal deity, it is merely a different facade of what You already are.

* * * *

Prior to all movement, You are.

* * * *

You will not find God in a box, or a boxed-in mind.

* * * *

How can there be a savior, when there is nothing to save?

* * * *

Woke up again this morning; another day in the dream underway.

* * * *

Innocence.
What was that like, anyway?
Did You experience it long enough to find it again?

* * * *

Buddha, Christ, Lao Tzu, Mohammed, and all the many others,
Just dreamers in the same quantum matrix as You.
Nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Jesus, and the cross onto which he has far too many times been dangled,
Should have long ago been consigned to the "Dustbin of History" column.

* * * *

If You love somebody, enjoy them; if You like somebody, appreciate them.
If You do not like someone, ignore them; be and allow, are the highest law.
No need to wound or slay those whose dreamtimes do not validate your vanity.
Never a bad thing, to work on transcending that inner monkey, whenever possible.

* * * *

Be ye human being, or human becoming?

* * * *

The futility and despair of loneliness,
Are why churches, malls, bars, coffee shops,
And so many other tree branches, are every day so full.
The serenity of solitude is hard won.

* * * *

Same rut, different day.

* * * *

Every addiction has a piper to pay.

* * * *

Easy to be smug and complacent,
When You have studied nothing else.
Few are granted the propensity for doubt.
Fewer still take it to its resolute end.

* * * *

Life will persevere, life will withstand,
One moment at a time, one existence at a time,
For as long as the electromagnetic spectrum allows it.

* * * *

The oblivion, the obscurity, the nothingness, of eternal awareness,
Cloaked in the reflective swirl and twirl of imagination,
Is naught but a three-dimensional dream,
Playing its Self, real.

* * * *

Speculation is not knowledge, and knowledge is not immeasurable.

* * * *

Nothing is the most logically irrational conclusion imaginable.

* * * *

Probably better to worry less about loving our neighbors,
Than simply resisting the daily temptation,
To slit each other's throats,
For leaves falling into each other's yards.

* * * *

The potholes daily grow broader and deeper and harsher.
Much easier to create and destroy, than it is to preserve.

* * * *

Another cotton candy moment.

* * * *

Neither accept nor reject.

* * * *

Ugly just got uglier.

* * * *

The true church is without walls.

* * * *

You can tell a wound is healed, when You stop looking for the pain.

* * * *

Regarding the mystery beyond measure,
Regarding the mystery prior to consciousness,
Nobody truly knows anything; and nobody ever will.
And anybody who lays claim otherwise,
Is talking through their hat.

* * * *

Desire fosters fear, and passion reaps instability.
The path to a balanced existence, to a serene state of mind,
Is keeping things as guileless, as straightforward, as whole as possible.
A satisfying, nourishing excursion, seasoned with an ample helping of detachment.

* * * *

We must all play our little parts, our little dreams,
However our capacities and limitations and interests intertwine.
No point in sweating over anything, over everything,
To whatever degree it can be managed.

* * * *

True science is about truth, not the influence of funding.

* * * *

And suddenly, without warning, without pretense,
Another streaming moment came and went,
Before mind could slather it known.

* * * *

The foolishness of vanity compounding daily.
A scratchy record that cannot play forever

* * * *

Monkeys all, and airs to boot.

* * * *

Another day in the dream.

* * * *

We are all such meager fates, in but one crashing wave of all creation.

* * * *

The bands and cheerleaders,
Scurry about, and make much ado,
But it is the warriors who conquer the field.

* * * *

Desire, fear, and all the passions they invoke, require the winds of imagination to set sail.

* * * *

Idolatry of form and concept, permeate the vanities.

* * * *

Enough is enough.
Growing up is surely an option.
Giving up these childish things would no doubt,

Make more people much happier, and perchance even content.

* * * *

Is not existence enough of a mystery, enough of a gift,
Without wanting an endless array of circuses and magic shows, too?
And where does all that distraction leave You, really,
But still hungry for more, more, more.

* * * *

The only things untouched or untrammeled or left unknown,
Are those rare few things our kind has not discerned, has not fathomed,
A need or want, a desire, to use and abuse and consume … yet.

* * * *

From beginning to end, the body is really nothing more,
Than a labyrinth of interwoven sensations,
With which You may identify,
Or not.

* * * *

Truth is so matter of fact, that the only real curiosity,
Is why so many, have such difficulty discerning it.

* * * *

As long as it may seem at the time,
The body, the world, the universe,
Is but a relatively brief distraction.

* * * *

What course might history have wandered, had wisdom instead of greed, taken lead?

* * * *

The true believer is the scourge of a higher caliber of civilization.

* * * *

A seamless dream, that only consciousness questions or splinters or finds flaw.

* * * *

We are born, we die.
We are not born, we do not die.
Oblivion is really very much the same as existence,
But without a body, in which to be so vainly attached, to this and that.

* * * *

And where is the drop's reflection, when it merges back into the sea?

* * * *

Space and time are eternity coated with consequences.

* * * *

A new seed, a new container, a new dream.
Same awareness, same momentary You.
Another existence to briefly play out,
In whatever way the fates allow.
You are all things small to great,
And all things small to great are You.

* * * *

Pride-filled animals, but animals, nonetheless, despite any and all claims to the contrary.

* * * *

Doubt until the doubting's done.

* * * *

Remembering to forget, forgetting to remember.

* * * *

Just another of the seemingly countless things,
You seem to have to go through to see through.

* * * *

We are all dancing alone, chattering away to ourselves, all together on the same stage.

* * * *

The world we have created offers a never-ending feast,
For those given the capacity and courage to inhale deeply.
True, it likely does not leave much for the future past,
But You cannot miss what You cannot know.

* * * *

Whoever came up with the conviction they were unconnected to the fountainhead,
Was either a self-indulgent fool, or a born-again snake oil salesman,
Who spotted how easy it was to exploit the sheepless,
In vanity's climb to power, fame, fortune,
And other such worldly ends.

* * * *

Every moment in this quantum theater contains an infinity of potentials,
Of which your sensory mind only harvests portion enough,
To sustain the rendering of the vast universe,
You have in imagination created.

* * * *

Not much You can do about all the regrets, other than to forgive your Self, and move on.

* * * *

Everyone seems to have a price here; it is a game called “Name that Vanity.”

* * * *

All assumptions are assumptions, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Question authority.

* * * *

No time to win, no time to lose, no time, whatsoever.

* * * *

Learning never stops, wisdom rarely starts.

* * * *

Death is only a relatively few moments away.
Have You managed to let go of everything, yet?

* * * *

It is true that You never know what You have got until it is gone.
Never take good health and well-being for granted.
Youth is indeed wasted on the young.

* * * *

Over eight billion relatively hairless two-leggeds.
That is sure a lot of piss and shit and other bodily fluids,
Wandering to and fro, in the daily back and forth.

* * * *

Knowing truth, and being truth, now there is the rub.

* * * *

We all tend to define others by our own limitations.

* * * *

Beware anyone who wants to be your leader.

* * * *

Still playing the fallen angel, are we?

* * * *

It is only life, it is only death, no worries.

* * * *

What to care about, and what not to care about.
Questions of more than a few billion dreams.

* * * *

Any hell is of its own making, of its own design.
A set of narrowing, limiting choices,
Born of an imaginary field.

* * * *

Each of us wandering our own infinite cosmos,
Creating for others to discern what they choose.

* * * *

You really own nothing.
Neither your body, your mind, your things,
Nor even your existence.

* * * *

Feeling sorry for yourself all the time, is not one of the more satisfying strategies.

* * * *

The last real freedom You had, was the moment before the seeds of consciousness took root.

* * * *

The limitations of the mind and body,
Real as they seem at the time,
Are entirely imagined.

* * * *

The manifest world is but a temporal quantum dream,
Which all inhabit and play out as their nature-nurture calls.

* * * *

The ones who can play the fool, have the advantage on the road to Self-discovery.

* * * *

No matter how much You believe You know,
It is merely bits and pieces of a dream unknown.

* * * *

Eight going on nine going on ten-plus-plus-plus.
Way too many human beings on this poor Madre.

* * * *

Merge into the awareness of consciousness, and what duality can there possibly be?

* * * *

The senses and mind, will always deny You your birthright, if You allow it.

* * * *

What does not kill You today, may not always make You stronger.
Sometimes, it may just enjoy having You suffer,

For as long as possible.

* * * *

It can never be more than this given eternal moment,
So what is there to want, what is there to fear, really?

* * * *

What the one-percenters, and their high-rolling minions,
Seem to forget, or more likely, are not the least troubled about,
Is that their progeny will have to somehow bear alongside the masses,
In this garden world, we have all together, so adeptly and thoroughly mauled.

CCXCI

The larger picture of history's unfolding is not a pretty sight,
And daily more removed from any redemption,
Other than a sure road to collapse,
And dystopian ruin.

* * * *

Why do this, why do that?
Why not do this, why not do that?
Here You are, may as well give it your all-est all,
However time and inclination allow.

* * * *

Every day, each and every one of us,
Even the most incisively contemplative,
Awakens from the tranquility of oblivion,
To a new day of imaginary whatever.

* * * *

Yet another inspirational discourse that the crowd wildly cheers, and as quickly forget.

* * * *

Wisdom is the penance of fools.

* * * *

Once You are born,
You must live, You must die.
You really have no choice in the matter.

* * * *

Nuances within nuances within nuances.
How far will we take the mind-born reverie,
Before this dreamtime sends us our merry way?

* * * *

Idolatry is certainly an easier row to hoe than doubt.

* * * *

Not a good idea to entice people do things You are going to regret.

* * * *

Another day in the endless cesspit of wordplay.
The maze of the mind is just one snare,
One dead end after another.

* * * *

It is a statistical certitude, that for every height,
There is eventually an equal and opposite depth.

* * * *

Just because it is all one,
Does not mean it is not pathetic, even horrifying,
At least several times a day.

* * * *

Would that futility, were not so resilient.

* * * *

And who, really, has the enemy ever been, but ourselves?

* * * *

Pleasure and pain are only as instantaneous as the given neural network allows.

* * * *

Life's a bitch.
Still we cling.

* * * *

The one-percenters and their legions of minions have always reigned over the show.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.
Render unto Caesar the illusions that are Caesar's,
And unto awareness everything else.

* * * *

Do not You wonder if some of the two-leggeds in the public eye,
Ever step back, and mortify how absurd their little character really appears?
Demonstrating it, again and again and again, every 24/7/365, in one headline or another,
To all the rubberneckers, who, with either ovation or umbrage, goggle at every move.
Ye gods, the things we primates do, in the quest for power and fame and fortune.

* * * *

Aging is about the body's traversing changing levels of normal.
One of the many challenging realities about growing older,
Is letting go all that You were when You were young.

* * * *

Dogma uses that which it claims is truth, to propagandize its confining stance.
And truth that is abridged, truth that is usurped for false purpose, is not the truth.

* * * *

Oh, what the heck, no point slowing down now,
Let us just push the gas pedal down,
A little further, shall we?
The wall beckons.

* * * *

And though it all seems so real, if You had never been born,
Shoulda-coulda-woulda, any of this have ever happened?

* * * *

Such a game it is.
To play along with it,
Or not to play along with it,
That is the question.

* * * *

Man is less the measure of all things, than he is the measurer of all things.

* * * *

Challenging to be appreciative and grateful and content,
With the glass of water You have, however full or empty.

* * * *

The swift ascent of the human species in such overwhelming, consuming numbers,
Has been the blight, the ruin of Eden and all its creatures small to great.
How exhausting, to daily witness the unrelenting destruction,
Of what was once such a phenomenal garden.

* * * *

Civilization | ˌsivələˈzāSH(ə)n | noun
the stage of human social development and organization
that is considered most advanced.

Really?

* * * *

Cancer |ˈkansər| noun
The disease caused by an uncontrolled division
Of abnormal cells in a part of the body.

Hmmm.

* * * *

Parasite | ˈperəˌsīt | noun
An organism that lives in or on another organism (its host)
And benefits by deriving nutrients at the host's expense.

Hmmm.

* * * *

Beyond the point of no return.
Talk is cheap, and daily cheaper.

* * * *

There are worse fates.

* * * *

And what is life, and what is death, and need You ask anyone to tell You the difference?

* * * *

So futile and meaningless it is, to attempt describing anything.
Words, despite their most eloquent, even passionate, illustrations,
Must ever tumble short of expressing anything but lifeless memories.
Eternal life is in the momentary awareness of the ever-present now.

* * * *

How wearisome to be daily obligated to subscribing to the absurdity.
Of believing any of this interminable drama really, truly, ultimately matters.
Rest assured the cosmos takes absolutely no notice of the human stain.

* * * *

The palpable, hackneyed truth, that actions speak louder than words,
Applies to groups of every genus, as much as it does any given individual.

* * * *

What balderdash all concepts of God are compared to the real thing.
Almost as absurd, as comparing Pepsi with Coke, or any other soda.

* * * *

Were You even your most expansive, magnificent version of God,
You would still be ensnared by imagination's ultimate pointlessness.

* * * *

Science can measure everything it pleases,
But it can only writhe and miscarry, huff and puff,
When it comes to the Great Nada of awareness.
The ether in which all forms kaleidoscope.

* * * *

It is the same here-now as it is there-then, as it will ever be any other where-when.

* * * *

Around some unknown, unexpected corner,
This reverie's epoch must reach its inevitable end.
It will indeed be a happy-sad-so-it-goes-kind-of-moment,
And Tralfamadorians across the cosmos will applaud our parody.

* * * *

It is attachment to the myriad sensations that sustains the dream.

* * * *

The world is governed by those whose dualistic notions,
Make them the biggest, baddest haters, of all nature's bounty.
Perhaps the Great Trickster so detested his garden,
That he brought forth the human species,
To bring it to ruin and desolation,
In every way imaginable.

* * * *

How is it that so many accept and embrace,
Inaccurate, narrow, superstitious observations,
That have never at any time portrayed the mystery,
In which they in every moment wander?

* * * *

Perhaps You could try for once not telling us what You really think.

* * * *

Entire universes dissolve in still minds.

* * * *

Glory calls us all.
It is a monkey thing.

* * * *

Thinged out.

* * * *

Hard to pick just one word,
To accurately illustrate humankind,
When both vanity and greed, so equally apply.

* * * *

A big part of dying, is letting go of the living,
And a big part of living, is letting go of the dead.

* * * *

Myths and fables and parables and metaphors and analogies,
Speaking truth, bound to reason and wisdom,
Do like the willow bend.

* * * *

Oh, unknowable fate, will You be kind or cruel?

* * * *

The monkey-mind does not easily tolerate differences,
Outside the patterning, to which it has been habituated.

* * * *

What conclusion can there possibly be to a journey that has no beginning?

* * * *

The nosedive into madness, into absurdity, is not easy to witness,
But, alas, we cannot choose our time and place of origin.
We are the dice, rolling down the craps table.

* * * *

Time is short, and every moment shorter and shorter,
For all we players, in this wee bit of memory's passing.

* * * *

Happy endings, well, maybe in the Holly-Bollywoods.

* * * *

This has all really been,
Nothing more than a very large,
Nothing-set-in-stone experiment, of sorts.
You, Self, the first and last witness.

* * * *

Existence, such as it is, is in the unborn-undying awareness of the moment,
Not the boundless perceptions projected by imagination,
Into the inflated dreams of future past.

* * * *

Wake up, discern clearly, discern absolutely, discern indivisibly, without doubt,
That You do not really exist, as more than an imaginary whatever,
And then go punch in for another the day at the mill.

* * * *

Everybody is tripping along in one mind or another.

* * * *

One group's seemingly rational plan is to another an insidious conspiracy.

* * * *

Endure and enjoy as best ye may.

* * * *

God weighted with attributes,
God encased by limitations,
God delineated in any way,
Is not God.

* * * *

There are things that matter, and so many more that do not.

* * * *

Another moment absorbed in the neuron figment of memory, imagination's playground.

* * * *

Transcend the monkey-mind; become a citizen of the cosmos.

* * * *

A deep craving, a deep fear, a deep dread,
Founded at the instinctual level, permeates human consciousness.
It is the source of all turmoil, all misery, all conflict.

* * * *

"Please don't forget," God implored, though he/she/it knew they would, ever and ever and ever again.

* * * *

Neither serenity nor wisdom can be transplanted, from one heart, one mind, one spirit, to another.

* * * *

An endless enigma this quantum mystery every moment is.

* * * *

You are bound by anything only through your own volition.

* * * *

If You did not know any different, where would it get You?

* * * *

How ironic, how paradoxical, that the earnest encouragement of so many,
For others to raise themselves into goodness and wisdom and truth,
Is so often unheeded or forgotten or neglected or usurped.

* * * *

If You are waiting for permission to be free, it is going to be another long day.

* * * *

In the ever-present awareness, the unborn-undying now.

* * * *

The creator is the creation; the creation is the creator.

* * * *

Freedom is free.

* * * *

Neither follower nor leader be.

* * * *

The timeless stillness of awareness, eternity's default position.

* * * *

The mystery is a need-to-know thing,
And a true agnostic, perhaps the most honest of creatures,
Neither needs, nor pretends, to know anything.

* * * *

From angel to demon, we are all equally of the same mystery.
Only the delusions of self-serving vanity, delineate more or less.

* * * *

Although You may acquire plenty of smarts while acquiring it,
Any diploma, any institutionalized recognition, is really much more about,
Allowing You access, through the doors You seek entry, along the maze of your fate.

* * * *

You are naught but a wisp of willful imagination.

* * * *

Hear the call to greatness, and ignore it.

* * * *

Always pursue the greatest vision, and all attributes will slip into place.

* * * *

Why believe in anything; being the awareness is enough.

* * * *

Some are, most are not.

* * * *

Unshackle the monkey-mind, and it will flow its willy-nilly way.

* * * *

The dream will out, and the we who are me will witness it all.

* * * *

The greater the anger, the greater the illusion.

* * * *

Seers walk a singular path.

* * * *

The Way sets the ground rules of the manifest game, not You.

* * * *

A daydream of sorts, and nothing to show for it.

* * * *

What is there to do, really, but love thy Self.

* * * *

Why not?

* * * *

Equal indifference to all.

* * * *

The play of quantum ether.

* * * *

Pretty darned amazing, this seemingly endless mystery to which You are witness.

* * * *

Can You ever be truly happy with what any other offers?

* * * *

Merge into the awareness of consciousness, and what duality can there possibly be?

* * * *

Dread is the anxiety over the seemingly endless variety of pains inflicted by time.

* * * *

The relativity of all things is immeasurable.

* * * *

To see this. is the end of the world as You know it.

* * * *

The brass ring is yours if You dare to be free enough to seize it.

* * * *

Why stick around for bad theater with a wearing and predictable ending?

* * * *

The yoga of mind is the unraveling of the veil.

* * * *

The man behind the mask is dead: Long live the mask.

* * * *

Can You ever be truly happy with what the other offers?

* * * *

In the ultimate reality, how could there ever be any other dimension,

That would not, at the essential level, be the same matrix as this one?

* * * *

In the wake of all memories small to great,
The cosmos is every moment imagined anew.

* * * *

It, too, will come and go, as all dates and times do.

* * * *

There are workers, and there are owners.
Anyone can strive at anything,
But truly doing a tango in any given arena,
Is a quality of engagement, to which few merit entrée.

Babble.
Babble-babble.
Babble-babble-babble.
Babble-babble-babble-babble.
Babble-babble-babble-babble-babble.
Babble-babble-babble-babble-babble-babble.
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Babble-babble-babble-babble.
Babble-babble-babble.
Babble-babble.
Babble.

* * * *

Freedom is more than a word, and is free to all,
Who discern the essential nature,
And therein reside.

* * * *

Wandering on empty.

* * * *

Just pointing out the obvious.

* * * *

Freedom is a state, a quality of mind.
You can be in chains, tortured, locked forever away,
And be as free as the freest spirit ever born.

* * * *

Nature is the only deity there has ever been.
How humankind lost touch with that indelible truth,
Is a story well beyond any and all bounds of rational thinking.

* * * *

Agape is really only as meaningful as its manifestation in any given moment.

* * * *

What is there to complain about when You do not know any different?

* * * *

Truth is all-inclusive, no ifs, no ands, no buts about it.

* * * *

Who is the You that wonders about all this?

* * * *

Everyone works out a salvation,
That suits the capacities and limitations, the frame of reference,
Of their fleeting mortal wander.

* * * *

Within the corridors of memory, You could travel forever.

* * * *

We are all cavernous abysses,
That cannot be filled by anything,
No matter how grandiose the effort.

* * * *

It might have hurt if You had cared.

* * * *

Ignorance is a bliss of its own making.

* * * *

If You think God does not weep,
For what we have made of this Eden,
Then You neither feel nor fathom the rain.

* * * *

Another flawed character,
Expressing such an array of noble ideals,
That even they turn a blind eye to the unadorned day-to-day.

* * * *

It is all just recycled compost, the piss and shit of cockroaches and dinosaurs.

* * * *

You are hopefully too busy living, too busy being the allotted moment,
To bother about whether some vain and jealous, and otherwise malevolent deity,
Is going to judge You, punish You, for playing out your given nature-nurture inclinations,
In a relatively brief mortal existence in which You had absolutely no say.

* * * *

At some point in the discernment of Self, all doubt ceases.

* * * *

If You cannot build heaven in the right here, right now,
What makes You believe any divinity worth its salt
Is going to invite You to park yourself in his?

* * * *

And if nothing calls You, what then?

* * * *

A touchy-feely, 3D dream,
In which everything gives You nothing,
And nothing, everything.

* * * *

Is it a method to his madness, or a madness to his method?

* * * *

We may all be tools in each other's awakening,
But the universe looks likely to end
Before some figure it out.
So do not feel like
You have to stick around,
Unless some sort of absurdly futile,
Cross-bearing martyrdom is seducing your vanity
To a near-death experience on one lonely hilltop or another.

* * * *

Good, empathic, compassionate, kind, considerate, cheerful,
Composed, responsible, trustworthy, tranquil, graceful, content;
Likely attributes of a mind at rest, at peace, serenely fulfilled.

* * * *

It is all happening in a sort of topsy-turvy,
Inside-out, ass-backwards, convoluted,
Surround-sound, dipsy-doo-dah way.

* * * *

Whatever You do the first twenty or thirty years of life, You will pay for with the rest.

* * * *

It is far too great a mystery for the monkey-mind to decipher,
With any organized techniques, with any dogmatic assertions.
There is really only merging into the grace of its indivisibility.

* * * *

What is a life unmeasured?

* * * *

Speculations abound, none really any more true than any other.

* * * *

Your existence is permeated with both an innate craving for,
And an innate aversion of, the pleasures of the seven deadly sins
– Pride and envy and gluttony and lust and wrath and greed and sloth –
And the chronic suffering they inevitably foster in mind and body.

* * * *

Consciousness creates the notions of family, lovers, friends, acquaintances, strangers, adversaries.
Everything kaleidoscoping, everything forming and unforming, everything translating,
Into a cosmic tapestry, woven together by the dreaming of imagination.

* * * *

Whatever analogies, metaphors, parables,
Or concepts of any sort You or any other might employ,
Mind-born imagery is all they are, have ever been, or will ever be.
None have any actual reality beyond aftershocks,
Echoing down neuron pathways.

* * * *

Why would You ever need another to tell You that You are remarkable?
Why would You ever need another to tell You they valued You?
Why would You ever need another to tell You anything,
When what You really are requires no sanction.

* * * *

Education is about training the mind to move in many ways.
Meditation is about returning it to its innate serenity.
The quantum origin permeates all venues.

* * * *

The dream of time by any other name is the same.

* * * *

Awareness, call it what You will, is You.

* * * *

Despite your hedonistic, narcissistic,
Insatiable inclination for pleasure,
It is all rather painful, is it not?

* * * *

Whatever it may be called,
Five Elements or Periodic Table or Ether or Quantum,
It is all the same indivisible essence.

* * * *

A pathless mind leaves no footprint.

* * * *

Better some thoughts rattle about on paper.

* * * *

The cosmos is an adventure,
No matter which way You might turn.
The maze of existence goes on and on and on,
For as long as there is the breath in which to wander time.

* * * *

Compassion arises from empathy with all things small to great.

* * * *

The mind is a flower of nature, in its own little mortal, temporal sort of way.

* * * *

What do You mean You cannot have your cake and eat it, too?
You had your cake, and then You ate it.
What is the conundrum?

* * * *

Is there even such a thing as a waste of time?
How can something that does not exist,
Ever be spent badly or well?

* * * *

When were You born, when were You not?

* * * *

Not all candles seek to be lit.

* * * *

Joyful bother.

* * * *

Thought is only necessary to abide in fields of dreams.

* * * *

Exploring nothing is always new ground.

* * * *

Language is language, concepts echoing across the abyss, ground to all.

* * * *

What is this ephemeral emotion we call love, if not the eternal void of pure awareness?

* * * *

There is only one mystery, one truth, and we are all equally of it.

* * * *

The grace and serenity of eternity trumps all the speculations born of time.

* * * *

The mind of humankind is an indelible tool-maker,
And those tools in turn shape future minds,
In countless, unforeseeable ways.

* * * *

The ever-present tripwire, is taking everything,
And thus, your self-imagery,
All so seriously.
A glaringly subtle error, indeed.

* * * *

Die ten thousand deaths every moment.

* * * *

However it all began,
We all share the same origin.
All life is the posterity of the first seed.

* * * *

The oldest game in town.

* * * *

And there it is, once again, staring You right in the face, the blatantly notorious obvious.

* * * *

In every word, a degree of separation.

* * * *

There is a price to be paid for everything.

* * * *

It is incomplete, uncritical, undoubting thinking,
That has so many of our kind believing, asserting,
That we must play out this theater any particular way.

* * * *

Even if it is witnessed, it nonetheless remains a dream.

* * * *

It is relatively easy to be happy when You have nothing in mind.

* * * *

The history within any given mind is no more than a vague, arbitrary, temporal notion.

* * * *

The ending of desire is the key to freedom from the known.

* * * *

We are all living on borrowed time from the get-go.

* * * *

Imagination travels the space-time continuum,
Entirely oblivious to the indelible, indivisible, eternal moment,
Which gracefully allows it temporal right of way,
Ever untouched all the while.

* * * *

Death is like a balloon fizzling out of air,
A scoop of salt dissolving in water,
A river washing into the sea.
A candle flickering out,
What has changed … really?

* * * *

Eternity is like Teflon, nothing sticks.

* * * *

Monkey dust.

* * * *

If there is a supreme being,
Maybe when You die, it will finally show its face,
And You will discern it your own.

* * * *

Just as monkey as everyone else.

* * * *

Expand, stretch into the great stillness within.

* * * *

All over the map because there is a map to explore.

* * * *

If there is still psychological pain, then You likely have deeper to delve.

* * * *

And how would You feel if another treated You the same way?

* * * *

Always amusing how intelligent, well-educated folk,
Truly imagine they can persuade ignorance,
To become as savage as they are.

* * * *

The mind is a-whir.

* * * *

It all starts off as nothing,
Then gradually becomes something,
And then, for those who awaken,
Reposes into nothing again.

* * * *

How can You forget what You never knew?
Why remember what You think You do?

* * * *

If a spiritual vision does not include absolutely everything,
Then how can it really be anything more than another lie?

* * * *

We all put ourselves under so much pressure for whatever.

* * * *

Is monkey love really any more than narcissistic self-absorption?

* * * *

It does not get any more graceful,
Any more effortless, any more flexible,
Than the nothingness, the void, the oblivion,
Of the spaceless, timeless, eternal mind.

* * * *

As if all your caring really means anything.

* * * *

If You assume someone else knows more than You about this unknowable mystery,
Then You are likely destined to be tithing to one middleman or another,
Perhaps until your last wheezing, hacking, weary breath,
Less, of course, the nominal ten percent.

* * * *

What is this corporeal form but a satchel of memories,
Destined either to be licked by flames into ash,
Or consumed by one creature or another,

In the bowels of the dusty labyrinth.

* * * *

Try telling that to anyone who cannot listen.

* * * *

Some seem to feel compelled to proclaim themselves Buddha,
Because the original moniker no longer bears the sovereignty.

* * * *

To die, or not to die, that is the question.

* * * *

How expansive, expansive can be.

* * * *

What was it You projected in that, anyway?

* * * *

What fear it takes to not even be able to look.

* * * *

There is no other, never has been, never will be.

* * * *

Never mind.

* * * *

You are absolutely nothing in the most profound sense.

* * * *

How has all this come about, a mystery that has no answer.

* * * *

Be as an infant in the womb – serene, aware, unattached – with malice toward none.

* * * *

What consciousness hath set apart, let consciousness render whole again.

* * * *

Why bother holding on to all the memories of what has only ever been a dream?

* * * *

Every life form is a shard of the Truth, the Life, and the Way.

* * * *

Manifestation is the limitation of one form or another.

* * * *

Remember nothing. remember everything.

* * * *

Family are the people You love, friends the ones You like.
To have love and like, one in the same, can be rare, indeed.

* * * *

It starts as nothing, it journeys as nothing, it ends as nothing.
How can there ever be, either beginning or end,
In the vastness of the indivisible?

CCXCIII

We all abide the same aloneness, the same solitude, the same isolation,
From which many, if not most, seem to scurry, in every way imaginable.

* * * *

Hold the mind as still as a stone in your hand, and discern clearly the lotus of serenity.

* * * *

Awareness takes on all comers.
How can any stand, for even a moment,
Without the quantum ground, within and without?

* * * *

If it is, so what?
If it is not, so what?

* * * *

Nature does not play politics.
It can never be out-of-date or obsolete.
It has very set laws which can never be changed.
Those who discount its quantum order,
Do so at their own peril.

* * * *

Consciousness does not for reality make.

* * * *

For many if not most, dogma is far more alluring than the ultimate truth.
Attributes are more perceivable than the indivisibility,
Of that which the nothingness sustains.

* * * *

You cannot contain that which has no boundaries.

* * * *

What is there to prove or disprove when You are source of all?

* * * *

Who is master, and who is slave, and for how long?

* * * *

Some are born peasants, with the soul of a king.
Some are born kings, with the soul of a peasant.
So it goes.

* * * *

Take it or leave it, it does not really matter.
It is your show to do with whatever You will.

* * * *

Every niche has its patterning, a widget humming away in its own little context.

* * * *

Why run when You can mosey.

* * * *

Ignorance and foolishness are as born of the same source as knowledge and wisdom.

* * * *

Hope and faith are monkey-mind gorp.
Pointless from their inception.
Why believe anything?

* * * *

It is only limitations that define You.
The ultimate You is without attributes.

* * * *

The whole knowing thing is so overdone.

* * * *

The thin air of mountaintops and ivory towers,
No doubt adds to the intoxication of surreal vistas.

* * * *

Time to step up to a higher level of thinking, folks.
It is too late, but You never know, what it might lead to.

* * * *

Like a cat with a mouse, gravity toys with all until the dust settles.

* * * *

Muster as much kindness as You can bear.

* * * *

Counting down … tick … tick … tick …

* * * *

All memories, recent or otherwise, abide in the same imaginary wake.

* * * *

Seeds sprout, flowers wither.

* * * *

It is but a dream, attachment to which, only enhances the pain.

* * * *

Imitation is in the eye of the beholder.

* * * *

Universes are created and destroyed,
In less than the blink of an eye,
And in just one breath,
How many more?

* * * *

Forces set upon each other by arbitrary constraints.

* * * *

Pandering to the monkey-mind does not for solutions make.

* * * *

We all gaze into the faces of others, facelessly dreaming our own real.

* * * *

For anyone who runs out of agenda, what else is there to do,
But return to the inviolability of the beingness,
That which is mystery within.

* * * *

How many memories will it take for You to be content?

* * * *

The mind-body is engaging, until it is not.
The world is engaging, until it is not.
The universe is engaging,
Until it is not.

* * * *

Now is a challenging place for the busy mind to hang.

* * * *

You cannot save a dream.

* * * *

Time, that thing which does not exist, which passes so very quickly.

* * * *

Seemed like free will at the time.

* * * *

Thoughts, whether pleasing or troubled, are but ripples across a stone's face.

* * * *

Another day, another round of experiencing,
In a life already chock-full of so many tidbits.

* * * *

Everybody holding fast to the mirage of imagination.

* * * *

A lifetime in the blink of any eye, and only memories to pretend it ever happened.

* * * *

What need to worship That which You are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

Life is painful, but it does not have to be right now.

* * * *

Doubt is the eternal key to getting home.
Doubt everything, doubt everybody
To the depth of your being.

* * * *

Some things must steep awhile in a contemplative swirl,
Before they become palatable to the ever-resistant multitude.

* * * *

Die to what You are not, have never been, will never be.

* * * *

So very much alone.

* * * *

It is when You stand up that You discern whether or not You have reached your limit.

* * * *

Delusion is the comfort zone,
Of those who cannot face the truth.
Sanity resides in that prior to all thought.

* * * *

When that end does inevitably arrive,
Will You go out weeping, screaming, clawing,
Or plunge into it whole-heartedly, mindfully untamed?

* * * *

There are no followers in the assembly of the transcendent unknown.
All tend to evaporate once the actuality of truth becomes apparent.

* * * *

Whether it is a one-time life, or a string of lives,
In the ultimate picture, You are the source of all.

* * * *

So many with so much, with so little gratitude.

* * * *

You really believe any deity is separate from You?
How is that even possible in the indivisibility of it all?

* * * *

The fruits of all labor are as nothing.

* * * *

Let it all go; immaculate virtuousness can be reborn.

* * * *

Pay attention.
Enjoy it as ye may.
Time passes very quickly.
It always begins anew right now.

* * * *

Speculation does not for truth make.

* * * *

You need not justify anything to anyone.

* * * *

If You only had this moment,
And not even one smidgen of memory,
What on earth would You, could You, be doing?

* * * *

Be that momentary awareness within the womb of existence.

* * * *

To assert a dogmatic belief in some deity, is to miss experiencing reality for your Self.

* * * *

Is there anything but vanity?

* * * *

Truth is not something at which all marvel.

* * * *

Reality is for those who lack imagination.

* * * *

Even things perceived identical are not, have never been, will never be.

* * * *

Your true wealth is immeasurable.

* * * *

Discern the real You that even prior to conception has ever been the same.

* * * *

Language shapes You, confines You, deceives You, into believing it all real.

* * * *

All that matters is what works.

* * * *

God is the invention of ignorance.

* * * *

Yet another arbitrary day born of mind.

* * * *

Every flowing instant,
Is the big bang of consciousness,
The genesis of awareness, the mystery of eternity.

* * * *

Awareness is the stage upon which the set is built.

* * * *

You owned it all relatively effortless as a child.
The challenge is to discern that mind, and own it again.
To be the streaming awareness You, before time, so freely were.

* * * *

Another monkey ensnared in the tribal mind.

* * * *

Assuming any opinion really matters, any really has meaning.
Yours is as valid as anyone's, anyone's is as valid as yours.

* * * *

You might call the mystery black, and I, white,
But that has never meant we are forced,
To scorn, hate, or kill one another.

* * * *

Everything, ever in the churning wake, before You know it.
Awareness, omniscient-omnipresent-omnipotent, unstoppable.

* * * *

We are all within and without each other.

* * * *

So many things You might have done differently.
Oh well, so it goes, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

If nothing could be counted, how would it be immeasurable?

* * * *

Holding onto things, that cannot be held onto, is rather awkward,
Especially, once the ungraspable nothing, is firmly in your grasp.

* * * *

The quest for excellence is too high a bar, for those who have little thirst for quality.

* * * *

Wealth and power and renown, are the means to do many things,
None of which are required for happiness and contentment to flower.

* * * *

The path of the monkey-mind is an invention of the pathless no-mind.

* * * *

So much quibbling over nothing.

* * * *

As meaningless and purposeless as it is to say it, You are the meaning and purpose.

* * * *

You have somehow managed to resist,
Dispatching some who more than deserve it.
Is that what they mean when they say,
You should love your enemies?

* * * *

The herd must have its many fads.

* * * *

It is all You, it is all me, dream on.

* * * *

Some wisdom is practical; some wisdom is not.

* * * *

Impulse control switch, off.
Impulse control switch, on.

* * * *

Always trying to prove something, that does not need proving, even if it could be.

* * * *

You need not, You cannot, do anything, to become,
What You are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

How upset we can become, when we fail to meet our own contrived expectations.

* * * *

Why leave any teachings up to the potentially,
Error-filled translations of oral traditions,
When so many modern conduits are now available,
For anyone to delve into full Monty versions for themselves.

* * * *

Yes, Virginia, there is a supreme beingness,
And You are, in no way or shape or form, separate from it.
Which means, of course, that You are it, have ever been it, will ever be it.

* * * *

The ether of each unborn-undying, indivisible moment, sustains the next,
The stream of consciousness is the mortar that binds all in imaginary notion.

* * * *

Any salesman who might have claimed existence would be no-big-deal easy,
Was lying through his teeth, as so many are inclined to do.
Always pays to read the fine print.

* * * *

Mediocrity wins yet again.

* * * *

Seek remedy within.

* * * *

So many meaningless games: ceaseless, unrelenting, merciless.

* * * *

Are You truly the body, to which You are so attached,
And how is it You came to, without doubt, believe it so?

* * * *

How much more of this manifest dreamtime do You need or want to experience, really?

* * * *

Nobody knows.

* * * *

Everything else is self-serving absurdity.

* * * *

Is that something You really need to know?

* * * *

No need to apologize more than once, if at all.

* * * *

Sometimes too weary to continue, yet still You carry on.

* * * *

Just primates in boots and heels.

* * * *

Want everything, want nothing, is there any difference, really?

* * * *

Fools tarry in the world.

* * * *

It all means everything, it all means nothing.

* * * *

Another drop of Soul haunted by the many voices playing out in mind's mortal theater.

* * * *

Attain the immeasurable richness of the complete and utter simplicity within.

* * * *

Explore everything anew every moment possible.

* * * *

And Atlas tossed the world of mind into a new orbit.

* * * *

So much gibberish, none of it truly important.

* * * *

Same old, same old, for the very first time.

* * * *

See ye the true reality of all things,
Small to great and otherwise?
Or the same old blah-blah-blah?
(a.k.a., nonsense, absurdity, rubbish,
Drivel, doubletalk, bunk, hogwash, twaddle,
Hot air, boasting, bragging, baloney, lies, malarkey,
Bravado, blather, swagger, talk, and gibberish ad infinitum).

CCXCIV

To plus or minus eight billion people,
You are at most just another number, just another statistic.
Only a relative few will ever even meet You, must less perceive your existence.
So, to even fantasize the multitudes really give a flying hooey about You,
Or that You really care about them, hovers in the realm of bunkum.

* * * *

How far is it from your eye to the infinitesimal infinity?

* * * *

The body, the mind, the existence, are all imagined.
Only awareness, is now, and then, and forever.
Only awareness, is that which is everlasting.
Only awareness, is the unborn-undying moment.

* * * *

Abide in the realm of infinite possibility.

* * * *

Oops, was that just a little too real?

* * * *

It is just a matter of time.

* * * *

Tick, tick, tick.

* * * *

Maybe, maybe not.

* * * *

Nothing for which to live; nothing for which to die.

* * * *

In your own dream, anyway.

* * * *

The unbearable lightness of being.

* * * *

Changing the world one mind at a time.

* * * *

Nothing to prove, nothing to justify, nothing to defend.

* * * *

Everything is just playing out different seeds of the same origin.

* * * *

There are worse things about which to be mad.

* * * *

It is all truth, even the crashing waves.

* * * *

Like sees like, and all see differences.

* * * *

It is not You who is doing anything; this matrix universe is its own affair.

* * * *

There is definitely a lot of bullshit,
To sift through in this théâtre de l'absurde.
Hint: It is all bullshit (a.k.a., absurdum infinitum)

* * * *

Imagination is its own prison.

* * * *

No matter the assertions, intent is always shown in words and deeds.

* * * *

The quest for truth is as scientific an inquiry as You could ever hope to imagine.

* * * *

Every form has its patterning,
Its play of capacities and limitations,
Within the infinity of that which is flawless.

* * * *

Another cloak of vanity bandying about in its own narcissistic, make-believe bubble.

* * * *

The vapor of a dream is nothing to sneeze about.

* * * *

Any book is the greatest if You have not read anything else.

* * * *

You are the eternal harvest born of limitation.

* * * *

But is it true, the first and last question.

* * * *

Everything is an agreed-upon meme.

* * * *

Enough of the gamesmanship of all the players of Soul.
Time to stand alone, sovereign, as You truly always have.

* * * *

There it is, found it again.

* * * *

Walkabout watchabout.

* * * *

Managing nothing can take a lot of effort, if You are not mindful.

* * * *

Logistical madness.

* * * *

Wake up, wake up, You princes of Maine, You kings of New England.

* * * *

Imagine an existence,
Without the delusions of vanity.
After all, You already are absolutely everything,
You could ever hope to be.

* * * *

You cannot really help or change anyone who relies on ignorance for sanction.

* * * *

Tourist meccas are designed for people with way too much wealth,
Who are likely already far too advanced in needing,
Far less food and wine and song.

* * * *

From face to face, the same conversation.

* * * *

Personality is nothing more than a relatively brief, imaginary distortion of consciousness.

* * * *

Pride and prejudice are always blinding.

* * * *

Bobbing up and down in the deep end.

* * * *

If there is a deity on-high, hopefully, he/she/it is truly not as vain and judgmental as we.

* * * *

The quest for the only truth requires a discerning doubt, which will only stop at nothing.

* * * *

Identity is the delusion.

* * * *

Just scribing a vision: No worries, move on, if your frame of reference does not allow it.

* * * *

Dip a toe into the eternal stream, and allow the current pull You into its changeless flow.

* * * *

Nothing rooted in imagination is real.

* * * *

Nothing: all that is left after everything is said, after everything is done.

* * * *

"2,000 Years and Counting" starring Woody Allen as Jesus.

* * * *

How predictable the human paradigm has become.

* * * *

All manifestation is absolutely related.

* * * *

Another day underway; dance or slog, your choice.

* * * *

Go figure.

* * * *

Turn time on its head; be your Self.

* * * *

To what ends any idea, any invention might be used, only time's scrolling can ever tell.

* * * *

The capacity for the ultimate freedom,
Is for those few whose only real longing,
Is to melt back into the eternal nature.

* * * *

Saints and sinners, angels and demons, philosophers and jesters,
All meander the same ground in different states of mind.
All roam the same stage in different universes.
Imagination is the architect of all.

* * * *

Turn the lens and peer within.
Discern your mind-body identity,
As indifferently as You do any other,
And emancipate your Self from the false.

* * * *

Have You got it, yet?
Or should the question really be,
Has it gotten You?

* * * *

Et cetera.

* * * *

Et alii.

* * * *

Ad infinitum.

* * * *

To fully hear any speaker, You must first be receptive to the frame of reference.

* * * *

Landscape, or dreamscape?

* * * *

“They would not listen, they’re not listening still, perhaps they never will.”
And so, they must pay the piper, suffer a destiny, that did not have to be.

* * * *

The first and last freedom, is for those whose only yearning,
Is to merge, to melt, back into the indivisible eternal nature.

* * * *

How can any earnest seeker follow,
When there are no footprints to track.
And no direction to which to point, either.

* * * *

How some are drawn to it, and others not, well that is a mystery.

* * * *

Usurp the usurper until they have nothing left to usurp.

* * * *

There is no formula in the union of Self,
It is a voluntary yielding to the vast unknown,
To that which is prior to all imagined, all dreamed.

* * * *

Just killing time until it kills You.

* * * *

If You do not love your Self, who else really can?

* * * *

If it were not for gravity, in what sort of manifestation would You be floating?

* * * *

Eternity just whizzing along.

* * * *

What is important, is not,
What another thinks of You,
But what You think of your Self,
And even that is not important, really.

* * * *

Peaceful coexistence, what a concept.

* * * *

No, not in my back yard, somebody else should take care of it.
It is somebody else's problem, somebody else's concern.
The scarcity of personal responsibility, cooperation,
Ownership, sacrifice, discipline, participation,
What a narcissistic species we have become.

* * * *

Sitting attentively, totally present, eyes closed,
At center court of some swarming, boisterous event,
Is an auditory kaleidoscoping through the eternal mind.

* * * *

One need not be exceptionally brilliant to see the truth of it.
Sometimes the most unassuming, see the most obvious more clearly,
Than any mind chock-full of complex choreographies ever will.

* * * *

To observe the awareness closely, is to discern the Soul of your eternal nature.

* * * *

Is any dream worth believing?

* * * *

Consciousness is the chaff; awareness the kernel.

* * * *

Pin the tail on the dragon.

* * * *

Once You forget everything, everything is approached,
With the same openness, the same directness, of mind.

* * * *

Nothing can be where nothing is.

* * * *

Another speck of self-absorption.

* * * *

Give your self, over to Self, and the dream will, ever be the same, never be the same.

* * * *

To be bound by the limits of mortality, is not for all.

* * * *

The spiritual quest is nothing, if not truly democratic.

* * * *

The truth has been articulated, by many who have never, and will never, be heard.

* * * *

The mystery of awareness is the immortal witness, indifferent to all fates.

* * * *

Self unmasked.

* * * *

Be formless.

* * * *

Duality is the lie.

* * * *

Another day of nothing ado.

* * * *

If You know no difference, to what is there to compare it?

* * * *

A poor memory can be a great blessing; it certainly aids in the forgiveness zone.

* * * *

Even if more than a few of the conspiracies are true,
Other than whine and moan and gripe and complain,
What, pray tell, are You really going to do about them?

* * * *

The senses are enticing sirens,
Especially the eyes, every moment drawing You out,
Into the world, into the cosmos, within.

* * * *

The creative mind often suffers so intensely that creation is the only salve.

* * * *

Every frame of reference, no matter how large, discerns its boundaries.

* * * *

There are many layers to any given deception,
And the essence of all, the same.
How could it not be?

* * * *

Within the gushing stillness of awareness, the answer to any and all questions.

* * * *

What will be your fatal distraction?

* * * *

Each must carve out their own way, very much alone,
Despite the illusions and delusions of all those around them.

* * * *

Even in the certainty of unconditional victory, in any competition,
There can be no compassion, until the last sword is surrendered.

* * * *

Some things seem to take a fair amount time,
To clearly, lucidly, wrap one's mind around.
Maybe even a few trillion lifetimes, or so.

* * * *

What's to know? What's not to know?

* * * *

Bliss is the eternal orgasm.

* * * *

Get back to what You truly are.

* * * *

Where does coveting really get You?

* * * *

If we were worms, flies or cockroaches, would we be so proud?

* * * *

Whatever You think it is, it is, and it is not.

* * * *

Existence is a means to an end, nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

Human drama, human trauma.

* * * *

Dissolving the mind one aphorism at a time.

* * * *

Equanimity is the eternal balance between body, mind, heart and Soul.

* * * *

What name can possibly be attached to that from which all sound flows?

* * * *

Are You ready to call it a life?

* * * *

It's a two-legged thing.

* * * *

Game over.

* * * *

Be ... free.

* * * *

Awareness is the nectar of the beingness.

* * * *

Stand tall, rest assured, You are That I Am.

* * * *

Nothing can be proved; it is an experiential fact.

* * * *

Such a level of non-caring as to be absolutely free.

* * * *

At some point, when any earnest seeker of truth,
Finally discerns the reality, that has been so long sought,
It becomes obvious, that it was really all nothing from the get-go.

CCXCV

Some say it is all nothing, and others, all everything.
Not much middle ground for vacillators,
But there are those,
Who claim both to be true, too.
Challenging, indeed, to grasp the ungraspable.

* * * *

Entitlement will cater to fools as long as there are fools.

* * * *

Chameleon: a changeable or inconstant person.

* * * *

Truth is the gold mined by relatively few.

* * * *

You are nature, You are the garden, full of thistles and thorns, as it is.

* * * *

Yay! Another way to suffer!

* * * *

Dead with a pulse.

* * * *

You are as young, and far more ancient, than the most distant stars.

* * * *

From death, eternal life springs.

* * * *

Where would You be if You did not exist?

* * * *

It does not matter who else wakes up it You do not.

* * * *

That we are all one, together, alone, is a fact, not an esoteric notion.

* * * *

The infinity of the eternal stillness is everywhere and nowhere within.

* * * *

The challenge is not to forget, and continue drinking the punch.

* * * *

Another useless medal in the grand dust storm.

* * * *

Heed the call, or continue on as You are, it really makes no difference at all.

* * * *

The greatest story never told.

* * * *

Nothing to do, nothing to be, except perhaps to fathom what it is to truly be free.

* * * *

Madness beyond the pale.

* * * *

What is the body but a cesspool of bones and goo.
Of crunchy and chewy and gooey.
Mind? Heart? Soul?
Pffffft!

* * * *

Right here, right now.
There is no place like home.
No home but the awareness within.
The stillness before time is the lotus throne.

* * * *

Into the dustbin of history, all things forever dissolve.

* * * *

Those who earnestly seek truth with every fiber of their being,
Will ascertain true Self, the essential nature of all that is, and is not,
And forever become the choiceless, nameless, indivisible one.

* * * *

Nothing else to do but give lip service to saving a world that cannot be saved.

* * * *

What does it say when your best friend is a dog?

* * * *

Live your lie, or fess up and take the red pill.

* * * *

Power has many means, but one intent.

* * * *

Whether saddled with a humble ego, or the Full Monty version, all die the same.

* * * *

No place to be but now.

* * * *

It is all You: Take it, own it.

* * * *

The You, that You truly are, is, has always been, will ever be.
Be free of all obligation; there is nothing you are required to do.
Freedom is, in every moment, its own endowment of absolution.

* * * *

Too much of anything, even the most discerning things,
Is pretty darned sure to bring about one bother or another.

* * * *

Awakening does not come to pass all at once.
It takes many adventures of every variety,
In the unfolding process of Self-discernment.
Humility, moderation, discipline, humor, patience,
And other sustaining qualities, are well worth cultivating.

* * * *

Oftentimes it takes a while for some things to process,
To distill into something clear and genuine.
Integration is a puzzle, a riddle,
Few truly long to solve.

* * * *

People like giving money to great causes.
It assuages guilt and appeases vanity.
And few pass on the tax deduction.

* * * *

Say it how You will, the point is the same.

* * * *

Of what use have You for a world that does not seek the real You?

* * * *

For every up there is a down, unless You die at the peak.

* * * *

Wisdom: A fool's errand.

* * * *

The usual cravings … oh, yawn.

* * * *

Ignore the – chaotic, frenzied, muddled, confused, anarchic – mind.
Be the – serenity, tranquility, stillness, contentment – of the entirety.

* * * *

Always something of a drag, when others expect something, to which You did not agree.

* * * *

Told in words, as only words can tell.

* * * *

Epiphanies are the gold standard of the mind.

* * * *

Most live for the ever-changing dreamtime the manifest world offers.
Few look within to investigate the changeless reality,
From whence all dreams are born.

* * * *

There is no point to it; that is the point.

* * * *

Heaven on earth hath no bounds, but the purgatories, the hells, each in imagination creates.

* * * *

Gravity does not bind the free spirit.

* * * *

Nothing, going on and on.

* * * *

Self taught.

* * * *

Be free.

* * * *

Serenity is the bliss.

* * * *

Simple enough for ye, Pilgrim?

* * * *

Are hope and dread really all that different?
Both are upshots of the mind caught in time.

* * * *

Organized religion is for those who lack compass and sextant.

* * * *

Not again, please.
Have we not had enough of all the absurdity.
Time to wake up, and work on getting back to the garden, tarnished as it is.

* * * *

Any translation is only as accurate,
As the breadth, the width, the depth,
Of the translator's frame of reference.

* * * *

To be nothing is somewhat contrary to the biological imperative.
It requires great detachment to realize that You are not the body.

* * * *

When You are completely alone,
There is no need to continue all the pretending.
Let go all the desires, all the fears,
Forget everything.

* * * *

Silly as it is.

* * * *

The vapor of mind,
The fog of perception,
The cloud of consciousness,
The ocean of awareness.

* * * *

Joy, bliss, happiness – if it is essential to You –
Is right here, right now, not some future when.

* * * *

Assume everything, assume nothing.

* * * *

Trust instinct, trust consciousness, trust imagination,
To play out your mind-body in the theater of space-time,
As it ever does, has ever done, will ever do, in all life forms.

* * * *

Yet another trail of bread crumbs,
Left scattered along the pathless path,
For the many seekers, the many dreamers,

Whose eternal moment, it is to awaken.

* * * *

How many ways temptation,
So easily pulls You this direction or that.
The innumerable pleasure buttons of the mind and body,
Are challenging to hold in moderate reign.

* * * *

You are Self, the awareness, that is prior to all forms, prior to all things manifest.
More ancient than the stars, yet ever the same unborn-undying moment,
That relatively few will ever be fated to fully comprehend.

* * * *

No place to go, nowhere to be, nothing to do, but be as free as You were meant to be.

* * * *

Self-worth is an intrinsic given to any and all life forms.
Exteriors are but ever-changing smokescreens,
Of the reality of the source within all.

* * * *

What a meaningless, time-bound weight, this fabricated sense of self-importance.

* * * *

Whatever it is called – free will or natural selection – every eternal moment kaleidoscopes into destiny.

* * * *

Sensory delusion from the get-go.

* * * *

You will learn everything You need to know,
To play out your existence, to complete your fate.
Always a good idea to pay attention to all your teachers.

* * * *

Such a reverie it is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

Desire, what is that, anyway?

* * * *

So alone, as to Cheshire Cat disappear.
Existence, what was that about, anyway?

* * * *

When You heed your calling, life will still be filled,
With all the predictable agonies and ecstasies,

But perhaps the regrets will be fewer.

* * * *

A gift freely shared in random fashion,
Can perhaps be less easily warped,
By those who might well use it,
For foul or meager purpose.

* * * *

What courage it takes to be detached enough to be true Self.

* * * *

So over it.

* * * *

Immortal, until You awaken to another day in the life, such as it is.

* * * *

Chaos rules.
Order is for the prissy sissies,
Unless, of course, they wake up and realize,
Chaos is the order.

* * * *

Surrender to the serenity of beingness.

* * * *

This dream into which the nothingness,
Is fashioned again and again, forever again.
A ceaseless stream in a matrix beyond compare.

* * * *

It is your own delusion, that You must allow to dissolve,
Into the truth You truly are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

There are some things about which mum lips are the best policy.

* * * *

You are not the body, You are not the mind.
You are not anything or anyone under any sun.

* * * *

The indivisible swimmingness prior to all,
Is that from which the seed of consciousness
Flowers into the beingness of imagination.

* * * *

You must be that which is eternal,
Otherwise, how could You be so present,
In the given, unfolding day-to-day?

* * * *

Ultimately not all that different from any other biological whim.

* * * *

A mystery afoot, indeed.

* * * *

A spent shell.

* * * *

Mother Nature.
She is a pitiless beast.
She is all things Eden, even You.

* * * *

The challenging thing about change is remembering it was once different.

* * * *

How easily good intentions can be perverted by those with foul purpose.

* * * *

The space-time continuum will always manage to pass,
Without any assistance from You, whatsoever, guaranteed.

* * * *

Suicide is just taking taxes out of the ‘sure as” equation.

* * * *

Give it up, compadre, nothingness reigns supreme.

* * * *

Even an enlightened scorpion is still a scorpion.

* * * *

Vanity is not worth saving, even if You could.

* * * *

Besides rotting away their source,
Judgments have a way of blowing back,
In a variety of unforeseen ways.

* * * *

Take the personal out of the equation, and what have You got, really?

* * * *

Questions of ten gazillion dreams.

* * * *

The streaming of a dreaming, likely as real in one mind, as it is in any other's.

* * * *

Independent and unaligned.

* * * *

Lost in space, found in time.

* * * *

The inner eye is the awareness,
That witnesses the dreamtime of consciousness,
Playing itself out in the frontal lobe.

* * * *

Nothing makes some content.

* * * *

Only in awareness are You immortal.

* * * *

Another mind off out in the deep end of wacko.

* * * *

Be as simple, be as complex, as You please, it is the same.

* * * *

The dramas, the spectacles, the performances, of ants, will out.

* * * *

Every eye, every ear, every nose, every tongue, every skin, every mind, creates its own translation.

* * * *

Nothing matters, everything matters.

* * * *

Alone again, naturally.

* * * *

Anything and everything, is samadhi, yoga, union.

* * * *

It is all You, and You it, so what need to think about it?

* * * *

What matter the vanities of this world, or any other?

* * * *

Find the deepest desire, the deepest fear, and erase them.

* * * *

Prior to all cause and effect, You are.

* * * *

Dissolve within.

* * * *

What truths, what lies, imagination endlessly weaves.
The interminable chatter of imagination is unyielding.

CCXCVI

The devolving world humankind has fashioned,
Is so beyond anything anyone has any ability to control,
That it is not really even worth bothering about.
All anyone can do is try to be prepared,
For anything and everything,
When the gale hits.

* * * *

You had your cake and ate it, too, of course, duh.

* * * *

Inattention is a sure road to suffering.

* * * *

Pressed for time, how is that?

* * * *

Oh, sweet pain.

* * * *

It is all made up, there is no other, it is truly all You.

* * * *

Twisted monkeys.

* * * *

One and only, such a limiting concept.

* * * *

Are You trying to prove the point?

* * * *

For there to be such a thing as meaning, some must live a meaningless existence.

* * * *

Remember who You really are, and know that it is true.

* * * *

Do You seek comfort, or do You seek truth?
They may or may not be mutually exclusive.

* * * *

Are You plugged into the cosmos?
Or is the cosmos plugged into You?
Most likely, it is a two-way street,

In an indivisible sort of way.

* * * *

Everything is in the imaginary mind.
Let go of it, ascertain the no-mind – and voilà! – You are free.
More effortless than You think, really.

* * * *

Lazier by the moment.

* * * *

Love thy Self.
Invoke bliss in the greatest sense.
Agape, pure, simple, free.

* * * *

Slipping into Never-Never Land.
Foolish? Delusional? Crazy? Mad?
Or just paying intelligent attention?

* * * *

Organized religion is just another outlet for vanity to play out its absurd little games.

* * * *

So many minds mesmerized,
By so many fabrications claimed true,
That the transparency of truth is perceived the lie.

* * * *

If this cosmos were not distracting You with its kaleidoscoping dreamscape,
Would You be restrained by space and time, or any other dimensions?
Would You perhaps forever linger in the singular moment?
Or would You play witness to the entire universe and beyond?

* * * *

Steep in the wonder of it, in the mystery of it, and breathe content,
That You have touched upon the truth abiding within all and none.

* * * *

Prayer to this deity or that, is nothing more than internal chatter.
Dismiss the thoughts, and the eternal will make apparent the Way.

* * * *

Quantum intelligence, the indivisible awareness, permeating all things small to great.

* * * *

Express what can be heard,
Reflect what can be observed,

Radiate what can be smelled,
Nourish what can be tasted,
Tend what can be touched.
Ponder what can be intuited.

* * * *

To discern the truth within, is to be eternally found, never to be lost again.

* * * *

Experiences stream by,
Thoughts whizz to and fro,
And all the while, the witness,
The one and only observer,
Motionless in their midst.

* * * *

What a challenge it is to daily abide the absurdity, the inanity of this manifest dream.
One must sustain the aloofness of pure awareness, to discern the serenity at its source.

* * * *

It is the vastness of the indelible awareness prior to mind,
From which consciousness (a.k.a., imagination) sallies forth.

* * * *

No matter how exceedingly brilliant,
Or tediously mundane, any given experience,
All are equally warehoused in the mind's neuron matrix.

* * * *

Is not every facet of human consciousness, in its own unique way, chock-full of vanity.

* * * *

The corporeal body is a means to witness this touchy-feely dimension.
An abundant feast for the mind-eyes of the chosen few,
Whose fated destiny, it is to awaken.
Esoteric, indeed.

* * * *

How many life forms can withstand the onslaught of industrialized warfare upon its numbers?
Rats and cockroaches, and a few other handfuls of crawlers, perhaps,
But plenty more have already been served up,
In ways beyond counting.

* * * *

There is nothing to gain, there is nothing to lose.

* * * *

So much ponder a mere body does invoke to daily reconcile.

* * * *

Truly as still as any ocean, any mountain depths.

* * * *

Even gazillions of minds,
All agreeing on one thing or another,
Can never make an untruth, real or right or true.
Delusion is a many-flavored concoction,
Beguiling to any lacking insight.

* * * *

Vanity can generally only be pried from cold, dead hands.

* * * *

Not likely many creatures suffer death lightly.

* * * *

Down the road a piece, no telling how far,
There is a grave with your name on it.
If they can find the body, that is.

* * * *

Many things matter for a while; many more do not for longer.

* * * *

If nothing is calling You, who is listening?

* * * *

Cry, baby, cry.
And, oh, by the way,
Welcome to hell on earth.
Best wishes.

* * * *

The Rubicon is crossed; there is no turning back.

* * * *

Nothing to do, really, but watch the show drift on by, for whatever time remains.

* * * *

Another corner-office suit dreaming of world conquest,
While he shuffles spreadsheets for yet another paycheck.

* * * *

To the perennial question – Who is the I, that asserts, I Am? – there is but one answer,
And one must dissolve all boundaries, to clearly discern its source, has ever been within.

* * * *

A vast ocean so infinitely full, so infinitely empty,
As to be the ageless upwelling of all consciousness,
Cloaked in every appearance the mystery can concoct.

* * * *

Be ye a harbor for truth and clarity, or for every imaginable deceit and delusion?

* * * *

From boxes, more box thinking.

* * * *

It is vanity that swings any sword or pulls any trigger.

* * * *

The infinity of the mystery,
Cannot be limited by any form,
Distressed by any reverie,
Bound by any notion.

* * * *

The truth of mortal fare,
The truth of all beginnings,
Is that all must inevitably cross,
One finish line or another.

* * * *

The vanity over form,
The vanity over formlessness,
No difference, really, no matter the concept.

* * * *

Push-pull, pull-push – the eternal wrestling match inspired by duality's dreamtime game.

* * * *

Fat, fat, fat ... everywhere, fat bodies, fat minds.
Affluent times inevitably breed hells of their own.

* * * *

Any given awakening has the capacity to fall back into deep sleep.

* * * *

What a garden of thorns,
All times that have come before,
Have bequeathed upon the unfolding future.
What have the living and dead wrought,
For those innocent of all claims.
All the unborn yet to come.

* * * *

To those who would be unified,
With the mystery within and without,
Do not falter, do not hesitate, do not doubt.
Enough of false humility, just do it.

* * * *

The indelible ether of awareness can never be grasped.
Ever at home, with the dark, as it is with the light,
What can earth and wind and water and fire,
Ever do to control or delude or tame it?

* * * *

A dream world of manifest proportion.
So much pain and suffering to be endured,
Before whatever expiration may come.

* * * *

See it all, and want none of it.

* * * *

Your fear of the other,
Entirely imagined,
Completely unwarranted,
Naught but your own fabrication.
Wander the jungle cautiously, fearlessly.

* * * *

Return to the singularity within.

* * * *

Cast your Self adrift, and float in the oblivion.

* * * *

Behind those eyes, a cosmos playing its Self out.

* * * *

It is as plain as day for those whose destiny it is to go all the way.

* * * *

Who can more than – wonder, speculate, contemplate –
How quickly or slowly the inevitable extinction will progress.
As to the chaos of the descent of the endgame paradigm,
Only the indifferent space-time continuum knows.

* * * *

Can't we all just get along?

* * * *

Words can only tell.

* * * *

What many claim to be, and what they are, is often worlds apart.

* * * *

Hypocrisy and delusion are the undertow, for many idealists and so-called saints.

* * * *

The madness of pretending You exist, what an absurd thing to do to your Self.

* * * *

How can anyone be saved from their own vanity?

* * * *

The greater the wisdom, likely greater the fool who endured the climb.

* * * *

How fascinating that anyone,
Would choose some twisted, delusional fantasy,
Over the reality of the way it is.

* * * *

Yet another face in the streaming mirage.

* * * *

A world of judgment, can be very harsh on any spirit, if they deign to allow it.

* * * *

Freedom is a state, a quality of mindfulness, empty of all constraints.
Put it all beyond You, and wander alone, unburdened by dreamtime.

* * * *

Oh well, so well.

* * * *

Very religious, or very dogmatic?

* * * *

All very silly, really.

* * * *

Revenge may have a long memory,
But it is a great distraction, a great burden,
For the unforgiving who long sustain it.

* * * *

Rest content, free of any and all claims.

* * * *

So, what is it You really need to know, again?

* * * *

You may well be happy beneficiary, or hapless victim,
Of all that history has brought forth in the human paradigm.
Enjoy the entitlements, endure the consequences.
They are ultimately very much the same.

* * * *

We devastated the earth for this?
And You are positive about what?

* * * *

It is not rocket science to be reasonably compassionate toward all things small to great.

* * * *

We are all merely fabrications of each other's imagination.

* * * *

Easy come, hard go.

* * * *

Something happens, nothing happens, every moment, and only You remain.

* * * *

There is, indeed, God; there is, indeed, no God.

* * * *

The streaming of a dreaming.

* * * *

To see it all as nothing is a momentary challenge to which relatively few feel called.

* * * *

Reclaim the birthright that is all You really are.

* * * *

Live now, die now, it is ever the same.

* * * *

You are awareness caught up in a sensory dream.

* * * *

To what would any delusional mind have to compare it?

* * * *

You would not bother with all these words, if You were truly done with it.

* * * *

Discerning your cosmos, one seamless breath, one seamless moment, at a time.

* * * *

It is only suffocating if You do not remember to breathe.

* * * *

Just doing whatever comes to mind.

* * * *

Nature is nothing but what it is.

* * * *

Choose your absurdity.

* * * *

In a league of your own.

* * * *

Many are called, and fools, in all their vanity and greed, are rarely chosen.

* * * *

You will likely not discern your immortality in this mortal cosmos,
Without a good deal of meditation and contemplation,
And a good helping of good fortune.
(a.k.a., fate, destiny, kismet, providence, luck)

* * * *

Just another entry in this stream of consciousness.

* * * *

You are not responsible for what anyone thinks or does.

* * * *

If You know You would not do existence to your Self again,
Then pain and suffering and regret, have done all they need do.

* * * *

What is so hard about being totally free inwardly?

* * * *

Ultimately, there is no answer but You.

* * * *

It is not your dreamtime, or my dreamtime, it is just, the dreamtime.

* * * *

See which way the wind stills.

* * * *

Quantum menagerie.

* * * *

Be true to your Self.

* * * *

How free is free?

* * * *

You are all potentials.

* * * *

Good aphorisms, like good wine,
Best linger a bit on the tip of the mind,
To fully extract and distill their finest points.

CCXCVII

A cancer is a cancer no matter its motivation or means.

* * * *

Dress up, dress down, or wear nothing at all.
It is but vanity if even a fig leaf comes to mind.

* * * *

You will be truly free, truly clear, truly still,
When You can surrender your Self,
To the unconditioned heart.

* * * *

Every life form has its own genius.

* * * *

God, all and none.

* * * *

Tripping again.

* * * *

A slave to the ship.
Row well and live.

* * * *

Know enough to be able to both learn and unlearn more.

* * * *

Only as real as imagination allows.

* * * *

Got educated on something new today,
That will likely be forgotten in a few daze,
If not by early tonight or late tomorrow.

* * * *

What is absurdly interesting is the ceaselessly vain notion,
That we all should be, could be, of the same ilk.
Certainly not as we now orchestrate,
This dreary little paradigm.

* * * *

What point offering advice that will never be taken?

* * * *

Be ye friend or foe, or neither of the above?

* * * *

Touch the still water and cleave no ripple.

* * * *

Another day … Whoosh … Pick out that grave marker, yet?

* * * *

Mother Nature rules, bitch that she is.

* * * *

Everybody knows.

* * * *

For You, by You, in You.

* * * *

Your fear is all about still wanting something from this dream of dreams.

* * * *

C'est la vie, so it goes, oh well.

* * * *

Both king and servant to the world.

* * * *

Be the awareness and all will follow suit.

* * * *

Go with God, let the middlemen find their own way.

* * * *

Anything goes, everything goes, nowhere all the timeless.

* * * *

What You call yours is at best a very temporary assumption.

* * * *

Greater prescience tends to catch on slowly.
Takes a lot more than a hundred monkeys.

* * * *

Grace, the slice of mystery You truly are.

* * * *

Very much alone, very much together.

* * * *

Nothing lost, nothing gained.

* * * *

Own the nothingness.

* * * *

All this dying for nothing.

* * * *

If You are already dead, what is there to win or lose?

* * * *

Some fountains do not run dry.

* * * *

At this point in mind, any and all notions of reality,
Are little more than dubious and fleeting and ironic.

* * * *

Measurement is not without consequence.

* * * *

Just relatively hairless monkeys with airs beyond counting.

* * * *

From any and every beginning, to any and every conclusion,
It is not about anyone or anything but the real You,
Prior to all creation, manifest or otherwise.

* * * *

Who is leading, who is following, but the same witness playing all.

* * * *

Both a pleasurable and painful process,
All this slapdash field research,
On Eden under siege.

* * * *

There is really nothing to judge; there is really nothing to justify.

* * * *

History has toyed with You; feel free to twiddle back.

* * * *

The subtlety, the subtlety.

* * * *

There is no place like home.

* * * *

If there is dogma, it ain't true.

* * * *

As ceaselessly challenging as it is to discern,
You are not the container, nor are You the mind.
You are the flawless, absolute space of awareness,
Upon which, in which, all creation is founded.

* * * *

Those who believe Armageddon their fate, seem to be doing a first-rate job creating it.

* * * *

Are You master of your fate, or merely a wandering fool?

* * * *

If they are all twisted up in their nets, feel free to leave the fishermen behind.

* * * *

Even an entire universe can never fill the void within.

* * * *

Another touchy-feely, streaming moment gleaned of eternity's unfathomable shimmer.

* * * *

The point and purpose is null and void.

* * * *

Same Eden, just a recalibrated jungle.

* * * *

True wealth is prior to all dreams; the gold is prior to all creation.

* * * *

As arbitrary as arbitrary can be.

* * * *

It is ever stillness, unfolding tmelessly now, no matter the venue.

* * * *

A new generation of vanity underway.

* * * *

Define the terms all You please,
No word has quite the same meaning,
Between two or more subjective universes.

* * * *

It is the only thing left to do that needs doing.

* * * *

If You really believe this is more than an imaginary,
Touchy-feely, three-dimensional, kaleidoscoping dream of space and time,
You are really fooling your Self.

* * * *

The rutted road of any given life,
Is no more than an ephemeral set of patterns,
Fabricated upon a neuron trail.

* * * *

You are not the body; it is but a temporary vehicle,
Ultimately no more than food for worms,
Or kindling for a funeral pyre.
Dust waiting to happen.

* * * *

Discerning the eternal sovereignty You are, is the point and purpose.
From that, right action will become a wellspring of its own volition.

* * * *

Arbitrary is as arbitrary does.

* * * *

The heart of awareness is grace.

* * * *

Of any desire to ever be born again, why would You do that to your Self?

* * * *

Existence is the dream that happens between ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

* * * *

It is all pretty silly, no argument there.

* * * *

To allow another, whether friend or foe,
To constrict your sovereignty in any way,
Is an absurdly tragic and lamentable state.

* * * *

Any given personality,
Is no more than a survival strategy,
Fashioned to cope with the post-traumatic stress,

That the winds of nature and nurture,
Inflict upon the mind-body.

* * * *

Yet another game that just does not spark any interest anymore.

* * * *

Putting the world out of your misery while there's still time.

* * * *

If You were God, what would You do?
How would You use your power, your dominion,
Your omniscience, your omnipotence, your omnipresence,
Over all life forms, small to great, in all the dimensions of your vastness.
How would You not just allow it all naturally-select itself, as it is.
Like dice rolling across the craps table, falling as they will.
And You, solitary witness to it all, for all eternity.

* * * *

You will enjoy life or not, until it dries up on You.

* * * *

If life cannot touch You, why would death?

* * * *

More to remember, more to forget.

* * * *

Even there is ultimately no goal, it seems to be the goal for many.

* * * *

What's left to know, really?

* * * *

Where is the suffering?

* * * *

Sometimes personal, sometime impersonal, sometimes a blend of both.
Take what fits, take what suits You, and play it, smoke it, however You will.

* * * *

Things keep on rolling,
No matter who plays who,
What, when, why, where, or how.
The matrix is ever untouched, unmoved,
By any movement, whether within or without.

* * * *

Yet another day in the life and times.
A little more pleasure, a little more suffering.
A little more breathing in, a little more breathing out.
Something to do, something to undo, in the many moments,
Between whatever slumber the mortal dream of the mind-body allows.

* * * *

No, that is not freedom.
Choosing what You prefer for breakfast,
Whether You want your eggs sunny side up or scrambled,
Is not the first and last freedom being espoused in this rambling soliloquy.

* * * *

Once You have scaled to the zenith of truth,
There is really no going back down,
So why cling to any ladder?

* * * *

The human world is harsh enough without those who have no call,
To be boorish and deceitful and unkind, joining in the tumult, too.

* * * *

What will the future do when everything history has conceived no longer makes muster?

* * * *

In this ever-kaleidoscoping, spaceless, timeless, eternal moment,
You are that which is supreme, absolute, that which is God.
The dogmatic memory of which, is the fall from grace,
That got us metaphorically kicked out of the garden,
When imagination picked the fruit of knowledge,
That has led to the quagmire we have created.
Stop sucking and chewing on that all the time,
And You might restore at least a taste of the grace.

* * * *

Oneness is always prior to allness.

* * * *

Awareness is awareness.
The witness, the eye of mystery.
Neither You nor me, neither yours nor mine.

* * * *

What is materialism but organized dust collection?

* * * *

In the topsy-turvy of all things vainly absurd,
One topsys, the other turvys; one turvys, the other topsys.

One man's confusion is another's order; one's order, another's confusion.

* * * *

How could That which is immortal and meaningless and insignificant,
Ever even more than momentarily imagine its true Self,
Mortal and meaningful and significant?

* * * *

Any current fad, craze, trend,
Will inevitably make an appearance,
In a variety of yard sales and flea markets,
As it makes its squalid, sure journey,
To being just another thin layer,
In one landfill or another.

* * * *

It really does not mean diddly-squat to anyone but You, and You alone.
And even that indifferent state of awareness, is of a relatively short duration.

* * * *

With neither beginning nor end, where can You possibly be?
The momentary figment of imagination, is neither here nor there.

* * * *

It is less about where You begin, than where You end.

* * * *

Desire is a many-headed hydra.
A discerning mind is the only way,
The monster can ever be tamed.

* * * *

Light requires an eye to be witnessed, so which came first, the photon or the iris?

* * * *

It is much less challenging to lead or follow,
Than it is to stand alone, free of all encumbrances.
Belief, faith, require much less effort than doubt.

* * * *

Trying to save the world of humankind from themselves,
And all their pointless inanities yet again, are we?
Very gallant and egalitarian of You, indeed,
To be so concerned about a dream,
Real as it may at any given time seem.

* * * *

Enlightenment is merely

A mind that has gone irrational,
Finally discerning the riddle of existence.
But even more challenging is achieving liberation,
Within the clarity of eternal awareness,
In the momentary nowness,
Of the day-to-day.

* * * *

Now, right now, this very right now, no matter what might be going on,
Is all You have, all You have ever had, all You will ever have.
And it is here and gone, as swiftly as it happenstanced.
How quickly everything becomes its memory,
In the streaming, the kaleidoscoping, of imagination.

* * * *

A rose by any other name, would smell as sweet,
As would one without, any sound, any vibration, attached.

* * * *

Watch this body You claim so heartily to be, as You would a weed, an insect, or a rock.

* * * *

An unlocked heart is unconditional.

* * * *

It is doubt that catapults the word-weary into the mystical sovereignty of awareness.

* * * *

Nothing may be new under the sun,
But it was once new for me, as it was for You,
As it will ever be for all time's witnesses freshly minted.

* * * *

Give up knowing, embrace the stillness before time.

* * * *

Introspection, eternally pointless.

* * * *

Time to move on to what I Am is about.

* * * *

So infinite as to be both impossible and plausible.

* * * *

What is wrong with a little compassion toward those who really need and deserve it?

* * * *

We battle over nothing, really.

* * * *

Nothing means nothing.

* * * *

So much not to care about.

* * * *

Hate is a curious undertaking.

* * * *

No harm in admitting what You do not know,
Which is always going to be a heck of a lot, really.

* * * *

Before pride, all so-called sins wander to and fro as they please.

CCXCVIII

Everything is straining to the breaking point.
Which section of the dike will give way first?
Which dominos, which cards, will fall first?
Or has the unraveling long since begun?
Ordained from the very first etchings.
To discern the big picture requires time.

* * * *

The great stillness of awareness is prior to all pondering about it.

* * * *

See if You can change your Self, before all your judgments demand it of others.

* * * *

What is there that can be saved,
When everything is here and gone,
In the ephemeral right-here-nowness,
Of every kaleidoscoping moment.

* * * *

What is the opium in your den?

* * * *

Where there is me, myself, and I, there is the illusion-delusion of duality.

* * * *

All that is outside You, is inside You,
And all that is inside You, is outside You.
Where can one possibly begin or end,
When all boundaries are imagined.

* * * *

Allow bliss to reign if You can muster it.

* * * *

The reed bends with whatever wind blows.

* * * *

It is only cheating if you are playing the same game.

* * * *

How can You ever convince others,
That what is inside is outside, and outside, inside,
And that the truth of eternity is not subject,
To mere persuasion, to mere belief.

* * * *

Seriously, onto what have You ever been able to hold?

* * * *

Those who discern their birthright can never die.

* * * *

The world will likely go on without You,
But without You to bear witness,
How far can it get, really?

* * * *

Yes, the sign really did say “Free” – and below it, “Donation Required.”

* * * *

Dead man walking.

* * * *

The gold prior to all dreams.

* * * *

Agony and ecstasy.
You will find them both in great supply,
Either for as long as it suits You,
Or until death do You part.

* * * *

Imagining it all real does not make it real.

* * * *

Change your fate, your destiny, however You will,
That is only the direction it was headed, anyway.

* * * *

So many distractions, to distract You again and again,
From what You really are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

How can anyone be dead if no one was ever born?
A quantum dream is a quantum dream,
Nothing more, nothing less.

* * * *

There is no order, to anything, at any level, but chaos.

* * * *

The news swings through the jungle

On the vine of one tragedy, one plague,
One crisis, one war, one outrage, or another.

* * * *

There is nothing upon which to hold, to cling, to stick, to attach, to hang.
The clear, immaculate space of awareness, is without bounds.
Space and time are without meaning, without purpose.
There is no other, never was, will never be.

* * * *

Awareness is immortal, awareness is mystery, awareness is youness.

* * * *

Another now that never was.

* * * *

The immeasurability of truth's infinitesimal infinity,
Is unassailable by the limitations of mortality.
One must give over to the immortal nature,
To even begin fathom the immensity,
Prior to all manifest proportion.

* * * *

How You perceive things seen, things heard,
May or may not be the way they were intended.
Making assumptions and taking things personally,
Is a surefire way to get all lathered up over nothing.

* * * *

To forget everything is too simple for words to more than briefly reveal.

* * * *

To judge others is ultimately to judge your own imaginary creation.

* * * *

What You are, truly, is awareness.
Life is but a temporal, dreamy mirage,
The fleeting enchantment of imagination.
Only imaginary consciousness is born.
Only imaginary consciousness dies.

* * * *

Seems more than a little embarrassing to be that mean, that greedy, that self-absorbed.

* * * *

You posing pretender, You.
Yeah, I'm talking to You.
You know who You are.

* * * *

Even the strongest become frail and weak in the winds of dreamtime.

* * * *

Nothing, that's it, that's all there is, and there ain't no more.

* * * *

Sometimes, an ending is a beginning.
And in others, a beginning is an ending.
The only difference, imagination's framing.

* * * *

There is no other, You are totally alone.
The world offers every form of distraction,
But it is no more than a kaleidoscoping illusion,
No matter how much You wish to believe it otherwise.
Face the fact, detach from imagination, dive into eternal life.

* * * *

Truth is not intelligible to human delusion.

* * * *

So many measuring that which has no measure.

* * * *

Every notion of little self, just another variation of the same vanity.

* * * *

All is pointless in the most essential sense.

* * * *

Nothing keeps on happening.

* * * *

You are the Truth, the Life, the Way – No brag, just fact.

* * * *

All the beginnings, all the endings,
And all the befores and afters and betweens,
All kaleidoscoping this very same ineffable moment.

* * * *

How surreal it all becomes.

* * * *

Become the void You are,
Have ever been, will ever be.

No matter how great your vanity,
It cannot fill what can never be filled.

* * * *

It is a curious thing how desperate so many are,
For that for which mortality provides no access.

* * * *

Funny You should ask that, there being no coincidence.

* * * *

Do You really need this, do You really need that?
Odds are more than a bit likely, if You step back a bit or two,
That You really do not, that You never really did, that You never really will.

* * * *

Endlessly seeking the sanction of others, is such a desolate way to play out one's dream.

* * * *

You do not have to travel far, to travel within.

* * * *

Get your bearing straight and clear.

* * * *

How desperate so many are to believe, to prove, to assert, to maintain,
Something that was freely given, unconditionally given,
Long before their entry onto the stage.

* * * *

Yet another betrayal in the unfolding dreamtime of this spinning orb.
So it goes, too bad, so sorry, oh well, deal with it, get over it, move on.

* * * *

Better to live well, than to live long,
Though enduring both might be tolerable,
Should the dream allow it, that is.

* * * *

What kind of world might it be, could it be, would it be,
If everyone was trustworthy and true?
Heaven on Earth.
Yeah, right, and of what use,
Are such nonsensically idealistic notions?

* * * *

Why should a dreamer care about anything?
Light or dark, right or wrong, white or black, yes or no,

Good or bad, truth or lie, birth or death,
All the same, all the same.

* * * *

From the unfathomable, indelible awareness, consciousness is born,
And from that mystery, an imaginary character molded.
Only the absoluteness of awareness is real.
The rest is the delusion of illusion.

* * * *

You are not, have never been, nor will You ever be,
Bound by any form, or any identity.
You are the vital force.
Eternal, immortal, absolute, free.

* * * *

It is the attachment to the mind and five senses,
And the desires that imagination,
Endlessly dredges,
That creates all this suffering.

* * * *

You are Brahman,
Come to play the play.
Thank You, Great Mother.

* * * *

But, but, but … What if You are wrong?

…
…
…

Nah!

* * * *

What arrogance, what absurdity,
To think, to pretend, to believe,
We are separate from any of it.
Surely, not even God is that vain.

* * * *

Tomorrow, and the eons yet to materialize,
Will be the same dreamy nowness, as was today,
As was yesterday, as have been all the eons before that.

* * * *

Home at last.

* * * *

Why should You ever be afraid?
No, really, why should You be afraid?
Only the container suffers; You are immortal.

* * * *

Yours are but one set of the all-seeing eyes.

* * * *

Though it is really no more than a dream,
You do, at least a majority of the time,
Enjoy playing along, do You not?

* * * *

How long is a second, a minute, an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year, a century, a millennium, really?

* * * *

Hold nothing in mind.

* * * *

Heal it.

* * * *

How grueling it must be to spend one's entire life making so much of so little.

* * * *

Everyone is indeed replaceable an eternity times forever.

* * * *

An advocate for all fellow earthlings small to great.

* * * *

There is really nothing to explain or justify or prove.
The nature of the mystery is beyond all validation.

* * * *

Discern this eternal truth and You will be the peace that is.

* * * *

Would that our kind could just stop thoroughly abusing each other,
Long enough to get along, for even just the briefest of a tiny while.
Has this Darwinian biosphere ever known even one moment's peace?

* * * *

One distraction after another, to what end, really?

* * * *

Cockroaches are the true rulers of the world.
Bow to the flexibility and resiliency,
Of their genetic blueprint.

* * * *

For all of Eden's creatures small to great,
Being treated humanely is, indeed,
A most frightening concept.

* * * *

The awareness of the mystery is the ground from which all manifestation dreams.

* * * *

You cannot force what will not happen.
Nor can You elude what will.
Fate will out.

* * * *

Quibbling over this delusion or that does not for truth make.

* * * *

You have got to be somewhere; pretty unlikely it will ever be anywhere, but this right here, right now.

* * * *

Dead soul walking.

* * * *

Madness, absolute madness.

* * * *

You have never really been this body.
Imagination can be such a loose cannon.

* * * *

It is all very coherent in some very few minds.

* * * *

All movement of mind dances with the delusion of illusion.

* * * *

Biology, chemistry, physics; all just different ways of looking at the same nada.

* * * *

Popcorn does not pop simultaneously, and some kernels not at all.

* * * *

Hard to miss what You don't know.

* * * *

Nothing is the pointless.

* * * *

Is time really worth anything?

* * * *

Those who speak do not know.
Those who know do not speak.

* * * *

Anything only means whatever You assume it means, nothing all the while.

* * * *

The full measure is immeasurable.

* * * *

You are but a brief caster of shadows.

* * * *

Truth or idolatry?

* * * *

Believe nothing.

* * * *

Ya had to be there.

* * * *

Another long ago in the same right now.

* * * *

Another day's sweat and toil washes down to the sea.

* * * *

If You could read my mind, love, what a tale my thoughts could tell.

* * * *

What happens when there are too many monkeys in the only tree in the forest?

* * * *

"How many times have I died for You?" the Jester wondered on his newly minted cross.

* * * *

What a jealous, angry, petty, inane God, so many, with such diligence, imagine.

* * * *

What does one do with a mind,

Already so full of agony and ecstasy?
Keep stuffing in more until You eventually pop?
Or put a finger down the throat,
And just puke it all?

* * * *

What happens after the dust settles?
Now, that will be a very interesting time to watch.
Yes, indeedy, what will happen to this theater of consciousness,
Once the many paradigms have crashed and burned?
Will we evolve, or merely drone on as before?

CCXCIX

Humankind must discern its origin of its own accord.
No matter that You see You are its source,
The manifest theater will play out,
Its solitary destiny.

* * * *

So many things given so much weight, that in reality have had none, from day one.

* * * *

The ephemeral is, without bounds.

* * * *

Arguments between dogmas, is like watching poodles pee on each other.

* * * *

Who is your best friend, your greatest lover, but the essence You truly are.

* * * *

Rapture is being truly naught.

* * * *

What irony that so many pay so much,
To advertise so many chosen brands,
Whether quality sustains them or not.

* * * *

If it is your calling, yours will end up a life unborn-undying.

* * * *

You are slowly awakening from a very deep hypnotic trance.

* * * *

Conscious breathing helps keep the passionate mind on an even keel.

* * * *

Addicted to pleasure, addicted to pain, what difference, really?

* * * *

The sensory dreaming draws You back in day after day.
Hypnotic, mesmerizing, enticing, binding,
Imagination's weaving is.

* * * *

Acute observation dissolves the observer; it is imagination that exists, not You.

* * * *

Possession is nine tenths of nothing.

* * * *

This dream hath no parallel.

* * * *

Fate is as fate does.

* * * *

How in God's name, did some genetic lines, get so far, being so witless?

* * * *

A GPS unit cannot get You home, sorry.

* * * *

Yet another anthropological field day underway.

* * * *

The reality of these meat machines comes to light in any toilet.

* * * *

Consumption's equable adversaries are happiness and contentment.

* * * *

Shivahood is a role to which many are called, few are chosen, and fewer still volunteer.

* * * *

History is written upon the untold tales of many a harsh fate.

* * * *

Any belief about truth,
Pales in the light of experiencing truth.
That which is true is neither attached to, nor bound by,
Any thought concocted by any mind.

* * * *

And what do You take from, and what do You give to,
This immeasurable cosmos, this dreamtime world,
Perceived in the reflections of imagination?

* * * *

How can the observer not be the observed?
The false identity born of imagination,
Is the creator of all duplicity.

* * * *

What is not recognized is not remembered.

* * * *

Such a vigorous manifest stage,
Upon which all things small to great,
Equally rise, equally struggle, equally fall.

* * * *

In the annals of time,
Many so-called advances,
Often become either barbaric,
Or patently absurd.

* * * *

Do not think about it so much, just do it.

* * * *

When a need is not present,
Disengage the problem-solving mind,
Before it begins to generate the unsolvable kind.

* * * *

You have never really, truly existed,
Except as one of imagination's endless fictions.
Awareness is all You really are, have ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

So many speak so surely of so many things, that can never be more than known.

* * * *

Within eternity's grace, creation brews.

* * * *

In that which is mortally immortal,
You are as imperfectly perfect,
And as fallibly infallible,
As the creation around You.

* * * *

Why not go mad?
Surely, You are alone enough,
To give it a whirl.

* * * *

Smoke and mirrors, mirror of smoke.

* * * *

Be ye follower, or conscious witness?

* * * *

I got mine.
Now, sally forth, brave spirit,
And discern your own.

* * * *

The rules of any game are all arbitrary concoctions.

* * * *

Scarcity makes for many adversaries.

* * * *

Every individual drop formed of the mystery's nectar,
Experiences a unique cosmos woven of its given nature and nurture,
And whatever blend of foolishness and wisdom it inspires.

* * * *

As much as there is to know, there is so much more,
That will never be vaguely imagined,
Much less known.

* * * *

Another of God's many afterthoughts.

* * * *

Ye gods, the things we must do, to appease one another's vanity.

* * * *

You, the mystery, are very much present, in the same ephemeral nowness, the same singularity.

* * * *

Mediocrity will out.

* * * *

This is your life, to what end?

* * * *

Desire, fear, dread, are the mind-killers that bind You in time.

* * * *

All faces blend into one.

* * * *

Just another avenue for mischief of one sort or another.

* * * *

The immeasurable nature of infinity is beyond the bounds of imagination.

* * * *

Through me, conscious witness,
All things are created and preserved and destroyed.
Nothing is forever.

* * * *

You are truly as young as the day You were born.
The only challenge to seeing it clearly,
Is that this imaginary cosmos,
This sensory theater,
Is so difficult to disregard.

* * * *

Humankind surely has much greater potential,
Than the low bar to which vanity and greed aspire.

* * * *

Contentment is like wisdom.
It must be discerned the same way,
A sword is thrust into the flame many times,
Before it acquires its razor edge.

* * * *

To really, really, really not care, what is that like, anyway?

* * * *

Change is truth, change is not truth.

* * * *

And what to do, when You truly discern, it is all just imagination inspired by the mind and senses?

* * * *

Enough of this bother.
Have You not suffered enough,
And for what, really, but absolutely nothing?

* * * *

Is it too much to ask for leadership,
That is intelligent, just, equitable, rational, intuitive,
Steadfast, egalitarian and reasonable?

* * * *

The mantra for this day: I don't care, I don't care, I don't care …

* * * *

As infinitely, profoundly immortal as You truly are within,
Locked within this time-bound, worldly vessel,
You are bound by its mortal limits.

Bon voyage, matey.

* * * *

Where's the "off" switch to this holodeck, anyway?

* * * *

Just playing along with the unfolding show,
Knowing it no more than a dream,
Touchy-feely as it may be.

* * * *

Truth is drawn out of those who have the courage and insight to doubt.

* * * *

To suffer the vanities of ignorance,
And its predictable corruptions,
Is, indeed, challenging fare.

* * * *

A momentary, experiential state, which transcends all notions.

* * * *

Not many can achieve that for which they are ill-suited.

* * * *

Whether to seek purification of a body,
Permeated with filth and decay,
And a host of organisms,
Is but a temporary, mortal dilemma.

* * * *

Promotion of one idealistic delusion or another,
Requires far more determination and vexation,
Than the earnest candor of resolute cynicism.

* * * *

Pain is one of the greater teachers in this manifest theater.

* * * *

A very real state of awareness,
Which all have equal opportunity to realize,
If the call arises from within.

* * * *

Still exploring the dream, are we?

* * * *

A vast array of forms,

All wandering the quantum mist,
Of imagination's rainbow.

* * * *

You have resisted enough; it is time to surrender.

* * * *

Fishing for fisherfolk.

* * * *

Across your cosmos, You travel the space and time born of imagination.

* * * *

Strange how faces so often seem to reflect the personality within.

* * * *

Do You even begin to realize,
The full meaning of all You are,
Reading or hearing or articulating?
It is a lotus, unfolding in time.

* * * *

An inclination to see it as it is,
Is the hallmark of an honest skeptic,
Often called a cynic, by those less acute.

* * * *

The god-mind is the flowering of your genetic lineage.

* * * *

There is only physical security up to a certain point.
No body can avoid its inevitable demise.
But You, You are immortal.
You are, have always been, will ever be.

* * * *

There is really no training manual on parenting,
Only the models in your family and village,
And a strong knack for trial and error.

* * * *

Napoleon's cannons,
Upon the enraged Paris mob,
Is nothing new to the surging swarm.

* * * *

It is all You.
That is it.

Stand alone, free.

* * * *

The corporeal container,
Is but a temporary means,
To witness a flowing theater,
Full to the brim with distraction,
To one inescapable end or another,
All played out within an eternal infinity,
That discerns neither beginning nor end.

* * * *

There is much to do, or not to do,
And much less time to do, or not do it,
Than there was in that imaginary yesterday.

* * * *

Work through your demons,
Until You realize everything You think is imagined,
And You need not continue harboring,
The unending absurdities,
Born of delusion.

* * * *

What a challenge for parochial minds across the world,
To hold their own against the relativity, of a cosmic view.

* * * *

Freedom within bounds is not freedom.

* * * *

Having neither need nor desire,
To be the center of anyone's attention,
One simply plays the Cheshire Cat,
Here and there with just a smile.

* * * *

What's it all about?
Who is it who knows?
And who is it who cares?

* * * *

You are whatever You are, whatever You want to call it, or not.

* * * *

Such peace and serenity, You cannot imagine.

* * * *

And the given mind, did invoke light and sound, and all things, from small to great.

* * * *

Pure awareness, the nectar of bliss.

* * * *

So many assumptions to which we all subscribe in so many ways; to what end, the only question.

* * * *

You do not really believe your little up-close-and-take-it-personal part is ultimately real, do You?

So many mysteries by which You are so easily distracted.

* * * *

It is a change of heart in the most aware sense.

* * * *

Those who worry about how others see them, dress up or down to the many judgments

* * * *

Our ancestors worked so hard for this?

* * * *

It is whatever You imagine; it is not anything You imagine.

* * * *

Absurdity beyond wordity.

* * * *

To love thy Self, one must be completely true through and through.

* * * *

Vanity's upsweep.

* * * *

Fashionably plain.

* * * *

Who has time for anything?

* * * *

In anonymity, absolute freedom.

* * * *

Others generally prefer your good intentions.

* * * *

Mirages keep You going long after their meaning is gone.

* * * *

Another drama for which You have little if any need or want.

* * * *

Whatever passion You choose to play out,
It must all be streaming seamlessly,
In the here now of awareness.

* * * *

All value is arbitrary agreement.

* * * *

At some point, what in God's name is there to even think about?

* * * *

Forget You even exist.

* * * *

Nothing to be,
Nothing to see,
Nothing to do.
Such bliss.

* * * *

How many stories can any one mind imbibe and retain?

* * * *

So much, so badly spent.

* * * *

It becomes clearer by the day.

* * * *

Somebody had to play your little part, and like it or not, it turned out to be You.

* * * *

What's not to love once You discern it is all You.

* * * *

Where time ends, how can You not be anything but everything?

* * * *

You surely know your little role well enough, to forget playing it at least once in a while.

* * * *

The new and improved Black Friday.
Got up earlier than any worm,
And still You were late.

* * * *

When the drop returns to the sea, what part of infinity is it not?

* * * *

May as well be the first time,
Given that every single moment,

Is for all practical purposes,
Brand-spanking new.

* * * *

More meme yap.

* * * *

The mind is samsara.

* * * *

Dogma does not equal truth.

* * * *

You are as young,
As the day You were born.
No matter the body's state of being,
Eternal life is ever right here, ever right now.

* * * *

Equanimity is a quality one must alone discern.

* * * *

Any argument over attributes is a sure road to dogma.

* * * *

Can any thing make You truly happy for long?

* * * *

The endless dreaming,
Inspired by human imagination,
Lays waste to this magical garden's womb,
From which all dreams are born.

* * * *

Still trying to convince your Self, eh?

* * * *

You dabbler, You.

* * * *

I am.
I am not.
Who's saying?

* * * *

Imagination is the limit.

* * * *

Where in the grand ether can space and time really exist as more than a dream?

* * * *

A vain species whose nature, is prone to havoc and destruction, for any given rationalization.

* * * *

It was written by Lao Tzu:
Nothing is done,
And nothing is left undone.
What did he really mean by that, anyway?

* * * *

The awareness to which imagination subscribes.

* * * *

No need to go to any great depth to see it is all nothing.

* * * *

Is there anything more inane than obligatory giving?
Let a guilty conscience be someone else's problem.

* * * *

Another pointless exercise in flag-waving vanity.

* * * *

We are all students, we are all teachers.

* * * *

You think these words mean anything at all?
I am talking to my Self, and You the same.

* * * *

It's been real, whatever that is.

* * * *

Monkey see, monkey do.

* * * *

You are the rabbit hole.

* * * *

We can't all be rock stars.

* * * *

High-functioning narcissism.

* * * *

Traveled a long way to get nowhere.

* * * *

Never cross between a shopper and seller, unless You have a tollbooth soundly secured.

* * * *

What is the mind that no longer seeks to consume?

* * * *

Truth is not necessarily practical in the day-to-day mundane.

* * * *

More than a few folks a-watching the unfolding show in immeasurable ways.

* * * *

Leading humankind out of its desert wander,
Is about as fruitless a job description,
As any I Am could imagine.

* * * *

Peace is peace, whatever the context.

* * * *

You are that which is the ineffable, indivisible mystery,
Witnessing an individual dream of creation,
As are all the immeasurable eyes,
That are, have ever been, and will ever be.

* * * *

You are, indeed, marvelous.

* * * *

Yet another story; ho-hum.

* * * *

You suffer for your mind.

* * * *

A full breath clears the mind.

* * * *

Every single moment forever spent long before You even begin to know it.

* * * *

Just making it up as the given day unfolds.

* * * *

Charity begins at home, wherever that may be.

* * * *

Deep hunger is sated with a full belly and an empty mind.

* * * *

Seems that no space on this planet shall be unfilled by conscious design.

* * * *

Such a different world plying the horizon.
Ready or not, it is a-coming.
Pity the future.

* * * *

Yield to your true nature.

* * * *

What is?
What is not?
Both non-questions,
In the vast realm of wonder.

* * * *

It has always been this, nothing more, nothing less, nothing but.

* * * *

Drift alone amid the myriad forms.

* * * *

A demon is usually chattering away in someone's all too welcoming ear.

* * * *

How inexplicable You are in that which is not.

* * * *

Verily, the truth has always been the singularity within.

* * * *

Dive into the vast aloneness that seers and mystics call home.

* * * *

Goodnight Master Sol, until the dreamtime of your morrow yet again rises.

* * * *

Perhaps it happened to You because weren't paying attention.

* * * *

The difference between black and white, is a mind ever-inclined to abide, in a world of attributes.

* * * *

Ponder the conclusion to the game, which has never really been, more than played.

* * * *

A state without peer.

* * * *

A joyride in hell.

* * * *

Same lack of difference.

* * * *

Let go of everything.
Be formless in consciousness,
As You truly are, prior to consciousness.

* * * *

About that which You no longer give a hoot, there is much to be said, and less to be done.

* * * *

Let political correctness be someone else's problem.

* * * *

If there is an intermediary, a middleman involved,
Then it is more than likely, that some lying and cheating and stealing,
And maybe even something much, much more nefarious,
Is going on in the somewhere, somehow.

* * * *

No man is greater than a bullet, unless it is coming from his gun.

* * * *

What tranquility can there be without contentment?

* * * *

Are we talking self-respect? Or Self-respect?

* * * *

Of the myriad distractions mortality offers, sexuality is perhaps the most intoxicating.

* * * *

Do not blame the object for your desire.

* * * *

Suffering is the choice of ignorance; pleasure-seeking is not the remedy.

* * * *

Catch your Self if You can.

* * * *

Benign indifference.

* * * *

You only thought it happened.

* * * *

At Soul reality, to what is there to attach?

* * * *

Pure, unadulterated, immaculate awareness; that is all it is, has ever been, will ever be.

* * * *

How vain all thoughts inspired by dualistic notion.

* * * *

Forget that You were ever born and that You will ever die.

* * * *

The mind's vanity can be boon or bust to those questing truth.

* * * *

The difference between any two points is infinitely infinitesimal.

* * * *

Every awakening is the first and last

* * * *

I am to You as You are to me.

* * * *

Coo-coo for naught.

* * * *

Go formless.

* * * *

Discern the wonder.

* * * *

What will be will be; no point in worrying.

* * * *

Die within; melt back into the ground.

* * * *

All cultures eventually die hard.

* * * *

And in the morning light,
The promise of yet another day,
Of pleasure and pain, of mortal repast.

* * * *

To want nothing, what is that about?

* * * *

Time gives weight to the wisdom of sages.

* * * *

Whatever happens, attend fully the given moment.

* * * *

Why be satisfied with anything less than pure, eternal, immortal awareness?

* * * *

Skin color is no indicator of intelligence; every mind is a universe unto its Self.

* * * *

In the dreams of those immersed in totality, it does not matter what any other thinks.

* * * *

What to say to those who have spent so much of their time not looking for themselves.

* * * *

Except in the dreams of imagination, there has never been an individual soul.

* * * *

What You fear most, what You desire most, is what You have in imagination created.

* * * *

Are You this pretending That, or That pretending this?

* * * *

The freedom of being is in the seamlessness of each and every moment.

Th-Th-Th-That's All Folks!